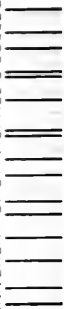


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Bernard,
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...the same spirit—
...ng hearts." St.
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 7, 1911.

NO. 1

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The Epiphany.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

THREE Kings went upon their way,
To find a mightier King than they.
Three Wise Men, with heaven-taught eyes.
Looked for the Wisest of the wise.
The mighty ones to their Mightier
Brought gold and frankincense and myrrh,
The wise knelt to the Wisest One:
The Star had led them to the Sun.
The grown Kings had their joy complete
Low at a little Child-King's feet.
All the way the Kings had trod,
Seeking a king, and finding God.
Little King, greatest King,
Unto Thee our hearts we bring!

A Golden Gate of Devotion.

BY M. N.

JANUARY has been chosen by the Church as the time in which her faithful children should pay very special honor to the most holy Name of Jesus. On the first day of this month, and of each new year, we read how this "Name, which is above every name," was given to our Divine Redeemer; and the particular feast on which we celebrate the triumph of that Name also occurs during the month.

Looking back along the ages, it is interesting to note how all the great

servants of God, from St. Paul downward, have revered this most sweet Name, how earnestly they have endeavored to spread devotion to it, and what marvels they have wrought through its power. If we turn to ancient books of prayer, we find the same love and the same language as were in the hearts and on the lips of preachers at a much later date. For example, in an old English manuscript, published by the Early English Text Society, we read the following ejaculations: "Sweet Jesu, my Love, . . . my Lord, my Saviour! . . . Sweeter is the remembrance of Thee than honey in the mouth. Who is there that may not love Thy lovely face? What heart is there so hard that it may not melt at the remembrance of Thee? . . . For within Thee alone are all things united that ever may make any man worthy of love to another. . . . Now, my sweet Jesu, I have left for Thy love flesh's kinship" (this sentence proves that the writer had forever dedicated himself to God in the religious state). "But I reckon of nothing whilst I hold Thee; for in Thee alone may I find all friends. . . . Ah, Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that love of Thee be all my delight!"

The passionate fervor of sacred affection herein expressed recalls the burning words of a St. Francis of Assisi, a St. Bernard, or the Seraphic Doctor St. Bonaventure. They breathe precisely the same spirit—the same "joy of loving hearts." St. Francis, his biographers tell us, had so singular a respect for the Holy Name of his Crucified Redeemer that, in his last will, he exhorted all his brethren, wherever

they found it written, to take it up and lay it reverently in a fitting place. During his life, it sounded so sweetly in his ears that whenever he heard it he could not conceal the joy which filled his pure and ardent soul,—a joy which, despite his humility, manifested itself in such a way that, to those who were with him, it seemed as though he listened to some celestial melody.

"O Name of Jesus! Name above every other name!" cries St. Bonaventure. "O Name of triumphs, O joy of angels, delight of the just, dread of hell! In Thee is all hope of pardon, in Thee is all hope of grace, in Thee is all hope of glory.... Thou, O most sweet Name of Jesus, dost so ravish the hearts of the faithful, and raise them by the gifts of grace to the highest glory in heaven, that all who enter the golden gate of the devotion of this Name may, by its power, obtain glory and salvation, through the same Lord Jesus Christ."

St. Bernard's love of the Holy Name is too well known to need mention here. The beautiful hymn attributed to him, and many of his other writings, are familiar to us all; but, in briefly tracing the history of this devotion, it must not be forgotten that one saint in particular has won for himself the glorious title of "Herald of the Holy Name." We read that, in 1408, the great Dominican, St. Vincent Ferrer, once suddenly paused in the midst of a sermon to declare that present amongst his hearers was a young Franciscan friar who would one day be a more noted preacher than himself, "and would be set before him in honor by the Church."

How impressive and how dramatic must have been such an announcement, and the wondering silence which followed it. In imagination, we can see the form of Vincent, clothed in the graceful white habit and black mantle of his Order; we can almost hear his thrilling voice as he foretells the future of that unknown son of St. Francis, who was none other than

Bernardine of Siena,—the man who, by his burning words and by the power of the Holy Name of Jesus, which, at the end of his sermons, he was wont to display on a tablet surrounded with rays of glory, "obtained miraculous conversions and reformed the greater part of Italy."

From his earliest childhood, Bernardine gave evidence of a charming piety and innocence. Of noble birth, he was endowed with an equally noble soul, and a stainless heart and life that earned the respect and admiration even of his worldly companions. "Silence!" they would exclaim, if they saw him draw near when they were indulging in conversation that was somewhat too free,—"silence! Here is Bernardine!"

His strict adherence to the angelic virtue of purity was doubtless the fruit, as it was also the reward, of his tender devotion to the Queen of Virgins. Young as he was, and surrounded by all that was most calculated to keep his mind from higher things, "he spent the chief portion of his days in works of mercy"; and it must have been at this period that he undertook the charge of a saintly old woman, a relative of his, who had been left destitute. We are told that "she was blind and bedridden," and during her long illness could utter only the Holy Name. The young saint watched over her with filial solicitude until her death, thus learning the devotion which was ultimately to make his own name so famous.

At the age of twenty-two, Bernardine entered the austere Order of Friars Minor, where, "owing to a defective utterance," says one of his biographers, "his success as a preacher at first seemed doubtful; but, by the prayers of Our Lady, this obstacle was miraculously removed," and at once he began that marvellous apostolate which was to last nearly forty years. Sometimes as many as twenty-five or even thirty thousand persons would be gathered around him; for he generally preached in the fields or public squares,

the churches not being able to contain the immense crowds that flocked to hear his soul-stirring exhortations. At his word civil strife and private dissensions were alike healed; ill-gotten goods were restored to their rightful owners; sinners returned in thousands to the path of virtue.

At the height of his success, however, the Divine Master, whom he served so faithfully, permitted the cross of persecution and misrepresentation to fall upon Bernardine. Evil and envious tongues denounced him as a heretic, and his devotion as idolatrous. Tried as gold in the furnace, he endured all with fortitude and patience. "After many trials," we are told, "he lived to see his innocence proved, and a lasting memorial of his work established in the Church."

Can we doubt that this happy result was largely brought about by the intercession of that Immaculate Mother on whose birthday he had been born and baptized? In one of his sermons he tells us this; and also that on the same feast—the Nativity of Mary—he had taken the religious habit, made his profession, celebrated his first Mass, and preached his first sermon. That most beautiful antiphon, *Sub tuum præsidium*, is taken from one of his discourses; and, according to a pious and oft-repeated tradition, on a certain occasion, when he was preaching at Aquila on the Immaculate Conception, "a brilliant star appeared above his head, as though to confirm the truth of his words." For this reason he is sometimes represented with the monogram of the Sacred Name in his hands, and a star above his head.

It is interesting to note that the Life of St. Bernardine was St. Philip Neri's favorite amongst all the Lives of the saints, and the last he read before his death,—thus proving that the saints themselves had their special preferences.

St. Bernardine has left us seven short prayers, in honor of the Holy Name, for every day in the week. They are all beautiful, but two examples will suffice:

Sunday.—"O good Jesus, grant that I may love Thee ardently!" Tuesday.—"O most loving Jesus, I would fain love Thee, but Thou Thyself must give me this love."

The feast of the Holy Name may in very truth be said to commemorate at once the sufferings of St. Bernardine and his triumph; and it is a touching and significant fact that he died on Ascension Eve, whilst his brethren were chanting the antiphon, "Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men." In 1530, we learn that Pope Clement VII. allowed the feast of the Holy Name to be celebrated in the Franciscan Order; and Clement VIII. enriched it with the same indulgences as were attached to Corpus Christi.

It may be mentioned in passing that the Franciscan Order, following in the footsteps of St. Bernardine, propagated a form of devotion to the Holy Name known as the "Rosary," or "Chaplet, of Our Lord"; so called because it is said in honor of Jesus Christ. It is composed of thirty-three *Pater Nosters*, in remembrance and veneration of the thirty-three years of His mortal life; to these are added five *Ave Marias*, in honor of His five most blessed wounds. This devotion was approved by Pope Leo X. in the year 1571.

In connection with the Holy Name, and the spread of devotion to it throughout the Church, it is interesting to note that the Angelic Salutation was first recited as it appears in the Gospel narrative, without the addition of the Holy Name. The word "Jesus" was added by Pope Urban IV., in A. D. 1261; and the author of the "Pilgrimage of Perfection" gives very clearly and fully the reason for such an addition. After mentioning our Blessed Lady's "purity and graces," her "benedictions and bounteousness toward her servants," he thus continues:

"And therefore of their devotions they have added this holy name of Jesus, and that much conveniently; forasmuch as this holy name Jesus was showed by the Angel to the Blessed Virgin before she

conceived Him, and also to that other holy virgin, Joseph her spouse, the witness of her pure virginity. And therefore He was so named in His circumcision. Yea, and above all this, it was decreed in the high consistory of the Trinity, before the world was create and made, that Jesus should be the name of God in earth. And that without great mystery; for Jesus . . . is a Saviour, whose property is to save His people from their sins."

It will be remembered, that the "Pilgrimage of Perfecyon," though first *printed* in 1531, by Wynkin de Worde, had doubtless been in existence in manuscript for a great many years previous to that date. A copy of this most interesting work is in the University Library at Cambridge, England.

Whilst considering this special part of our subject, it may be well to record the fact that Pope John XXII., A. D. 1372, not only renewed the indulgence granted by Urban IV. to those who add the name of Jesus to the "Hail Mary"; but also granted an indulgence to all the faithful *who kneel or bow at the name of Jesus*; as well as for saying at the end of any work: "The sweet name of Jesus Christ and the name of His glorious Mother, the Virgin Mary, be blessed forever!"

In the foundation statutes of the Priory of Maxstoke, in the middle of the fourteenth century, we find the name of Jesus added to the *Ave Maria* after the words *et benedictus fructus ventris tui*. Again, an *Ave Maria* of the same century stands thus: "Heyl Marie, ful of grace, God is whit thee, and blessyd be thou among alle wymmen, and blessyd the fruyt of the wombe, Jhesus. Amen."

It is hardly necessary to state that the holy name of Jesus was struck out of the accepted formula by Henry VIII.; "no doubt," says the learned Father Bridgett, "because it had been added by order of a Pope."

In turning over old documents concerning the Ages of Faith, we notice that there are many names by which certain Masses

were popularly known; and amongst these, the "Jesus Mass," or "Mass of the Name of Jesus," and the "Lady Mass," or "Mary Mass," stand prominently forth. These particular Masses were, so to speak, the chief favorites, and were offered almost daily. That of Our Lady was usually said at early dawn; indeed, the "Mary Bell," which rang for this Mass, was the familiar sound that told the sleeping world a new day had come.

Bells were frequently named "Jesus" and "Mary," as innumerable records prove; and such bells called the faithful to their respective Masses. It is interesting to note here that John Barat, who, we are told, "held a position of importance under the Abbot of St. Edmundsbury," ordered by his will that an image of Our Lady should be set up against a pillar, with five tapers burning before it, and a set of chimes placed near it, which were to be made to ring "at the sacring of the Mass of Jesus, at the sacring of the Mary Mass on the Sunday, and likewise at the sacring of the Mass which the St. Mary priest is to say for him every week, also at the *Aves*" (These corresponded to our more modern form, known as the *Angelus*); "and at Compline each Saturday, Sunday, and holyday throughout the year."*

We also find mention of "Jesus Lights." Probably these tapers were to be kept burning during the "Jesus Mass"; for the history of the great abbey church of Evesham tells us that at the celebration of the "Mary Mass," in the crypt there, "twenty-four wax lights were burnt every day, and thirty-three lamps were lighted." Were these thirty-three lamps in memory of the thirty-three years her Divine Son lived upon earth? The chronicler does not say, but the number is significant; and, in any case, it would be unreasonable to suppose that during a Mass in such request by the people as that of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, the piety of the

* "Wills of Bury St. Edmunds." Camden Soc., vol. xlviii.

faithful did not show itself in those generous offerings of tapers, lamps, and cressets, which were so favorite a method of expressing the devotion of their donors.

It is unquestionable that lamps were kept burning day and night before pictures, altars, and statues, from the very earliest days. St. Gregory, Archbishop of Tours, who died in 594, on one occasion speaks of a girl, and on another of a devout old woman, whose office it was to trim the lamps before nightfall.

To God alone, it need scarcely be said, was Mass ever offered; but this could be done with a special commemoration of a saint or of some special mystery in Our Lord's life. Hence the "Mass of Jesus"; hence also that increasing reverence for the Most Holy Name, which has been productive of such marvellous graces and favors,—favors that will be showered upon all who practise this devotion as long as time shall last. "Therefore," says the pious author of the "Pilgrimage of Perfection," "in us that be His servants, this holy name should be always in our memory sweeter than balm, on our lips sweeter than sugar, on our tongues sweeter than honey, in our mouth all melody, and in our hearts all solace, joy and jubilation."


To practise this devotion with fervor during the month of January ought to be our earnest endeavor. No long prayers are needed, but at least we could say daily that beautiful aspiration of St. Bonaventure: "O my most sweet Jesus, I adore Thy most glorious Name, and with my whole heart I commend myself to Thee!"

—♦♦♦—
HERE you stand at the parting of the ways. Some road you are to take; and as you stand here consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes into this New Year. Leave these behind, and let the dead Past bury its dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.—*Ephraim Peabody.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

 H, here you are, Madeleine,—at last! I've been looking for you everywhere!"

The voice—high-pitched always from habit, and particularly high-pitched just now from impatience—echoed strangely through the vast, quiet spaces of the Cathedral of Chartres, and made more than one of the kneeling figures at the different altars turn to see who had spoken in such unseemly fashion, although the language of the speech sufficiently answered the question for those who recognized it.

Indeed there could be no doubt of the nationality of the speaker,—a young woman of the alert bearing, trim, modish dress, and independent assurance of manner, which has come to be known all over the Old World as the distinguishing marks of the daughters of the New. She had paused before another young woman, who was seated in the shadow of one of the great pillars of the nave, an open book in her lap, while her gaze had been lifted, as if in a trance of admiration, toward one of the windows which are the glory of the Cathedral, until, being so unexpectedly and sharply accosted, her eyes fell on the accusing face before her.

"I'm sorry, Nina," she said hastily, in a very different voice from that of the other,—a voice which in its low-toned musical softness was a rebuke for the loud utterance it answered. "I thought you knew where I had gone. I asked Madame Réville to tell you."

"She *did* tell me." (Involuntarily the speaker lowered her own tone.) "She said you had gone to the Cathedral,—although, of course, I should have known that. You seem as distracted about the Cathedral as he is" (a disparaging

glance was cast at the book in the other's lap); "but you quite forget the size of the building. I have been wandering about looking for you for two hours at least."

"Now, Nina!"

"Well, of course I haven't been exactly looking all that time: I've stopped occasionally to do some sketching; but I've kept a weather eye out for you, and it's only by merest accident that I have stumbled upon you at last in this dark corner. What on earth have you been doing?"

Madeleine Raynor looked down with a smile at the open page of the book in her lap.

"I have been trying," she said, "to see with Huysmans' eyes a small part of what he saw from this place—I believe I've found the very place,—and so wonderfully described. You remember the description of his coming here to the Cathedral in the early morning before it was light, and of the breaking of day through these marvellous windows? I was determined that I would witness the daily miracle as he did; and I have. It has been like a dream, a vision of faith."

The girl, still standing before her, regarded her curiously.

"But why," she queried, "was it necessary to come here at so unearthly an hour to witness this vision? I should think that the symbolism, as well as the beauty of the windows, could best be seen when there is a full light on them."

"Yes," Madeleine agreed, "they can best be seen in a full light. But the poetical mysticism which arranged them so that every dawn is a gradual revelation of the whole scheme of Christian symbolism, can best be appreciated by witnessing the dawning of the light. It is an effect of which one could never have dreamed, and which only genius allied to faith could have conceived. Listen to this."

And, in tones so low that they could not be heard even a few paces distant,

yet which were perfectly audible to her companion, she read eagerly:

"The genius of the Middle Ages devised the skilful and pious lighting of this edifice, and harmonized the ascending march of day to some extent with its windows. It seemed as though the sun, as it mounted higher, followed the growth of the Virgin,—taking its birth in the window where she was still a babe, in that northern transept, where St. Anne, her mother, sat between David, the king of the golden harp, and Solomon, the bearer of the blue-lilied sceptre,—each against a background of purple, to prefigure the royal birth of the Son: between Melchizedek, the mitred patriarch holding the censer, and Aaron, in the curious red cap bordered with lemon yellow, representing prophetically the priesthood of Christ. And at the end of the apse there was another Mary,—triumphant, looking down the sacred grove, supported by figures from the Old Testament and by St. Peter. It was she again who in the south transept faced St. Anne,—she, now a woman and herself a mother, amid four enormous men bearing on their shoulders four smaller figures; these were the four greater prophets, who had foretold the coming of the Messiah—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel,—bearing the four Evangelists, and thus expressing the parallelism of the Old and New Testaments, and the support given by the Old Covenant to the New."

The reader paused, and Nina Percival nodded as she glanced around.

"They are all here," she said; "but I don't understand why you had to come so early to see them."

"You don't understand how they were gradually unveiled by 'the march of day,' like a series of great symbolic pictures, as they are? Let me read you a bit—just one bit—more!"

"As it reached the chancel," she went on, "the light came in through brighter and clearer colors,—through the blue of translucent sapphires, through pale rubies,

brilliant yellow and crystalline white. The gloom was relieved beyond the transepts near the altar. Even in the centre of the cross (of nave and transepts) the sun pierced clearer glass, less storied with figures, and bordered with almost colorless panes that admitted it freely. At last in the apse, forming the top of the cross, it poured in,—symbolical of the light that flooded the world from the top of the Tree. And the pictures were diaphanous, just lightly covered with flowing lines and aerial tints, to frame in a sheaf of colored sparks the image of a Madonna, less hieratic than the others; and a fairer Infant, blessing the earth with uplifted hand."

Madeleine paused again, and looked up at her companion with a soft, deep sigh.

"It was divinely beautiful to the eye and thrilling to the soul," she said. "They were not only geniuses, but poets and saints, the men who arranged that wonderful effect, to be repeated every day. O Nina, come with me to-morrow to see it!"

But Nina shook her head.

"No, thank you!" she replied. "This is quite good enough for me. And now don't you think you have been here long enough? I think it is time to get out into the sunshine."

Madeleine rose from her seat with evident reluctance.

"It never seems 'long enough,' the time I have spent here," she said wistfully. "I think I could stay all day without tiring; but no doubt it is well to get into the sunshine. But isn't the Cathedral glorious now?"

"It is always glorious as a work of art," Nina agreed,—*"the queen of all the great French cathedrals, without doubt."*

Madeleine did not quote again from the book she carried; but a passage on which she had been dwelling when Nina first accosted her returned to her memory, as she once more glanced around before leaving the church:

"The sheltering forest had vanished with the darkness. The tree trunks remained, but rose with giddy flight from the ground, unbroken pillars to the sky, meeting at a vast height under the groined vault. The forest was seen as an immense church blossoming with roses of fire, pierced with glowing glass, crowded with Virgins and Apostles, patriarchs and saints."

The sunshine of which Nina had spoken lay broadly over the open square before them, as they emerged from the great portal of the Cathedral. By one accord (for each was well acquainted with the wishes and thoughts of the other) they turned out of the *place*, and followed one of the narrow, picturesque streets that wind about the hill on which the Cathedral stands, to the banks of the river that flows around the city. These curious medieval byways had been full of delight to the wanderers from the New World ever since they discovered them; and they never exhausted their charm. Hardly more than alleys, they descend in series of steps to the water's edge; and the two who now rapidly went down their break-neck steeps soon found themselves on a boulevard, planted with trees, which took the place of the old ramparts, and below which one branch of the Eure flows in the ancient moat. Above them was a sky of the silvery blue that hangs over Northern France; and about them an air which had in it a touch of autumn crispness that, together with the yellowing foliage, showed the passing of summer and the decline of the year.

"It's a delightful old place, and full of inspiration for an artist, though not wildly exciting," Nina remarked, as they paced along the boulevard, under the shade of the trees. "I'm certainly obliged to you for bringing me here, Madeleine; but I wonder what made you think of it. So few Americans care to leave Paris long enough to find out what French life is like in the provincial cities."

"I'm surprised that you wonder," Madeleine answered. "I thought you knew that it was this book of Huysmans', 'La Cathédrale,' which brought me here. I should never have thought of Chartres but for it."

"It's an odd book," Nina observed, with a glance at the volume the other was carrying,—“as odd as the author must have been. How did it ever come under your notice?”

"It didn't 'come under my notice,' if by that you mean that there was any accident about the matter. After I read 'En Route' I couldn't be satisfied until I had seen this."

"'En Route'! And what is it about? *En Route*—where?"

"Don't you know,—can't you guess?" Madeleine lifted her eyes to the great mass of the Cathedral, dominating from its exalted height the dwellings piled about it, as religion dominates human life. "Why, from unbelief to faith, of course,—to all that glorious church yonder typifies."

"I might have guessed as much," Nina assented. She walked on meditatively for a moment, and then said: "I understand what Huysmans meant,—to what place he was *en route*; but I don't understand what put you on the same road. For many reasons, it's the last on which I should have expected to find you."

There was another brief interval of silence; and then Madeleine asked in her low voice, which always seemed to hold a pathetic minor strain:

"Why is it the last road on which you would have expected to find me?"

Nina turned round upon her.

"Why do you want me to say what you must know?" she demanded. "The religion that church typifies is a bondage to any one, but it would be particularly a bondage to a woman in your position."

"Meaning—?"

"Your position as a divorced woman, of course; for you know—everybody knows—that the Catholic Church doesn't

recognize divorce, and therefore would consider you as still bound, instead of free—as you are!"

"Yes," Madeleine answered quietly, "I know that very well. I learned it before I ever read 'En Route,' or thought of travelling the same road myself."

"Then how" (Nina's tone grew vehement now) "could you ever think of travelling such a road? How could you be attracted by a religion that denies your right to make a new life for yourself, and would doom you to loneliness for the sin of another,—to suffer through no fault of your own? That is what I can't understand."

"I suppose not," Madeleine said in the same quiet tone. "But you see life is so ordered that in a hundred ways one must suffer for the sins of others, and pay as heavily for mistakes as for crimes. This being a universal law, why should an exception be made for marriage alone? As soon as I began to think on the subject, I saw that quite plainly. And, then, as for the religion,—the question is not whether it is an easy religion which accommodates itself to human weakness, but whether in its hardness it is true. If it is true, we have no choice but to obey its laws, however heavily they bear upon us; for—do you remember?—'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

"But you can't believe that the Catholic Church alone has the words of eternal life?"

"Yes." It was gentle, but very firm, the affirmation. "I believe it. I, too, have been *en route* for some time, but I have reached my destination at last. My journey has ended here, in this wonderful Cathedral of Chartres, which more completely than any other church on earth is dedicated to the Mother of God. You know how I have always longed for a mother? Well, at last I have found one, more perfect than any of my dreams, in her."

"I see how it is," Nina said. "You

are a dreamer—you always have been,—and you are fascinated by the cult of the Virgin, which seems to fill the need you have always felt. But, Madeleine, an imaginary mother will not make your heart less lonely, if you really take the irrevocable step of becoming a Catholic.”

“An imaginary mother, no,” Madeleine replied. “But there is nothing imaginary about her; and to know her certainly makes my heart less lonely. O Nina, if you could only comprehend how fully she fills the need of which you speak! And it seems to me that it could not have been wholly accidental that the yearning for a mother, which made me sob myself to sleep as a little child, has led me to her feet by a way I could never have foreseen.”

Nina cast a keen glance on her.

“I’ve felt all along that there was something strange behind the change in you,” she said. “You might as well tell me about it.”

“I am quite willing to tell you,” Madeleine answered; “only I doubt if I can make you understand. But let us sit down, and I will try.”

They found a bench, in the mellow sunshine under the yellowing trees; and there, with the old cathedral-crowned city rising above them, and the river flowing through the ancient moat at their feet, Madeleine told her story.

“You left America about the time that I obtained my divorce,” she said; “but you know how terrible the last year of my life with George Raynor was, and how absolutely it seemed to kill in me all power not only to enjoy but even to feel anything. I was like one dead while yet alive; and when at last the weight fell from me, and I was told that I was free, I asked myself what I could possibly do with my life. I was conscious of only one desire: to get away from every association of the past, to sever every link, to put it away as if it had never been, and to begin a new existence. So I went to one of those quiet old Southern cities, where

people mind their own business better perhaps than anywhere else in the world; and the whole atmosphere, physical and social, soothed me and helped me to feel again as if I were alive. The people were very kind to me, and after a while I fell in love—”

“Ah!” It was an exclamation of keener interest from Nina, as she suddenly lifted herself in her seat. Madeleine glanced at her with a faint smile.

“With a woman,” she continued. “You know what an immense capacity for love I’ve always had, and that I have never had any one to spend it on, though I tried hard—ah, how hard!—to spend it on George. But he flung it insultingly back to me; and then the old cry of the heart awakened, and I found myself saying over and over, ‘If only I had a mother! Mothers don’t deceive, forsake and betray.’ And, like every one else, I suppose, who has such a yearning, I had even as a little child formed an ideal of a mother, to which my fancy persistently clung, but which I never saw realized until I met the woman of whom I have spoken.”

Madeleine paused for a moment; and then, with hands lightly clasped in her lap as she gazed straight before her, went on in the tone of one who recalls a mental picture:

“She was an altogether exquisite creature; a beautiful woman in the maturity of life,—such maturity as comes only to the woman who has always been sheltered, admired and loved; and as beautiful in character as in person. I have never seen in any one else such charming gentleness and dignity combined. I used to watch her as a lover watches his mistress, and think how happy it would make me to have her as a mother. And then an unexpected thing happened—her son fell in love with me.”

“Oh!” It was another involuntary exclamation from Nina. “And did you fall in love with him?”

“Not exactly, perhaps; but I liked him very much, and I knew that I could easily

grow to love him—which is a better thing than 'falling in love.' He was the kind of man you felt you could be safe with—honest and true, and passionately devoted to me. Yet even his devotion might not have touched me—my heart seemed so dead—if it had not been for his mother. But the thought of her was irresistible; and I finally promised to take his suit under consideration, saying to myself that I would marry him if I were assured of his mother's approval. The day after I promised this she came to see me."

"Well?" Nina waited some time before she uttered this interrogation; but Madeleine's voice had dropped over her last words with a tone of finality; and since she did not resume her story, it seemed necessary to remind her that it was unfinished. "What then?"

"Then," the quiet voice took up its thread, "I had the keenest disappointment of my life. She had come, that lovely woman, to tell me that she could never approve a marriage between her son and myself."

"Why not?" The question was sharp with indignation.

"For a reason she had no more power to change than I—because she was a Catholic, and so also was her son."

"Yet *he*—"

"Yes, he was ready to forget his Faith for me. But she made me comprehend what a dreadful thing it would be if I allowed him to do this. She was as kind as possible, but her words were terrible in their illuminating power. It was as if an angel with a flaming sword stood in my path, and bade me follow that way only at the peril of worse suffering than I had ever known before."

"I don't understand you in the least," Nina broke out. "In my opinion you are talking utter nonsense. If the man loved you, and was ready to forget his tyrannical religion for you, why on earth shouldn't you have married him and been happy, whether his mother liked it or not?"

"I was afraid that I couldn't make

you understand," Madeleine said. "Yet—you've known me for a long time—tell me, do you think I could have been happy after I once realized that I had made myself an instrument to lead a man downward rather than upward, to stand as an immovable barrier between his soul and the things in which he had faith, though he had flung them aside for me?"

"No," Nina answered reluctantly. "Being what you are, I am sure you could not have been happy if you really believed anything of the kind. But why should you have believed it? That is what puzzles me."

"It would not puzzle you if you were able to see things as a Catholic sees them; but, since you can't, you must just believe that I saw them, as a man sees a precipice by a flash of lightning, when they were showed to me by the woman who said—quite truly, I'm sure—that she was trying to save me as well as her son from a great mistake."

"I shouldn't have believed *that*."

"Oh, yes, you would, if you had heard her! No one could have doubted her sincerity. I wish I could give you an idea of her tone, as she uttered some words I can never forget. I had said that if I married her son I would renounce no higher allegiance, that for me it would be 'all pure gain'; and she answered: 'Even for you it will not be all pure gain; for you, too, will shut yourself out from things higher and nobler than earthly happiness. I would think it useless to say this to you,' she added, 'if there were no capability for those higher things in you. But I am sure that at some time, now or in the future, you will want *the best*,—want it as you have wanted human love; want it perhaps when human love breaks like an overtaxed rod under the weight you cast upon it. And if when that time comes you have bound yourself as well as another to the lower life—'"

Madeleine stopped, even as the woman whose words she was repeating had

stopped at that point, and gazed at her companion with large eyes full of startled light.

"O Nina," she said, "when I heard that I shuddered; for I felt that I should be ready to die if the day ever came when I knew that I had bound myself as well as another to the lower life, and deprived myself forever of freedom to find and follow the best,—that best which I have always so ardently, yet so vaguely, desired!"

"You poor child!" Nina laid her hand with a quick pressure of sympathy on one of the slender hands of the other. "I see just how it was. If that cruel woman had known you for a hundred years, she couldn't have played upon your peculiar nature better."

"Don't call her a cruel woman!" Madeleine protested. "She was anything rather than that. She was not only gentleness itself to me, she not only saved me from what would have been a terrible mistake, but she was ready to do it at the cost of her own happiness."

"Of her happiness?"

"Yes; for when in my pain I cried out that it was easy for her to preach renunciation to others, since there was no necessity for anything of the kind in her own life—since everything had always been made easy for her, and she was even then about to marry a man who had been devoted to her for years,—she told me that she had made an offering of her happiness to save her son; that she had determined not to marry the man who loved her and whom she loved, if by this sacrifice she could save her son from marrying me."

"What mystical nonsense!"

"I suppose it seems so to you," Madeleine answered; "and I don't deny that it seemed so to me at first. But after she was gone her words stayed with me; I could not forget what she had said; and presently I wandered out, and my steps were led—yes, led, I truly believe—to a Catholic church. I was not in the least

familiar with Catholic churches, so it was all strange to me; but I sat down to rest, being even more tired in spirit than in body. I don't remember many details. It was near sunset; there were on the altar of Our Lady some lilies that filled the church with fragrance; and, although it was a poor little place, it seemed later, as the dusk deepened, and the starlike light of the sanctuary lamp came out, to open like a vestibule into something too great and splendid to describe in words."

Madeleine paused again; and something in the modulations of her expressive voice, which hinted of things indescribable, held her companion silent, with a strange sense of awe, until she presently resumed:

"It was like the light of a vision too marvellous for speech. I seemed suddenly to understand the meaning of a phrase that Mrs. Maitland had used. 'If you want to gain any great favor from Heaven,' she said, 'pay in the coin of sacrifice.' In the vision of which I speak, that coin was as if it were held before me. 'With it you can gain all that you vaguely long for,' I appeared to be told. And then—well, then I determined that I would pay at once, so that no one else should suffer through or for me; and that I might perhaps gain all that I seemed to perceive without understanding in the wonderful illumination which had come to my soul. When I left the church, I hurried home, where I wrote two letters—one to the mother and one to the son,—and the next morning early I went away, leaving no address."

"Madeleine! What a shameful thing to do! You were as cruel to the man as his mother had been to you."

Madeleine smiled slightly.

"I should be quite willing to be as cruel as that," she said; "but, in fact, I was no more cruel to him than she to me. I saved him from a great mistake, and I left no loophole for hope that I would ever change."

"How miserable you must have been!"

"In a certain sense I was. Loneliness came down over me like a dark pall; and if I had not been sustained by the memory of the vision of which I have spoken, I don't know what desperate thing I might not have done. But in my misery I began to haunt Catholic churches and read Catholic books; and, as things grew clearer, and life more endurable, I remembered you, over here in Paris; and I thought I should like to join you—"

"And see the Cathedral of Chartres!"

"I won't deny that the Cathedral had something to do with drawing me, after I read this wonderful book of Huysmans'; but you had most, Nina. I remembered how fond we were of each other in our childhood; I knew you were here alone, pursuing your art studies; and I thought we might, for a time at least, lead a pleasanter life together than we could apart."

"So we could, so we have, so we will!" Nina exclaimed, turning impulsively to kiss the cheek beside her. "It was dear of you to come to me, and I have enjoyed your companionship so much that I don't even mind playing second fiddle to the Cathedral of Chartres. But, Madeleine, I would be willing to give up your companionship to see you happy."

Madeleine lifted her eyes again to the great church above them.

"I am happy now," she said gently.

(To be continued.)

A Wish.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

MAY Peace attend you,
Nor Sorrow lend you
To wistful weeping
Or bitter rue!
May joys enfold you,
The Saviour hold you
Within His keeping
The whole year through!

A Heroine of Our Own Land.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

I.

ONE of the most thrilling passages in American history is the story of the experiences of the Donner Lake party, which in 1846 started from Springfield, Illinois, under the leadership of James T. Reed, to make the overland journey to California.

After a few weeks of pleasant travelling, the party began to have difficulties. They took a "cut-off" which led them through dangers almost inconceivable; and, worse than that, so seriously delayed them that it rendered uncertain their being able to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains before the winter snows arrived.

A little later, in crossing the frightful alkali desert somewhat beyond the Great Salt Lake, they were told to provide water for forty miles; and, to their dismay, they found it over eighty miles. Here, in trying to take the famished cattle to water, Mr. Reed lost all the oxen upon which he relied for the drawing of his wagons. The horror of this part of their experience can be understood only by those who know something of the frightful danger of being left in the heart of such a desert without water. Fortunately, there were those of their companions who were ready and willing to give what help they could; and, much hampered and crippled, the Reed family still pursued their Western journey. A few days later another horror came upon them.

Shortly after crossing the Humboldt River, in Nevada, there occurred a tragic incident, that led to an act of heroism which, to me, makes of Virginia Reed Murphy one of the world's greatest heroines. The party arrived at a short but sandy hill. It had been the custom at such places to "double up" teams, the oxen being wearied; and for one driver with his oxen to help another up the

hill, when both teams would return for the second wagon. A driver named Snyder, for some unaccountable reason, decided to go up alone. His oxen could not accomplish the feat, and the driver became angry and began to abuse his animals. Mr. Reed, who had been on ahead, with his daughter Virginia, seeking out the best road, happened to return at this juncture; and, in trying to calm the excited man, aroused his ire to a point of frenzy. He jumped upon his wagon tongue and struck Mr. Reed with the butt end of his whip, making three ugly gashes in his scalp, from which the blood streamed. Mrs. Reed, with a good woman's impulse, rushed in between the two men; and the blow descended again, but this time upon her devoted head, cutting it as it had done her husband's. As the crazy man raised his whip to strike again, Mr. Reed drew his hunting knife and thrust it into Snyder's side, killing him almost instantly.

That afternoon the party sentenced Mr. Reed to banishment, under conditions which can only be deemed cruel and wicked. He was to go forth into the trackless desert without food, water, bedding, gun or ammunition, and even without one of his own horses to ride. At first he refused to obey the sentence; but finally the pleadings of his wife prevailed, and at her earnest entreaties a horse was allowed him.

Who can conceive the sad loneliness that flooded the hearts of the forsaken family as they ate their scant meal that night in an isolated wagon? Their driver, Milton Elliott, and a few of the others were as kind as they could be; but they saw that it was wise to be as unostentatious as possible (for a while at least) in what they did for the family of the unfortunate Reed.

As the darkness of night came on, Virginia, who was but twelve years of age, and who had been doing her best to comfort her heart-broken mother, spoke to her with calm determination:

"Mamma, I'm going out to find my father and take him some food and his gun and pistols and ammunition."

Startled out of her overwhelming sorrow by the words of her daughter, Mrs. Reed exclaimed:

"What do you mean, child? You can not find your father."

But Virginia had fortified herself on all points. She replied:

"I'm not going alone. I've asked Milt, and he says he'll go with me."

So, while her mother lay in silent agony of mind, the child began to gather together the things she knew her father needed. The party had already been put on short provisions, but Virginia found some biscuits, a small piece of bacon, and some coffee and sugar. She secured a tin "dipper" for her father to make coffee in, and placed his gun, pistols and ammunition with the food. Then she got a lantern, saw that there was a piece of candle in it, and put a number of matches in her pocket—most of which she intended to give to her father.

All this had to be done silently and after the other children were fast asleep. Both mother and child knew the feeling to be so strong that Virginia would not have been allowed to go had any suspicion of her intention entered the minds of the rest of the party. Milton had been cautioned by the thoughtful maiden not to come near their wagon until the whole camp was quiet and asleep, and then to approach in the most stealthy manner.

When everything was ready, Virginia resumed her place by her mother's side.

"How will you find your father this dark night?" the latter questioned in a whisper.

"I shall look for his horse's tracks and follow them," was the instant response.

Breathlessly the two waited for the arrival of Milton. Soon he was heard. Then, after a fond but silent farewell and a heartfelt "God bless you, my brave daughter!" the mother sank back upon her couch, while the twelve-year-old girl

and her companion started out on what, to my thinking, was one of the bravest expeditions of our history.

Out into the darkness they crept. Stealthily they hid themselves in the shadows cast by the wagons in the flickering light of the dying camp fire,—shadows dancing and leaping like hideous and misshapen monsters. They cautiously approached the unsuspecting sentinel, who suddenly stopped, looked at the sleeping camp, and then peered into the mysterious darkness of the desert. Lying down upon the ground, they crawled, and silently dragged their bodies along until out of his hearing; and then, feeling with their feet lest they fall into unseen danger, now and again startled by some sudden noise that suggested to their excited senses the presence of wild animals or wilder men, they slowly increased the distance between themselves and the camp.

At last Virginia whispered:

"Stop, Milt! Let us light the lantern!"

Stooping down, she spread out her skirts, so that not the slightest flash of match or beam of light could reach the sentinel or any other member of the camp. Elliott lighted the lantern, which she then took in her own hand and covered with her skirts, so that its beams illuminated only the small circle in which she stood. Now, carefully looking, she searched eagerly for the footprints of her father's horse. To and fro, back and forth, she peered. Though feverishly anxious and ready to fly on the wings of the lightning, there was no careless haste in her search: she was thoughtful and deliberate. She even completely circled the camp in her intelligent determination to find those tracks. At last her keen search was rewarded. She started forward, a half-sob, half-cry of gratitude and thankfulness escaping from her lips. She turned to Milton, pointed to the tracks, and then eagerly followed them. With all her senses made keen by agonizing love, she refused to trust the first assurances of her vision. Again and again she knelt and examined

the tracks until she was finally convinced she was right. Then confidently, but with no relaxation of caution—for an inadvertent flash from the lantern might bring a death-dealing shot from the rifle of the sentinel,—she followed where they led, Milton close behind with the gun and provisions. On and on they went—for hours it seemed to the impatient child. Mile after mile the tracks led. Now they had lost them. They carefully circled, and eagerly searched to find them again.

Listen! Suddenly on the midnight air the wild and fearful howl of coyotes makes the darkness hideous and horrible. From the distance comes an even more appalling and dreaded cry—that of the marauding panther, seeking for prey. At that cry it is no figment of the imagination to say that Milton's hair stands on end. But on they go for a few moments. Again they halt. With her hand held tightly to her breast, as if to still the fearful beating of her heart, Virginia gazes with wild eyes into the darkness; while Milton, strong and brave though he is, seems paralyzed with fear.

What has so frightened them anew? We can not see, but we can conjecture that they have heard sounds that are more weird and sinister than those of the wild and ferocious desert animals; for they are suggestive of human tigers, of whose lust for blood they have already had too sad evidence,—the Indians of Virginia's childish fears. All the terrors of the past years of her life seem to be condensed into the awful power of one dread moment. Can she possibly go on, with that unspeakable fear clutching at her heart? Child though she is, she silently calls upon God and begs Him to help her. She must not turn back, when her father is in need and in danger. Is she not going to his rescue when no one else can do so? Nothing must be allowed to deter her from the successful accomplishment of this mission.

So, forgetful of her own weariness, steeling her young heart to withstand all fears, and calming herself when panic

grips her heartstrings at the thought of a horrible death if captured by the Indians, she resolutely goes forward. At length her persistence and bravery are rewarded. She sees in the far-away distance the faintest gleam of light.

"There is papa!" she says ecstatically.

The next moment the startling thought springs into being: "What if it is an Indian fire?" Then her reason asserts itself. "You are on the track of your father's horse. Follow that, and it will be all right; and if—" And then for a moment her heart stops beating again; for the suggestion enters her mind that if—ah, *if*—her father has fallen into the hands of a band of treacherous Indians, what might not that fire reveal to her? "But, anyhow," comes the next thought, "it matters not what I find. I can know only by going on." So, saying nothing to her companion of the fear that almost paralyzes her, she steadily advances.

How slowly they go! How far away the light is! Will they never reach it? It seems as if the more they walk, the farther away it gets, until—glad moment!—in its dim rays the eyes of discerning love at last recognize the beloved form; and, with a cry of almost maternal yearning, Virginia sobs out:

"O papa, my papa!"

The next moment she is clutched to the heart of the despairing man.

"My child, my Virginia, you should not have come here!" he says, when the first transport of happy surprise is over.

"I've brought you your gun and your pistols, some powder and caps and matches; also a little coffee and some biscuits, and a tin 'dipper,'" replies the maiden, laughing and crying in her joy, as, one by one, she spreads the articles out on her wondering father's knees.

"Is this a dream, or is it an angelic visitation sent from God?" breathlessly queries Mr. Reed.

But Virginia soon convinces him of her material presence; and, as he takes the gun and other things she has brought,

he resolves with a new and deeper resolve than ever that, God helping him, he will hurry on to California, and secure needed succor for his brave little daughter, with her sister and brothers and their loved mother.

Then, his arms enfolding her to his heart, with Milton near by, all three sit and cry. Finally, their emotion subsiding, they talk of the mother back in camp, and of Patty and James and the baby. Two or three hours thus speedily pass, until the first sentinels of dawn silently make their presence known. Then the fond father sadly arises and bids his daughter good-bye, telling her to go back to her mother.

"Go back?" she cries, as if the idea were ridiculous. "I'm not going back, father! I'm going with you. Milt will return to camp, but I'm going with you. O papa, papa, don't send me back; for I can not bear to see those cruel men! Let me go with you!"

"You know, Virginia darling, I want you badly enough, but it can not be. Don't make it harder for me than it is by trying to go with me."

And then he gently unfolds the arms that convulsively cling to him; and, kissing her again and again, places her in Elliott's arms, with the words:

"Here, Milt, take her back to her mother."

The next moment, gathering up the precious articles she has brought to him—articles tenfold more precious because of that fact,—the father mounts his steed and rides out into the solitude of the Western desert.

(To be continued.)

Mother of God's Son.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

THE source of Mary's joy
Revealed now lies;
For, lo! has not the Boy
His Father's eyes?

Eileen's Inheritance.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

It was a big change from the gate lodge of Corofin Castle to the busy heart of Mayfair; and it was only her very great love for "her ladyship" that kept poor Eily D'Arcy, lonely and homesick amidst all the throb and bustle of London, from flying back bodily at the first opportunity to the longed-for green fields of her childhood.

For a fair and pleasant place indeed had been Corofin, with its sunlit lawns and wooded heights sloping down to the edge of the Banna River, singing its way ever merrily to the sea. Even the gate lodge, small though it was, had been an ideal place to live in,—with its granite walls covered with creeping roses and woodbine, that entwined themselves about each diamond-paned window and clambered right up to the eaves of the red-tiled roof; and its encircling strip of flower-strewn garden, and the golden, sunlit orchard, under the shade of whose gnarled old apple trees, bending low beneath their weight of rosy and russet fruit, all the happiest days of Eily's young life had been passed.

There she had spent hour after hour in the long, lovely evenings of spring and summer, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees as the apple blossoms drifted softly down on the ancient moss-grown turf about her; the while her small white hands were incessantly busy on some of the exquisite needlework or delicate embroidery for which she had already acquired fame in the neighborhood.

It was this same superlative excellence of seaming and embroidery, learned with surprising aptness from Sister Teresita at the convent of the Carmelites, that had first drawn Lady Katharine Nugent's earnest attention to the girl. From henceforth Eileen must make most of the embroidery and lace, and do all the fine

sewing "her ladyship" needed for herself and her little daughter, Miss Margaret. Not only that, but it was also the wish of Lady Katharine, who had an old-fashioned affection and admiration for all the now nearly obsolete feminine arts, that Eily should take Miss Margaret in hand, and, if possible, make her as proficient in needlework as herself.

It had not been an easy task; for the child had an inveterate dislike to "laying her mind to a thing," as Eily expressed it; and every bird or bee or flower that came within her vision seemed sufficient excuse for needle and seam to be cast aside on the moment. Still, Eily had done her best; and the child, despite her inattention to the enforced task, had grown very fond of her. Hence, those days spent with her little mistress in the orchard or Old-World garden of the castle were filled for Eileen with many a poignantly tender memory, now that little Miss Margaret was no longer her dear tease and torment but a pure, white-souled angel before the Throne.

It was because of all this that "her ladyship" had seemed to turn to Eily more than any one else of her *entourage* in a pathetic appeal for companionship and sympathy in the lonely days of heartache after her one little daughter was so sadly, suddenly taken away. Lady Katharine had sons, two of them—big, strapping young men, foremost in work and play at their college in Cambridge. But sons could never be quite the same; and Margaret had been her baby, her youngest and best-beloved of all. It was because of this also that, when Corofin and its memories and regrets seemed to grow too much for her, the lonely mother had appealed to Eily to accompany her, almost as a favor, in her journey to the big London house which must be her home for a part at least of every year. She had grown strangely attached to the girl, who, with her bright smile and cheery, sunny manner—gentle and sympathetic now in these days of "her ladyship's"

grief,—reminded her somehow of her own little daughter. She clung to Eily almost as though the latter, by long and close association with the child, could bridge, in some measure, the desolate gap of loneliness and loss that lay between her and her beloved.

It was an immense honor, to be sure; and Eily accepted it with a grateful heart, even though she fain would have remained in Corofin had no one else's wishes and welfare but her own been concerned. She often wondered why she had grown so fond of it, since there she had neither father nor mother, kith nor kin, and it was not even her birthplace. But old Andy Brennan, the gardener and lodge-keeper, and his childless wife Nancy, had been as good to her as any father and mother could ever have been.

Eily had come to them, in response to an advertisement of their desire to adopt a child, as a tiny, yellow-haired mite of two. Her birth, moreover, remained something of a mystery. Her mother had been dying of an incurable disease; and her father was probably dead,—at least his whereabouts were unknown at the time they took charge of the little one. The latter's name had been given to them as "Eileen, daughter of Pierce Neville D'Arcy and his wife Annabel"; and the comfort and fineness and neatness of the child's clothing bespoke tender nurture as well as decent birth.

Eily had grown up a tall, willowy young creature, with a slender form and delicate, pale coloring, that withstood every well-meant effort of her foster parents to render her stout of build and ruddy of cheek as any neighbor's child. Her hair was the tint of a field of wheat when the noonday sun shines clearly down; her eyes were blue as the speedwell; her face, fair and pale, with sometimes the delicate flush of the wild hedge rose in June.

Remembering her mother's delicacy, it troubled the old gardener and his wife not a little that it should be so. They

loved the child with more than parental affection; and the tender glance of her eye, and the light of the smile that leaped so readily to lip and dimpling cheek at sight of them, were as sunshine itself to the kind old couple. It came as a great shock, an almost unbearably wrench, when they found they must part with her, even for a while; but, of course, their mistress' wishes—and Heaven knows she looked "dawny" and low-spirited enough, poor lady!—could never be gainsaid.

Much as she loved her mistress, Eily could not take kindly to the strange new life. It was not that her duties were hard,—indeed, the trouble was to know exactly what duties she was supposed to fulfil. For, now that poor little Miss Margaret was no more, the need for much sewing was not great; though "her ladyship" found other work for Eily in the making of clothes to be given in charity to the poor.

She mended the house linen; arranged the beautiful exotic flowers for which so much money was paid, although the gardens and greenhouses at Corofin lay full of them going to waste. And often in the evenings, when Lady Katharine seemed too tired or too sorrowful and disconsolate for visitors, it was her pleasure to send for Eileen to come to her own private apartment, where the girl would brush out "her ladyship's" long coils of raven-black hair, the while the poor woman talked over and over again to this most sympathetic listener every incident of little Margaret's short life; dwelling on every trait, every lovable and winsome and roguish characteristic of her lost little "girleen."

Eily felt a melancholy consolation and pleasure in assuaging the poor mother's grief as far as she could. But her unwitting invasion of the special domain of Celestine, "her ladyship's" foreign maid, had the unlooked-for effect of arousing in that young person's bosom a perfect storm of jealousy and rage. This, added to the fact that, by Lady Katharine's express

wishes, Eileen took her meals in the house-keeper's room instead of in the servants' hall, had the further result of creating amongst the rest of the household staff a very discomfoting atmosphere of envy and dislike.

Eileen, who indeed had very little in common with any of them, was punished for her natural reserve and lack of enthusiasm for their society by constant irritating taunts and innuendoes, directed against herself and more especially against her nationality. Cobwebs on the wall were wittily described in her hearing as "Irish pictures"; and did a garment lie untidily on a chair, it was said with equal facetiousness to be "hung on Paddy's peg." Once, and only once, did she deign to notice or make a retort; and that was when they referred in shocked and abhorrent tones to a discreditable scene in the House of Commons, in which a certain boisterous and irrepressible young Irish member had to be ejected by force.

"Yes," remarked Eileen, with answering scorn; "and it took five Englishmen to put him out!"

But this was only the beginning of her troubles. For when Mr. Lance Nugent returned from college the following Christmas, it became obvious to the most careless observer that he was completely taken with Eileen's delicate beauty and elegance of manner. Quite unconsciously, he treated her in their infrequent encounters with all the deference due to one in his own position of life,—holding the door open for her as she entered or left a room, and relieving her of a too heavy burthen did he meet her on the stairs.

The girl kept shyly out of his way, feeling vaguely troubled and unhappy. Yet, though she hardly lifted her eyes to his, she could not altogether restrain the queer little half-affrighting thrill of joy that fluttered like a bird in her heart at the mere sound of his voice. Still, her own natural prudence, as well as her loyalty to the woman who had been so

good to her, would never have permitted her to betray her mistress' trust. Nevertheless, hints and insinuations were carried to "her ladyship's" ears; and, finally, one afternoon Eily was told, very gently and delicately withal, that her foster parents were anxious to have her at home again; and that she had better depart on the following day, as there was now so little need of her services where she was.

It was not without a good deal of self-questioning and some misgiving that gentle Lady Katharine brought herself to take this step.

"Poor child!" she said regretfully, after Eily had taken her departure, with a flushed, shamed face and a quivering lip. "It is not her fault. I do hope she did not suspect my real reason for sending her away from me. But I am sorely afraid she must have guessed the truth,—poor thing,—poor, lonely little thing! And I was so fond of her; and she was so good and wise and tender, almost like a dear daughter to me! She might have been just like a daughter to me always—if it had not been for this horrible fear, this danger. Lance is such an impressionable boy! And it was inevitable he should admire her. She is not at all like any one else of her class. But, then—a nameless waif! Of course it would *never* do."

Eileen was very glad to be home again with her dear old "daddy" and her foster mother. But the reason lying behind her sudden return had spoiled in great measure her joy in coming. And, do what she would, she could not entirely keep Lance Nugent's memory out of her heart.

Who could blame her? He was so big and handsome, so kind and gentle! No one had ever before looked at her, no one had ever treated her with the same chivalrous courtesy and deference. Nobody so nice and noble and good would ever come into her life again. And yet—if he came to the Castle this year, or any year, she felt she could not, dare not, meet him; she must only go away.

That was what she did do in the follow-

ing autumn, when she learned from the housekeeper at the Castle that Master Lance and his brother were coming to Corofin with the rest of the family for the shooting. Eily took a situation for some months as serving-maid in a lawyer's house in a strange, far-away town.

Lady Katharine, who had looked forward to a meeting with Eily with grave maternal doubts and fears, felt deeply relieved, and yet in some measure disappointed, to find that the innocent cause of her anxiety had taken herself deliberately out of the way. She would have liked to meet the child and talk to her, to make up to her as far as she could for that painful but inevitable last parting. But doubtless, with Lance in such close proximity, it was as well—much better indeed—that Eily should not be there.

It was not for five or six months afterward that she had news of the girl again, and then it came as a great surprise. In a letter from her bosom-friend and neighbor, Lady Sophia Chalmers, she read:

"You have heard, of course, of the wonderful romance concerning your pretty young friend and *protégée*, your lodge-keeper's adopted daughter. It turns out that, instead of being the nobody we thought her, she is quite an important person, of good family, and an heiress. Her father was a Neville D'Arcy, of Galway, a younger son, and a bit of a spendthrift. His wife—a Miss Nesbitt, of Waterford, and a very beautiful woman,—left him in a foolish fit of jealousy and temper, and, it is said, broke her heart afterward. He had disappeared; and most people, his wife included, thought him dead. But it seems he was living till three years ago, and ranching so prosperously in some place in America that when he died he left a very considerable fortune behind him. The American lawyers had been advertising for his heirs; and it was only through some attorney, with whose wife your young friend had recently taken a situation, that she happily came to hear of her good luck. This man, it

appears, was struck by her refined appearance as much as by her name; he made careful inquiries, and has succeeded in establishing her identity beyond a shadow of doubt. She is the rightful heiress to the entire fortune. And now, what are we going to do with her? So interesting and eligible a *parti* can not be left where she is; though we are assured she is quite content with her present homely dwelling, and not in the least altered or even excited by the momentous change in her circumstances."

"It is so like the dear child," mused Lady Katharine, with tears of joy in her eyes. "What shall we do with her?" she said softly, quoting the words of her friend Lady Sophia. "I think I know,—at least, we shall see. And perhaps I may yet have my dear daughter, after all,—that is, if she ever forgives me."

Two days later she surprised the housekeeper at Corofin with an unexpected Eastertide visit. A week afterward she departed again,—not alone, however; for Eileen went with her, for a long, delightful visit to London, and subsequently to Paris. And when, just as the roses of June filled the gardens with delicate beauty and fragrance, Eileen stood at the altar as the Honorable Lance Nugent's affianced wife, Lady Katharine felt intensely proud of her distinguished-looking daughter-in-law; though hardly one whit fonder of her, mayhap, than she had been a full two years before.

Lance and his beautiful bride spent their honeymoon at dear old Corofin. In accordance with Eily's wish, it was later arranged that the foster parents to whom she owed so much should come to live in a larger and more comfortable house near the Castle, where old Andy, who refused to give up entirely his work, would be near at hand to oversee the under-gardeners; and where Nancy, his wife, rejoicing now in a yearly income beyond her wildest dreams of wealth, lived to become a sort of second foster mother to her darling Eileen's little children.

What the Holy Catholic Church hath Handed Down to Us.

(From "The Paradise or Garden of the Fathers, being Histories of the Anchorites, Recluses, Monks, Cenobites, and Ascetic Fathers of the Deserts of Egypt between A. D. CCL. and A. D. CCCC. circiter. Compiled by Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria; Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis; Saint Jerome and Others." Translated out of the Syriac by Ernest A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D., D. Lit., Keeper of the Assyrian and Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum.)

ABBA DANIEL PARNAYA, the disciple of Abba Arsenius used to tell about a man of Scete, and say that he was a man of great labors but simple in the faith; and in his ignorance he considered and declared that the bread which we receive is not in very truth the Body of Christ, but a similitude of His Body. And two of the Fathers heard this word which he spake; but because they knew of his sublime works and labors, they imagined that he had spoken it in his innocence and simple-mindedness; and they came to him and said unto him: "Father, we have heard a thing from a man which we do not believe; for he saith that this bread which we receive is not in very truth the Body of Christ, but a mere similitude." And he said unto them, "It is I who have said this thing." And they entreated him, saying: "Thou must not say thus, Father, but according to what the Holy Catholic Church hath handed down to us, even so do we believe; that is to say, this bread is the Body of Christ in very truth, and is not a mere similitude. As, in truth, God straightway took dust from the earth, and fashioned man in His image [and no man is able to say that he is not the image of God], so also was it the case of the bread of which He said, 'This is My Body'; for it is not to be regarded as a merely commemorative thing, and we believe that it is indeed the Body of Christ." And the old man said: "Unless I be convinced by the thing itself I will not hearken [to this]."

Then the Fathers said unto him: "Let us pray to God for the whole week on this mystery, and we believe that He will reveal [it] unto us." And the old man agreed to this with great joy, and each one went to his cell.

Then the old man prayed unto God, saying: "O Lord, Thou knowest that it is not from wickedness that I do not believe; but, in order that I may not go astray through ignorance, reveal Thou therefore unto me, O Lord Jesus Christ, this mystery." And the two other old men prayed unto God and said thus: "O Lord Jesus Christ, make Thou this old man to have knowledge concerning this mystery, and we believe that he will not destroy his labors."

And God heard the entreaty of the two Fathers; and when the week was ended they came to the church, and the three of them sat down by themselves on one seat, and the old man was between the other two; and the eyes of their understandings were opened, and when the time of the mysteries had arrived, and the bread was laid upon the holy table, there appeared to the three of them as it were a child on the table. And when the priest stretched out his hand to break the bread, behold, the angel of the Lord came down from heaven with a knife in his hand, and he slew the child and pressed out his blood into the cup. And when the priest broke off from the bread small members, the old man drew nigh that he might partake of the Holy Offering, and a piece of living flesh covered and dripping with blood was given to him. Now, when he saw [this] he was afraid, and he cried out with a loud voice, saying: "I believe, O Lord, that the bread is Thy Body, and that the cup is Thy Blood." And straightway the flesh which was in his hand became bread like unto that of the mystery, and he took it and gave thanks unto God. And the old men said unto him: "God knoweth the nature of man, and that it is unable to eat living flesh, and for this reason He turneth His Body

into bread, and His Blood into wine, for those who receive Him in faith."

Then they gave thanks unto God for that old man, and because he had not permitted Satan to destroy him from his labors; and the three of them went to their cells in gladness.

Apropos of a Frequent Question.

A QUESTION often put to priests by zealous Catholics is this: "What books should I recommend to a Protestant friend who seems to be interested in the Church?" Our own answer would be: Don't recommend any unless your friend has asked for some. When people are in earnest in the quest of truth, they are sure to seek information; and until they are thus disposed, intervention, instead of being a help, may prove a hindrance. The interest of a great many non-Catholics in the Church is of an academic kind, which really amounts to nothing; they are interested in our religion as in a hundred and one other matters to which they attach no real importance. To hold discussions with such persons is like trying to convince a half-sleepy toper of the advantages of total-abstinence.

It is well to remember that, as Newman somewhere observes, philosophy and history—logic and fact—do not come natural to Protestantism; it can not bear either; it does not reason out any point; it does not survey steadily any course of facts. It dips into reason, it dips into history; but it breathes more freely when it emerges again. Much of what we say and write in explanation or defence of our religion is lost on Protestants, for the simple reason that they have little or no faith in the supernatural order. "There is nothing in the divine order as conceived and presented by Protestant theologians," says Brownson, "that can not be explained without as well as with the assertion of the mystery of the Trinity or the mystery of the Incarnation. What

better, according to the Protestant presentment of it, is Christianity than Greek and Roman philosophy? Or why should sensible men trouble their heads about it, except to get rid of it?"

The way to get outsiders seriously interested in the Church is to show the worth of its teaching by our conduct. It is an erroneous notion—as general as false—to suppose that converts are made by holding arguments or reading books. The grace of conversion is often given to Protestants who had never spoken to a Catholic or opened a Catholic book. If we were as fully persuaded of the power of prayer and of the influence of example as we ought to be, our first thought for a well-disposed non-Catholic friend would be to offer prayers for him, not to burden him with books.

It is one thing to be convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, but quite another to embrace it. It should be no surprise that so many outsiders remain in error, when so many who have the Faith fail to live up to its teachings. A recent convert declared that he was for a long time held back from joining the Church by the bad example of Catholics with whom he was thrown into contact. It was plain to him that the faith which they professed—at least did not deny—exerted no appreciable influence over their lives; and at times it seemed impossible that their religion could be the true one, their daily walk and conversation was so much like that of other worldlings. Strange to say, this difficulty was overcome by recalling the XXVIth Article of the Church of England: "Although in the visible church the evil be ever mingled with the good, etc."

Our best New Year resolution would be to illustrate the teaching of the Church in our lives. This is what is meant by letting one's light shine. We shall thus remove the greatest stumbling-blocks in the path of honest inquirers, and do vastly more to spread the faith than by loading books on listless readers.

Notes and Remarks.

WE notice that, in its leading article on Christmas, the *Casket* uses the term "God-Child" as a synonym for the Divine Babe. Is not the term, especially in this day of modernistic tendencies, in every way preferable to the more common "Christ-Child"? This latter term connotes in the minds not only of non-Christians but of very many non-Catholic Christians (so-called) merely a human infant dowered with no divine prerogatives. "God-Child," on the other hand, emphasizes the divinity of the Infant Saviour, and is an act of faith in the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth. As a simple and effective means of confessing Him before men, calling the Babe of Bethlehem the God-Child is worth while. It is scarcely necessary to add that the capitalization of the initial letters of the constituent words, and the use of the hyphen to connect those words, will suffice, even apart from any ordinary context, to distinguish the term from the common noun, godchild.

As many as 160 Protestant sects—American, British, and Continental—sent delegates to the "World Missionary Conference" at Edinburgh; and its Reports, just published, fill nine volumes. A "grand showing," with which, one would think, all sectarians might be well satisfied. But such, we rejoice to say, is not the case. "The most imposing organic symbol of Christendom," as a Protestant minister once described The Church, was not represented at the "World" Conference; and it now begins to dawn on broad-minded non-Catholics that, in view of the fact that by far the largest body of Christians in the world had no delegate at the Conference, its title is not really justified. The lacuna was felt by a few of the speakers, one of whom (an American bishop) created a sensation by saying, "Let us always treat Roman

Catholics as Christians" (!); and by warning his hearers against the sin of one church slandering another. This, to our mind, was by all odds the most significant utterance made at the Conference—if we except the following observation of another speaker: "It is a reasonable demand to any man who tries to tackle so difficult a problem as that of changing other men's faith that he should know what he is talking about,—not only his own religion, but also that which he desires to lead the people away from."

We venture to predict that, at some conference of Protestant missionaries in the near future, there will be denunciation of the methods of proselytizers in Catholic countries, and a demand that their work be forever abandoned. And if that American bishop is present, he will perhaps be moved to characterize opposition to The Church as going against God. The century is yet new.

One charm of childhood lies in the linguistic oddities which are so natural to that happy state. It is sheer stupidity on the part of grown-up people not to appreciate them. Coventry Patmore, though lacking in the sense of humor, was not obtuse on this point. In the preface to one of his books he tells of his delight when walking with a little girl, after a storm, to hear her remark how "untidy" the sky looked, with so many clouds scattered round. "How nice and smelly it always is here!" exclaimed a delighted child on arriving at her country home last summer. "Say 'odoriferous,' dear," most persons would have corrected. A small friend of our own, disappointed at not finding her mother at a place where she was to remain for some time, declared: "I wouldn't have came if I thought it was going to be like this."

The evil of over-correcting children when in their charming irresponsible sayings they construct their own grammar and compose their own sentences on the easiest plan is deplored in a recent work by Sir

Oliver Lodge. "If small twins," says the great scientist, "having a birthday, are asked whose birthday it is; and if, after looking at each other for a moment, they simultaneously respond 'We's,' any one who would attempt to correct the statement into accordance with the rules of English grammar would be guilty of a minor kind of blasphemy." This is perfectly true. Over-correction is more to be avoided than over-indulgence in the case of children.

What preparation should be given to First Communicants? Are children of seven or eight to be allowed to receive Holy Communion without any knowledge of the Catechism? It is somewhat surprising, in view of the precise rules laid down by the Holy See in its recent Decree regarding the First Communion of children, that these questions should still be asked; however, that is no reason for not repeating the answers to them. Let us do so in the words of Bishop Hedley:

A full and perfect knowledge of Christian doctrine is not necessary for first confession or for First Communion. For First Communion it is enough that the child should understand according to its capacity those chief doctrines of faith without which there is no Christianity,—that is to say, that there is a God; that God loves us; that He rewards the good and punishes the wicked; that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are equally God, though there is only one God; and that the Son of God became man and died to redeem us. Add to this that there must be some recognition of what the Blessed Sacrament is,—that is to say, that it is not common bread, but something holy, bringing Jesus into our soul. It is evident that it is quite possible to teach these things in an informal way to a child of seven. Even more might be done. The contents of the "Little Catechism," as it is called, are not in any way beyond the apprehension of a child of this age. But not even the "Little Catechism" is necessary. And it must always be remembered that children differ in capacity, and that there are some who can take in very little indeed.

After First Communion, as the Holy Father directs, children must gradually learn the whole Catechism. The purpose of his Decree is to have the protection

and strength of the Blessed Sacrament afforded to children as soon as they are capable of distinguishing between good and evil, without waiting, as heretofore, until they have "gone through the Catechism." But we have interrupted the Bishop, who says further:

When the Church encourages early Communion, she is far from sanctioning any slackness or deficiency in religious instruction. It is only that this will come *after* First Communion instead of before it. It will be for parents to see that their children are not allowed to suppose that their course of religious instruction ends with the day of their First Communion. And the pastors of souls will be solicitous to arrange, not less carefully than at present, for complete courses of the Catechism. Some slight alterations will no doubt have to be introduced into the syllabus of religious instruction as provided for our schools.

Apropos of a play which it is unnecessary to particularize, the *New York Times* remarks:

Such plays do not belong on our stage, and they are unsuited to the theatrical entertainment of the million. . . . A public expression of opinion by the Federation of Catholic Societies adverse to the employment of sacred subjects on the theatrical stage, and a similar action by representative Protestants about this time, would doubtless be regarded by a large proportion of the citizens of New York as just and right.

We quote the foregoing merely as a bit of testimony to the prestige that has already been acquired by the Federation of Catholic Societies. May we be permitted to add that the prestige in question carries with it the responsibility of making only such public protests as are well-considered and are likely to commend themselves to the judicious,—judicious Catholics as well as Protestants?

We have been painfully surprised at the lack of realization of the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints betrayed in numerous letters to the editor of the *London Tablet*, in whose correspondence columns, for many weeks past, the subject of prayers to the Blessed Virgin at Bene-

diction has been under discussion. Those who have presumed to question the propriety of such prayers at such a time forget that the Church herself sanctions them, and that the Incarnation is the prominent fact in Benediction, — a fact from which the Mother of Christ is not to be disassociated. There is no fear of our honoring too much her whom "He that is mighty" has honored so highly. It was time for this correspondence to cease when such ridiculous assertions began to be made as that of one correspondent, who declared that her recollection of her convent education was that the only prayer addressed to God was the "Our Father." This person must not have been awake when, for instance, morning prayers, with the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, were being recited; and she must have been already asleep when they were repeated at night. It is safe to assert that her stay at any convent boarding-school in the world was very short; since, on her own confession, she profited by it so little.

One of the conclusions arrived at by the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University during their recent meeting is of more than ordinary interest to the great body of teaching Sisters in this country. The Board decided that the time is ripe for the establishment of a normal college or institute for the more perfect training of teaching Sisters. We are informed that—

It is accepted in principle that the University approves of the idea of a normal college or institute for the more perfect formation of our teaching Sisters, and also of such Catholic lay-women as may desire to follow the courses in this institute. The school, when founded, will be under the general guidance of the University, and will profit by the services of many members of its professorial staff. The hope is entertained that generous friends of the teaching Sisters of our parochial schools will come to their aid, and in the near future enable them to put on a solid footing, in the close neighborhood of the University, this very desirable institute.

Once established, each teaching congregation

or distinct community can send one or more of its members to the new institute, where they may profit by the advantages of the University, while observing strictly the religious life. All instruction will, of course, be given within the institute, which would thus have its own religious and educational life. A similar enterprise, St. Anne's Institute at Muenster in Germany, has been in operation for more than ten years, under the immediate direction of the Bishop of Muenster, with the co-operation of the hierarchy of Prussia. It has already rendered incalculable services to the female teaching Orders of Catholic Germany, and is held to be one of the principal elements of Catholic educational progress in that country at the present time.

Of cognate interest is the fact that in some provinces of Canada—New Brunswick, for instance—teaching Sisters take the regular normal school examinations, receive regular government licenses, and—fortunate New Brunswick pastors!—are paid by regular government salaries for their services in the classroom.

Preventive medicine, from being a blundering art as late as thirty or forty years ago, has now become a science; and, in the opinion of Dr. William Osler, a very beneficent science. This recognized medical authority writes most interestingly, in the *American Magazine*, of man's fight with disease, and is thoroughly optimistic as to the outcome of one phase of that fight. He says:

The digging of the Panama Canal was acknowledged to be a question of the health of the workers. For four centuries the Isthmus had been a white man's grave, and at one time during the French control of the Canal the mortality reached the appalling figures of 170 per thousand. Even under the most favorable circumstances, it was extraordinarily high. Month by month I get the *Reports* which form by far the most interesting sanitary reading of the present day. Of more than 54,000 employees (about 13,000 of whom are white), the death-rate per thousand for the month of March was 8.91,—a lower percentage, I believe, than in any city in the United Kingdom, and very much lower than in any city in the United States. It has been brought about in great part by researches into the life history of the parasite which produces malaria, and by the effective measures taken for its destruction.

Here again is a chapter in human achievement for which it would be hard to find a parallel.

Dr. Osler points the moral that the great white plague, tuberculosis, whose cause has been determined, may be effectively stamped out if the knowledge acquired about it be translated into practical action. "It is a campaign for the public; past history shows that it is a campaign of hope. The measures for its stamping out, though simple on paper, present difficulties that are interwoven with the very fabric of society; but they are not insuperable, and are gradually disappearing. Only prolonged and united efforts carried through several generations can place the disease in the same category with typhus fever, typhoid, and smallpox."

Our Canadian readers will be interested in learning that a former Governor General of the Dominion, the Earl of Minto, has filled the office of Viceroy of India to the entire satisfaction of our coreligionists in that distant portion of the British Empire. A correspondent of the *Catholic Herald of India* writes:

"I have fought the good fight, I have run the race to the end, I have kept the faith. For the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me." Well may Lord Minto take leave of India with these words. His Excellency has given India peace, which is essential, above all things, to enable the different religions to dwell together in this land. He has accomplished a great task; and, now that he is about to lay down his office, he has every cause to look back upon his five years in India with satisfaction. To Lady Minto, the Catholic community are beholden for many a kindly deed. The good nuns and the school-children have always had in her Excellency a warm-hearted friend; and great has been her interest in charitable and philanthropic works. I am confident of reflecting the Catholic feeling in saying that Catholic India bids farewell to their Excellencies with a sad heart.

The gratitude thus expressed is as creditable to the Catholic community for whom the writer speaks as to the retiring dignitaries. Since they *are* retiring from

India, that gratitude can scarcely be confounded with the sentiment which Sir Robert Walpole used to describe as "a lively sense of future favors."

While Christmas Day is past and gone, it is still the Christmastide; and, let us hope, the Christmas spirit of good-will and generosity has not yet evaporated. St. Nicholas is, technically, not due again until next December; but we submit that either he or his efficient substitutes should be prevailed upon to make yet another visit—to St. Joseph's College, St. Joseph, Montgomery Co., Alabama,—an institution for Catholic colored pupils. Our reason for the suggestion is the following paragraph from the organ of the College:

We are acquainted with liberally endowed institutions that are continually receiving not only money gifts but tons of provisions and clothing. These offerings come from individuals, clubs, societies and churches, and are often anonymous. At this writing the thermometer registers 28, and some of our students are still going barefooted. We do not complain, but we can not help wondering why Santa Claus does not put us on his list.

Will not some of our charitable readers share their own Christmas joy and thanksgiving with these neglected young people? Think of it,—bare feet, with the mercury four degrees below freezing point!

Says the editor of the *Field Afar*:

A Hollander, now in Uganda, writes quite frankly that Americans in Europe are always giving the impression that they are "awfully busy" and have no time to stop and examine. Our good friend observes that, as he saw our countrymen in the European galleries, they were noting in little books "not what they saw, but what they passed." He hopes that all Americans are not like this, otherwise he fears that the missions will be overlooked.

Any one who has seen the typical American tourist in a European art gallery or cathedral will realize the justice of this Dutch missionary's characterization. "Noting not what they saw, but what they passed," is as clever as 'tis all too often true.



A New Year Privilege.

BY NEALE MANN.

CAME the Wise Men from the East,
Runs the olden story,—
Star-led Kings whose faith enrings
Each one's name with glory.
Entered they the stable-cave
(Christ's first wooden chalice),
Bowed the knee in worship free,
Owned the cave a palace.
Frankincense and gold and myrrh
Lay they there before Him;
At His feet in rapture sweet,
Silent they adore Him.
Blessed was that privilege—
Yes, and e'en this other:
Just to raise their eyes and gaze
On His Maiden Mother.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—MISS CARMEL.

HURRAY! Whoop, hurray! Miss Carmel! Miss Carmel! Miss C-a-r-m-e-l!" The clear boyish shout swelled in prolonged triumph through the beautiful shading oaks that girdled the quaint old home, on whose vine-wreathed porch Miss Carmel Harrington was entertaining a lingering visitor.

"What a regular war whoop!" said the gentleman, rather indignant at the interruption. "Who is the young savage?"

"It is Billy-Boy," she answered, with a smile,— "little Billy Dayton. He is not usually so noisy, so there must be something very exciting on his mind."

There evidently was; for another shout rent the air; and, with a leap over

the hydrangeas, a slender boy of twelve landed at Miss Carmel's feet.

"I'm going, Miss Carmel! I'm going sure and certain! I'm going to-morrow at six! Ticket is bought. Mother's just packing my trunk. Got my slicker and sweater, and the greatest pair of yellow 'puttees' you ever saw, and three cowboy shirts. It's all right, though mother is scared sick about me. I'm going sure!"

"Going where?" asked the young lady, breathlessly.

"To Colorado—to Bar Cross Rancho—to Jack," replied Billy-Boy, in delighted crescendo. "There's a weak spot in the corner of my lung, the doctor says; and I want latitude or altitude, or something you get in Colorado, to make me expand right. Goodness! I'm glad; aren't you, Miss Carmel?"

"Glad, Billy-Boy?—glad?" she repeated tremulously,— "glad that there is something wrong with your lungs? Oh, no, no, no!"

Mr. Page Ellis, who had risen to take leave, looked rather grimly at this young intruder upon a very pleasant interview.

"Really, without claiming medical skill; I feel competent to disagree with any unfavorable diagnosis on this young man's lungs," he said dryly. "They seem decidedly 'all right.'"

"Oh, he did break through the ice last winter and had double pneumonia!" said Miss Carmel, anxiously.

"That was it," agreed Billy. "It was the 'double' business did it. My, but I'm in luck! I never guessed when I was kicking against all that plastering and jacketing last winter that I was in for anything so jolly as this. I don't expand right by two inches, the doctor says,—honest Injun, I don't, Miss Carmel!" affirmed the speaker, catching the smile upon the young lady's face. "Dolly, like

a kitty-cat of a girl, said 'I was 'just fooling' to get out to Jack; but I wasn't at all. Doctor MacVeigh measured me. 'Now swell out for all you're worth, young man,' he said; and I did swell fair and square, and was two inches short. And mother said she had a grandfather or an uncle or somebody that died of consumption, and I shouldn't wait another day, but must go right off to-morrow to Jack. She telegraphed him I was coming, and to lookout for me."

"O Billy dear, they must be anxious about you indeed!" answered the young lady.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Ellis, who had doubtless reasons of his own for finding Billy-Boy and his affairs most obnoxious just now. "A youngster can't sneeze these days without being pounced upon by a specialist on lung trouble. He is a Dayton, you say?" Mr. Ellis surveyed Billy-Boy's slim, graceful little figure somewhat disapprovingly. "Looks just as Jack did ten years ago. I suppose since then he, too, has 'expanded.'"

Mr. Ellis laughed a not very pleasant laugh; and, shaking hands with Miss Carmel, said he would come again when he could claim less distracted attention.

"I don't like that man; do you, Miss Carmel?" said Billy-Boy, as the late visitor, in no very good humor, strode down the shaded garden path.

"You must not ask such leading questions, Billy," laughed the lady. "And we were a little rude, I'm afraid; but you startled me so with your news. O Billy-Boy, I'll miss you dreadfully,—dreadfully!" she repeated, seating herself on the broad steps of the piazza, while Billy ensconced himself comfortably at her feet. "I don't know how I shall get on without you."

"Then why don't you come, too?" he said, eagerly. "That would be grand. We'd have a crackerjack of a time, Miss Carmel. And, golly! Jack would be glad to see you."

"Do you think he really would, Billy?"

There was a queer little catch in Miss Carmel's voice.

"Think! I *know* it!" answered Billy, confidently. "Why, he'd most jump out of his shoes, he'd be so delighted and surprised."

"I rather think he would," said Miss Carmel, with a soft, tremulous little laugh. "But—but I'm afraid I might be very much in the way, and perhaps spoil all your fun."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" replied Billy, with decision. "Some girls might, but you're not that kind. Now, I wouldn't have Dolly around a ranche for anything, she is such a fraid-cat. Why, if she saw an Indian or a panther, or anything exciting, she would nearly drop dead. And mother is most as bad. She doesn't even know which end of a gun goes off. But *you*—you've got 'sand.' I like girls with sand, and so does Jack. You wouldn't mind riding over the mountains, and making coffee and camp fires, and climbing and hunting and fishing."

"Oh, no, Billy-Boy, I shouldn't mind!" And again Miss Carmel laughed that low, tremulous laugh that was like the twitter of a bird. "I'd love it all,—the wide open under the skies and the stars, the heights and the depths, and the free sweep of the mountain wind, and the roar of the mountain storm. But how did you guess I was that kind of a girl, you wise little Billy-Boy! Don't I look tame?"

"No-o-o," answered Billy, with long drawn-out earnestness, "not a bit! Dolly is tame, and Aunt Lou, and Miss van Doran; but you—you're just grand, Miss Carmel! And Jack thinks so, too. He had a picture of you, in your white commencement dress, packed in his trunk. I saw it. I said it wasn't as pretty as you were; and he said, "'Pretty' isn't the word, Billy; try another.' Then I said, 'beautiful,' and he laughed. That was a bit nearer. And I said you were 'just grand, anyhow.' And Jack said I had struck it right at last. And you are just the grandest girl I know, and Jack is

the grandest brother. It has been three years since he went away, but I've never forgotten what a bully brother Jack was. Have you, Miss Carmel?"

"No, I haven't forgotten, Billy," was the low answer.

"Golly, he was great!" continued Billy, hugging his knees, while his brown eyes grew reminiscently soft and tender. "I don't think there ever was a nicer brother than Jack. He used to whirl me out of bed at night, and pitch pillows at me; and sneak me cakes and apples when I was sick and mother wouldn't give me anything but soup. And I'd never have learned to swim if Jack hadn't taken me off to the creek and pitched me in and nearly drowned me. And he stole me off to his room one night and cut off all my curls; he said he wouldn't have the other fellows calling his brother a 'sissy girl.' Mamma and Dolly were mad, you bet! They wouldn't speak to Jack for a week for spoiling my looks. I couldn't wear velvet jackets and lace collars any more after that, but had to be a real boy, and not little Lord Somebody out of a story-book. My, I was glad; for I hated long curls and lace collars. And, then, the day Joe Slevin took my sled rope, I hollered to Jack, who was coming up the hill, to make Joe give it back to me. And when Joe wouldn't, Jack just looked at us both and said, 'It's an even match, so I can't take a hand. Stand up for yourself, Billy-Boy, and fight it out with Joe.' And I fought for that rope and I got it!"

"I remember," laughed Miss Carmel. "Jack brought you home with a black eye and a bloody nose, that almost sent your poor mother into a fainting fit. I suppose he thought that was the way to make a man of you, Billy."

"Yes," answered Billy. "That was what he said when mamma scolded and cried. 'You don't want to keep Billy a baby forever. Since father is gone, it's up to me to make a man of him.' And when he went away he shook hands hard with me, just like men do," added Billy, proudly;

"and he said: 'Don't let them make a mollycoddle of you while I am gone, Billy. Grow up a man.' That's what I want to do, Miss Carmel,—to grow up a man just like Jack."

"Don't be in too great a hurry about it," said the young lady, softly. "There's plenty of time. You are very nice as you are, Billy-Boy."

"Nice!" exclaimed Billy. "I don't think Jack would want me to be just 'nice,' but I am afraid that is all I am. You see, I don't have any other boys around to fight and tussle with. And mother is sort of scary: I don't like to worry her and make her head ache; so I play checkers with Aunt Lou at night, and make caramels with Dolly, and read French fables with Miss van Doran, and do all those girly-girl things that Jack hated. I'm afraid I'm growing up a mollycoddle just like Jack said." And Billy's tone sank as he spoke.

"You a mollycoddle!" observed the young lady, warmly. "O Billy-Boy—you dear, true-hearted Billy-Boy,—no, no, no! I'd like to keep you just as you are forever; but I can't, Billy. You'll have to grow up, like everybody else, into a big, strong, selfish, forgetful man. But don't forget too soon. You'll write to me sometimes, won't you? You needn't bother about pen and ink: any old pencil scratch will do. Just scribble away and tell me everything. And I'll write back all the home news, and keep my eyes and ears open for everything that you will want to hear. Is that a bargain, Billy-Boy?"

"Yes, you bet it is!" said Billy, eagerly. "I'll have to write carefully to mamma, she worries so about bad spelling; but you won't mind, Miss Carmel?"

"Not a bit. Now I have to go and dress for dinner. But this isn't 'good-bye.' I'll be down to the station to-morrow to see you off."

"All right!" said Billy. "And bring Leo and Towser with you, Miss Carmel. Dogs make things kind of cheerful. They are doing so much crying at home that

it's sort of catching. You'd think I was never coming back, to hear Dolly sniffing. It sort of spoils a fellow's fun," added Billy, in an aggrieved tone.

"Of course it does," answered Miss Carmel, sympathetically. "But don't worry. I'll be down to cheer you off."

And cheer was surely needed next evening; for it was a doleful crowd that gathered around the young traveller at Holmhurst station. There was mamma, tearful and tremulous; and fifteen-year-old Dolly, sobbing openly; Aunt Lou, armed with a vinaigrette for possible faints; and Miss van Doran, a very Cassandra of dismal forebodings. Even Uncle Martin, who was to go as far as New York with Billy, was not the sort of uncle to relieve the situation; but was thin and pale and dyspeptic, and had the general air of a funeral director as he checked Billy's baggage and saw that his ticket was straight through without return.

It took all Billy's pluck to choke down, as Jack's brother should, the lump that would rise in his throat, steady his quivering lips, and wink back the dimness gathering in his eyes. But just as he felt that the breakdown was inevitable, Leo and Towser came leaping and barking in high glee down the road; and behind them Miss Carmel in her prettiest rose-wreathed hat, with a gay little box of homemade "fudge" and a bag of homemade cookies, and a bundle of funny papers tied with red ribbon; and a pocket kodak, of which no one else had thought, to snap pictures along the way. There were so many beautiful things to be seen, as Miss Carmel declared to mamma; and Billy would enjoy bringing back pictures of them to show to everybody. And it was the loveliest time of year to travel; and Billy was in such luck to have this grand trip, and travelling was "such fun"!

How the sweet chatter chirked up Billy, and steadied his lips, and scattered the mist from his eyes! And when the last dread minute of parting came, and the

great train puffed shrieking and clanging up the track, Leo and Towser got up such a diversion, by plunging forward and barking wild defiance at the locomotive, that, in the excitement of keeping them from utter extinction under the cow-catcher, mamma was too frightened to faint, and Aunt Lou dropped her vinaigrette, and Uncle Martin lost his spectacles; and Billy-Boy was somehow torn from the scene by a brakeman, and before he quite knew it was off to join his brother Jack.

(To be continued.)

About Almanacs.

The word "almanac" (or "almanach," as it used to be spelled in Friar Roger Bacon's time, away back in the thirteenth century) is of disputed origin, but its meaning has always been the same. It was, and is now, a book or table containing a calendar of the civil divisions of the year; the times of the various astronomical events, such as eclipses of the sun or moon, the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the changes of the moon and of the tides, and other useful or interesting information.

The history of almanacs goes back to very ancient times. The Greeks of Alexandria certainly had them, although the date of their first appearance in Europe is not known with certainty. In the British Museum there are specimens of *manuscript* almanacs dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but the first printed European almanac that anything is known about was compiled by the astronomer Purbach, and appeared some time between the years 1450 and 1461. It was, however, Purbach's pupil, Regiomontanus, who brought out the first almanac of real importance. It gave the usual astronomical information not merely for one year ahead, but for the fifty-seven years—1475–1531. Regiomontanus (whose family name was not so big a word, but

simply Johann Müller, or John Miller), besides being a great astronomer, was a bishop,—a Catholic one, of course, as Protestantism wasn't known during his lifetime. He received a fine present from the King of Hungary for having compiled his learned work,—which, by the way, was of great service to Columbus.

A good many of the oldtime almanacs were filled with the predictions of the astrologers, the men who pretended they could read the future in the stars. While the compilers of later almanacs did not attempt much foretelling of general events, they *did* profess to predict the weather for the full year. Of course the predicting was, for the most part, pure guesswork, because it is only in quite recent years that the weather bureaus have become so expert that they can tell with any degree of certainty what the weather is going to be for a few days in advance.

The most famous of American almanacs were probably "Poor Richard's," begun by Benjamin Franklin in 1732, and kept up by him for about twenty-five years; and the "Old Farmer's Almanac," which is still published. When we were little, the jokes and conundrums of the yellow-covered almanacs were about the only part of the work to interest young folks,—those and the funny pictures representing the signs of the zodiac. Nowadays almanacs are more entertaining in every way.

The Nativity Star.

An oldtime legend relates that Seth, son of Adam, taught by angels, foretold the Star of the Nativity. Overheard by the Gentiles of the country, the prediction was believed by them, and repeated to their descendants, who kept up a perpetual watch for the miraculous Star. Many years passed, but their hope never faded, and they continued to search the heavens.

One night, while the three Magi were watching on Mount Victorialis, they saw

a brilliant Star, which far outshone all the rest. As they gazed upon it, it assumed the form of a little child, and, moving westward, seemed to beckon them on. With loud rejoicings, the Magi mounted their waiting dromedaries, and, following the beacon Star, journeyed straight on to Bethlehem, where their arrival created a great excitement; and when the Star stopped above the Stable they eagerly asked if there was a new-born Child in the place. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, they quickly dismounted, to do homage to Him whom they had travelled so far to see.

Some versions say that the Star waited until the Magi's visit was ended, and then guided them safely home again; but others state that, as the Wise Men entered the Stable, it disappeared, and that ever afterward they were led and protected by guardian angels.

How to be Always Happy.

Once upon a time there was a king who had a little son whom he loved very much, so he took a great deal of care to make him happy. But, for all this, the young prince always wore a frown, and was forever wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day a travelling magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, and turn his frowns into smiles." The magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Then he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper and see what he could read. The boy did as he was told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day, and you will always be happy."

The prince wisely made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A society has just been formed in Paris for the reproduction of the finest illuminated manuscripts preserved in the public libraries of Europe.

—The last of a series of hitherto unpublished poems by Francis Thompson appears in the January number of the *Dublin Review*. It is entitled "A House of Sorrows."

—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce a new edition of "The Paradise of the Christian Soul," a prayer-book described by Cardinal Manning as being "beautiful beyond compare." The author was a parish priest of Cologne, where he died in 1644.

—"Feasts for the Faithful" (Benziger Brothers) is a booklet of 90 pages, containing catechetical instruction on the feasts of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints, as appended to the Larger Catechism prescribed by the Holy Father for schools throughout the Province of Rome, and commended as a model for still wider use. Twenty-six separate festivals are discussed with notable brevity, clarity, and authority.

—"The Order of the Visitation" is the title of a booklet by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B., in which the spirit and growth of the Order in England are charmingly set forth. The first Visitation nuns went thither in 1804; and Dom Gasquet says that they have succeeded well, and done much to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart in that country. Text and illustrations are most interesting. Burns & Oates, publishers.

—We are indebted to that excellent publishing house, Bloud & Cie, of Paris, for a copy of a work which, we sincerely hope, will have an extraordinary sale throughout France,—"*L'Art de Tromper, d'Intimider, et de Corrompre l'Electeur*" ("The Art of Deceiving, Intimidating, and Corrupting the Voter"), by Charles Marcault. It is a large book (a royal octavo brochure of 530 pages); but it is so well digested, so clean-cut and logical, so thoroughly up-to-date and practical, that none of its readers will find it too lengthy, or overcharged either with statements or with proofs that verify them. We must content ourselves with quoting here two paragraphs, the first and the last of the volume:

I dedicate this work to the French people,—first to the directing class, of whom fear and inertia have made a sleeping class; and then to the working people of town and country, who, deceived by hypocritical leaders, give their confidence to candidates who promise them material

well-being, and who, once elected, confine themselves to the framing of tyrannical and anti-religious laws....

Anti-clericalism once more threatens the destruction of religion in Europe. To legal persecution there must be opposed legal resistance. Satan has found servants devoted enough to work against the Church and souls. God will certainly find heroes to win back anti-clerical conquests, and to work for the realization of the prophecy of the Sacred Heart: "I wish to reign, and I will reign, despite Satan and all those who seek to oppose My rule."

—The following volumes, all of especial interest to Catholics, have been added to Everyman's Library: Venerable Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation"; "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," St. Bonaventure's Life of St. Francis, and "The Mirror of Perfection" (one volume); "Utopia," to which is added the "Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulations"; and "Aucassin and Nicolette," a collection of tales, including a number of mediæval legends. All of these books are supplied with excellent introductions.

—"Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science: A Contribution to the History of Culture in the Nineteenth Century," is the title of an important translation from the German, soon to be published by B. Herder. The author, Father Karl Kneller, S. J., has undertaken to investigate the opinions of the men who have done most to enlarge our acquaintance with nature in the last century; and he finds that the most distinguished among them have been convinced believers in the spirituality of the soul and of divine influence in the material universe.

—In honoring Mr. William C. Brownell, the American Institute of Arts and Letters has honored itself. As an author whose books have the note of genuine scholarship, and a literary critic of rarest discernment and finest taste, his reputation as one of our leading men of letters is already established. No teacher of English literature lacking to-day in an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Brownell's body of literary criticism can lay claim to an adequate preparation for his or her work. Nor is there any excuse for a lack of such knowledge. His estimates of Thackeray and of Meredith in his "Victorian Prose Masters," and of Cooper and Mr. Henry James in his "American Prose Masters," are final. And no one lecturing on these four writers need ever again be in doubt precisely as to where and how to place them before his pupils. Mr. Brownell has always been far too serious a worker to think of popularity, and indeed his shyness would render it unwelcome. The venerable John Bigelow is admired for

knowing so much about so many things; Mr Brownell, for knowing so many things so thoroughly. In character and disposition as well as in learning and culture, he recalls Longfellow, who was no less beloved for his amiability than famed for his accomplishments.

—Another poem well worth adding to the collection of verse for the Bedside Library, suggested in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA, is "A Song from the Coptic," by James Clarence Mangan. Thinking it will be new to many readers, we have no regret in mutilating another page of our scrapbook:

Quarrels have long been in vogue among sages;
Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous,
All the philosopher-scribes of all ages
Join, *und voce*, on one point to anchor us.
Here is the gist of their mystified pages,
Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold:
*Children of Light, leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Berries were bitter in forests of old.*

Hoary old Merlin, that great necromancer,
Made me, a student, a similar answer
When I besought him for light and for lore:
*Toller in vain! leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.*

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,
And in the valleys of broad Abyssinia,
Still spake the oracle just as before:
*Wouldst thou have peace? Leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Feasts for the Faithful." 30 cts.
- "The Order of the Visitation." Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B. 60 cts.
- "The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More." Vol. I. Father Augustine Baker, O. S. B. \$1.25.
- "The Isle of Columbeille," by Shane Leslie;
- "The Golden Lad," by Molly Malone.
Iona Series. 35 cts. each:
- "The Old Mill on the Withrose." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J., 85 cts.
- "Footsteps in the Ward." H. M. Capes. 50 cts.

- "At Home with God." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$1.25, net.
- "As Gold in the Furnace." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
- "The Dominicans: Letters to a Young Man on the Dominican Order." Very Rev. John Procter, O. P. 20 cts.
- "St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.
- "The Story of Our Lord's Life Told for Children." A Carmelite Nun. \$1.
- "Ned Rieder." Rev. John Wehs. 85 cts.
- "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.
- "The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work." Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. \$1.25.
- "The Diary of an Exiled Nun." Preface by François Coppée. \$1.
- "Heroic Spain." E. Boyle O'Reilly. \$2.50.
- "Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature." Emily Hickey. 50 cts.
- "Eric; or, The Black Finger." Mary T. Waggonman. 75 cts.
- "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
- "Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886." \$2.20.
- "Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.
- "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.
- "Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas." 75 cts.
- "The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Fischer, of the diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Augustus Wachter, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. William Dooley, diocese of Peoria; Rev. Francis McCartney, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. John Archambault, S. J.

Sister Patricia, of the Order of St. Joseph; and Sister Wilfrid, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. George J. May, Mrs. Katherine Weist, Mr. Thomas F. Keough, Mr. Charles Cottingham, Katherine Collins, Mr. T. J. Ratchford, Mr. Charles Maher, Mr. Edward Rowe, Mr. Julius A. Dowling, Mr. William Schare, Mr. Joseph Erreco, Mrs. A. J. Costello, Mrs. Jane Ferey, Mr. John Fallinger, Mrs. M. C. Lugan, and Mr. Charles Duffy.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 2

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The Fisherman's Wife.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

HE clasped her in a fond embrace,—
The stars were dying out.
She watched for long, and then her face
Was clouded o'er with doubt.
"Cold sea," she moaned, "you take my love
For all the lonely day!
Dear winds, be calm! Sweet stars above,
Make bright the darksome way!"
At eve she went back to the shore:
No star was in the sky;
Around the rocks the winds made roar,
The waves were rolling high.
"Ah, cruel sea, that holds my love!
And fickle winds to me!
Ah, faithless stars, that hide above,
Nor light the stormy sea!"
Grey dawn: a boat cast far on land,—
Men hurry to the place.
A woman chafes an icy hand
And kisses a white face.

"For the Sake o' the Siller."

BY MARY CROSS.

PERSONS who investigate the history of the Scottish Reformation can not fail to be struck by the important part which love of money invariably played in that political upheaval. It was, in fact, the result of two great forces: English gold and Scottish greed. Honor, loyalty, and truth were on sale, and murder had its price. In literature com-

piled for the poisoning of the receptive minds of Protestant children, the leaders of the Reformation are represented as godly men, and as patriots who freed their country from the intolerable yoke of Rome. The fact remains that the lives of many of them were a continued series of crimes. They were black with perfidy, perjury, and murder; renegades to God and country; hirelings of "the ancient enemy," England. So little of patriotism was there amongst them that nineteen years before the consummation of the Reformation, its bright, particular stars were bent on handing over their infant Queen, Mary, to the tender mercies of Henry VIII. That monarch had "reformed" the Church in England by appropriating its property, and he suggested to Mary's father that he should plunder the Scottish abbeys in like manner. King James replied that he had no need to do that, as there was not an abbey in the country that would not readily give him its possessions for the asking; and he had sufficient means of his own without depriving others. Hostilities broke out between the two countries, James informing the Pope that the real cause thereof was his refusal to abandon the Faith of his fathers. His army surrendered at the battle of Solway Moss, leaving him with no alternative to hopeless war but humiliating peace, at which disaster he died of a broken heart, and the crown passed to Mary, an infant eight days old.

Henry designed to marry his son Edward to the young Queen of Scots, and, as guardian of Edward, to demand the

government of Scotland and the possession of the royal castles during the minority. The ready response made by Scottish lords and lairds to Henry's treasonable demands must be ascribed to greed; and, indeed, disbursements from the King's treasury were made to such an extent that the French envoy marvelled at the increasing circulation of English gold in the Northern kingdom.

The Scottish Parliament approved the proposal of marriage, but refused the other demands. The Earl of Angus and his associates, however, assured Henry that, if he would be patient, he might effect his purpose step by step; otherwise, he must resort to invasion, in which case he would find them ready to assist him. A treaty was signed to the effect that Mary should marry Edward, and be sent into England as soon as she was ten years old.

Cardinal Beaton removed the young Queen to the stronghold of Stirling Castle, whose governor resisted Henry's overtures and promise of a liberal bribe. War followed, and the Earl of Hertford led into Scotland an army demanding the immediate surrender of the Queen. Beaton and the clergy voted £10,000 for the expenses of the war; and, as in the days of Bruce, the priests and monks accompanied the Scottish army in the new struggle for national independence. It lasted two years, until the Scots were included in a treaty of peace between France and England.

Cardinal Beaton blocked the way of the "Reformed" and their Tudor paymaster, so it was resolved to get rid of him by the simple expedient of murder. The Master of Rothes joined with others in offering to slay or apprehend him as he was travelling through Fife. George Wishart—thought by some historians to be the "martyr" of that name—was the ambassador from the potential assassins to Henry, who approved "the feat against the Cardinal," as the English Privy Council called it. For over two years the blood-hunt went on, the Cardinal eluding his enemies until eventually they

trapped him in the Castle of St. Andrew's, and butchered him. Foxe writes that they "were stirred up by the Lord"; but the prosaic truth is that they were stirred up by private resentment and the promise of hard cash.

John Knox approved of the crime, which he designated "a godly fact," and gave practical proof of his sympathy by leading a hundred and forty of his disciples to the aid of the assassins. They all resolved to defend themselves against all opponents, and to solicit Henry's protection. With money and munition he enabled them to persevere in their resistance to the Scottish regent, whose troops laid siege to the Castle in order to bring the murderers to justice.

Henry's death caused no change in the English policy. The Protector Somerset concluded two treaties with the assassins. By the first they bound themselves to procure the marriage of their Queen with Edward VI., and never, during her minority, to surrender the Castle to any Scotsman without a previous license in writing from the King and the Protector; by the second they engaged to help the English army which should invade Scotland to secure Mary's person, and to surrender to the English commissioners as soon as she was in the hands of Edward, or married to him. In return, the English Government granted pensions to each of the leaders, and guaranteed half-yearly payment of the wages of a garrison of one hundred and twenty men.

Murder, rebellion, and treason proved profitable to the Reforming party. The Master of Rothes, assassin-in-chief, drew £280 from the English purse; Grange, £200 per annum; others received £100. At a later period, other Reformers obtained good terms from Edward for their services. To Bothwell (father of Mary's infamous husband) was given the sum of £376; to Ruthven, £50; to Borthwick, £75. The name of Norman Lesley heads the list of these traffickers in treason and assassination, who promised "to do

their endeavors for the delivering of the Scottish Queen to the English Government."* As Scotsmen sworn to defend the House of Stuart, they held their honor cheap. Their very paymasters scorned them, even whilst giving them their price; thus Henry describes them as "little better than wild beasts, . . . governed only by a greedy ferocity."

The Reforming nobles appropriated the church patrimony, and the ancient Faith of Scotland was abolished by act of Parliament in 1560. Early in that year Scotland was still a Catholic nation, free, independent, holding a high place in the councils of Europe as a separate kingdom; later, she was an appanage of the English Crown, and apostate. She laid her neck under Elizabeth's heel, and in that fitting attitude reviled the Pope and blasphemed the Mass. It is folly to say that Scotland was never conquered by England. "She was worse than conquered: she was bought, the Tudor sovereigns finding that the cheaper mode of annexation."

Parliament was presented with a petition demanding the restoration of the church funds to their original purposes—the support of the ministry, the relief of the poor, and the establishment of schools. But no attention was paid to it. The Protestant nobles refused to part with any of the plunder. Knox himself declared that some of those who had profited by the spoliation were more rigorous in their exactions than ever the Papists had been. Principal Shairp has designated the Reformation "a scramble of selfishness," and expresses the opinion that the church property might have been turned to better use, to more national purposes, "than the fattening of a few lairds."

For safety, Mary had been sent to France, where she was married to the Dauphin, who died untimely, to the openly-expressed joy of the brutal Knox. When she returned to Scotland, a girl-widow of nineteen, she came to a realm over which the Reformers were resolved

she never should rule, to a throne from which they were determined to oust her. They were as willingly the hired tools of Elizabeth as ever they had been of Henry. It was their avowed intention to establish their doctrines by force, and to wage their lives against all who opposed "the Congregation of the Lord" (as they modestly styled themselves), such being the Reformed conception of religious liberty.

Before Mary's return, Elizabeth had promoted civil war in Scotland, sending agents to supply the Protestant leaders with money, to promise them help, and to induce them to depose their lawful Sovereign. A section favored the transference of the Crown to the perfidious Moray, Mary's illegitimate brother; and he, according to the report sent to England, "did, by all the secret means he could, aspire thereunto." He had joined "the Congregation of the Lord"; but that did not prevent his endeavoring to obtain, through Mary, the restoration of an income he had derived from a bishopric and abbey in France.

He was one of the envoys sent to invite Mary to return to Scotland; and, having assured her of his loyalty and affection, and gained her confidence, he urged Elizabeth to intercept her at sea, and take her prisoner. The attempt was made, but it failed; and Mary reached her native land in safety, to be the victim of incredible treachery, calumny, and violence,—a pear cast to the proverbial destination.

Her annunciation of her intended marriage to Lord Darnley was the signal for fresh treason. Sustained by promises of help from Elizabeth, "the Congregation of the Lord" conspired to place Moray at the head of the government by murdering Darnley and imprisoning Mary, who was to be captured as she left Perth. Again she escaped the snare; and the traitors sent to her whining protestations of loyalty and obedience, almost simultaneously sending to Elizabeth a messenger to remind her of her promises, and entreat their speedy fulfilment. She re-

* Rymer, xv, 131-144.

sponded with money and men, and an envoy to threaten Mary. The spirited young Queen of Scots requested her "sister Queen" to attend to the governing of her own country, and to leave Scotland to the care of its own sovereign. Riding at the head of the royal troops, she drove the rebels across the Border, and they reached Carlisle, certain of Elizabeth's protection. Her agent in Scotland had expected a different ending to the conspiracy, as he had informed the Secretary of State that Darnley's life would be taken, that several "were appointed to set upon him, and either kill him or die themselves."

Eventually they did kill him by means of gunpowder, blowing up the house where he lay ill, and they so far improved upon the original conspiracy as to cast the odium of the crime upon Mary herself. Darnley was murdered, not because he stood in the way of her marriage to Bothwell, as her enemies alleged, but because he stood in the way of the Protestant leaders' design to seize the Government of Scotland. They had another motive for destroying him. Mary had bestowed much property upon them and their followers; but, by the law of Scotland, she could revoke the grants at any time before she reached the age of twenty-five. Darnley was strongly opposed to such grants; and, in deference to him, Mary had partially revoked them. This was the last year in which she could exercise that right; and there was no doubt that Darnley, if he lived, would urge her to do so. Therefore, it was to the dearest interests of "the Congregation of the Lord" to take away the possibility of such an act. Later, when they had disposed of Darnley, they abolished the power of revocation hitherto belonging to the Crown.

Moray had been the first to sign the bond of agreement to murder Rizzio; and Elizabeth had ordered £300 to be given to him. But he appears to have been too prudent to sign the bond for Darnley's murder; though one of his allies was able

to assure the others that he would "look through his fingers" at what was done, and say nothing. When the inquiry into Mary's alleged complicity in the murder was being held in England, Moray expressed his willingness to give up his pretended proofs of her guilt, and by Act of Parliament to pronounce her innocent (he had already pronounced her guilty by Act of Parliament), and to allow her an income if she would confirm her forced abdication, or promise to remain in England, leaving him to rule Scotland, and granting him title and authority.

Doubtless he was wise in making those offers, for he must have known the worthlessness of his "proofs"; but he failed to drive a bargain with Mary. Instead, she charged him with the murder of Darnley; whereupon Elizabeth, with significant haste, sent him back to Scotland, the richer by £5000,—an earnest of Elizabeth's future favor, and a reward for his effort to ruin the royal sister who had repeatedly pardoned his treachery and loaded him with honors. At a later date, he found that he could not be loyal to England for less than £2000 a year; which may be compared with Mary's refusal to purchase her liberty and the restoration of her rights with the surrender of her country's independence, the condition on which Elizabeth at one time offered to release her.

The spirit of sordid greed animates the story to its bitter end. The Earl of Mar became regent; and Elizabeth offered to give Mary up to him, provided she were put to death within a few hours of her arrival in her native country. But Mar, and Morton, his adviser, would not act as executioners for the Queen of England without a fee. They demanded a yearly stipend—no less a sum than the amount expended by Elizabeth in safeguarding and maintaining her royal prisoner. They also insisted that a force of two or three thousand English soldiers should be present at the execution, that, "in case there were people would not like of it,

they might be able to hold the field." The Earl of Northumberland had been sold for £2000, paid in gold; and reasonably enough might Mar and Morton think that the blood of a queen was worth more. Lord Burleigh thought the terms unreasonably high, and complained bitterly of them; but more moderate could not be obtained. As security for the carrying out of the contract to kill their Queen, certain Scottish nobles were to be sent to England to be detained as hostages until after the execution. The negotiations were brought to an end by the sudden death of Mar.


James, Mary's son, taken from her in his infancy and trained in Calvinism, proved a worthy pupil of the Reformers. At sixteen he was a master of dissimulation, feigning sympathy with the Catholic Faith and his imprisoned mother in order to obtain money from his cousin of Guise and the King of Spain. He succeeded, until they suspected his sincerity and ceased their liberality; after which, as Lingard writes, "he played a similar game" with Elizabeth. From her he obtained various sums, with a promise of more in proportion to his future services; and he did not interfere to release or to save his mother. As compensation for her blood, Elizabeth offered, and he consented to accept, a fresh pension and an English Duchy. So the first Protestant King of the proud and ancient realm of Scotland was a pensioner of England.

Of truths such as the foregoing, popular histories say little or nothing at all, perhaps in order to spare our patriotic feelings. But only when Scotsmen learn to think and to judge for themselves of the Reformers and the Reformation, instead of blindly accepting the half-truths of prejudiced and interested writers, will they escape from the bondage of those contradictions to consistency, unity, reason, and Christianity, which compose their form of religious belief, and have had so disastrous an effect upon the moral and spiritual life of the nation.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

T was quite true. As Madeleine explained to the friend whom she had crossed the ocean to join, the light of the wonderful vision which came to her soul when, in her tired misery, she crept into the little Catholic church far away in the New World, had never faded altogether, however much it might occasionally have been dimmed by human weakness, until it led her to the feet of Notre Dame de Chartres, where all things were at last made clear, and seen in their true proportions. And, in the joy of the peace which came to her then—the peace of one who reaches a safe haven after long tossing in stormy waters,—it did not occur to her to wonder where the light so strangely given might yet lead her, what struggles between nature and grace were yet awaiting her, and what blood-stained coin of sacrifice she might yet be called upon to pay. It is frequently so with us: there comes a lull in the long strife with trouble and temptation, and we fancy that it is a lasting truce; we lay down our arms, forgetting that there is no final victory on earth, and that the reward of one sacrifice more often than not is the demand for another.

Happily enough, this is veiled from the eyes of those who are tasting the sweetness of what is known as the first fervor after conversion,—the ineffable reward for that which has generally cost a hard struggle with the forces which the world and the devil array against such a step. And so they go lightly forward, dreaming that all need of combat is over, until suddenly they find themselves again encompassed with foes, and the cry of battle sounding louder than ever in their ears.

So it was with Madeleine. After a life which, although short, had known almost

every sorrow, except those which spring from material privation, and especially the sorrow of the heart's betrayal and desolation, she was now for the first time able to declare herself happy. For the first time the mind that had questioned so long and so hopelessly that riddle of man's life and fate, to which faith alone can give the key, was satisfied; and, as it was written of her in another place (only now it might be said with fuller meaning), she had found "the way leading to the fair and wonderful things for which she had longed all her life,—love that would not torture, service in which the eager heart might spend itself, the deep meaning of pain, the divine sweetness which is in sacrifice."

And it was a proof of the generosity of God's dealings with the souls which seek Him single-heartedly — those who count no worldly loss as worth consideration in the great gain of finding Him in the Church He has founded—that this happiness and peace filled her soul before she was in reality a member of that Church. Here in Chartres the last doubt had fled, the mind had given its fullest assent, and the soul surrendered to the claims which faith made upon it. But the practical step of entering the Church remained yet to be taken. It is a step which timidity often renders difficult to those who have never come much into contact with Catholics and Catholic priests; and this timidity was intensified in Madeleine's case by the fact that she was among strangers in a foreign country.

As she lingered day after day in the great Cathedral, which fascinated her as it had fascinated the man whose book she carried as a *vade mecum*, she watched with wistful envy the figures stealing in and out of the confessionals, or, with a deeper envy yet, those who approached the altars for Holy Communion at Mass. "I am the living Bread that came down from heaven," she found herself murmuring at such times, with a great longing in her heart. But she could not summon

sufficient resolution to approach one of these priests, to whom she was utterly unknown, with the great barrier of a language which she indeed understood, but could not speak with fluency, between them. "I must wait until I return to Paris, where I can find an English-speaking priest," she thought; and meanwhile it seemed happiness enough to taste the sweetness of the peace which filled her soul, and to absorb the atmosphere of the great church she had learned to love so well. It must be added, however, that these things in themselves would not have detained her from returning to Paris and seeking such a priest as she desired, if Nina, who had begun a picture of a corner of the Cathedral, in which she was intensely interested, had not thrown all her influence against leaving Chartres at this time.

"Wait until I finish my picture!" she pleaded. "It can't make a bit of difference to you: you've all your life in which to find a priest and take the suicidal step you are contemplating. But I have only just the present time in which to do this work; and I believe it is going to be the best thing I've ever done. I came to Chartres to oblige you, when I did not care about coming at all; and now I think you might stay a little longer to oblige me."

This was a plea which Madeleine was altogether unable to resist.

"Of course I will stay," she said. "I am as interested in the picture as you are. And remember that it is to be mine, after it comes back from the Salon."

Nina laughed. "I fancy it will come back from the Salon very promptly," she said.

"I'm sure it will not," Madeleine returned. "It will be accepted, and hung well, and much admired, and you will have many offers for it, and I shall outbid them all."

"That will be easily done," Nina assured her. "But, all question of the Salon aside," she added, "I do want to finish it while the light is good—you've no idea how short and dark the days become here a little later,—and while the fit of work

is on me. It isn't, you know, as if a short time would be sufficient for your business in Paris; else we might run up for a few days and come back—"

But Madeleine shook her head at this tentative suggestion.

"I can't tell how long it will take for what you call my business," she said; "but I must be able to give all my time and all my thoughts to it, and so no running up to Paris for a few days would do. I must wait until we go back and settle for the winter. Meanwhile I'm very happy here, studying the Cathedral with such an interpreter as Huysmans; and you must certainly finish your picture before we move."

"It's lovely of you to be so obliging; and I do think it will be such a souvenir of the place as you will like to keep."

In this way the matter was settled; and for some time the pleasant, tranquil days went on for the two who, despite certain differences of temperament and taste, were so congenial to each other. As Nina painted at her picture, Madeleine wandered about the noble edifice, with its forest of pillars, its springing roof and marvellous windows, tracing out by the aid of her interpreter the mediæval science of symbolism, of which it is the most complete example now existing; or sat for hours in happy restfulness of soul and body, at the feet of Our Lady of the Pillar.

But we are never allowed to forget very long that tranquillity is not the condition of mortal life, and suddenly one day this peaceful calm was rudely broken. At first the disturbance seemed both slight and temporary—merely the intrusion of a party of English-speaking tourists into the great church. As a rule, tourists did not come very often to Chartres; and those who came were generally brought there by the fame of the Cathedral—artists, or people of artistic taste and culture, who, as Nina briefly put it, "knew how to behave themselves decently." But the first sound of the voices which one morning fell on her ear told Madeleine

that the group which now entered did not belong to that class. Loud speech, punctuated with laughter, shrill tones of women, and equally unmodulated voices of men, indicated not only want of reverence, and lack of the breeding which dictates at least the appearance of this grace, but the unmistakable fact that these were Transatlantic visitors.

Shrinking in every fibre, Madeleine fled hastily to a dusky corner, found a chair, and turned her back on the approaching party, so as neither to see nor to be seen; for, of all things, she least desired recognition by any chance American acquaintance. Under the vast arches, full of the quiet of ages, the loud voices seemed to her fancy to pursue and envelop her in waves of dreadful sound. She could hear now distinctly what they were saying; and then—it was as if a hand suddenly clutched her heart, forcing it to stand still, as she recognized one voice which she could never mistake, since its every accent was branded on her memory as if with fire, carrying ineffaceable recollections of brutality and insult; for it was the voice of the man from whom the law had divorced her. An overpowering sense of something like faintness rushed over her. But she seized with both hands a railing which was near her; and, so clinging, sat motionless as a statue.

"I don't see why we should waste time in here!" the rough voice was saying. "All these old churches are alike; and who cares anything about them now, anyway?"

"A few people seem to care about them still," a woman's high, careless voice, with a note of contempt in it, replied. "And they are supposed to be worth seeing, if only as works of art. But of course one wouldn't expect *you* to consider that."

"No, I don't pose as caring for things I know nothing about," the rude tones retorted. "I leave that to people like you. Just now I've had as much of this gloom and stained glass and ecclesiastical rubbish as I can stand. I'm going back to the hotel, and try to hurry up lunch, so we

can get on. Barclay, hadn't you better come with me? If you're honest, you'll admit that you've had as much of this as you care for, and a smoke in the sunshine will be a great relief."

"Oh—er—I find it quite interesting!" another masculine voice, not without a shade of hesitation and regret, made answer. "I'll stay with the ladies, thanks! We've done only about half the building; and, since we're here, we might as well see all that there is to be seen,—don't you think so, Miss Anderson?"

"Dear me, yes!" (It was a youthful feminine treble that spoke now.) "Let us take it all in while we are about it. As Mr. Raynor says, they are distressingly alike, these old cathedrals; but one doesn't want to be obliged to say that one didn't even look at them. Besides, they told us at the hotel that we couldn't get lunch for an hour; so what else is there to do in the interval?"

"Nothing," answered Mr. Barclay, promptly; "so that settles it. You can go, Raynor, and hurry up things if you can, while we finish our scamper around the Cathedral. That's the best arrangement,—eh, Mrs. Raynor?"

"Quite so," replied the same high, careless feminine voice, with the same suggestion of contempt in it, that had spoken first. "Anything that sets Mr. Raynor free to see about luncheons instead of looking at cathedrals is certainly to be desired. But I believe I'll let you and Laura do the rest of the scampering by yourselves, while I sit down here and wait for you. When you are ready to leave, you can come for me."

Apparently there was no objection to such an arrangement on the part of the two thus dismissed. After slight, perfunctory remonstrance, they wandered away, still talking and laughing audibly; and Madeleine, without turning her head, was aware that, with a rustle of silken skirts, the woman whom she had just heard addressed by her own name sat down in a chair near her. There was a

silence, in which she was vividly conscious that a keen glance was taking in every detail of her dress and appearance; and presently what she instinctively dreaded occurred.

"Excuse me!" the woman said abruptly. "But aren't you an American?"

Madeleine started at the sudden sound of the question; and a wild desire to deny her nationality seized her so strongly that she hesitated perceptibly before she answered, without lifting her eyes, and in a tone which conveyed no encouragement for further speech:

"Yes, I am an American."

"I thought so," the other remarked, altogether ignoring the cool remoteness of manner and tone. "When one has been abroad long, one learns to tell an American woman at a glance; we dress so much better than Englishwomen, and yet we don't look like the French."

A pause; and, since this drew forth no reply of any kind, the questioner proceeded:

"Have you been here long?"

Madeleine turned now and looked at her. What she saw was a person whose nationality could not, indeed, have been even for a moment a matter of doubt; for she was as true a type as it was possible to be,—the type of American women whose extravagance and love of luxury have made them the byword of the world; whose god is fashion; whose cult, the care of the body and the worship of their own beauty. For beautiful they frequently are; though it is too often merely the beauty of a highly-groomed animal, exquisitely "turned out" at every point. So it was with this woman now. Her burnished bronze hair shone like silk, her rose-leaf skin spoke of ceaseless care, her dress was perfect in every appointment of style, and only her eyes struck a discordant note in the picture of complete material satisfaction and seductiveness which she presented. But out of these eyes, cold and bright as they were, something looked—perhaps a human heart, or an immortal soul, that had grown sick

from feeding on husks, and now regarded life with a weary disgust it would fain have disowned.

A sense of pity, as unexpected as it was sudden, seized Madeleine when she met those eyes. After all—as she knew well,—who on earth was more to be pitied than the woman who filled the position of George Raynor's wife? It did not matter that this woman had gained that position through arts which set at defiance all laws of morality, and that it was to her influence over the man's already evil nature that Madeleine owed some of the bitterest memories that had poisoned her young life. She read clearly in those unconsciously revealing eyes the old story—that forbidden fruit turns to ashes in the eating, and that the selfishness which ignores the rights of another becomes in the end its own worst punishment.

All this, which it has taken many words to express, she saw in the swiftness of a single glance; and it made her answer the question which had been asked with more of gentle courtesy than she might otherwise have been able to display.

"I have been in Chartres several weeks, if that is what you mean," she said.

Something in her tone, gentle though it was, conveyed a rebuke which the other was quick to understand.

"I beg your pardon!" she replied. "I suppose you think such direct questioning very rude. And so it is. Although I really have some manners, I occasionally forget them—when my nerves are on edge."

"It is," said Madeleine, with the same gentle aloofness, "easy to forget things when the nerves are on edge."

"You don't look as if yours ever could be," the other observed, with a long stare at the face turned toward her. "Now, that is very rude again," she added. "Personal remarks are as ill-bred as direct questions, aren't they? But you look as if you knew nothing whatever about irritated nerves or any other form of trouble."

"Do I?" Madeleine's lips curved into

a faint smile. "I am glad of that."

"Why?" the other asked, still watching her curiously.

"Because it is well, from every point of view, to show what one suffers as little as possible; and so one is helped to endure and perhaps to forget things for which there is no remedy."

"That's a philosophy for which I don't care at all," the woman said brusquely. "I was never one for enduring things: I'm always for finding out a remedy for what I don't like."

"But there are some things for which there is no remedy; and then, whether one likes it or not, one must endure them."

"I don't believe that there is anything, short of mortal illness and death, for which one can't find a remedy, if one is determined to do so."

"But there are remedies worse than the things cured."

"Are there?" The speaker paused a moment, and seemed to reflect. "I was about to declare that I'm not acquainted with them," she said then; "but I believe I am. I think you are right. But I wonder how you found out these things? You look so—serene, I imagine is the word—that it's impossible to think that you've learned them from experience."

"We must all learn them from experience," Madeleine told her quietly. "The question is only whether or not we will consent to be taught."

"And suppose one won't consent,—suppose one has made up one's mind not to submit to anything a minute longer than the remedy for it can be found, no matter what the consequences may be to oneself or to anybody else?"

Madeleine regarded her silently for an instant before she answered. There was no mistaking the reckless misery in the eyes, or the defiant self-will of the tone; and compassion gave an added gentleness to her voice when she replied:

"I should be very sorry for any one who felt like that; for those who don't bend must be broken."

"By whom?" The interrogation was short and sharp.

"By the Divine Power that rules the world and orders our lives."

"You believe that?" A scornful laugh rang strangely in the quiet of the great church. "I might believe in a diabolical power that rules the world, but never in a divine one."

"There is reason to believe in both," Madeleine said, as she rose; "and, whether we will or no, we must serve one or the other. Now I will bid you good-morning!"

"No, no!" Involuntarily as it seemed, the woman put out her hand and caught Madeleine's skirt before she could move away. "Don't go! I—I've some other questions I'd like to ask you. For instance, what attraction do you find to keep you in a dead-alive place like Chartres?"

"I find an attraction, which I am afraid you will hardly comprehend, in this Cathedral."

"In this Cathedral!" The tone was equally astonished and incredulous. "Of course it's very fine—I know enough to know that,—but one could see it all in a day. *We*" (a mocking glance indicated a pair of distant figures) "expect to see it in an hour."

"It is possible to see it in an hour," Madeleine replied; "but it would not be possible to exhaust it in a lifetime."

"But why?"

"You would have to believe in many things of which you know nothing now—especially in the Divine Power you have just denied—before I could answer that question."

"But I'm really curious about it," the other persisted. "And won't you tell me what your name is? We're both Americans, and we may have friends in common."

Madeleine now drew her skirt from the detaining grasp with a decided gesture.

"I am quite certain that we have no friends in common," she said; "and my name does not matter at all. Again, good-morning!"

(To be continued.)

Mary of the Mystic Eyes.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

O MARY of the mystic eyes,
What visions do you see,
The while you hold God's little Son
Asleep upon your knee?—

I see a cruel road, alas!
And angels weeping as they pass.

O Mary of the mystic eyes,
Lift up your gentle head!
What cruel road is this you see
That weeping angels tread?—
Who walks this cruel road, said she,
Shall see God's Son upon the Tree.

O Mary of the mystic eyes,
O Star across the Sea,
Earth's crown of sorrows has no thorn
That was not felt by thee!
So when, in sorrow, lips are dumb,
O Mary, to thy knee we come!

A Heroine of Our Own Land.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

II.

WHEN Mr. Reed was banished from the party of which he had been the leader, it seemed to his stricken wife as if even God had deserted her. There she was, with her four children, surrounded by a band of people, most of whom were antagonistic and uncongenial, and yet with whom she was compelled to travel during the rest of the journey to the land of the "Sun Down Sea." It turned out afterward, however, that this banishment, which seemed to be the severest touch of the hand of affliction, was really the means of saving the lives of many of that terribly ill-fated party.

At this time there were over eighty in the band of struggling emigrants. Their food supply was cut so low that they had sent on two of their number to seek relief

from the noble-hearted Sutter in California; and a terrible pall of blackness seemed to be hovering over them, ready at any time to envelop them forever in its folds; for, as they neared the foot of the Sierras, they saw that the first snows of winter had already begun.

While they were still struggling over the sandy and alkaline desert on this side of what is now the town of Reno, it became necessary for the Reed family to leave their wagon and proceed on foot. Try to picture the scene. Here was this poor mother, her husband banished, her heart broken lest she should never see him again, with a family of four children; the oldest, Virginia, a mere child of twelve years; "Patty," about four years; James F., Junior; and a little baby. Her scanty provisions were carried in one of the wagons that was able to proceed, but she had to handle her roll of blankets and her little ones with no other aid than that of Virginia. The latter would carry the blankets while the mother went forward with the baby for a short distance, leaving the little Patty to struggle along as best she could; or, when too tired to move, to sit down and await her mother's return. Having gone as far as she deemed wise, Mrs. Reed would leave the baby in Virginia's care, and then go back to carry her little four-year-old girl.

This she did day after day, short of water, short of food; in the heat of the scorching sun, and the even more distressing radiated heat and blinding glare from the sand and alkali over which she trod. Think of experiences like this for a twelve-year-old girl, made preternaturally quick in feeling and intuition by the banishment of her father, and rendered sensitive to the highest degree by the cruel remarks that once in a while were made by two or three of his more virulent enemies!

There was, however, one comfort that the faithful wife and loving daughter were privileged to enjoy. After the father was banished, he used to leave them little

penciled notes, stuck into split sticks which he would place along the trail where they were almost sure to pass. Then, too, they used to look for his camps; and, as he would generally leave some token or sign by which they could know he had been there, they found a sweet and mournful consolation and satisfaction in sleeping on the spot where they could see he had made his rude camp.

But one day these consolations ceased. Either he had struck off in a different direction from that which they were travelling, or, as Mrs. Reed feared, he had been slain by wild animals or murdered by wilder men. Not until she had been long in California did she get over her dread of the Indians.

It was while they were making the painfully slow progress I have so inadequately pictured that they were met by one of the volunteers who had gone ahead to seek relief from General Sutter. This brave and heroic soul was one of those almost unknown men whose acts, however, thrill like a majestic chorus. No one in the party had any claim of kinship on him; and his companion was unable to return from California, owing to sickness induced by the fearful hardships of the in-going journey. He knew, moreover, that, by returning, his own life would be jeopardized, not only by the Indians, the hardships and perils he might encounter in crossing the high Sierras, but by the weather. He had experienced the fierce cold of the storms, and had seen the results of one small fall of snow in the mountains; and was therefore aware of the insurmountable difficulties and the almost certain death that awaited the belated party if they were caught in the snows of winter.

Yet he did not hesitate. His heart was that of a true and sincere man, touched by the spirit of God; and his eye was single to his self-imposed mission. Hardship was nothing; peril was of no consequence; death was not his concern. Duty was the one thing for him to do, and the

results could safely be left in the hands of God.

Sutter had generously loaded several mules with dried beef and flour for the party; and had even more generously commanded two Indians, Lewis and Salvador, to accompany him on his return to succor the imperilled emigrants. The three brought their precious load in safety over the mountains, crossed the dangerous fords of the icy-cold streams, wended their way in safety through the maze of boulder-strewn canyons, down which at any time mountain streams or cloud-bursts might sweep them to destruction; and at last one happy day the weary, footsore, almost heartbroken Westward-bound travellers saw them approaching in the far-away distant west.

Could they believe their eyes? They had so often been deceived by the lying mirages of these desert wastes that it scarcely seemed possible that this could be a reality. As the hours passed, however, they discovered that their hopes were not to be blasted. The figures became too real to be deceptive; and by and by, with a shout of joy, they welcomed the brave Stanton and his two Indian companions; hailing him as their bodily savior when they saw the provisions he had brought. For the time being the severer physical troubles of the Reed family were brought to an end. Mrs. Reed and her younger children were placed on the mules that Stanton had brought, and Virginia was allowed to ride either with Stanton or one of the Indians.

Slowly, but with renewed energy and hope, the party plodded on until the first slope of the Sierras was reached. It was not an encouraging sight, as they neared the foothills, to see a snowstorm raging in the mountains; although they did not realize all that it meant to them. It was the precursor of the severest winter, so the Indians said, that they had experienced in several generations.

Even to-day, when the railroad scales the Sierras, and scores of miles of snow-

sheds have been built to protect the tracks from the immense piles of snow, it is oftentimes a difficult matter to get through on time; yet here was this band of almost helpless people, their teams completely exhausted, their food supply down to little above starvation rations, and with roads that even under the best conditions were enough to daunt the bravest heart. How were they to cross the Sierras, even if no more snow came while they were making the attempt? It would have been a most arduous task at best. But it was not to be. They had advanced only a short distance up the steep Eastern slope before there came a heavy fall of snow, which rendered further progress impossible. Now, snow does not fall in these mountains as it does on the plains, even in the colder portions of the North. Five, ten, twenty, even fifty feet of snow are not unusual; and this first fall was but the precursor of several others, until finally there was a depth of over twenty feet even on the more level spots of the mountain-sides.

With incredible labor they climbed until the major portion of the party reached the eastern end of what is now known as Donner Lake, so named to commemorate the experiences of this unfortunate band. They had barely reached the place before the snow fell in such quantity as to render further progress absolutely impossible. They found one log-cabin that had been left by a party of earlier emigrants. Naturally the first comers took possession of this. There were some pines near by, and the others hastily set to work to build for themselves what they hoped would be but temporary shelters. Alas, they were to remain here for woful and horrible months!

Before they quite lost heart, however, they made several attempts to force their way on over the snowy summits. To those who, like myself, know these mountains, it seems incredible that people, driven even by the most fearful desperation, could ever summon enough courage to

attempt so hopelessly impracticable a task. There was no road as we understand roads to-day; and what little suggestion of a trail the Indians and previous emigrants had made, was completely buried in twenty, fifty, one hundred feet of snow. Yet this hunger-driven, despair-whipped, hope-allured people, when the fierce sun of the day, and the ensuing sharp frosts of the night, coated the snow with a glary surface sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of their bodies, made the attempt again and again to scale these forbidding heights and gigantic barriers.

The thought of it, even as I write, almost thrills me with its daring and death-luring hopefulness. One day they would climb a mile or two in the fierce and blinding sunshine,—for there was little to relieve the dazzling whiteness of the sun; then, a snowstorm would supervene, and, weeping bitter tears, they would struggle and fall, and plunge their weary way back to the cabins, hoping for a more favorable opportunity ere long. At last provisions became so scarce that a number of the party determined to start, and either cross the summit or die in the attempt. They called themselves "The Forlorn Hope." Never did a band of besieged soldiers face a besieging army more bravely, courageously, hopefully, trustingly, than this little group faced the hitherto unscalable Sierras and the terrible storms and piercing cold of that frightful winter.

Talk about the heroes of war! In war, men are cheered on by the sounds of martial music, the beating of drums, the rattle of musketry, the booming of cannon, and the huzzas of comrades. But here there was no music save the wild, melancholy, awful howls and barks of the ravenous coyotes and wolves, waiting and longing for what seemed to be their legitimate prey. There was no sound of drum or rattle of musketry save the sharp cracks, almost like pistol shots, of branches snapped off by the unusual weight of the snow, or the sounds of the

tree trunks as they split from the frightful temperature of the frost. There were no loud huzzas from comrades, only the faintly whispered "Good-bye!" "God bless you!" and "God give you success!" of the gaunt men and women who remained behind; with the occasional wail or whimper of the children whose fathers or mothers, more on their behalf than their own, were braving death to bring them succor.

Those partings made a scene as pathetic as any in American history; for, of the number that left the ill-fated camp, less than half gained the sunny land on the other side. The provisions they took with them would have formed but scanty rations for healthy, vigorous men for seven days; yet it was weeks before the seven who did escape reached the land of plenty. One of the earliest to succumb was the sweet-souled, lion-hearted Stanton. One afternoon he lagged behind the others, who were pathetically struggling onward, climbing wearily, step by step, up the face of the mountain; and at last he confessed, with a pathos too deep for words, that he was stricken snow-blind and could not see. "Will some one kindly give me a guiding hand?" It is to the credit of human nature to record that, while they were barely able to struggle alone, several proffered to give him all the help they possibly could. He was guided safely into camp.

The next day was one of tremendous battles and struggles; yet they cheerfully assisted Stanton as much as possible, and again he reached camp. The morning after, when the start was made, he refused to allow them to wait for him. He had doubtless fought the battle with his own soul during the night. He could not fail to realize, while no word had been said to make him feel it, that his disability was a great hindrance to the progress of the rest of the party. Should he, to save his own life, jeopardize the lives of them all? Thank God, there are men and women who know exactly how to answer

such questions as these when the fateful moment arrives! Such a one was Stanton.

When the time came for breaking camp in the morning, he calmly and serenely said: "Do not wait for me. Leave me. I have decided to come on alone when I am ready. I shall be better soon." No remonstrance could shake him; and, yielding to his solicitous pleadings, the party went forward. He was never seen again alive. Later, one of the rescuing parties found him a short distance from this camp, where Death had seized his body, and released one of the purest, sweetest, tenderest, bravest and most heroic of souls, to enter into its heavenly reward.

(To be continued.)

A Home-Coming.

BY JANE PURCELL.

HE was an incongruous figure on the mountain-side; for, although the long coat, that fell from his collarless neck to the top of his broken dusty boots, was stained and frayed and ragged, it was unmistakably of city cut. And, though his soft hat was not more shapeless and weather-stained than many on Gortneighragh, it was of a light-colored felt that betokened its strange origin, and made its worn condition more noticeable.

It was forty years since James Devin had stood on the rocky ridge that separates the Corigeen Bays, Upper and Lower; but the instant his path topped the rise, his eyes went straight to one yellow roof amongst the twenty or thirty that were scattered over the slope.

"Home!" He spoke the word softly, with an intonation that his intimates out West had never heard. But, then, he was changed to-day, inwardly and outwardly, from what he had ever been in America. He had forgotten the toils of a lifetime with which he had struggled overseas. He was again just the lad who had left

Gortneighragh once upon a time, to seek the living which was denied to him in Ireland; and the cottage down there, nestling in the shelter of the rocks, was home.

In the old days there used to be many more houses on the hillside. Still, the pathway lay where it had ever been; but, instead of passing by Casey's and by Quinn's, it skirted two heaps of ruin; and where Ned Carthy and Big Joe of the same name had lived, side by side, there were only roofless walls and bare gables to be seen.

How small the homestead looked! He paused as he drew near. He was an old man now; and the rough boreen, that as a boy his feet had trod so lightly, had become a toilsome descent. Besides, he wanted to prepare himself for the reception, whatever it might be, that awaited him. He had left a houseful of them when he went away: the old father and mother, who had lain at rest these long years (he raised his hat with a muttered prayer for their souls); and the brothers and sisters,—of what their fate had been he was uncertain. Some had married; one at least had been taken toll of by the sea.

These facts he had heard in the first weary years, when so much depended on his earnings; for were they not all looking to him from home to retrieve the family fortunes? And he had failed them. There had been no rebuke in their letters for this. Indeed, he read in the messages from the old people, who could not write themselves, a passionate longing for some tidings of him, whether the much-needed enclosures were there or no. And then, after they went to their long rest, one or two of his letters remained unanswered, and so the habit of silence grew on him. He went his way, and they went theirs, whatever it might be; and as his life had never happened to bring him in contact with any of the innumerable exiles from Gortneighragh, he had learned only yesterday, on reaching the town, who would

be there to greet him when once again he opened the crooked little gate leading into the yard at home.

The gravel was slippery on the hillside under his unaccustomed feet, and the sound that it made as it fell aroused the house dog even before he raised the latch. It was of the same mongrel colly breed as Fly had been,—Fly, that had whined and cringed at his feet that morning forty years ago, because he would not let her follow up the hill. Fly's successor had no memories for this stranger, no welcome for the "charity man" who, unlike his kind, had strayed so far from the highway. She barked angrily and loudly, and so insistently that her voice brought a figure to the door, the upper half of which showed blackly against the whitewash of the walls.

"Who's that?"

The voice was harsh and forbidding; yet at the sound of it the figure at the gate stretched out his hand and leaned against the wooden bars. It was forty years—forty long, hard years—since he had heard the voice of one of his own.

"Who's that? A tramp! Well, you've come to the wrong place for charity. Get out of this! We've nothing here for beggars."

"But I'm not a beggar."

The man in the doorway had turned with an angry growl concerning those who must needs live on the hard-won earnings of honest men; and it was still angrily that he questioned further:

"Not a beggar?" He looked the stranger up and down, from the shabby hat to the wayworn boots. Certainly the man had no sack on his back, otherwise he was as good an imitation of a beggar as needs be. "What brings you this side, then?"

"Peter! Don't you know me?"

There was an appeal in the voice; but, with its American accent, it was as unfamiliar to the farmer as was the appearance of the speaker.

"Know you? How should I know you? I suppose you want something, anyway; and I tell you it's not here you'll get it."

"Peter, don't you mind me at all, avick? 'Tis Jim."

The words, the tones of his boyhood had come back to the wanderer, and his very cry was a plea for recognition and welcome.

"Jim! *You!*"

There was nothing but amazement in the tone. But as soon as the speaker realized that it was in truth his brother who stood before him, and in rags, the amazement died away, to give place not to the greeting that the old man waited for so eagerly, not to welcome, but to anger, fiercer far than that which had been shown just now to the supposed beggar.

"What have you come back here for?" cried the brother, who had never left the mountain home. "What do you want coming here to decent people, who have worked hard and never asked for the bit out of the mouth of another? Forty years you've been gone, and aren't you ashamed to be seen in rags after all that time? You tell me you're no beggar! Get out of this, I say! Go back to where nobody knows the decent stock you come of." He flung open the half door and strode out into the yard. "Don't attempt to open that gate, or I'll set the dog at you. But listen! If you dare tell one soul that you're a brother of mine, I'll—I'll—"

At first the stranger stood silent. This was not the home-coming he had been looking to. He had dreamed of crossing that threshold joyfully, with maybe a sad thought of those who were gone, but with young hands, in which his own blood ran, to help his weary limbs; for he was old, and the road from town was long and rough. He had almost felt the hand-clasp of his brother. And now, this!

"Peter, where shall I go if you turn me out to-night? I'm an old man, and not used to these long, lone roads."

"Well, you'll need to get used to them!" retorted Peter, "and that soon. If you

won't get out of this, I'll make you. They'll be coming up from the bog any minute, and I tell you I won't have you stand there and say you're my brother, you—you beggar, you!"

The figure at the gate drew itself up and moved as though to obey. Then it turned again. There was wind swirling down over the mountain, and the path whence the wanderer had come was swallowed up in mist.

"It's only for one night, Peter lad, I ask you to give me the shelter of a roof. See the storm that is coming down on us! For God's sake, for your own sake, don't refuse!"

But what was the use of an appeal like that to a man who was eaten up with pride, who was stung now in his tenderest point?

"Go!" he thundered; and then, lower but very threateningly: "You'd better!"

And so, without another word, the old man turned away. Before him was the steep mountain path, swept by a cold, treacherous wind, that chilled him to his bones. But deeper, far deeper, was the chill that gripped his poor lonely old heart. Peter, his brother—the one, it is true, that he had always liked least, but still his own brother, and now the only one who was left,—Peter had not only refused to acknowledge him, but he had turned him adrift, a weary old man, to find his way as best he might through the storm, along a path he had not trodden for forty years!

It was not the mist alone that blinded his eyes as he struggled upward, trying to hasten so that all light should not be gone before he reached the highway. Then suddenly he came face to face with a young woman. The milk-cans that she carried seemed almost too heavy for her slender arms; and clinging to her skirts were two curly-headed youngsters, bright and sturdy for their five years.

"Patsy astore, mind now!" she cried. "Take heed, Shane, or it's hurting the poor old man you'll be!"

The path was narrow, and the twins had been dragging her forward with the heedless speed of childhood.

"God help you, you creature!" she went on, gazing with compassionate eyes at the strange figure before her. "Is it over the mountain you're struggling this night?" She gave a quick look down at the homestead below them, where there was no sign of life; and another at the children by her side. "Run on, little sons," she said,—*"run on, dearies, and loosen out the wee calves till mammy comes to give them a drink!"*

The little lads needed no further directions, but, with one impulse, rushed down the hill to perform so congenial a task. Then their mother turned again to the stranger, with lowered voice:

"There was no shelter to get from himself?" It was hardly a question, so well did she know the answer. "Whisht now! I dare not for the life of me bring you to the house, but there's a shelter there beyond. Anyway, 'tis safe and dry, and the mountain's neither one nor the other this night for a stranger. I'll bring you up a little supper, and a bundle of straw, if you're to lie there till morning. We haven't much, and what we have is plain and simple; but you're heartily welcome to it."

For a moment the man hesitated.

"Now, be in peace and make yourself comfortable," Eily went on reassuringly. "My own father—God be good to him!—was never happier than when he was able to give of his poverty to the outcast and the stranger. He taught us the lesson well, and it was the only legacy he had to leave us."

"Who are you at all?" asked the man. "Not a daughter of *him* below?"

The woman looked surprised. It was neither the voice nor the question she would have expected from a beggar; but she answered politely, as it was her nature to do.

"Not I. It's no daughter ever he had, only boys. But I'm his son's wife, and

I'm housekeeping for him. You'd best go up to the shelter above there. He'll be wondering what's keeping me now. But he goes out in the evening, to hear them read the papers at Ned Donohue's; so when the supper's over I'll be sure to come out to you."

She began to explain the way, but the beggar interrupted her.

"'Tis the cave you mean. I know it well, and I'll be waiting for you. May the good God bless you!"

He did not wish to delay her any more; and she, wondering, hurried down almost as quickly as her boys had done.

Her father-in-law was, if possible, more disagreeable than usual that night; but she had made up her mind four years ago to bear with him for the sake of her children; and a little bad humor more or less was all a part of the life she had to lead. The four men of whom the household consisted, and the two little boys, ate their supper of herring, homemade bread, delicious butter and milk; and no one noticed that Kathleen's portion was untouched.

The meal over, one by one Peter and his three sons went out; and the curly heads of his grandsons nodded sleepily against their mother, till she laid them in their cosy little bed. Then, her evening's work done, she crept out to the barn; and, taking up a bundle of straw that an ordinary farmer would have looked at twice before lifting, she carried it to the stranger; returning almost immediately for his supper, and a horse blanket that would not be missed from the house that night.

(Conclusion next week.)

Reflected.

BY T. E. B.

THE silver Star that led the Kings by night,
That brightened the long, dreary way for them,
Was but a faint reflection of the Light
That burned upon the straw in Bethlehem.

Some Aspects of Ritualism in Dalmatia.

BY BEN HURST.

IN English-speaking lands, the Latin tongue is so fully recognized as the medium of the Church for purposes of divine worship that its rights as such are wholly undisputed. Indeed the notion of a Mass said in any other language is foreign to Catholics, and savors of schism or opposition to the Holy See. Neither is there in France, Germany, or Spain any pretension to a national liturgy, and the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated with a uniform rite in all these countries, and indeed in the greater part of the world. That the Latin pronunciation differs so as to render the words in some lands almost unintelligible to the inhabitants of others, does not alter the fact that the identity of the written characters is unchanged. Oral disparity is compensated by the inalterability of the text, immune as a "dead" language from change or modification. A great advantage, truly, and one which has helped the Church to advance her claim of universality to the ends of the earth.

It would be a mistake, however, to consider the Church of all times and climes as limited to a particular form of speech, even though it be the Latin,—which certainly, so far as we can judge now, seems unlikely ever to be superseded. It must not be forgotten that Latin was originally but one of three sisters who shared equal privileges. When Christianity first began to spread, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were on the same footing; but the trend of Western European civilization and the stultifying effects of the Greek schism relegated the classic tongue of Homer to a secondary place; while Hebrew, the very language used by Christ Himself, naturally fell into the third.

The gradually acquired preponderance of the Latin does not, however, imply the total elimination of other languages as

mediums of divine worship; and divers tongues, as in the time of the Apostles, are lifted daily in the Sacrifice of the Mass all over the world. By Papal ruling, the native clergy have been exempted from learning Latin in certain districts of Asia. The Armenian Rite is allowed not only in Asia Minor but wherever an Armenian colony is found. The Ruthenian and Paleo-Slav Rites still hold their own in Southeastern Europe.

One summer on the fair coast of the Austrian Riviera brought home to me the hardly realized fact that the mass of Roman Catholics in these regions employ the Glagolite Liturgy.* The intonation of *Bogh Pomilu*, *Hrist Pomilu*, instead of the familiar *Kyrie Eleison*, was a startling revelation of Slav tenacity and determination. A stranger might have believed he had wandered into a Russian or Serb Orthodox church. The Italian Jesuit to whom I mentioned my surprise deprecated the recalcitrant attitude of the Slav clergy on this question, and explained that many concessions from the Holy See had but intensified the Slav propaganda. Special privileges have been accorded to the Catholics of Russia, Croatia, and Montenegro; but on the Dalmatian coast, where Slav and Italian dialects freely mingle, the retention of the Glagolite liturgy, said my reverend informant, was incongruous and detrimental to Church unity.

Far different was the explanation of the celebrant himself, who dwelt on the melodious and reverent character of this noble liturgy, hallowed by antiquity and enshrined in the people's hearts. It was the vehicle of the great Slav apostles, Cyril and Methodius, who instituted the Glagolite liturgy, revised it with infinite care, and got it approved by the Sovereign Pontiff Nicholas I. Since 1485, when the first Glagolite Missal was printed (it is the oldest Slav prayer-book in existence), several editions have been issued under the patronage and super-

vision of Rome. The extent to which the Glagolite was used may be seen by the various volumes, manuscript testaments, and letters, preserved in the museums of Vienna, Agram, and Prague. When it declined, for the ordinary purposes of life, before the spread of other languages, it survived for liturgical purposes, as is testified by the breviaries and missals still extant. It is consecrated by the aureole of a thousand years.

Whatever the prejudices with which one approaches the liturgical problem in Istria and Dalmatia, it is hard to blame the sturdy and devout folk who cling so earnestly to a heritage of their forefathers, and seek to obtain permission from the Holy Father for the beloved rite so long countenanced by his predecessors. A recent ruling of the Vatican that the Latin should, wherever possible, take precedence of the Cyrillic has filled with sadness the hearts of all Slav Catholics on the Adriatic littoral. Innovations are unwelcome to most peoples, and the Slav is essentially a conservative element. Political circumstances embitter the situation; and the struggle, lately become acute between Serbo-Croats on the one side, and Germano-Latins on the other, seems a survival of the ancient rivalry between Byzantium and Rome. Austria, under whose dominion lie the debatable lands north and east of the Adriatic, has seen fit to show favor to the claims of the Italian element, less dangerous to her supremacy than the steadily encroaching Slav.

The tactless, provocative parade of imperial authority enforcing the Papal decree for the substitution of the Latin for the Slav liturgy, incensed the people of Dalmatia and led to regrettable scenes. It was to be expected that the Semite press should profit by the occasion. Wild stories of hand-to-hand conflicts between Italian and Croat priests were circulated; and the warm though respectful protests of these latter to the Holy Father have been represented as an embryo schism,

* "Glagolite," from the Paleo-Slav root *glagol*—"speech," the "word."

Every incident has been magnified; and harrowing descriptions of entire congregations leaving, in tears, the church of their youth as soon as the Latin Introit was intoned, were dished up for the benefit of those who are ever ready to revel in Rome's discomfiture.

The facts are less drastic, and there is not the slightest danger of a single Glagolite priest's failing in submission to the Papal rescript. With the congregations it is more difficult to gauge the future; for the Orthodox fold has ever open arms, and Russia's proselyting energy is concentrated solely on her brethren Slavs. Rome has, however, weathered many a storm in these regions, and with the disappearance of two prelates the question enters on a new and calmer phase. The removal of the pro-Slav Bishop Dvornik from the See of Zara, together with the transference of the anti-Slav Bishop Nagl from Trieste to Vienna—a "promotion" which reads either way,—make for appeasement. Bishop Dvornik retires, it is true, at the early age of sixty-three; but after a long period of ill health, and by his own desire,—“certainly not as a consequence of his devotion to the cause of Glagolitism,” say the bishops and clergy hitherto under his jurisdiction in the dioceses of Spalato, Ragusa, Cattaro, Lesina, and Sibenico, all ardent Glagolites. With them it may be safely assumed that the nationalism which yields at present through religious obedience will assert itself under more favorable conditions at a later date. In other words, they hope that Pius X. will revert to the indulgent policy of Leo XIII. toward his Slav children.

The mass of the population on the littoral and in the inland territories are fervent Catholics and convinced Glagolite partisans. Even the Croats, who have adopted the Latin alphabet for everyday use, retain the Cyrillic for all devotional purposes. Endeared by early race associations, it is also considered a precious link with the separated sister churches of the

East. Wherever the Glagolite is being ousted by the Latin, it is parted with reluctantly, and in the avowed hope that its resumption is but a matter of time. The safest asset for a satisfactory solution of the problem whether this time-honored liturgy is destined to extinction or to permanent acknowledgment, is the sympathy of the clergy with their flock; for it insures that there shall be little or no defection from the Holy See. It is reassuring to read the pronouncements of the most active Glagolite agitators among the clergy; for they invariably begin with a declaration of inalterable fidelity to “Our Father the Pope.”

In the past, it is admitted, Glagolite zeal sometimes outran discretion, with rather damaging results. Canon Vollaric, a patriot Croat, attempted within the last decade to confirm the use of the Glagolite liturgy throughout the entire diocese of Ossero. He was followed by the Slav clergy of Istria; and the movement made such headway that Italian susceptibilities were aroused and a counter movement engaged upon. Monsignore Pesanto published a comprehensive book on the subject, tending to prove that the Glagolite had been tolerated in the first instance only from the necessity of providing pastors for the Slav settlers in the Venetian Dominions. Bishop Mahmi, of Veglia, had other views, and got them fully recognized by a Roman synod summoned to deal with the question. A protest from the anti-Glagolites followed, and a decision was pending when the death of Leo XIII. supervened. The new Pope, although strongly pressed by the Italian element, refrained from immediate action. He was supposed to be imbued with Venetian sentiments; and altogether antagonistic to the Old Slav propaganda for the Glagolite claim.

No unbiassed mind will for a moment suppose that Christ's Vicar was influenced by local interests, or subservient to Italian governmental pressure. For the priest in Pius X. outweighs the politician;

and the Church's progress and welfare demands, to his mind, the greatest possible approach to unity in worship. He expressed himself freely in this sense to the Bishop of Ragusa when the latter pleaded for the retention of the Glagolite liturgy. In spite of this explicit private pronouncement and the friendly advice which accompanied it, the Slav movement did not cease, and the feeling between Slavs and Italians led to frequent riots. A council of bishops from the disturbed districts was summoned to Rome in the spring of 1905; and some months later a Papal Decree ordained that the Glagolite Missal be allowed only in churches where it had been already in use for at least thirty years. This ruling was received with surprise by the bishops who had exposed their views at the council; and with particular disfavor by the clergy of Dalmatia, where, owing to temporary, arbitrary introduction of the Latin in the past, none but the churches of the Veglia diocese could retain their privilege. In response to overwhelming prayers and protests, the Holy Father, therefore, conceded the celebration of the popular Glagolite Mass in those places where the need was more strongly felt.

The permission was open to various interpretations, and again the Slav impulse became so marked (the clergy interpreting it in most cases to the advantage of the Glagolite) that a third order was issued, reminding the bishops of the first, confirming the thirty years' prevision, and prescribing that the Gospel be always read first in Latin and then in the Old Slav. Bishop Nagl, of Triest, seized this occasion to proclaim that there was no church within his diocese qualified to profit by the thirty years' privilege, and his untimely action is held largely responsible for the recrudescence of discontent. Political agitators went to work, and succeeded in foisting subversive doctrines on a now receptive soil. The Slavs were persuaded that Rome would soon forbid them to pray in their own language, and

would barter them to the Latin or Teuton element without a pang. The Pope was Italian, but the Tsar was Slav! Henceforth language and nationality and the ancient form of worship "had no resource but in Russia." Attempts at atheistical propaganda alone fell flat.

Serious troubles broke out, notably in Pisino, where the Italian Franciscans saw their congregations leave the church in a body, and the harmoniums which accompanied Italian hymns were wrecked by bands of schoolboys. Such excesses were deplored by the Glagolite clergy, who are to be thanked for their cessation. With laudable energy, the parish priests worked to restore calm and confidence to their flocks, assuring them that every outrage was a deterrent to the favorable reception of their justifiable claims in Rome. Of resignation it was yet too early to speak; for the final solution of the Glagolite question is, fortunately, still remote. Whoever has made himself acquainted with the lives of the excellent, hard-working, and in every respect, exemplary Glagolite priests, will regret if the medium in which they daily raise their hearts to God be obliterated from the rubrics of the Church they serve so well.

"It is a mistake," said the Rev. Dr. Kralievitch, a distinguished Croat savant, in a conversation on this subject,—"it is a sad mistake to identify the inevitable Slav expansion with the spread of Greek Orthodoxy. The pioneers of our civilization are the truly Catholic Czechs and Poles. That they are foremost in arts and literature is universally recognized. Again I would say that Russia itself, as a religious factor, is less hurtful to the Papacy than Protestant Germany. Her present attitude to us Catholics is a matter for mutual congratulation. But I consider our most solid and resistant Slav elements to be the Catholic Slovaks and Dalmats. It does not become me," he added with a smile, "to put forward the merits of the Croats; but surely they have given conclusive proofs of their capacity for

safeguarding their Faith. Hemmed in between jealous Italians and hostile Magyars, they follow neither of these religiously lax peoples in disrespect for the Holy See or indifference to moral dogma. The opposition of our great Glagolite prelate, Bishop Strossmayer, to the legalization of divorce in Hungary is illustrative of our uncompromising attitude to whatever the Vatican condemns. The Croats will continue to assert bravely creed, race, and religious tradition. There will be no falling off in devotedness to the Holy See on the part of the Glagolite priests.

"Unfortunately, the same can not be affirmed with equal surety of their congregations. Here the tendency is more realistic, the horizon narrower, the conception of supernatural ideals less keen. Man is too often a victim to routine. Our folk are simple and steadfast in allegiance to the only forms of Christian worship they have hitherto known. Therefore, we plead for patience with their stubborn attachment to the hymns of their ancestors. In the name of fraternity between all Christian Slavs, we humbly petition his Holiness not to withdraw from us a privilege granted and confirmed by his predecessors. Similar rights are enjoyed by other Eastern peoples, in number and geographical importance far inferior to ours. Many impartial non-Glagolite sons of Rome consider it providential that the Slavs have preserved their liturgy. It will serve one day, mayhap, as the Church's most precious instrument in the work of the re-Catholicization of Europe."

JEER not at others upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile, them; if deformed, God framed their bodies, and will you scorn His workmanship? Are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed for a motive to charity, not to contempt; you can not see what riches the poor may have within.—*South.*

The Fiction Habit.

IN a recent contribution to the Parisian *Croix*, the Abbé Georges Bertrin, the distinguished author of a masterly work on Lourdes, treats his readers to some judicious reflections on the widespread habit of novel reading. Three or four or five decades ago, his remarks would have been less appropriate to lovers of English fiction than they are at present. In 1860 or 1870, "French novels" connoted a species of immoral literature that had no counterparts, save in sporadic instances, in our language. At present, however, English can claim no such enviable distinction. Not only are the worst of the French novels translated into our vernacular, but native English and American authors, fully as dangerous as their French *confrères*, are industriously pouring out a tide of fiction which at its best is unwholesome, and at its worst mephitic. A few paragraphs from the Abbé's talk to his French readers will, accordingly, not be untimely or inappropriate for our English ones.

The bad novel is not rare. It ought to hide itself, and it parades itself in the public libraries. It is found even in drawing-rooms in which one would not expect to see it, and which it dishonors.

How many good people like to deceive themselves, or are in good faith really deceived, about it! To them, the bad novel is necessarily the gross, indecent novel. That is a very dangerous error. The indecent novel by its very grossness repels a reader with any self-respect, just as certain poisonous herbs warn by their offensive odor those who imprudently approach to gather them. Much more to be feared is a work of distinction which preserves, even in its corruption, correct appearances. It puts forth no danger signal; and, not being forewarned by any vulgarity of language, one goes down in its company, without repugnance and at

times without noticing it, the deadly slope whither it leads by masking the way with flowers.

It becomes a duty, then, to shun with vigilance certain novelists of reputation who are elegant preachers of misconduct. One does not read them with impunity. Their theories may of course, especially at first, be blamed. But one willingly boasts of their distinction; their charm is sought and resought; they interest us, and we listen to them; we admire them so much that at last, their influence having been exerted insensibly, we go so far as to think as they do.

"But," says some one, "the dénouement of the novel I have just read is irreproachable. It shows consideration or success achieved by those who uphold the doctrines that should be upheld, or who lead the life that should be led. Does not that prove that the book is inoffensive?" It assuredly proves nothing of the kind. What! All through the book the mind is fed with lessons of scepticism or counsels of immorality, or the heart is stirred with perverse emotions under the influence of corrupting pictures; and an anodyne, soothing conclusion, will suffice to destroy those profound impressions, all the more tenacious from the fact that they find helpers and accomplices in the very instincts of our nature! Verily, one must be bold to say so, and simple to believe so.

Let us not forget that man is born with such an inclination for evil that he glides into it surely unless he makes an effort to restrain himself. A great Christian, Joseph de Maistre, wrote one day: "When I descend within myself to my very depths I find there everything necessary to make a criminal." Unless, then, Time, in drawing us toward eternity, has already brought us to a period of life inaccessible to storms, let us not be too sure of our virtue. There is mud, it may be, at the bottom of that blue lake where the stars are reflected. If we stir it up imprudently, it will rise to the surface, whose troubled

azure will no longer mirror heaven.

It is necessary, however, to make oneself understood. There is no thought in my mind of upholding the ridiculous contention that there are no novels in which virtue and religion are respected. There are such books undoubtedly. There are some, even, that have been deliberately written in defence of a great moral or religious idea. Such fiction, or the providing of it, is a sort of apostolate. Many people being too frivolous to undertake, or at least to keep up, serious reading, devoted authors weave around salutary thoughts one of those tender plots in which their audience delights, and the audience is thus kept away from many another work that is dangerous both to faith and morals. The plan is, of course, a commendable one, but there are readers who abuse it. These stories should form only the pastime of their intellectual life, however modest that may be; and they make it the all in all of that life.

And it is a great pity; for their mind contracts through this bad habit a real infirmity. Little by little they become incapable of reading anything save what gratifies their sickly curiosity, as does the tale, the novel, or the romance. Do not ask them to read a serious book. They reject the idea at once. They must always have stories, just as children must,—sentimental stories, in which the heart is the wonderful fairy that conducts all with its golden wand. Outside of such fiction, nothing interests them. Their intelligence has become practically atrophied....

A delicate thinker, Joubert, recommended that we should not lose our time on books that are merely good books. Life is not long enough, said he, to read the best ones. Do we relish the former class more than he? Let us at least treat them as we do people whom we meet on a trip, and whose conversation helps to pass an hour agreeably. As for the latter class—the best books,—let us make them our habitual companions. They should be our friends.

Notes and Remarks.

OF the two Central Councils of the Propagation of the Faith—one in Lyons, the other in Paris,—the latter has had for president during the past quarter of a century Mr. Charles Hamel. The Silver Jubilee of this gentleman's presidency has brought to him, from the Holy Father, an autograph letter, from which we quote these passages:

We do not need to say how particularly dear to us is the Blessed Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the most fruitful of all such associations established by Catholics; for its aim is to aid the Church to fulfil the commission received from her Divine Founder: "Go and teach all nations."

We have learned with joy that for twenty-five years the chief direction of this Society has been your charge and the object of your constant solicitude. God alone can recompense your devotedness to this work.

The work of the Propagation of the Faith should be scarcely less dear to all genuinely zealous Catholics than to the Sovereign Pontiff; and, while all laymen can not aspire to either the office or the honor that is Mr. Hamel's, everyone can do his part toward furthering the beneficent objects of the Society. An occasional financial offering to the nearest branch of the Propagation is an excellent investment in spiritual goods.

The following incident is related in a letter from Teheran, Persia:

A complaint was preferred by the schismatical Armenian bishop, against some Catholic missionaries, before the tribunal of the supreme chief of the dominant sect in Persia. The substance of the complaint was that the Catholic missionaries, by insisting on the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, excited the Armenians to revolt against their patriarch. On the day fixed to decide the cause, the accusers were the Armenian bishop, his clergy, and partisans; the defendants, two Catholic missionaries and a young Persian, a convert. A number of the Persian populace attended to hear the case discussed. The schismatical bishop having stated his complaint, the judge called on the missionaries for their defence. The young

convert handed a Persian copy of the Gospels to the judge, and directed his attention to the last chapter of St. John. This having first been read by the judge in silence, he ordered it to be read aloud before the court, and then asked the Armenian bishop to explain the words addressed by Jesus Christ to St. Peter, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."

The gross and material explanation of the passage given by the schismatics not appearing satisfactory to the judge and the Persians, the judge pronounced his own interpretation, and decided accordingly. "It was evident," he said, "that by the words, 'Feed My lambs, feed My sheep,' a special authority was invested in St. Peter to be, under Jesus Christ, the head of the Christians, who are called 'the lambs and the sheep of the flock of Jesus Christ.' As successors of St. Peter, the Popes have the same authority." This decision was approved by the Persians, and the Catholic missionaries retired from the tribunal not less surprised than gratified with the result.

On the occasion of the annual distribution of prizes at an Irish college, Bishop Clancy, of Elphin, recently declared:

New legislation is imperative to enable our public representative bodies to establish scholarships in intermediate schools for the use of the children of the poor whose talents justify their aspirations to a University education. . . . But, while giving such a movement my most enthusiastic approval, there are at least two points in connection with it to which I would respectfully direct attention. The first is that those who are to be provided with such scholarships should be possessed of exceptionally brilliant talent. Nothing could be more fatal to the future development of our country, and to the truest interests of our people, than that the idea should get abroad that every budding youth in Ireland should aspire to University training. Any movement which tends to take the bulk of the youth away from agricultural and industrial pursuits—for these must always form the substratum of Ireland's wealth—is essentially wrong and essentially dangerous. Any movement that tends to represent manual labor as degrading, and industrial or agricultural pursuits as not worthy of the highest talent, should not be encouraged except within the narrowest possible limits.

The other point made by Dr. Clancy was that, for twenty years and more, there had been bursaries, or scholarships, in the diocesan college; that an average of thirty students ("poor men's sons") a

year had been educated on those burses; and that the burses were kept up solely by the generosity of the diocesan priests. "Nor were these students educated exclusively for the Church: there has been no restriction whatever in this respect; with the result that the boys who enjoyed these burses are now, many of them, medical doctors, practising lawyers, thriving merchants, in many parts of the country." Evidently the "poor man's son" received some educational attention even before the era of county councils and extra taxation dawned in Ireland.

There has been organized recently in Chicago a Catholic association with a thoroughly commendable end in view—namely, the Xavier Braille Publication Society for the Blind, to provide Catholic literature in embossed type. It is estimated, we are told, that there are about twelve thousand Catholic blind persons in the United States, a large number of whom read only the American Braille form of embossed type. Yet there is not a Catholic book printed in that system except an expensive, but defective, edition of the little Baltimore Catechism. The conditions under which our blind children at present attain such education as is available for them are not at all conducive to the growth, or even the preservation, of their Faith; and, accordingly, the Xavier Braille Society, in soliciting the co-operation and support of well-to-do Catholics, is asking what should be generous aid to a deserving charity.

A non-Catholic journal of New York, the *Christian Work and Evangelist*, appalled at the increase of divorce in this country, remarks:

We see nothing but free love, if the increase in the ratio of divorces to marriages goes on during the next thirty years as it has during the last thirty. Divorce at present is increasing two and a half times as fast as our population. In 1906 the increase had risen to that point where it was one divorce for every twelve marriages. We presume the percentage is much

higher now. It is much higher than this in some States, where it can be had for the mere asking, as in California. There it is one to every six. One can see the incredible increase in twenty years when one remembers that in 1880 the percentage was only 38 for 100,000 population, whereas in 1900 it was 73. When one subtracts the great Roman Catholic population, one realizes at once that these figures are really much higher.

There is no sign of this abating, but it rushes on with ever-increasing speed. It becomes easier every year. It is already so easy that many men and women are no longer stopping to consider whether they are fit for each other or not, whether they wish to live together always or not, but rush into marriage as lightly as in Paris two members of the Latin Quartier go and live together for a while. Everybody knows that two-thirds of the required causes—"cruelty," "desertion," "non-support," etc.,—are nothing but pretexts often agreed upon by both parties.

Apparently, the only hope for the country is to make "the great Catholic population" still greater, or to take a leaf from its book and prohibit divorce absolutely.

Writing in 1833 of "the alarming progress of Romanism" in the United States since 1814, the editor of an anti-Catholic paper published in Connecticut said:

Instead of 6, there are now 11 dioceses, to which the College of Propaganda, at Rome, contemplates soon adding a twelfth. There is 1 archbishop, 13 bishops, 10 vicars-general, 320 resident priests, exclusive of those in colleges, seminaries, convents, etc.; about 300 churches, erected or finishing; 6 diocesan seminaries for the education of priests, 10 colleges, 28 male and female convents, 35 seminaries for youth (14 for boys, and 21 for girls), and 16 orphan asylums under the care of the Jesuits and nuns, all the pupils of which are, of course, trained up in "ways of Papacy"; while, probably, more than 500,000 of the population of the country are connected with the Catholic Church. . . . This rapid progress of Romanism is alarming!

The Connecticut editor and his paper have long since passed away. How astonished he would be, if he were still living, to read the following reference* to the growth of the Church in Chicago, a city of which perhaps he had never even heard,

so insignificant was it, but whose Catholic population to-day is twice as large as that of the whole United States in 1833! We quote from the *Chicago Tribune*:

No other Catholic city in the world ever rose from a single parish with 100 communicants, lost in a primeval wilderness, to an archdiocese of 1,000,000 souls in 75 years. In this achievement the city stands alone. No other city in the world ever built 188 Catholic churches in less than half a century as Chicago has done. No other city in the world ever built 143 parochial schools in a quarter of a century and filled them with 81,680 pupils, as Chicago has done.

Large though the Catholic population of the United States is, unquestionably it is small to what it would be had not so many immigrants been lost to the Church in the second quarter of the last century. In an appeal addressed to the hierarchy, clergy, and people of Ireland, the Bishop of Charleston wrote in 1835: "In North Carolina the descendants of Catholics who, for want of a ministry, have fallen off from the Faith, may be estimated at 50,000." It seems that a great many Irish immigrants had settled in the Carolinas and Georgia in the early years of the nineteenth century.

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Addressing the seven thousand men who took part in the Holy Name demonstration in the capital of the Republic some weeks ago, Mr. Michael I. Weller stated a few good reasons why Catholics should feel quite at home in Washington. We quote from the *Catholic Standard and Times*:

We, the District of Columbia Catholics, beg to call attention to some historical facts that should not be allowed to sink into oblivion—viz., that our territory is part of the old Catholic colony of Maryland; that it was named in honor of the Catholic discoverer, Christopher Columbus; that the city of Washington was planned by a Catholic—Major Charles Pierre l'Enfant; that its White House was designed and constructed under the care of a Catholic architect, James Hoban, who also supervised the early construction of the United States Capitol upon land contributed by a Catholic—Daniel Carroll, of Duddington; that our first

Mayor was a Catholic, Robert Brent (appointed Mayor in 1802 by President Thomas Jefferson, and reappointed annually until 1812); that a Catholic, Daniel Carroll, of Upper Marlboro, the statesman of the Revolutionary period, was selected by President George Washington to serve as Commissioner for the city of Washington.

These incontrovertible facts are mentioned with pardonable pride, in behalf of our beautiful metropolis, now sheltering within its boundaries nearly 350,000 residents; nor should it be forgotten that our illustrious George Washington, the intimate friend of the saintly John Carroll, our first Catholic Bishop, paid a deserved tribute to Catholics when he said, in reply to their address: "And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government."

Such facts are worth recording, if only to have at hand when some Protestant person, with measureless insolence and meagre historical knowledge, proclaims to an admiring crowd of backwoods citizens: "This has always been, thank God, a Protestant country."

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The New Zealand *Tablet* notes that, according to recent decisions, the validity of bequests for Masses would appear to be solidly and incontestably established in most English-speaking countries where there is no actual statute in the way. Its opinion is based upon a decision given by Justice Cooper in the Supreme Court of Wellington a few weeks ago. One paragraph of the decision will prove of special interest to our readers. As reported in the *Tablet*, it runs:

There remained the question whether, apart from statutory enactments, a bequest for Masses was in itself a good charitable use; and on this point, as we have said, His Honor adopted the view (already noted in these columns) expressed in the recent decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. "An effective charitable use," he said, "might be defined to be, *inter alia*, a bequest for the advancement of religion. 'Religion,' of course, meant a religion which was not contrary to the law of the land. Every celebration of Mass is offered up for all the faithful, living and dead. It is the most solemn official act of worship in the Roman Catholic Church; it can

be celebrated only by ordained priests; and, according to the creed of every member of that Church, the Mass, whenever and wherever regularly celebrated, results in benefit and edification to all the faithful. According, therefore, to the religious belief of Roman Catholics, the celebration of the Mass, whether or not it includes prayers for the repose of the soul of a particular person, is an act of religion done by a public minister of their Church, and is for the spiritual advantage of all; and, according to their belief, confers a public benefit on all who hear it. As the Roman Catholic Faith is a lawful religion, and its tenets are lawful tenets, a bequest to that Church, or to a particular priest of that Church, for Masses for the dead is, therefore, where such bequest is not prohibited by statute, in my opinion, an effective charitable use; the priest receiving the gift for, and on account of, and for the benefit of, the Church. . . . This being the belief cherished by the members of the Roman Catholic Church, the court must act upon it. It is not unlawful, though its soundness is disputed by other sections of the Christian Church; and the bequest is consequently a valid gift."

While the foregoing is good common-sense and equity, and is apparently good law as well, we, nevertheless, advise such of our readers as feel that they may soon experience the need of "Masses in black" to provide therefor by unassailable donations while they are still living.

Concluding a thoughtful and timely instruction on the importance of the Catholic press, the Bishop of Liverpool quotes the following admonitions to Catholic journalists, contained in a letter addressed to the Archbishops of Paris and Tours, and declares that no Catholic newspaper showing itself neglectful of these words of the Vicar of Christ should find a place in Catholic homes:

The obligation of journalists in all that touches religious interests and the action of the Church in society is to submit themselves fully with heart and mind, like all the other faithful, to their own bishops and to the Roman Pontiff, to follow and reproduce their teaching, to second heartily the movements they initiate, to respect their wishes, and to make them respected.

It can in no way be allowed to laymen professing to be Catholics, in the columns of a

newspaper, to usurp to themselves the right to denounce and to criticise with the greatest freedom, and according to their pleasure, all manner of persons, not excepting bishops; and to think that they are allowed to hold, except in such matters as touch on faith, just what opinions they like.

The divine building, which is the Church, rests in very deed, as upon a foundation to be seen by all, first upon Peter and his successors, and then upon the Apostles and their successors—the bishops. To hearken to them or to despise them is to hearken to or despise our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The bishops form the most august body of the Church,—the body which teaches and governs mankind by divine right; and whosoever resists them, or obstinately refuses to obey their word, separates himself from the Church. But obedience should not limit itself to matters bearing upon faith: its sphere is much vaster: it extends to all matters which come under episcopal rule. For the bishops are not only masters in matters of faith, but they are placed above the Christian people to rule and to govern, being answerable to God for the welfare of men.

The earlier English encyclopædias are even more remarkable for the admission of certain facts over which Anglicans are still disputing than for misrepresentations of the doctrine and discipline of the Church. The following paragraphs are from the "London Encyclopædia," Edit. 1828; art. "Roman Catholic Church":

Church of Rome, or Roman Catholic Church, claims (and from what follows justly) the title of being the Mother Church, and is undoubtedly the most ancient of all the established churches in Christendom.

Church of England, the episcopal church, established by law in this kingdom, which has existed ever since the time of Henry VIII.

Church Latin, or Western, comprehends all the churches of Italy, Portugal, Spain, Poland, France, Belgium, Austria, Ireland, Africa, the North, and all other countries whither the Romans carried their language. Great Britain, part of the Netherlands, of Germany, and of the North of Europe, have been separated from the great Roman Catholic body of this church ever since the Reformation.

That the Church of England dates from Henry VIII. used to be unquestioned. The branch theory is really very recent; so also is the Continuity claim.



My Little Girl.

BY R. L.

MY little girl, your joyful air
 As you come bounding down the stair
 With tousled head, and face aglow,
 And childish laughter sweet and low,
 Dispels by magic the despair
 That age and illness sometimes bear;
 Till once again I love to share
 The fun and games of long ago,—
 My little girl!

I gaze into your eyes so fair,
 And see the peace of Heaven there;
 I kiss your brow as pure as snow,
 And breathe a prayer before I go,
 That angels keep you in their care,—
 My little girl!

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—A LONG JOURNEY.



It was a long journey: three days and four nights. And, in this twentieth century of ours, a journey that takes three days and four nights means a leap across the map that quite outstrips the jumping genii we used to read about in the Arabian Nights tales.

Uncle Martin was not a cheerful travelling companion; but when he left Billy in New York, after solemnly consigning him to the care of the porter and conductor, the young traveller felt that the last tie was indeed broken; and he watched the bent shoulders and grizzled head disappear in the distance, with an odd little chill in his heart that recalled that other moment when Jack pitched

him into the creek to sink or swim six years ago. And if, when he was boxed and curtained in his sleeper that night by the friendly porter, Billy's pillow was damp with boyish tears—well, it didn't matter: there was only his good angel to see.

It was a long journey, indeed, for a fellow who had never been even to boarding-school, and whose pretty room, with its brass bed and ruffled curtains, opened right into mamma's. It was "a mollycoddle's" room, Billy knew; and he would have much preferred a big, raftered attic, like Dick Fealy's, where he could pin up queer bugs and beetles, and have pictures of the football teams on the walls, and a stuffed owl on the mantel. But mamma would not have liked this at all; and, since mamma was his lady and queen, Billy-Boy had loyally submitted to the brass bed and ruffled curtains.

But the pretty home nest seemed very sweet and dear to-night, as he felt himself whirling away through wide, starlit spaces, farther and farther from its tender shelter, farther and farther each moment from mamma's watchful eyes and loving care; and from Dolly, who had suddenly developed into the dearest of sisters; farther from Aunt Lou and Miss van Doran, and dear, darling, lovely Miss Carmel.

Miss Carmel! Somehow, at the remembrance of the gay, smiling face under the rose-wreathed hat, Billy's spirits revived. Miss Carmel had thought the trip such fun, and Billy the luckiest fellow in the world to have the chance to go. Miss Carmel had come, laughing, to see him off. If Miss Carmel could see him now—pooh! Billy gouged his brown knuckles grimly into his eyes, and reached for the box of "fudge" he had put under his

pillow, took a big, luscious lump of comforting sweetness, and, forgetting his lonesomeness, dropped off at last into a restful sleep.

When he woke next morning and found the sun winking cheerfully in his half-open eyes, and the grinning porter calling him to breakfast, things seemed much more cheerful, and Billy-Boy began to look about him with the wide-awake interest of a young American turned loose in a world of pleasant possibilities.

There was breakfast, for instance, with one eye upon griddle-cakes and maple syrup and everything good, and the other upon the wide blue curve of the river over which the train was sweeping on an air-hung trestle; there was the pleasant chat with the friendly conductor, who introduced Billy to the observation platform, where the young traveller stood for a delightful half hour watching the new wonders of mist-veiled mountains. There was the sudden rush and stop in some big town, with its brief exciting touch of busy life; and the quick flight again into lonely reaches of forest and valley.

Then Billy, being rather a sociable little chap, found his fellow-travellers most interesting. There was a nice old lady, with white curls under a big black bonnet, who was going out to a son she had not seen for a dozen years. There was a stout, red-faced man, with a big diamond pin, who got a telegram at every station. There was a pale little fair-haired mother, with a cross baby that made the red-faced man swear under his breath. There was a colonel and a judge, and a nice old priest who was a missionary among the Indians.

Before the first day was over, Billy had established friendly relations with everybody within his immediate reach. He had shut the windows, whose draught was too strong for the old lady's rheumatic shoulder; played "pat-a-cake" with the cross baby; found a lost notebook for the red-faced man; changed seats with the judge, who wanted to be near a friend;

and warmed the old priest's heart by his filial greeting of "Father."

He had learned that the nice old lady had doubts about getting on with "Jim's wife": she always "suspicioned" daughters-in-law. He had discovered that the red-faced man had a bay mare worth ten thousand dollars. He had heard all about the cross baby's sick father at Silver City; and the judge's youngster,— "just about your age, sonny; but a regular bucking broncho of a boy. He won't stand bit or bridle, my Bob." And then a long-limbed, grizzle-headed man, who had come into the car at the last station, and taken the seat beside Billy, chuckled grimly to himself as the judge turned away to have a smoke.

"That's a big brag, ain't it?" he said to Billy.

"I—I don't know," was the hesitating answer. "I didn't exactly understand."

"About that Bob of his being a bucking broncho that nobody can bust? I'd like to take a hand at him. He wouldn't be too much fur me, you kin bet. Ez it is—well, he's in good training for a halter-in of a lariat. There ain't a bigger young devil west of the Rockies than that same Bob Bryce."

"You mean that he is a real bad boy?" Billy made a polite effort at understanding this new native tongue.

"Bad!" echoed the other, turning a pair of keen blue eyes on his young neighbor. "Bad ain't no name for Bob Bryce. He is mean,—rotten mean. I ain't got nothing to say agin kicking colts. I was one myself; and I ain't done kicking yet, if folks put the curb on me. But, young or old, I wasn't never like Bob Bryce. You know him, sonny?"

"No," answered Billy. "I never heard of him before."

"Well, you don't want to know him," said the other, briefly. "He is the sort of boy to shy away from if ever he comes in your range."

"I guess he won't," replied Billy. "I'm going pretty far from—from everybody."

"How far?" asked his new friend, with interest.

"Coyote Creek," answered Billy, always glad of a chance to be sociable.

"Coyote!" echoed the other. "Whew, that is something of a jump from a Pullman palace car! So you're going *there*? Who's taking you?"

"Nobody," said Billy. "I am going out to my brother. He has a big ranch there."

"Your brother!" The big man stared at the young speaker. "You don't ever mean Rackety Jack?"

"No, I don't," said Billy, decidedly. "My brother's name is Dayton—John Mallory Dayton. He is a gentleman," continued Billy, feeling it necessary to emphasize the wide distinction between Mr. John Mallory Dayton, of Holmhurst, and any person called "Rackety Jack."

"Oh, he is?" said the other, with a low chuckle. "I beg pardon, sonny! Mr. John Mallory Dayton? It seems to me ez if I have heard that name before."

"I think you have," said Billy, plunging cheerfully into family history, "dinged" into his head by Miss van Doran. "There have been John Mallory Daytons for two hundred years. One of them was a colonel in the Revolution; he got killed in the battle of Brandywine; we have his coat at home, with a hole in the breast. And another was a governor; they've got his statue in the State House, and it would look just like Jack if it hadn't long hair and a choking collar. There has been a lot of them. Jack—my brother Jack—is the last of them; for father died five years ago, when I was only seven."

"Tough luck!" said the big man, his voice a little gruff. "And so your brother is going to father you? Well, I jump off here, sonny; so it must be good-bye and good luck to you! But if—if—" (the speaker hesitated) "you're a long way from home; and if things shouldn't go right with you, there's my keeard. You can call for me."

He scribbled a name on the back of

an envelope, handed it to Billy, gave him a parting grip, and then lightly vaulted from the moving train without even asking for a "slow up."

For a moment Billy could only stare after his late companion, in breathless amazement at this reckless mode of departure; then he glanced at the bit of paper in his hand. Scrawled in rude chirography on it was the name "James J. Rainey, Grizzly Gulch, Wyoming"; and, pocketing this "keeard," with his fingers still numb from the mighty hand-shake of Mr. James J. Rainey, Billy felt with boyish instinct that the big brown man would be all that he had promised,—a friend in need and in deed.

Altogether, it was a pleasant journey, this strong, swift sweep over a world thrilling with fresh new life. Billy was whirled through miles of waving wheat fields, that a dozen years ago had been wild, free wastes; through hustling towns, very little older than himself; over dizzy heights that the great-grandfather in the State House had publicly declared "eternally impassable." He slept peacefully as the train plunged through the mountain pass where the Indians had whooped defiance at the "pale-face" in his own father's time; and dined on creamed chicken and lemon pie as it dashed on a slender trestle over the gorge, still held by the bear and the wild-cat.

But three days and four nights even in a Pullman palace car make a twelve-year-old boy very restless, and anxious to stretch his legs; and our Billy had been counting miles for three hours, and was quite ready when the conductor called:

"Buckston! Your station, youngster! All off for Buckston!"

Billy, who had spoken friendly good-byes to his fellow-travellers in time, made a quick scramble of all his small belongings, waved his hand in a final farewell, and sprang to the platform beside the road, where his neatly strapped trunk had just been shoved by a brisk baggage man; while the engine, pausing for only



a pant and a shriek, swept off as if impatient of such unimportant delay; and, trailing a long streamer of smoke, vanished in the distance.

Billy looked around him in dismay. This was scarcely the arrival he had expected. He had pictured a lively station, with Jack, behind a pair of mettlesome horses, eagerly awaiting him. He found that Buckston really consisted of a wooden shed, a row of abandoned cattle pens, and a telegraph pole. Wide fields of alfalfa stretched into the blue shadows of a mighty mountain that already screened the westering sun.

Billy tried the rude door of the station, only to find it locked. He thumped vigorously without reply. Happily unconscious of the fact that the late stop of the Limited had been an "accommodation," granted at the anxious request of Uncle Martin, who did not know that Buckston had been blotted off the new railroad schedule in favor of a livelier rival twenty-five miles distant, Billy sat down on his trunk to wait. Jack would come in a few minutes, of course. Mamma had telegraphed the exact train and time, and there could be no mistake.

But, golly, it was lonely,—the loneliest place Billy had ever struck! A big black-winged bird wheeled in the clear blue sky above him; the smoke trail of the vanished engine floated a grey cloud now in the golden air; otherwise there was no sign of life. Our young traveller kicked at the new sole leather on the sides of his trunk and whistled. If there was a little shake now and then in his whistle we can scarcely wonder; for the blue shadows of the great mountains were growing longer and deeper. Night was coming on; still there was no sign of Jack.

(To be continued.)

THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.

About a Bad Habit.

The United States Navy is especially exacting in its requirements of young candidates. It takes annually into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. The Government aims at developing them in all possible directions; believing, with reason, that the more intelligent a man becomes, the better sailor will he be, and that youth is the most propitious season for laying the foundations of good general knowledge as well as of good seamanship.

There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they can not pass the physical examination. The officer in charge of the Washington Navy Yard Barracks, is authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease. The first question that he puts to a boy who desires to enlist is sure to be, "Do you smoke?"

The surgeons declare that cigarette-smoking by boys invariably produces heart disease; and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed.

A Great General's Piety.

The celebrated Marshal Pélissier, Duke of Malakoff, was one of the bravest and most successful generals of whom France can boast. And he was as good a Catholic as he was a soldier. On occasions when it happened that no one was at hand to serve Mass, the Marshal himself would step forward and humbly take the acolyte's place. This he often did, and with such humble simplicity and piety that it edified many, and sometimes made other adults present ashamed of their moral cowardice.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Cathedral Library Association has reprinted in neat pamphlet form an excellent article on "History and Historical Reading," contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* by Mr. Anthony Beck. The article was well worth reprinting, and we hope it will have many new readers.

—"Vain Repetitions," by Cardinal Newman, published as a booklet by B. Herder, appeared originally in Vol. IV. of the *Rambler* (1855); but it has lost nothing of either its interest or its timeliness for the readers of to-day. The title refers, of course, to the Protestant charge against such Catholic prayers as the Rosary and the Litany of Loreto.

—From the American Book Co. come three little volumes for the use of those who are studying French. "Easy Standard French," by Victor E. François, gives selections from twenty-eight French authors; "Historical French Reader," by Felix Weill, includes thirty selections for second-year reading; and "Joan of Arc—French Composition," by H. A. Guerber, is an English tale to be rendered into French by the pupil. All three of these text-books seem to be well adapted for their purposes.

—The *Catholic Book Bulletin* just launched by M. H. Gill & Sons, Dublin, will be concerned primarily with recommending Catholic literature, and promoting its distribution. "It will not only indicate approved books, but systematically review them as occasion arises; and, further, it will pioneer a scheme by which a library of Catholic literature, sanctioned and approved to the last page by the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities, can be placed on very easy terms within the reach of the humblest Catholic home in rural Ireland." A very excellent mission. We welcome the *Bulletin* and wish it a long and prosperous career.

—Not long since, Mr. Edison, expert mechanic in electrical devices, awoke the preachers of the country by uttering a positive and pompous declaration against belief in the immortality of the soul. The clergymen, as is the way with them, lost their heads, and many Protestant pulpits hurled denunciations at the wizard. The best thing said in the controversy was that, since Mr. Edison did not believe in the soul because he never saw it, it might well be asked why he believed in electricity, which nobody ever saw, and about the nature of which nobody pretends to have any knowledge whatever. But that is not the point. The point is

that the clergymen and the reading public in general saw no connection between two events, both of which were regarded as important. The first was Mr. Edison's expression of unbelief, which brought him much good advertising; and the second is the appearance of "A Complete and Authorized Life of Thomas A. Edison," in two volumes. Verily the publishers are wiser in their generation than the preachers.

—A book that deserves a welcome from a very large body of readers is "The Manual of Christian Pedagogy, for the Use of Religious Teachers," by the Brothers of Mary, Dayton, Ohio. The epithet "Christian" of the title differentiates this work from many another book of the kind: it emphasizes the volume's insistence on the supernatural element in education, as opposed to the purely natural view so prevalent in our day. Brothers and Sisters of our numerous teaching Orders and Congregations will find much in this little work to sustain their courage, facilitate their work, and increase their efficiency.

—"Very Irish, very feminine, very human," a critic once wrote of Katharine Tynan. All this might be said of Helen Lanyon's work, in "The Hill o' Dreams," a slender and beautifully-made volume of verse published by the John Lane Co. Very fresh is Helen Lanyon's voice, and unspoiled by over-cultivation. Occasionally her lines suggest Mr. Yeats and the lyrics of Ethna Carbery. But if Helen Lanyon's note is familiar, her tone is all her own: a new, if not a strong, voice, and one of great natural charm. Ringing truest in lyrics of sentiment, brave and tender, she is yet capable of imaginative writing. The simple splendor of the following lines witnesses to the true inner vision:

Mother, upon the little street
I see the saints with silver feet,
Walking in converse high and wise,
With all God's glory in their eyes.

Typical in every way is the poem from which the book takes its title, "The Hill o' Dreams".

My grief for the days that's by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall,
Comin' alone at set o' sun
Up the high hill road from Cushendall.
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to the feet;
For the thrushes sang in the deep green glen,
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng,
An' many a dream as I never told;
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a whin bush crowned with gold.
And always I'd look back at the say,
'Or the turn o' the road shut out the sight

Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice;
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a King's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The way seems weary now to my feet,
An' miles bes many, an' dreams bes few:
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top o' the hill
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

—R. & T. Washbourne, London, have brought out a fourth edition of "My Queen and My Mother," by R. G. S., with a preface by the Bishop of Salford. The popularity of this work, first published in 1904, the Golden Jubilee year of the Immaculate Conception, is gratifying evidence that devotion to the Mother of God is growing both wider and more intense in Catholic hearts,—and in not a few non-Catholic hearts as well. Those of our readers who are unfamiliar with the book need be told only that it consists of a series of reflections, in the form of prayers, upon the various petitions and titles of the Litany of Loreto, and that it is an excellent volume for meditation purposes. For sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Manual of Christian Pedagogy." Brothers of Mary. 50 cts.
"The Hill o' Dreams." Helen Lanyon. \$1.05.
"Feasts for the Faithful." 30 cts.
"The Order of the Visitation." Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B. 60 cts.
"The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More." Vol. I. Father Augustine Baker, O. S. B. \$1.25.
"The Old Mill on the Withrose." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J., 85 cts.

- "Footsteps in the Ward." H. M. Capes. 50 cts.
"The Isle of Columbcille," by Shane Leslie;
"The Golden Lad," by Molly Malone.
Iona Series. 35 cts. each.
"At Home with God." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$1.25, net.
"As Gold in the Furnace." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
"The Dominicans: Letters to a Young Man on the Dominican Order." Very Rev. John Procter, O. P. 20 cts.
"St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.
"The Story of Our Lord's Life Told for Children." A Carmelite Nun. \$1.
"Ned Rieder." Rev. John Wehs. 85 cts.
"Joseph Haydn. The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.
"The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work." Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. \$1.25.
"The Diary of an Exiled Nun." Preface by François Coppée. \$1.
"Heroic Spain." E. Boyle O'Reilly. \$2.50.
"Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature." Emily Hickey. 50 cts.
"Eric; or, The Black Finger." Mary T. Waggonman. 75 cts.
"Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
"Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886." \$2.20.
"Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph F. Brouilliard, of the diocese of Superior; Rev. Thomas Keating, diocese of Peoria; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Keogh and Rev. Matthias Hannon, diocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Denis Mulcahy, diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Hubert Peters, S. J.

Sister Joseph (Tompkins), of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. of St. Cyr, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Theodore, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. George Rankl, Mr. William Leishhear, Mr. John R. McAndrew, Mr. Joseph Drew, Mrs. Catherine Hagan, Mr. Thomas Carley, Mrs. Mary Brannock, Mr. James Duffy, Mrs. Johanna Orr, Mr. James Murphy, Mrs. Margaret Moore, Catherine Brawley, Mr. John Allen, Mrs. M. Bresnahan, and Mr. Frank Lewis.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them! May they rest in peace. Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 21, 1911.

NO. 3

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The Angelus Bell.

(Heard in a Capuchin Monastery.)

ON the waiting twilight air
Breaks the pealing of a bell—
Ave Maria!

And the notes that gently swell
Bear the soul's most joyous prayer
Over hill and over dell—
Ave Maria!

In the field a peasant sings,
Harking to the sounds remote—
Ave Maria!

Oh, how light each mellow note!
And the prayers on zephyr wings
Down the fragrant meadows float—
Ave Maria!

All the world sinks on its knee,
All the world lifts up its gaze—
Ave Maria!

And this hymn of all our days
Blends in purest harmony
With the Angel's hymn of praise—
Ave Maria!

The Work of the "Bonne Presse."

BY I. C. H.

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago, in the year 1873, the tiny grain of mustard seed, which was destined to develop into the many-branched tree of the "Bonne Presse," was sown by the Fathers of the Assumption. At that period, the European press was gradually passing into the hands of the Jewish and Masonic leaders, who now control public opinion. Against so formidable an array

of adversaries, it seemed sheer folly to oppose a badly printed little weekly, consisting of a few pages of diocesan news and pilgrim reports, such as could appeal only to an extremely restricted class of readers. Nevertheless, the *Pèlerin*, as it was most fittingly entitled, set off with its pilgrim staff, begging for admission into the homes of Catholic France; and, after seven years of toil and trouble, had so far prepared the soil that it was considered opportune to bring out the *Croix*, first as a weekly newspaper, and three years later as a daily.

The "Maison de la Bonne Presse" was founded under ecclesiastical authority, for "the defence of the Church, and the exaltation of the reign of our Lord Jesus Christ." * Its mission is at the same time destructive and constructive, — destructive, in overthrowing the barrier of falsehood and misrepresentation which the anti-clerical press has erected between the people and the Church, and in exposing the poison lying concealed in every so-called neutral paper; constructive, in building up the Catholic social sense, both by making known the teaching of the Church, and by showing that the representative Catholic journal is as "up-to-date" in its chronicle of current events as its more pretentious rival.

The *Croix* was the first Catholic newspaper to place the cross on its title-page. There were not wanting critics who complained that this would form an obstacle to the circulation of the paper

* "La Bonne Presse, son Organisation et ses Methodes d'Apostolat."

among lapsed Catholics, with whom it was so desirable to get in touch. Most unwillingly, therefore, the directors removed the cross; but from that moment the subscribers began to decrease; in consequence the old title-page was restored, and the paper saved from threatened extinction. In the year 1900, the *Croix* was enlarged from four pages to six, the smaller edition being reserved for purposes of propaganda; and there was issued a weekly illustrated paper, *La Croix Illustrée*, containing what we should consider all the ordinary features of an illustrated Sunday magazine. This was sent, gratis, to all yearly subscribers of the large *Croix*.

It was not to be imagined that the anti-clerical press would permit its vigorous opponent to grow and spread unhindered. A cunningly devised plan was evolved, and in the year 1908 the law confiscated the *Croix's* entire printing establishment. The Catholics of France, however, rose to the occasion; and all classes, from the richest landowner down to the under-paid working-girl, made their offerings. In one week, a company, entitled the Société Jeanne d'Arc, was organized; it repurchased the property for the sum of eighty thousand pounds, and installed the former director, Monsieur Paul Feron Vrau, as their tenant, with a capital of sixty thousand pounds. The enemy, loath to accept defeat, renewed their activity; and a year later the right of possession and title deeds of the *Croix* were attacked. A long and complicated lawsuit ensued; several members of the Parisian journalistic world expressed their indignation at the gross injustice of the proceedings; and, finally, in December of 1909, Monsieur Vrau bought back the proprietorship of the establishment and the Good Press was once more saved from ruin.

The publications of the Maison de la Bonne Presse, at the present time, are as follows: two dailies—the *Croix*, written for the upper and middle classes; the *Peuple Français*, which has lately joined

forces with the Bonne Presse, and is circulated among the working people; and fourteen weeklies, among which may be mentioned, as specially deserving of note, the *Croisade de la Bonne Presse*, a practical and "up-to-date" guide in methods of propaganda; also the *Chronique de la Bonne Presse*, which gives a most useful summary of all the principal articles, of every shade of thought, that have appeared during the preceding week. This work is intended chiefly for priests, and those laymen to whom close acquaintanceship with the latest developments of the press is a necessity. *Cosmos*, another weekly, is a scientific magazine, and claims to be the oldest scientific review in France. It dates back to nineteen years before the first appearance of the *Croix*. *Noël*, the most charming of children's weekly magazines, won the gold medal at the Children's Exhibition in 1901. Its ever-widening circle of readers have lately banded together, and offer their Holy Communion and prayers for those of their number who are preparing for their First Communion. Lastly, there is the *Pèlerin*, now developed into an illustrated magazine, with humorous and instructive articles and stories.

There are also two fortnightly and monthly magazines: *L'Action Catholique*, whose twenty-one closely-printed pages are devoted to social questions; and *L'Eucharistie*, published for the first time last April. This latter is a beautiful little illustrated magazine, and, as its name implies, treats of the interests of the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, with special emphasis on the practice of frequent and daily Communion. It aims, moreover, at giving a detailed account, year by year, of each Eucharistic Congress.

The journalistic staff of this whole enterprise consists of some six hundred persons, besides a vast army of correspondents throughout the country and abroad. There are ten thousand sub-committees, and over fifty thousand promoters and workers. At the secretary's

office is carried on all the executive work of the propaganda. Sometimes as many as two thousand letters are received in a single day; at all hours there are interviews with directors or promoters who are passing through the capital. Here may be found tracts, pamphlets, and books intended especially for school prizes or village libraries. The Bonne Presse has issued an edition of the Gospels, of which more than six hundred thousand copies have been sold. Their most instructive "Petit Catéchisme du Mariage" has also been very widely circulated. Even more popular is the "Catéchisme en Images," with the text clearly printed to face the pictures.

It is evident that such an organization requires a firm substantial basis; yet it can not boast of possessing strong financial support; for the cross of poverty has shadowed its footsteps, from the day of its humble beginning down to the present time. The secret of its prosperity is prayer — constant, confident prayer, — Masses, and Holy Communions. The great association of prayer is the Ligue de l'Ave Maria, whose express objects are to obtain the divine assistance for all the undertakings of the Good Press, to pray for the return to God of the entire country, for elections, for fellowship among Catholics, and for the extension of the Good Press by every possible means.

The wonderfully ingenious methods adopted for the diffusion of the Good Press, in widely differing localities, shows the superiority of the French mind over the Anglo-Saxon in its power of adaptation to local needs and peculiarities. No detail is beneath consideration; no willing helper rejected, whatever may be his social station. As a general rule, the central committee, having ascertained that a meeting would be likely to have favorable results in a certain town or village, write and ask the curé if a delegate may be sent there. The reply is always a ready affirmative, though suggestions are frequent. "He must have the zeal of an

apostle, even of a saint," writes one curé. Sometimes the visit is regarded as a form of amusement, and on one occasion the following announcement was made at Mass on the previous Sunday: "There will be a grand entertainment to-morrow at eight o'clock. Entrance free!" It was hardly surprising that, on the arrival of the delegate and his companion one snowy winter's evening, they were greeted with exclamations of: "Here are the theatrical gentlemen!"

It is important, in order that the conferences may be well attended, that circulars be sent out beforehand, each sealed in an envelope with a penny stamp, so as to avoid the risk of being cast aside unread. Every parishioner who is not avowedly anti-clerical is invited to the opening meeting. The speaker generally provides himself with a portfolio of up-to-date press cuttings and pictures; so in many instances he is able to give his hearers undisputed proof that even their own cherished newspaper is under the direction of the enemies of Christianity. The next step is to find persons who are willing to devote themselves, so far as individual circumstances permit, to the apostolate of the press. The women are bidden to kneel at the foot of their crucifix, and examine their consciences as to how they have accomplished this duty in the past, and what they can do for the future; nor must they think that by prayer, however earnest, they have fulfilled all their obligations.

The second meeting is of a more intimate character, and invitations are sent only to those persons who have offered themselves for the propaganda. A local committee is formed, whenever possible, before the departure of the delegate; or if not, as soon after as can be arranged, before enthusiasm has had time to evaporate. The members choose a director, whose office it is to organize meetings, and receive the daily budget of papers, unless it is so large that it must be sent by train; in which case

messengers go to the station, sort the consignment, and then immediately set off on their rounds. No committee is recognized by the head office unless it takes a minimum of ten weekly or five daily papers. The matter of the distribution often presents serious difficulties to a small, struggling committee; but at the outset it is always best to give it in charge of voluntary workers. A pleasant smile and polite bow will often win a fresh subscriber, where the messenger might be turned away. Later on, when the propaganda is established, a man who is temporarily out of work may be found to whom the job of distributing will be a godsend.

Every year a strenuous house-to-house propaganda takes place, and is carried out either by the Chevaliers de la Croix, boys of fifteen years and upward, most of whom are usually members of the flourishing Association de la Jeunesse Catholique; or by associates of the two women's leagues, La Ligue des Femmes Françaises and La Ligue Patriotique des Françaises, both of which devote a large portion of their energies to the promotion of the Good Press. For several consecutive days, the newspapers, together with a circular explaining the motives for subscribing to them, are left at each house. On the following Sunday the promoter, with a list of former subscribers in his hands, pays a polite visit to each of the parishioners. "Would Monsieur like to glance at the names of those who subscribe to the *Croix*?" He does so, and his eye rests upon the name of no less a magnate than Monsieur X., the influential banker. Where he leads the way, it is not for Monsieur P., the humble little tobacconist, to hesitate; and so a fresh reader is won for the *Croix*. The two leagues also undertake to work up a whole district in search of new recruits, visiting every hamlet and village in turn.

Sometimes the propaganda is carried on by the "Pages of Christ," the pretty name of little boys of from eight to

fifteen years of age. They may be seen standing at the church doors after Sunday Mass, their bundle of papers neatly folded in a little satchel suspended from the shoulders; or they may be heard calling them in the streets. Diplomas of merit are awarded to any "Page of Christ" who has especially distinguished himself by his zeal; and also to those distributors who have accomplished five years of exemplary service.

An account is given of a certain parish where the work of the Good Press seemed to be at a standstill, and the people sunk in indifference. The priest was in despair, when it was suggested to him to enlist the services of the children. A committee of boys, and another of girls were formed, and the streets divided amongst them. Every morning the little ones heard Mass and offered their prayers for the propaganda; then, full of energy and enthusiasm, they started forth, and many a householder who had not scrupled to shut the door in the face of the regular agent found himself unable to resist the winning appeal of the little messenger. In six months the list had eight hundred new subscribers.

Frequently the director of a mission will establish the *Croix* in the parish he is visiting. An Assumption Father relates that on one occasion he found half a dozen persons who were patronizing the so-called neutral paper. On Sunday morning he collected twelve copies of this dangerous journal, and twelve of the *Croix* of corresponding dates. He next marked with blue pencil all the bad paragraphs in the former paper, and the good in the latter; then he underlined the commercial news in the *Croix*. Out of the twenty-four papers, in three instances the *Croix* had the advantage; the remainder were equal. Then he called a meeting of the men, explained what he had done, and asked each of them to name any subject in which he was interested. In each case the *Croix* and the neutral paper gave identical reports.

A few large towns are fortunate enough to possess a bureau of the Bonne Presse, where may be purchased their papers, magazines, tracts, books, and picture postcards; and in many places the Ligue des Femmes Françaises have established depots for this purpose. Here and there the tradespeople have been induced to sell the papers, but it is difficult to persuade them to stock newspapers which may not have a ready sale.

In addition to the central committees, diocesan and departmental committees have been instituted. These are constituted on a very simple plan, with a president, secretary, and treasurer, chosen if possible from the same town, so as to facilitate intercourse. From this small executive are sent promoters and speakers throughout the communes, each under the supervision of the departmental director. Their work is to make an exact documentary report of the position held by the Good Press in every town and village, and to arouse the indifferent to a consciousness of the danger in their supineness. Their visit is frequently of great benefit to the local committee. Perhaps it is the halfpenny subscription of the Ligue de l'Ave Maria which has fallen into abeyance, and the messenger of the Bonne Presse goes from village to village, looking up the associates; and at the end of the week he is able to present the curé with a note for twenty francs, which is a god-send to his poverty-stricken little committee. Two or three times a year a general meeting or congress is held; and all the directors and promoters are invited to attend the annual general congress which takes place at Paris in the month of October.

We must not omit to mention another department of the Maison de la Bonne Presse, which is given up to lantern slides, cinematograph and phonograph apparatus, and photography. It has been found that many a man who would refuse the *Croix* will gladly come to a conference illustrated by these slides; and

the cinematograph and phonograph, both of which are noted instruments for evil on the Continent, are also here turned to good account. Among the representations used are the whole history of the Passion, a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and the life of Blessed Joan of Arc. The photographic section, besides supplying the illustrations for the numerous magazines and papers, sends specimens of its work to exhibitions of fine art.

The progress of the Maison de la Bonne Presse may be considered wonderfully successful, in spite of the many difficulties which are being encountered in Paris. The light-hearted and frivolous-minded Parisian is very hard to arouse to a serious view of life. Every step of the forward march has been won by a life-and-death struggle. "Journalism," observed Louis Veuillot, "is a torture, day and night." There is no rest for the Catholic journalist. "Ever at his post on the ramparts, and only too frequently at the open breach, he must quickly perceive the danger which is approaching, so as to be able to protect his companions, and receive the blows intended for their shoulders. He will be misunderstood, forsaken, sometimes even attacked by those very persons whom he has been straining every effort to defend." Many of the correspondents are men whose days are spent in strenuous professional duties; every evening they are in the office, and often do not leave until four o'clock in the morning.

The story is told of one man who, in spite of exceptionally long hours of work, devoted his evenings to the general secretaryship of the Bonne Presse. Winter and summer, he was always at his post; and when reproached for overtaxing his strength he used to reply: "Until we have given up our lives for a good cause, we have done nothing." At last one night he was absent. The tired body had given way under the double strain; he had gone to receive the reward promised to the faithful servant.

One serious obstacle to the spread of the Catholic press is the indifference and ignorance of even practising Catholics. Unfortunately, it often requires three or even six months' close study before proof can be obtained of the poisonous character of a particular magazine or journal. The law in France allows the paper, and even the articles it contains, to be attacked, provided certain easy precautions are observed; but if the name of the editor or correspondent is mentioned, it constitutes a libel. The danger from the neutral paper is so insidious that, at the general meeting of missionaries at Paris in 1908, a resolution was passed to the effect that, at the close of each mission, it should be the duty of every missionary to establish a committee of the Good Press.

There is, however, a brighter side to this somewhat depressing outlook. In one place a poor working-woman, seventy-five years of age, distributed a hundred and ten papers every month; and another woman, of the same age or thereabouts, delivered twenty-seven in one day; while two dressmakers devoted their Sunday afternoon recreation to taking round magazines. No season of the year, no hour of the day, is inopportune to the zealous promoter. A stray number is left in the railway carriage, in busses and cabs, or on the tables at the café. It is sent regularly, and gratis, to the hotels, where it lies side by side with its bitterest enemy. It is an encouraging sight to see young men and boys, at the most sensitive age, going from house to house with their packets of papers, and braving the ridicule and sarcasm of their companions.

On rare occasions, for the worker of the *Bonne Presse* is seldom daunted, a promoter will complain of the small results that he has obtained. In reply he is asked one question: "Have you undertaken this work for personal gratification or to please God?" For, to quote the words of Monsieur Paul Feron Vrau: "God does not ask for success, but for work."

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

WHEN Madeleine released herself and walked swiftly away from the woman with whom she had been so strangely brought into contact, the sense of faintness which had seized her before, and which seemed to have its origin in a species of mental nausea, returned almost overpoweringly; and she had time only to enter the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and there sink into one of the low chairs near the altar, before blackness closed around her.

Yet she did not altogether lose consciousness; for it was more a spiritual than a physical condition. Material objects were indeed blotted out for a moment—even the light which told of the mystical Presence in the tabernacle,—but a deeper darkness seemed to envelop her soul. Passionate anger rose within her like a torrent; passionate rebellion against the fate that had marred her life; passionate disgust and revolt at the thought that she was in reality still the wife of the man the mere sound of whose voice filled her with shuddering horror, and who had given her place to another woman. Her unexpected pity for that woman did not lessen the sense of degradation which contact with her had roused,—the degradation which a high, pure nature feels in being dragged, however involuntarily, into connection with things base and unworthy. And this intrusion into her life of people whom she had vainly thought to put away from her memory and forget, brought not only a resurgence of all the hideous memories of the past, but also an intense realization of her true position, under which her soul seemed to sink in helpless, rebellious despair. It was as if an infernal voice was whispering to her: "You thought yourself free, and you are bound—bound by a tie which

nothing can break, to all you most abhor. And *that* is what your new faith has brought you!"

After the wonderful peace she had known, this terrible invasion of the powers of evil, this awakening of the forces of passion that are dormant in every human soul, proved more than she could resist. She sank upon her knees; but to pray was impossible, unless the dumb cry of the soul, in its agony of pain and revolt, rose to God as prayer. And she was still kneeling, her face buried in her hands, when a touch upon her shoulder made her start violently and look up, her heart leaping like a wild thing in her breast with the fear of what face she might see.

But it was only Nina's kind, anxious face that was bent toward her, and Nina's voice that whispered:

"I have come to tell you that if you don't mind staying here a little longer than usual, instead of going out to *déjeuner*, it—it will be best. There are some people in Chartres whom you would not like to meet, and so—"

Madeleine nodded.

"I understand," she murmured in reply. "I have seen them. I will stay here until you tell me that they are gone."

"I think they are going soon," Nina assured her. "There's an immense automobile waiting for them at the hotel door. I'll watch and let you know as soon as they have left."

"Thank you!" Madeleine replied; and then, as Nina moved away, her face went down again into her hands, and again all the waves of bitterness rolled over her soul.

It was perhaps an hour later that the touch came once more on her shoulder, and Nina's voice said in her ear:

"They are safely gone. Come now! You must be nearly famished. Let us go and get our *déjeuner*."

Although *déjeuner* was the last thing of which she was conscious of any need, Madeleine rose immediately and followed

the speaker from the chapel. For the first time she had a sense of relief in leaving the Cathedral and finding herself in the open air. The awful consciousness of bondage and shame which had fallen upon her there seemed somewhat lifted as she came out into the sun-flooded *place*, and looked across at the hotel door, where the great touring car of which Nina had spoken had stood a little while before, and from which it was now vanished—as those whom it carried had vanished out of her life.

"I will not think of them again," she told herself. "It is too hideous to be true that I am still bound to that man. I will not believe it. I am—I must be—free!"

She drew a deep breath, as of one who flings off an intolerable load, which made her companion glance at her curiously. But something in the expression of the pale, set face kept Nina from asking any questions; and it was not until the delayed *déjeuner* was over, and they were resting at ease in their apartment—for neither seemed to think of going out again,—that Madeleine herself spoke of the morning's occurrence.

"How did you chance to see those people?" she asked. "And did—any one recognize you?"

"I'm afraid he did," Nina answered, knowing for whom "any one" stood in Madeleine's mind. "It was most unlucky, but just the way things happen in life. As it chanced, I went out this morning without waiting for the mail; and, suddenly needing some paints I had ordered from Paris, I thought I would run over and see what the *facteur* had left for me. I found my paints and a letter; and I was on my way back, reading the last, when I almost ran into a man who came out of the church door just as I was about to enter it. When I looked up, I saw that he was staring oddly at me, and then I recognized him. It was George Raynor."

"Did you say anything?"

"I—say anything to *him*? Certainly not. I met his eyes for a moment; and then, without a sign of recognition, I passed on. But of course he knew me, just as I knew him."

"Of course he would know you," Madeleine agreed; and then she was silent until Nina, overcome with anxious curiosity, asked:

"And you—did he see you?"

"Thank God, no!" Madeleine answered. "He did not see my face, because I turned my back when I heard the party approaching, and neither did I see his. But I heard his voice! And, O Nina—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Is there anything more dreadful than the sound of a voice that you—hate? And what an awful thing hatred is! It fills the soul with such deadly, sickening force! I have felt it before (*he* has made me feel it), but I have been so happily at peace of late that I had almost forgotten what it was like. Yet in a moment—when I heard those odious tones that were so familiar, and brought such a tide of horrible memories—it all rushed back upon me with an intensity that almost made me faint."

"But you didn't faint?"

"Oh, no, I didn't! I suppose I wasn't really in danger of doing so. But the storm of emotion seized me so suddenly that I seemed to have no power of resistance, and it was as if soul and body both went down before it. I don't know what I should have done if I had continued to hear his voice. But he soon went away (no doubt that was when you met him), and the others remained."

Again Nina glanced at her curiously.

"Did you know the others?" she asked.

"No," Madeleine answered slowly,—
"that is, I had never seen any of them before; but I knew much of one—she who was Mrs. Trevis and is now called Mrs. George Raynor."

Nina made an inarticulate exclamation, and then she inquired:

"How did you recognize her?"

"He was speaking to her, and his tone told me who she was. You see, I had heard just such tones so often. Then, when he went away, she sent the others—some girl and a man—off together, and she sat down beside me."

"And?"

"And presently began to talk. I could not refuse to answer her, without betraying what I did not wish to betray; and—and, Nina, it was soon clear to me that she is a miserable woman."

"I hope so," said Nina, vindictively. "She certainly deserves to be."

"Yes, I suppose she deserves to be," Madeleine assented. "But when one comes into contact with misery, one must be sorry for it even when it is deserved."

"I don't believe I could ever be sorry for her. You don't mean to say that you are?"

"I don't know exactly what I am now, but while I talked to her I was certainly sorry. Her unhappiness was so evident, and her philosophy of life—if one could dignify it by such a name—so deplorable. To seize what you want at whatever cost to any one else, and without any law of right or justice; and not to endure anything unpleasant a moment longer than a way can be found to fling it off,—she did not hesitate to say that those are her rules of conduct. And what else but misery could they bring?"

"They brought her at least what she wanted; and I, for one, can't sympathize with her if she finds the result not altogether agreeable. But if her rule is not to endure anything a moment after it becomes unpleasant, why does she continue to endure George Raynor? Even in the glance I cast at him, I could see that he was in one of his worst tempers."

"I believe she would have told me that, or anything else, if I had given her any encouragement to do so. But, on the contrary, I got away as soon as possible."

"I should think you would have,

indeed! I never heard anything so—
incredible as that she should have come
to you for sympathy in her troubles."

"Don't you know that when people
feel the need of expression—and undisci-
plined natures feel it very strongly—
they often speak to a stranger more freely
than they would to one whom they know?
And I was a stranger to her."

"Did she make no effort to find out
who you were?"

"Yes: she asked my name; but I
declined to give it, and hurried away.
Then there came over me again the
sense of faintness that I had felt before;
and I was barely able to enter the chapel
where you found me, and sit down,
before I lost consciousness, for a moment
at least."

"I had been looking for you for some
time," Nina said, "and I was beginning
to be very anxious, when I glanced for
the second time into that chapel and
saw you there. It was a horrid experi-
ence. I don't wonder you felt faint.
But, thank Heaven, it's all over and done
with now!"

"Ah, but that is what it isn't!" Made-
leine cried in a tone of such keen anguish
that the other started. "Don't you see—
don't you understand—that if I am still
that man's wife, it can never be over and
done with for me?"

"Madeleine!" (Nina's tone was angry
now as well as started.) "How can you
say such a thing? How can you still be
the man's wife when you have not only
divorced him but when he has given that
place to another woman?"

Madeleine looked at her with wide, dark
eyes full of pain.

"The question is, whether I had the
power to divorce him, or he the power to
take another wife. It all rests on that,
you know; and the Catholic Church says
that neither I nor he had such power.
If this is so, then it is not the unhappy
woman to whom I was talking who is his
wife, but I—I, who am even more
unhappy!"

"You are distracted—or morbid,
which is equally bad!" Nina told her.
"I've known all the time what would be
the result of your infatuation with the
Catholic Church, and now you perceive
it. It was easy to talk of accepting the
rigid laws of that religion, but I doubt
if you have ever before realized to what
you would be dooming yourself by accept-
ing them."

"You are right: I haven't realized it
before," Madeleine said in a tone of
despair. "I have been so happy, conscious
only of peace and rest in the light of faith
which came to me, that I have given
little thought to the change this faith
would make in my position. No doubt
this seems very stupid to you; and I can
explain it only by saying that I had been
so long accustomed to the belief that I
was free, that even though I was prepared
to accept the teaching of the Church about
the indissolubility of marriage, I didn't
bring it home to myself—didn't, as you
have said, realize that, instead of being
free, I am still hopelessly bound. But at
the first sound of that detested voice, this
realization rushed upon me with the force
of an electric shock. Those tones, with
their dreadful associations, not only
recalled all the suffering of the past, but
it was as if they were addressed to me,
as if they claimed me, as if they were
reminding me that he was still—still—
O Nina, I can not express it, but the horror
was beyond words!"

"This is worse than morbid," Nina
declared with energy: "it is positive
madness. You must put such thoughts
out of your mind; and, above all, you
must cease to regard what the Catholic
Church says on the subject of divorce.
It is as I told you when you first spoke
to me on the subject: in your position
you can't afford to become a Catholic.
It is not to be thought of."

"You talk," said Madeleine, in the
same despairing tone, "as if it were a
matter of choice with me."

"And isn't it a matter of choice?"

Haven't you deliberately encouraged the fancy, and allowed your imagination to be completely captivated by the poetical and artistic appeals which that faith knows so well how to make? But you see that it won't do. You can't accept the position in which it would place you—that of a woman bound to a man who is free."

"You make a good devil's advocate," Madeleine said; "though of course you don't mean to be so. All that you suggest, and more besides, came to me as I knelt in the church trying to pray and unable to do so. And, in the horror of the thought of being still bound to that man, the mere sound of whose voice had filled me with loathing, I felt, for the first time, a revulsion against the Catholic Church. All the attraction of which you have spoken vanished, all the peace that I thought I had found fled from my soul, and I was conscious only of passionate revolt against the idea that any tie still exists between George Raynor and myself."

Nina nodded approvingly.

"I hope you will continue to feel that way," she said. "It is the only sensible view to take. And you must forgive me if I add that I'm glad he crossed your path again, since it has helped you to understand your position, and to realize how impossible it is for you to enter the Catholic Church."

Madeleine did not contradict this positive statement; indeed, she did not speak at all for several minutes, but sat with her hands clasped behind her head, gazing out of the window at the great front of the Cathedral across the *place*. Her eyes were full of infinite sadness, and the same sadness was in her tone when she presently said:

"I feel as if I had been allowed a glimpse into heaven, and then the door had been shut in my face. It isn't so much that I am unwilling to pay the penalty of becoming a Catholic—heavy as that penalty would be,—but the desire

to enter the Church seems to have left me. And yet if I lose the light of that vision which appeared to open the way to such wonderful things; what is to become of me? What am I to do with my life?"

"You can fill it with something better and more satisfying than mystical visions," Nina replied promptly. "Some warm human happiness is what you need to make you forget all the morbid ideas which have been born of loneliness and pain. I'm quite sure of that."

"I am sure of nothing except that I am tired, deadly tired, in soul as well as in body," Madeleine said wearily.

"Necessarily you feel wretchedly, after such a nervous shock," Nina told her. "The best thing for you is to go and lie down. Rest will do you more good than anything else."

"What are you going to do?"

"I shall answer the letter I received this morning. It is from Dick Carruthers, whom you liked so much in Paris, you remember?"

"I remember: the clever young painter, whom you would not admit was in love with you."

"We have something else to do, he and I, besides falling in love," returned Nina, loftily. "We are simply good comrades, good friends, as two men might be. You don't understand the modern point of view, Madeleine. You are really very old-fashioned in your ideas."

"Perhaps I am," Madeleine assented indifferently, as she rose from her chair; and then adding, "I think I will take your advice about lying down for a little while," she moved away.

Nina looked after her with rather an odd expression; and when the portière had fallen over the door through which the slight figure disappeared, she drew from her pocket a letter and opened it, frowning slightly as she did so.

"It hardly seems as if it could have been a mere coincidence that I was reading

this when I ran into George Raynor," she remarked to herself, as her eyes, passing down the written page, found and rested on a certain paragraph which said:

"Since it appears that you have no intention of returning to Paris at any time in the near future, I have decided to run over to Chartres and see what you are about. Painting the Cathedral sounds a very large undertaking, and it may be necessary to curb your vaulting ambition by a little friendly criticism. You may, therefore, look for me very soon. And perhaps it is as well to add that I shall have with me a man who is extremely anxious to meet your friend Mrs. Raynor. He saw her picture—you remember the head I sketched of her?—in my studio, and recognized it at once; and, from the pressing nature of his inquiries, it was soon apparent that his chief, if not sole, business on this side of the water is to renew his acquaintance, or possibly more than acquaintance, with her. I wonder if you know anything about him? He is an American, and his name is John Maitland. I met him accidentally only a few weeks ago; but he is a very likable fellow, and so we have grown rather intimate. I was doubtful about giving him Mrs. Raynor's address, since it seems that she left America so abruptly and mysteriously that the inference was that she did not wish her whereabouts to be known. But there can be no objection to his accompanying me to visit an interesting old city, and see a Cathedral which is a great monument of art."

Nina laughed at this point.

"How like Dick!" she observed.

Then her glance, too, wandered through the window to the noble church which dominated the view, and she spoke aloud as if to a living personality:

"I believe I do know something about Mr. John Maitland," she said. "If I am right, he has arrived at the psychological moment, and I think his influence will probably make an end of yours."

(To be continued.)

A Joy that Never Ends.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE Western sky fast held for me,
Before the young leaves came,
A gleaming cross with arms held wide
And sunset light aflame.

But as the gentle leaves pushed through
They hid my gleaming cross;
I loved the leaves, and did not feel
How grievous was my loss.

Sweet April caused me to forget
The sign that far on high was set.
Oh, sad the little splash of rain
Upon my window panel

The leaves are gone, and far and near
Through ev'ry lonely day
The feeble sunbeams seek and hide,
And try their best to play.

The flowers are but ghosts that lie
With hope and color gone,
But in the West my gleaming cross
Is bravely shining on!

The leaves were only Summer friends,
The cross a joy that never ends.
Oh, sweet the fierce December rain
Upon my window panel

A Heroine of Our Own Land.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

III.

WHO can realize the condition of the lonely party imprisoned by the side of this frozen lake, piled deep with snow! Try to imagine the routine of such a life, day after day, week after week, month after month. When the wanderers first established their camp and built their rude log-houses, thinking their stay was only temporary, they slew their cattle, drying and smoking the meat for food. Finding it difficult, in their enfeebled condition, to make boards and shingles to roof them in, they stretched the hides of their slain animals to act as roofs, and thus provide shelter from the falling

snow. But day by day, as their provisions gave out, and the heavens poured down their white feathery flowers, they found a new use for the hides. They were compelled to cut them into strips, and boil them as long as there was the slightest particle of nutriment to be extracted therefrom. Then they chewed and finally swallowed the tissues, in the attempt to appease their ravenous hunger.

There was no game to be shot for their relief, for the snows were too deep for any animal to traverse; and even if there had been game, it would have been almost impossible for them, in their weak condition, to have followed it, or brought it home had they successfully hunted it. No bird flew through the wintry solitudes. It was nothing but snow, snow, snow in every direction, save in the heavens above, where shone day by day the pitiless sun; the only variation being periods of cold and storm and tempest, when the snowflakes came down either gently and silently, or in dazzling whirls, only to make their imprisonment more ruthlessly secure.

To tell the story of the ensuing months of the imprisonment of this little band is beyond the power of human pen. No imagination can conceive it; no pen, not even that of a master, write it. Men, women, and children alike died; and when all other provisions were gone, the life of the survivors was sustained, in some cases, by partaking of the flesh of those who had perished.

Is it not a proof that man is a child of God, and directly sustained by the Infinite, when we find that he can live through months of such terrors as these? And should we not be less than human if we judged harshly the fact that, in their desperation and despair, this party of stricken ones did things the thought of which ordinarily fills men with horror? Personally, I have nothing but compassion for them; pity and sympathy as deep as the foundations of my nature. Whatever they did in the delirium and

dread horror of their desperate and apparently hopeless condition, calls forth no condemnation from my heart.

Among the families who had early built a cabin which afforded some shelter was that of a Mr. Patrick Breen. This man was a devout, earnest, simple-hearted and sincere Catholic. Even when his cabin was completely buried ten or twenty feet in the snow, this true-hearted Christian father daily read the prayers of the Church, and begged the protection of Almighty God for his helpless wife and little ones. Little twelve-year-old Virginia Reed, her heart made tender by the loss of her father and the fearful hardships she and her mother had undergone, felt herself peculiarly drawn to this patriarchal priest of his household, and took part in the family devotions. When it was too dark to read without artificial light, Virginia, anxious to show her appreciation of what she was receiving in this Christian home, begged to be allowed to hold the pine-splinter candles that gave to Mr. Breen the light he needed for reading the prayers.

And it was while under these awful conditions that Virginia made a vow to Almighty God—not a human soul knowing anything about it save herself—that, if He in His goodness would allow them to escape from their frightful condition, she would become a Catholic, and endeavor to be a sincere Christian throughout her whole life.

She had been brought up as a Protestant in her home at Springfield, Illinois; but on one occasion she and two or three of her playmates had ventured inside the Catholic church. It happened that Mass was being celebrated at the time, and when the tender-hearted child heard the tinkling of the bell and saw the elevation of the Host—though, of course, it meant nothing to her childish mind,—it made an impression upon her that she was never afterward able to forget. There was something, too, about the stately solemnity of the music that appealed to her; and, in telling me this story several

years ago, she said that, though it was but a half-formed childish conception, her desire to be a Catholic really dated from that time.

When she returned home she told her mother, as a dutiful child should, where she had been. Her mother, while she could not conscientiously commend the action of her daughter, uttered no protest against it; and when, a few weeks later, Virginia asked for permission to go again to the Catholic church, her mother expressed her willingness if her father had no objection. He, being a man of broad culture for those days, said that his little girl might go where her heart was attracted. And thereafter, until the party left for California, Virginia was occasionally in attendance at the Catholic church. Hence it will be seen that God had quietly been leading her to the step she was eventually to take.

It is impossible here to give anything but the briefest outline of the escape of the survivors of this fearful winter. George Donner and his wife died, leaving three little girls, who afterward reached California in safety, and one of whom is still living. Several rescue parties were sent over from California, even before the survivors of the "Forlorn Hope" had gained their way to the California settlement.

The first of these parties was organized as the result of a most singular and mysterious occurrence. The alcalde, or justice of the peace, near Sutter's Fort—an American named Sinclair,—had a remarkable dream, in which he saw these people imprisoned in the snow, many of them lying around dead, some of the survivors eating the flesh of those who had perished. The whole dream was so intensely real and so vividly appalling to him, that on the strength of it alone he organized a small band of brave and hardy mountaineers, who determined to go to the relief of the ill-fated party.

When one considers the circumstances; this must be accounted one of the most

remarkable rescues ever attempted in American history. How did Mr. Sinclair know where to guide his band? The snowy wastes of the Sierras extended for hundreds of miles. What a wild-goose chase it must have seemed to the ordinary hard-headed, non-imaginative man! What a tremendous force must have controlled the heart of Mr. Sinclair, to enable him to imbue his companions with his own spirit of determination and courage, and lead them to face the dangers and perils of the snow-covered Sierras! Yet all this was done, and in due time the rescuers reached the desolate and forlorn remnant of the party at Donner Lake.

There now, however, arose another peril, which surrounded the rescuers as well as those they had come to rescue. A great fall of snow occurred, and the newcomers were barely able to escape with their own lives, though the provisions they brought with them did help to prolong the lives of the starving party.

In the meantime what had happened to Mr. Reed, from the time when his grieving family found themselves no longer in his footsteps? It was later learned that he had safely crossed the mountains, to find the whole body of the American settlers in a state of uproar and insurrection against the Mexican Government. It was in vain that he pleaded for help to go and rescue his wife and children, as well as the members of the band who, he felt, had treated him so unjustly. All the horses and pack-mules had been levied upon by General Fremont, and Mr. Reed could get neither men nor animals. Being thus helpless, there was nothing for him to do but to join the band of his fellow-countrymen and help them fight for their liberties. He had the promise of the leaders that, as soon as the conflict was settled, men and animals should be provided to accompany him to the rescue. Hence he had to wait several months, fighting in a war of whose merits he knew little; while at the same time he was eating out his heart in dread of

the misfortunes that might befall those whose lives were dearer to him than his own.

The time of his release, however, came at last. He was able to get away, after winning the highest approval of his officers; and he hastened to organize a band to push over the mountain snows to the relief of his loved ones. It seems like the irony of Fate that it was the rescue party headed by him, the banished leader, that brought the relief which led to the rescue of the forty survivors of those who had so heartlessly banished him.

That rescue, however, was as yet by no means accomplished. The snow fiend seemed determined not to let one solitary victim escape. Storm after storm swept down upon the rescuers, jeopardizing their own lives and making escape almost impossible. But at length the time came when God said: "It is enough!" The rescue was accomplished, and all the survivors finally reached the sunny land of California.

Mr. C. F. McGlashan, in his "History of the Donner Party," thus touchingly tells the story of the arrival of the three orphan children of George Donner:

"When the sunshine gladdened the Sacramento Valley, three little barefooted girls walked here and there among the homes and tents of Sutter's Fort. They were scantily clothed, and one carried a thin blanket. At night they said their prayers, lay down in whatever tent they happened to be, and, folding the blanket about them, fell asleep in one another's arms. When they were hungry they asked food of whomsoever they met. If any one inquired who they were, they answered, as their mother had taught them: 'We are the children of Mr. and Mrs. George Donner.' But they added something which they had learned since: 'And our parents are dead.'"

Some years ago there was a movement on foot to make a pleasure resort of Donner Lake. Mrs. Murphy, our heroine, in telling me of this movement, wrote the following

words, showing how the memory of those awful months in the snow still lingered with her even after this long lapse of years:

"Donner Lake a pleasure resort! Can you understand for one moment how strange this seems to me? I must be as old as Haggard's 'She,' since I have lived to see our papers make such a statement. It is years since I was there, yet I can feel the cold and hunger that we suffered, and hear the moan of the pines,—those grand old trees that used to tell me when a storm was brewing, and seemed to be almost the only things there alive, as the snow was ever silent. But, now that the place is a pleasure resort, the moan of the pines should cease."

(Conclusion next week.)

A Home-Coming.

BY JANE PURCELL.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE shelter was a cave made by nature in the mountain-side; and, though small, it was dry and safe, and even warm. The straw, with the rug over it, made a better bed than many the wanderer had known away in America; and only for his sore heart he would have looked forward to a good night's rest. He had gladly accepted the straw; but when she returned and spread out the supper, he drew back,

"No, thank you kindly!" he said. "Peter Devin drove me from his door, and I'll not take a crumb of his, however hungry I may be."

The woman flushed in the darkness.

"You can eat your fill," she replied. "This is no sup or crumb of his. 'Tis my own supper I've brought you, and that was hard earned, I can tell you."

The man stretched out his hand and took the can.

"God will reward you, child," he said huskily. "I'll take it then, and blessings on you!"

There was silence for a moment, whilst he ate; and then she began to question him:

"How is it you knew your way up here?"

But, instead of answering, he also asked a question:

"Tell me now, if it had been your husband and not his father there below, would he have hunted me because he took me for a beggar?"

"Jim have hunted you!" she cried,— "my Jim! Why, he wouldn't turn out a lame sea crow, much less a man who asked help for God's sake."

"Did you tell him, then, what you'd done?" asked the stranger.

"Tell him!" The girl's face fell, and the sad expression that was habitual to it deepened. "Would to God I could tell him, but isn't there many a weary mile between him and me this night!"

"How's that?" said the other quickly.

Again the girl flushed.

"'Twas because of his marrying me," she explained half shyly. "We thought, once it was done, the father would come round. But Jim didn't know him, after all his lifetime, as I know him now." (She sighed bitterly.) "The other boys are like the father: they're wild to get away out of this. Jim's the only one that has his heart in Gortneighragh; and when they had no one to keep house for them below, we thought the old man would let me in. But not a bit of it. If Jim had married a girl with a big fortune instead of me who hadn't a shilling, 'twould have been different. Well there was nothing for it but for him to go out to one of his uncles in the States."

The speaker did not notice how the old man started. Presently she resumed:

"But he's not had much luck, somehow. Times were hard there too, and work was slack. Then he didn't get his health; and small wonder, when his heart was here all the while. 'Tis only this while back he began to save at all, and he's gone better than four long years." And she brushed away a tear.

"So he left you with his father whilst he went over the water to earn?"

"Indeed, no. He left me with my own mother, God be good to her poor soul! His father would have nothing to do with me. But when my mother died, for the sake of the children he brought us here; and hard I've toiled for him and them ever since. There's many a time when I'm very sad and tempted to give up in despair. But then I place all in the heart of the Blessed Virgin, and I get new life."

"How long will Jim be absent?" asked the stranger.

"Till he has saved a hundred pounds," replied Kathleen. "But—God help us!—'tis a tedious job, saving money. That was the amount of Nellie Dore's fortune. She it was the old man had set his mind on. Jim promised him to bring home her hundred pounds, if he'd give him the holding over to Drinagh there." (She pointed through the darkness in the direction of the upper bay.) "And the old man won't go back on his word when the money's there. I'll say that much in his favor. What odds is it to him if it be her money or mine? And 'tis mine it will be," she added, with a smile; "for 'tis to me my Jim will bring it."

And so, in this roundabout way, James Devin learned the history of his own people. He remembered now how, even when he had been the one to go, Peter envied him. Peter had always been ambitious, yet somehow it had been he who was to stay and keep the home. James Devin was glad, as he lay there an outcast on a bed of straw, to find so much excuse for his brother. Peter, too, had had a hard struggle, and it had embittered him. This soothed the ache in the heart of the wanderer come home; this, and the thought that ~~one~~ of his name had given him shelter when he needed it,—given it in the best way she was able, and had vouched for her husband's being ready to give it too.

He was gone in the morning when Kathleen went up to the cave with his

breakfast; and, though for the moment she reproached herself with having spoken so freely to a stranger, she soon forgot him in the stress of her everyday tasks.

Two months later there was again the sound of unfamiliar footsteps in the boreen leading down to Devins'; but this time Fly's bark brought no more formidable figure to the door than young Mrs. Devin; for it was early still, and all the men were out at work. This newcomer was more alert than the last one. The wicket gate was already open, and Kathleen, with one look, one cry of joy, was in his arms. It was Jim. Her husband had come home. The twins were strange at first with the father they could not remember, but at last there was time for questions and for answers.

"And you've come home for good and all, avick?" said Kathleen, clinging to him as though nothing should ever separate them again. "Then you've got the money in this little while, after all?"

"No, I didn't get the money," answered Jim, with a twinkle in his eye that belied his feigned seriousness. Then, taking a letter from his pocket, he dropped it on his wife's knee. "I didn't get it: I only brought the order for it—to you."

"To me!" Kathleen took up the packet wonderingly, not understanding what he meant. "But, Jim astore, we always had that settled! You were to save up the money and give it to himself as my fortune."

"Well, now you can give it yourself; for 'tis yours to give, not mine," said Jim; and then, throwing his arms about her, he drew her to his heart. "It is your own, acushla,—your very own. Not a penny of it is mine nor his, nor anybody's only yours."

Then, collecting himself, he told his story. Five weeks ago an old man had come to his lodgings, looking for him. He had the address written for him by the postmistress of the office on the cross-roads of Gortneighragh, and he said it was straight from there he had come. He

gave his name. He, too, was James Devin, and he was the younger man's uncle. He told how, after years of lonely toil and unsuccessful struggle he had at last succeeded in making a small fortune,—enough to enable him to live in comfort, if there was a corner for him in the old home. But he did not want to go where nothing but his money was welcome; and the old coat and boots he had worn when he went to look round were an easy disguise over his decent suit.

Then he told of the greetings he had received. On the one he touched lightly,—Peter was his brother, after all; on the other he dwelt lingeringly. He spoke with tears of the woman who had found him on the mountain-side, who had given him shelter, who had fed him with her own supper, and who had told him all her story. He did not wish to return to Connemara. The sentiment that had hung over it in his memory all these years had been rudely dispelled. He would remain in the States. But if his nephew and namesake hungered for those bleak, bare hills—well, what was there to keep him from them? Money? Yes: a little fortune for the young woman who had befriended the stranger for God's sake. A few hundred dollars were all, she had said, that stood between her and happiness. Young Jim Devin smoothed out the papers that his wife held wonderingly. What were they? One, the title deed of the best farm on Gortneighragh; the other, a bank draft for a hundred pounds.

She was holding them still, half dazed, when her father-in-law came in. Somehow the news of that title deed had been whispered in the town, and now Peter Devin had heard that, after all, Jim had married an heiress.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "What's this at all?"

Time had not mellowed his harsh temper; and the love of money was growing on him till it almost cost him a pang to see in another's hand what he had not got himself.

Kathleen, who understood him well, and knew the blow that was about to fall upon him (for didn't she now possess what might so easily have been his?) was pitiful, and would have spared him; but Jim was merciless, for he was sore still from his enforced exile and separation from those he loved.

"This," he answered, rising to his feet, with a short laugh,—“this? Well, it's a home again; with a fortune for Kathleen such as not one in the barony can beat.” (He held out the two papers.) “’Tis the second time lately that the offer of them has been here,” he went on, with exaggerated carelessness. “But when Uncle James brought them himself in the pocket of a shabby old coat, so I'm told, you had no peg for the coat to hang upon. Only Kathleen here found a place for it in the cave above. And—he has paid well for his night's lodging, has Uncle Jim.”

Peter Devin listened in silence. He was not altogether unprepared; for, with the whisper concerning the title deeds and draft, something of his brother's wealth had leaked out also. Then he had smiled grimly, thinking to himself of the shabby figure he had lately seen. Now he understood. He turned quickly, and went out whence he had come. It was an awful blow to him—awful! And to fight it out he must be away from them all, on the mountain-top and alone.

VAIN self-complacency and the desire of making a show, of being spoken of, of having our conduct praised, and of hearing it said that we succeed well and are doing wonders,—this is an evil which makes us forget God, which infects our holiest actions, and is of all vices the most injurious to progress in the spiritual life. I do not understand how any one can believe and hold it as a truth of faith that he who exalts himself shall be abased, if he desires to pass for a man of worth, a person of prudence, foresight, and ability.

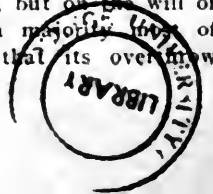
—St. Vincent de Paul.

A Statesman's Supposition.

IN an extended review of the new two-volume edition of Mr. James Bryce's well-known work, “The American Commonwealth,” in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*, it is stated that Mr. Bryce is of Scottish birth, and that it has wittily been said in reference to him: “The Englishman who knows most about America is a Scotchman.” The inaccuracy of this statement has been pointed out by a correspondent of the same paper, who writes: “As a matter of fact, Mr. Bryce is neither a Scotchman nor an Englishman, but an Irishman. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1838. His father, James Bryce, was a Scotchman, and his mother was an Irishwoman.”

These biographical details concerning the present Ambassador of England at Washington are so far interesting that they help to explain many a paragraph in his classic work mentioned above. The Irish are nothing if not religious-minded; and Mr. Bryce's Irish blood doubtless had something to do with, for instance, the following remarkable passage:

No one is so thoughtless as not sometimes to ask himself what would befall mankind if the solid fabric of belief on which their morality has hitherto rested, or at least been deemed by them to rest, were suddenly to break up and vanish under the influence of new views of nature, as the ice-fields split and melt when they have floated down into a warmer sea. Morality with religion for its sanction has hitherto been the basis of social polity, except under military despotisms: would morality be so far weakened as to make social polity unstable? And if so, would a reign of violence return? In Europe this question does not seem urgent, because in Europe the physical force of armed men which maintains order is usually conspicuous, and because obedience to authority is everywhere in Europe matter of ancient habit, having come down little impaired from ages when men obeyed without asking for a reason. But in America the whole system of government seems to rest not on armed force, but on the will of the numerical majority,—a majority, however, of whom might well think that its overbearing would be for them a gain.



So sometimes, standing in the midst of a great American city, and watching the throngs of eager figures streaming hither and thither, marking the sharp contrasts of poverty and wealth, an increasing mass of wretchedness and an increasing display of luxury; knowing that before long a hundred millions of men will be living between ocean and ocean under this one government—a government which their hands have made, and which they feel to be the work of their own hands,—one is startled by the thought of what might befall this huge yet delicate fabric of laws and commerce and social institutions were the foundation it has rested on to crumble away. Suppose that all these men ceased to believe that there was any power above them, any future before them, anything in heaven or earth but what their senses told them of; suppose that their consciousness of individual force and responsibility, already dwarfed by the overwhelming power of the multitude, and the fatalistic submission it engenders, were further weakened by the feeling that their swiftly fleeting life was rounded by a perpetual sleep, . . . would the moral code stand unshaken, and with it the reverence for law, the sense of duty toward the community, and even toward the generations yet to come? Would men say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"? Or would custom and sympathy, and a perception of the advantages which stable government offers to the citizens as a whole, and which orderly self-restraint offers to each one, replace supernatural sanctions, and hold in check the violence of masses and the self-indulgent impulses of the individual?

History, if she can not give a complete answer to this question, tells us that hitherto civilized society has rested on religion, and that free government has prospered best among religious peoples. . . . It is an old saying that monarchies live by honor, and republics by virtue. The more democratic republics become, the more the masses grow conscious of their own power, the more do they need to live not only by patriotism but by reverence and self-control; and the more essential to their well-being are those sources whence reverence and self-control flow.

The day is surely, and not too slowly, approaching when "religion" in this country will mean Catholicism pure and simple; and so the permanence of our free institutions is practically dependent upon the increasing growth of the Church in the Republic,—and this notwithstanding the hysterical denunciations of Rome and the Papacy by ignorant or mistaken zealots of the sects.

John Wesley on Mary Queen of Scots.

MANY of our readers have been much interested in Mr. Andrew Lang's appreciation of Mary Queen of Scots, quoted in a recent number of *THE AVE MARIA*. A learned professor of the University College, Cork, Ireland, sends us the following extract from the journal of John Wesley in reference to the ill-fated Queen—"that injured character," as he always called her,—declaring that "the circumstances of her death were equal to those of an ancient martyr." The founder of Methodism writes under date April 29, 1768:

I read over an extremely sensible book, but one that surprised me much. It is "An Inquiry into the Proofs of the Charges Commonly Advanced against Mary Queen of Scots." By means of original papers, he [the author] has made it more clear than one could imagine it possible at this distance—(1) that she was altogether innocent of the murder of Lord Darnley, and no way privy to it; (2) that she married Lord Bothwell (then near seventy years old, herself but four and twenty) from the pressing instance of the nobility in a body, who at the same time assured her he was innocent of the King's murder; (3) that Murray, Morton, and Lethington themselves contrived that murder in order to charge it upon her, as well as forged those vile letters and sonnets which they palmed upon the world as hers.

"But how, then, can we account for the quite contrary story which has been almost universally received?" Most easily. It was penned and published in French, English, and Latin (by Queen Elizabeth's order), by George Buchanan, who was secretary to Lord Murray, and in Queen Elizabeth's pay; so he was sure to throw dirt enough. "But what, then, was Queen Elizabeth?" As just and merciful as Nero, and as good a Christian as Mahomet.

There have been many attempts to "whitewash" Henry VIII., but Queen Elizabeth has had few defenders, because her private life and many of her public acts were so utterly inexcusable. Her treatment of Queen Mary was cruel beyond description. Modern history affords no parallel to the inhumanity of the tyrant; and no example of greater fortitude than was shown by the victim.

Notes and Remarks.

IT is all very well for sundry persons whose intellectual headgear is exactly the size of the multitudinous caps constructed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; to dismiss that trenchant essayist as a free-lance; but it is a great deal easier to pooh-pooh Mr. Chesterton than to answer him. Here, for instance, is his comment on the marked discrepancy between theory and practice as to democracy in religion. Catholicism, said the books, the journals, the pamphlets, is a despotism; and the coming religion must be free:

And all the time the new creeds were growing up. The one or two genuine religious movements of the nineteenth century had come out of the soul of the nineteenth century; and they were despotic from top to bottom. General Booth had based a big theological revival on the pure notion of military obedience. In title and practice he was far more papal than a pope. A pope is supreme, like a judge; he says the last word. But the General was supreme—like a general. He said the first word, which was also the last; he initiated all the activities, gave orders for all the enthusiasms. . . .

Christian Science also grew up in a world deafened with discussions about free churches and unfettered faith. Christian Science also grew up as despotic as Kehama, and much more despotic than Hildebrand. The tyrannies of popes, real and legendary, make a long list in certain controversial works. But can any one tell me of any pope who forbade anything to be said in any of his churches except quotations from a work written by himself? Can any one tell me of a pope who forbade his Bulls to be translated, lest they should be mistranslated?

It will really be a relief to a great many of the "intellectuals" when Mr. Chesterton finally enters The Church. His submission will, of course, put him out of court as an adversary to claim any attention. In the meantime he is unquestionably something more than a juggler of brilliant paradoxes.

A Bishop well known in this country sends us a detailed account, with official documents, of the sudden and complete cure, on the 5th ult., at the tomb of St.

Francis Xavier, Goa, of a boy six years of age who had been blind from birth. It is stated that he had previously undergone two operations at Bombay without any result. "Such was the impression made upon all, including the officers and soldiers present, who only a little while before had seen the child blind and guided by the hand, that they broke forth in loud praises of the glorious saint."

"How passing strange it all is!" remarks the Bishop. "The Portuguese Government at home expels Jesuits, puts them in jail, etc. Here, under the agency of that same Government, 15,000 people (some days the number has gone close on 20,000, I am told) daily kiss the feet of a dead Jesuit; and that dead Jesuit works miracles in their behalf!"

News items like the one that has recently been going the rounds of the secular press, to the effect that a dog has been taught to speak several words, are no novelty. The *London Medical Gazette* of 1828 published this item: "Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony that could speak distinctly thirty words." If the great man ever made such a statement as this, he was gifted with a livelier imagination than he is credited with. Thirty words is a good-sized vocabulary even for a hound; but there is no reason why it should not be increased, provided the master is a ventriloquist, and the crowd are disposed to listen.

Out in Monett, Missouri, there is an optimistic Catholic pastor with a congregation that, as to certain matters—missions to non-Catholics, for instance—is, or was until recently, somewhat pessimistic. The priest thought that a good way to celebrate the opening of his new church would be the holding therein of a mission to Catholics and non-Catholics. When the mission was suggested, however, the leading members of the congregation unhesitatingly and unanimously declared

that they were confident there would not be a full dozen non-Catholics in attendance. Nothing daunted, the pastor carried out his plan. A thousand non-Catholics received invitations containing a list of the subjects to be treated, and stating that a "question box" would be placed in the rear of the church. The thing, we are told, worked like magic. "The missionary spirit seized the entire community. In shops, offices, railroad circles, and on the street corners nothing was discussed during the entire two weeks but the lectures to non-Catholics. The large church was crowded every night with a serious and appreciative audience. Night after night many non-Catholics drove seven or eight miles to hear the lectures. In the town of Wentworth, fourteen miles from Monett, a number of non-Catholics made application to the agent at Monett to have the train that arrives at Wentworth at 11 p. m. stop, in order that they might be able to attend the lectures."

The moral of all which would seem to be that a large number of non-Catholics in this country are in reality not averse to hearing Catholic doctrine expounded by authorized Catholic teachers. Nothing but good can result from their being thus disabused of the centuries' lies and preposterous notions concerning The Church that are still too prevalent in many parts of the Republic.

Count Guillaume Verspeyen recently celebrated, or his friends celebrated for him, the Golden Jubilee of his connection with the great Catholic journal of Ghent, *Le Bien Public*, of which he has long been the chief editor. Pius X. sent an autograph letter of congratulation to the venerable journalist; and, at the jubilee banquet, M. Verspeyen was eulogized by a very distinguished body of speakers. In a notable reply to these addresses, the old editor took occasion to say that he renewed the four great vows of the Catholic journalist, and hoped to live and die faithful thereto. "The first of these vows

is that of doctrinal chastity. I am a Catholic, purely and simply such, and in matters of orthodoxy I admit neither attenuation nor alloy. . . . The second vow: obedience to the Church. I am not of the Church teaching, but of the Church taught: not of the Church governing, but of the Church governed. . . . My third vow relates to poverty—literary poverty. 'Tis the one that costs me most, and you do not know how much you pain me, involuntarily, by making of me a man of letters when in reality I am only a man of cares. I was obliged to renounce literature with its works and its pomps. . . . Finally, gentlemen, like the Benedictines and the Carmelites, I made a fourth vow—that of stability. That one is most agreeable to observe. I am content with my lot, and I stick to it."

Count Verspeyen evidently deserves all the honors of which he has been the modest recipient; and Catholic journalists generally might do worse than take this Belgian editor's vows.

In its report on how Christmas Day was kept, one of the leading London papers supplied an example of the strange way in which the Santa Claus fiction now pervades the ideas of the holy season. The reporter noted that—

Children attended the Sunday-schools as usual, full of life and vigor. It gave them an opportunity for an early meeting with their fellows, and to talk of the good things which Santa Claus had vouchsafed to them!

Thus is T. G. D.'s protest—in an Advent number of *THE AVE MARIA*—against the modern Christmas mythology, and his plea for keeping the real associations of the time unobscured in the minds of children by these fictions, supplemented and enforced by a secular journal.

Here is a paragraph from *Rome* that should prompt a great many Catholics to charitable action:

The most helpless of all the victims in the world to-day of revolutionary and anti-

Christian violence and robbery are unquestionably the hundreds of poor communities of nuns surviving from the last suppression of religious Congregations in Italy. They are nearly all old and feeble; a great many of them are permanent invalids; they are all in the direst poverty; and, alas! some of them are even in debt for the barest necessities of life. They are too old to work or even to beg; they are shut up within the silent walls of their improvised cloisters, so that their voices never reach the ear of the outside public; and had it not been for the charity of the readers of the *Civiltà Cattolica* during the last forty years, and of the readers of *Rome* during the last three, many of these poor spouses of Christ might have died of starvation. Last year our appeal for them met with a very generous and gratifying response.

In renewing that appeal at present, our contemporary emphasizes the point that every little helps, and quotes in corroboration a poor superioress who recently wrote to him: "I had only five lire [one dollar!] and with that I had to pay for the meat for a whole month, and for the milk for the infirm Sisters."

The following portions of a letter, received last week from a Dominican nun in Portugal, are of such general interest that we feel sure the writer will not object to their publication:

When last I wrote, the tempest was gathering; since then it has burst; and if we were not swept away, it was owing to the great mercy of God. We have now the only convent school in Portugal; and it is heart-breaking to have to refuse the many Christian mothers who come to implore us to take their children. However, we have accommodations for only sixty pupils. The utmost number we can arrange for is ninety-four, and this by utilizing every spare corner. To build is impossible in this season; and it would be foolish, as things are. I need not speak of them to you; for, in one of your late numbers, you described exactly the web Freemasonry is weaving.

Have you read Father Cabral's most touching protest, "To My Country"? It is forbidden here, and all the copies that could be found were confiscated; but it had already been circulated in large numbers. No non-Catholic even could read it without being moved.

One can almost believe that the end of the world is coming. Nineteen hundred and eleven

is certainly opening under very gloomy auspices, and the state of the Church in many lands is heartrending.

We had no Midnight Mass, for the first time for many years; but this deprivation is a small one, in a sense, compared to what our Sisters in religion have to suffer. Bemfica had two hundred boarders: now some of the nuns are selling fruit in the streets in order to gain a livelihood. All the expelled nuns are forbidden to teach even as seculars. The Little Sisters of the Poor remain, because the State can not do without them, or provide for the three hundred and sixty aged poor whom they support by begging. The asylums for the insane managed by the Fathers and Sisters of St. John of God had to be tolerated for the same reason. But the education of the youth of Portugal is now on a par with that of France, and copied from it. . . . We have had to lay aside the religious habit for some months; otherwise we are not interfered with in any way, and are well guarded, thanks to our Minister, Sir Francis Villiers, who, although a Protestant, has watched over us with the utmost kindness.

A rather notable instance of the species of petty persecution which, even in this supposedly enlightened and liberal age, has sometimes to be undergone by converts to the Church, is mentioned by the London correspondent of the *Casket*:

A Scottish lady who endured a good deal for the Faith has just passed away in the person of the Hon. Mary Stuart, daughter of the late Lord Blantyre. She was received into the Church as long ago as 1886; and, though she met with much opposition from her father, she became one of the most generous and enthusiastic supporters of Catholic charity and endeavor. It is related of the old Earl that when in Scotland at his Renfrewshire seat, Erskine House, he used to bring to work even methods of physical force to prevent his daughter from hearing Mass; and as the nearest church was at Houston, seven miles away, a favorite dodge was to confiscate the Hon. Mary's boots. But the old Scotsman had to deal with a Scotswoman as determined as himself, and with all the native loyalty to a cause once espoused. Miss Stuart, refused the carriage and her foot-wear, would tramp the fourteen miles to the church and back, and appear after Mass with a smiling face.

Another object lesson for the lukewarm Catholic who so readily dispenses himself from the obligation of hearing Mass on

Sundays and holydays. He would consider a distance of fourteen miles a more than sufficient reason for declining to drive to church.

Some practical talk on actual and constructive denial of the Faith is given in the *Bombay Examiner* to a correspondent who propounds several theological queries. The common-sense of the following passage is not affected by any geographical limitations: it is not more pertinent in Bombay than in Buffalo:

A Catholic if asked whether he believes in confession can, if he likes, reply: "I have a rooted objection to being catechised." Or he may say: "Apropos, what about the canals in Mars?" Or he may say: "I certainly don't believe in it as practised in the Anglican Church." There are a thousand and one ways in which he may evade the question. But he must not say purely and simply: "I don't believe in it." When forced into such a corner, the bolder a man is the better. He might, for instance, turn the tables if attacked. "Look here, you fellows! I have practised confession for years and know what it is. You haven't practised it, and so don't know what you are talking about"—and so on.

All of which is good, practical, blunt theology for everyday use as the occasion may arise.

Conversions to The Church are often wrought in singular ways. The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, who was son of Lord Spencer and brother of Lord Althorp, and who became a Passionist, states, in a letter which lately came under our notice, that the first thing which changed his views of the Catholic Faith was a correspondence which he kept up with an unknown person for about half a year. He writes regarding it:

This person stated that he had been travelling abroad; and, having frequently entered Catholic churches, and been surprised to see how devout and holy the services were, he was led to examine further, and began to entertain doubts of the wisdom of the English Reformation. I thought I could soon set him right by pointing out to him what I had for some time thought denunciations against the Catholic Church, in the Apocalypse and in other parts of the Scripture. In the course of our correspondence he forcibly

opposed those ideas, and, so far from allowing that they could be proved from Scripture, he treated them as the mere inventions of men. I was then led to ask myself whether I had drawn them simply from Scripture, and found that I had never entertained them before some Protestant commentators had put them into my head. My principle was to attend to the Word of God alone. I therefore determined no longer to pay regard to those ideas, unless I should find the Scripture of itself lead me to them. From that time those ideas never made any impression on me.

I never knew who this correspondent was until I went abroad to prepare for my ordination. I then learned that it was a young lady who was on the point of becoming a Catholic, but who, for further satisfaction, wrote to me, and to one or two other Protestant clergymen, to hear what we could say in defence of our religion. You may naturally suppose that our answers, instead of weakening, would rather confirm her attachment to the Catholic Faith. Just so: she became a Catholic, and was on the point of being professed a nun in the Order of the Sacred Heart when she died a holy and edifying death. Owing to this correspondence, I became much more willing to give Catholics a favorable hearing; but it was yet three years before I was led to the further step of embracing the Catholic Faith.

The letter from which we quote will probably be new even to those familiar with the "Life of Father Ignatius Spencer." The letter is dated Jan. 3, 1834; and is addressed to the Rev. N. Rigby, of Egton-bridge, England.

There is no color line drawn in the true house of God. Not only are Negroes freely admitted to the pews of all our sacred edifices, but, as occasion arises, they are welcomed to the sanctuary and offer the Adorable Sacrifice at the Altar. That there are distinctively colored Catholic churches in some of our larger cities in no way invalidates this contention. As Archbishop O'Connell says of the colored congregation of old St. Patrick's Church, Boston, "it has its own church, not because the colored people are not welcome in any and every church in the city, but because they want a special place for themselves, and hope to be able to maintain it."

Notable New Books.

Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus, the Messiah and Son of God. By the Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. Authorized English Version. John Joseph McVey.

Let us say at the outset that, having examined this work with care, we cordially echo the hope, expressed in the "Editor's Greeting," that in its English dress it may receive the welcome with which it was greeted in its native land; and we trust, moreover, that this first English edition may speedily be followed, as was the first French edition, by three others. Abbé Lepin's book is one of the most satisfactory contributions to apologetic literature that has come to our desk for several years. Its distinctive quality is the thorough adequacy of its treatment of all recently mooted questions concerning the origin and value of the Synoptic Gospels, and the dependence of these Gospels upon the influences of the Faith. The author states and effectively disposes of the theories, not only of Stapfer, Harnack, and Loisy, but of such later Gospel critics as Bernhard Weiss, H. Wendt, Oscar Holtzmann, Paul Wernle, Johannes Weiss, and W. Wrede; with the result that the reader enjoys a full presentation of contemporary thought as to the Messiahship and divinity of Jesus.

Not the least admirable portion of the work is the concluding chapter (an appendix to the fourth French edition), in which Loisy's voluminous "Commentary on the Synoptic Gospels" is dissected, submitted to a patently impartial criticism, and shown to be merely a congeries of conclusions determined upon beforehand by philosophical preconceptions. The ordinary reader will probably be surprised to discover how closely Loisy's latest position as to the dogma of Christ's divinity resembles, so far as ideas and their expressions are concerned, the very theory of those earlier opponents of historic Christianity—Strauss and Renan. And every truly Christian reader will be glad to see it convincingly demonstrated that: "All attempts to explain His [Christ's] consciousness of being the Messiah by a natural evolution of His conviction that He had filial relations with God, are arbitrary and contrary to facts, and even to historical probabilities."

More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children. By Madame Cecilia. Benziger Brothers.

It can scarcely have escaped the notice of any one fairly well acquainted with distinctively Catholic works published during the past ten or fifteen years that Madame Cecilia, of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, is not only an

exceptionally gifted but an unusually prolific writer. Apart from a half dozen school and home plays for girls, she has to her credit a full dozen of volumes—devotional, catechetical, Scriptural,—any one of which might congruously be attributed to a well-equipped theologian and Biblical scholar. The five—or is it ten?—talents which Madame Cecilia has received from God she is fructifying with an energy that is most commendable; and Catholics of this country as well as other English-speaking lands owe to her a debt of gratitude second only to the gracious thanks due that other literary English nun, Mother Loyola, of Bar Convent, York,—the oldest convent, we believe, in England.

What impresses one in the present volume—a goodly one of more than two hundred pages—is the freshness of treatment given to century-old topics, and the practicality of the advice tendered to all Children of Mary. The author, notwithstanding her former books on much the same lines, does not repeat herself; and the lucidity and grace of her style will prove an inducement to readers who might not be attracted by her subject-matter. The "readings" of the seven chapters bear on: Various Christian Virtues, Zeal, the Sacrament of Penance, the Holy Eucharist, Lenten Thoughts, the Supernatural Life, and Miscellaneous Topics.

Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life. Authorized Translation, from the German of Franz von Seeburg, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. THE AVE MARIA Press. Second Notice.

The life of Joseph Haydn is another proof that the history of genius as well as that of nations repeats itself; for the career of this great composer was, even from boyhood, an uphill struggle before recognition, fame, and fortune were his. Poverty, hunger, and ill-treatment fell to his lot; but, in the face of a thousand difficulties, he did not lose heart, content if he could but let the melodies and harmonies that sang in his soul take tangible form.

The secret of his uplifting compositions, as exemplified in his Masses, symphonies, and in his great Oratorio, "The Creation," is revealed in this life-story. He began and ended his work of composition with prayer. Prayer was likewise his refuge in days of depression, want, and neglect; and often in an obscure corner of the nearest church he sought and found help.

The biography departs from the beaten track of such works in that it assumes the conversational form in certain chapters, thus more vividly bringing home to the mind of the reader the lessons it inculcates. And these lessons are many,—moral rectitude, confidence in prayer, fortitude under every trial, and unswerving

devotion to the highest ideals. Readers in general, musicians and lovers of music in particular, are sure to be pleased and benefited by the perusal of this *Life of Joseph Haydn*.

Non-Catholic Denominations. By the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans, Green & Co.

"To set forth as sympathetically as possible the broad outlines of the various religious systems that for the most part flourish in England to-day outside the borders of the Catholic Church; to lay stress on what is true in them rather than on what is false; and, finally, to indicate as far as possible in each instance the corrective Catholic principle that is lacking,"—such is the object of this book, which is issued as one of the Westminster Library, a most excellent series of manuals or handbooks for the use of Catholic priests and students. It should meet with a ready welcome from not only them but the general Catholic reader as well.

In these days of missionary activity, it can not but be eminently useful for the Catholic missionary to have some specific information concerning the creed of the particular non-Catholic whom he would influence. While Father Benson's volume does not, of course, take account of all the multitudinous sects that flourish in England, and especially in this country, it will be found to discuss the more important among them; and his discussion is invariably interesting.

Early Steps in the Fold. By the Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

The sub-title of this admirable work (a 16mo of 425 pages), "*Instructions for Converts and Inquirers*," is inadequate to this extent, that it does not intimate the usefulness of the volume to those born within the Fold as well as to all those entering therein after spending many a year without its boundaries. A few of the earlier chapters, indeed, are addressed to persons who are still outside the true Church; the intention being to smooth away certain difficulties of a general character which commonly tend to deter honest seekers for the truth from inquiring seriously into Catholic claims.

The author's main purpose, however, is to supplement the instructions given to a convert prior to his reception into the Church. Such instructions may easily enough have been confined chiefly to the articles of essential belief and the practical obligations which bind all Catholics under pain of mortal sin. The filling up of the convert's defective knowledge by means of sermons, catechetical instructions, missions, spiritual Retreats, etc., is often a tedious and unsatisfactory proceeding; and

Father Zulueta's volume is designed to impart the requisite information more speedily and with more system and order. That his design has been worked out with notable thoroughness, a brief examination of the book renders quite evident; and a closer scrutiny of individual chapters makes it clear that its pages may be scanned with profit by born Catholics as well as recent converts. The utility of the volume is increased by a table of contents, a good index, and by frequent marginal references.

Education: How Old the New! By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D. Fordham University Press.

A new volume by Dr. Walsh has come to be a thing for which to be thankful. If he is rapidly becoming the foremost American iconoclast, it must be admitted that the errors, fallacies, historical falsehoods, and traditional conceits which he attacks, and smashes with all the effectiveness of the oldtime Eastern image-breakers, are pretentious idols already worshipped far too long. The present work contains eleven lectures, or addresses, in most of which the author translates into modern terms the meaning of periods of education dating many centuries ago; and the reader of the uniformly interesting papers will have frequent occasion to repeat the exclamatory phrase of the title, "How old the new!" The initial lecture, which gives its name to the volume, appeared substantially in our columns last year, under the title "*The Oldest Book in the World*" ("*The Instructions of Ptah Hotep*"). "*Mediæval Scientific Universities*," "*Ideal Popular Education*," "*The Church and Feminine Education*," and "*Origins in American Education*" are other papers of exceptional interest. "*New Englandism*" will be enjoyable reading for many; but Dr. Walsh, we must say, is unwarrantably severe in his characterization of Longfellow. That, however, may be pardoned him; but a fault really unpardonable in an author of his reputation is the absence of any index whatever, and even of a suggestive table of contents. The book contains 459 pages, and is exceptionally well printed.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The charm of these handsome volumes is not to be described; it is felt in the very first lines of the preface; and the "contents" pages even are fascinating,—"*Life in Rome*; Pius IX.; Charles Sumner; The Abolitionists; I Take the Other Side; My Brother Marion [Marion Crawford]; Siena; A Meeting with Hans Andersen; Summer Life in the Alban Hills; An Awesome Experience; Overbeck; Sisters

of Charity in China; My Friendship with Madame Ristori; Oxford; A Prophetic Experience; My First Visit to Leo XIII.; Bishop Strossmayer." Having noted these and other appetizing titles, and being pressed for time, we thought to "skim" the work and reserve the full enjoyment of it for greater leisure. But, after reading many pages and several entire chapters, we ended by going back to the first page, resolved to miss no portion of a book so exceptionally interesting, and envious of those who are enabled to read such works without interruption.

Mrs. Fraser has had a curiously varied and exceptionally interesting life, and her account of it could hardly be more vivid than she has made it. She describes events from personal experience, and personages from actual association, with a keenness and calmness, a sympathy and discernment, that render her memoirs really valuable. The average reader of them will not only feel called upon to modify his opinion on many subjects of which they treat, but to change his estimate of not a few persons whom Mrs. Fraser was privileged to know intimately. Italy in Transition (1859-60), Cavour and His Contemporaries, The Mexican Tragedy and the Danish War, 1870 and the Taking of Rome, and others that might be mentioned, are chapters by which many a student might profit.

There are numerous passages in both volumes that we should like to quote, if space permitted; for instance, a charming account of the author's meeting with Pio Nono on the Pincian Hill; her memory picture of Overbeck, that holy convert artist, "with the most childlike simplicity of manner and a personality so transparent and candid that he hardly seemed to belong to gross humanity at all"; her appreciation of Clara Novello, that great singer 'who sang the airs of Haydn's Oratorios so as to lift the souls of the audience into the very courts of heaven'; her recollections of Lord Bute, "to whom the highest subject of all, Religion, was ever the most attractive," who observed Lent so strictly, and left behind him so many monuments of piety, generosity, and learning, notably his marvellous translation of the Roman Breviary; her memories of Liszt, "so humbly faithful to his religion, so merciful to any in distress—and so much maligned"; of Cardinal Antonelli, "whose name will go down to posterity burdened with a good many unjust accusations"; and a crowd of other personalities not less interesting.

Of Adelaide Ristori, Mrs. Fraser writes: "From first to last, she used her great gifts as she believed Heaven meant them to be used; and she carried with her into retirement the

consoling consciousness of duties splendidly fulfilled, and of a reputation as spotless as it was world-wide." It is pleasant to hear of Augustus Hare, the distinguished artist and author, that, "though an ardent Anglican, he kept one destitute community of Carmelite nuns alive for months by collecting alms and food among his friends, carrying the supplies to them himself." An entire chapter, one of the most interesting, is devoted to Marion Crawford, upon whom, as his sister truly observes, nothing in this world seemed to have any real hold. "He aspired to only one thing—immortality."

As we have said, this work is not merely a readable record of an unusually eventful life: it is of historical interest and value; and, on account of the great pains which the author has taken to make her references to current events as accurate and reliable as possible, her memoirs deserve to rank not only among the most noteworthy of recent publications, but among the most important books of their class in our language.

The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare.

Translated from the French Version (1563) of Brother Francis du Pius, by Charlotte Balfour. With an Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Longmans, Green & Co.

The late lovable and lamented Reginald Balfour had contemplated writing the Life of St. Clare as a gift to his friend, the Mother Abbess of the Poor Clares at Arundel, England. Beyond a few sheets of MSS., however, and the notes of his original researches, made chiefly at Assisi itself, the work never progressed: death brought, prematurely it would seem to human eyes, an end to that and many another goodly project. His widow, while disavowing both the scholarship and the Franciscan spirit of her husband, as well as the ability to complete the work which he began, has nevertheless given us here the legend of St. Clare in a new and notably attractive dress. It is a thoroughly charming legend; and Mrs. Balfour has done well, in her English rendering of the French version, to preserve much of the quaint simplicity of style and diction that marks the original.

Father Cuthbert's Introduction is a lengthy and valuable contribution to Franciscan literature; and the volume is further enriched by pertinent passages from the "Fioretti" and "Speculum Perfectionis," as well as by four of St. Clare's letters. Nor should we omit mention of the two dozen excellent illustrations that add to the beauty and blend harmoniously with the spirit of this latest Life of St. Francis' friend and co-worker.



The Legend of the Golden Harp.

BY C. R. ROLL.

THEY fought a great battle
Long, long years ago
On the plains of Mag Tured,—
That's in Ireland, you know.
The De Danaan invaders,
With long golden hair,
Were fighting the blue-eyed
Formorians there.
The Formorians were conquered
And fled from the fray,
But stole a gold harp
From the victors away.
Then wept the bard Dagda,
With locks white as snow:
"What is victory, O chieftains,
My harp with the foe?
"What is life, O my chieftains,
When silent is song?
What is war when the bard
Bears no gold harp along?"
Every chief's yellow spear
Bright flashed to the moon,
And they swore by the harp
They would capture it soon.
A few chosen warriors
Sped into the night
With Dagda the harper,
And sought for the light,—
The light where Formorians
Made feast in their hall,
And pledged to the harp
Where it hung from the wall.
Light glimmers: all follow,
But pause by the door,
And hear the wild pledges
They pledge o'er and o'er.
Then Dagda, the white-haired,
The master of song,
Calls aloud to his harp,
And it leaps o'er the throng;

It leaps to his arms,—
The child of his soul;
He plucks at the strings
And sweet melodies roll.

First a low wail of sorrow
That wakens up tears:
The chieftains are silent,
And rest on their spears.

Next a wild hymn of gladness;
And many and long
Are the shouts of them all
'Neath the spell of that song.

Last the bard plucks the strings
To music of sleep,
And there falls such a calm
As the calm on the deep.

Every eye waxes heavy,
Every head sinks to rest;
Then Dagda steals home,
The harp close to his breast.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—BAR CROSS RANCH.

"HI-YI there!" Cub Connors threw his galloping pony back on its haunches as he reined up at the big porch of the Bar Cross Ranch, and flung a yellow envelope at the feet of a tall gaunt man who sat smoking in the sunset. "There's another for you! Fifth in two days. Somebody must have money to burn at the other end of the line! I'd like to know what's up."

The smoker, whose long, lean figure had gained him the sobriquet "Bony Ben," reached down and picked up the telegram.

"What's the price?" he asked briefly.

"Same as before—three dollars. It's special delivery of twenty miles; and Dad ain't sending me and Kicker up from

Rooker's for nothing. You ought to call a halt on that there lightning ticker in the East, or tell them to stretch a private line. But this time it's 'Reply.' You can see it written on the envelope—'Reply.' And I'm to wait for it," continued Cub, relaxing into careless ease in his saddle; while Kicker, having recovered balance and temper, began to nibble at the young cottonwood trees beside the road.

"Ye'll have a long wait, then, Cubby," answered Bony Ben, calmly. "The boss ain't home."

"He ain't?" said Cub, who was a keen-eyed, freckle-nosed product of the advancing frontier. "You mean to say that all them tellygrams I've been shooting up here at three dollars a clip have been accumulating for his visé? You better get busy right now and see what's up. Tellygrams flying like this mean business that can't wait; and it's 'Reply' this time, as I told you."

Bony Ben looked doubtfully at the sealed envelope. In the rude and simple ways he had trodden for five and forty years, a sealed paper was sacred. He had known men to be shot and hanged for tampering with such private and personal matters. Four telegrams lay already on the desk of the "boss," awaiting his return. Ben could see to the sheep and the horses and the dogs; he could look after food and fodder and water; cow-boys and herders, even Chang, the Chinese cook, moved to his word, and hesitated to rouse the lightning in his sunken eye; but there were limits even to the foreman's responsibilities; and the boss—well, the boss went ways unknown and untravelled by Bony Ben,—ways where he had no right to "butt in."

"Durned if I'm going to meddle!" he said, with grim resolve.

"Meddle!" echoed Cub, jerking Kicker away from the cottonwood,—"meddle with a tellygram! Why, you old moss-grown boulder, *somebody* has to meddle, and mighty quick at that. Don't you see it says 'Reply'?"

"That's straight, Bony!" A grizzled old man, who was seated on the porch step, his chin resting on his knotted stick, was roused into life and vigor. "Cub is too big for his breeches, I allow; but he is talking straight. That tellygram can't wait another week for the boss to read it. You'd better bust it open and see what's up. Or give it to me."

"Good for you, Daddy!" cheered Cub, as the old man took the envelope Ben handed him, and tore it open with his crooked, trembling fingers. "You ain't no moss-grown boulder, Daddy. Spit out the message! What's up?"

And slowly Daddy read:

"Holmhurst, Del., September 20."

"Holmhurst?" repeated Daddy. "Did you ever hear tell of Holmhurst, Bony?"

"Yes," answered Bony, briefly. "That's where the boss hails from. The message is private and particular, as I knew."

"Oh, cut out the 'Holmhurst' and go on!" said Cub, impatiently.

"To Mr. John M. Dayton, Bar Cross Ranch, Buckston, Colorado—"

"Buckston!" echoed Cub. "Buckston was cut off the map two weeks ago. Ain't a breath of life left. Dead, buried, and forgotten. And the Easterners ain't found it out yet! Go on, Daddy! Reckon that's a notification that the Civil War is over and Abe Lincoln shot."

Heedless of Cub's scoffing, the old man went on:

"Have had no answer to telegrams. Very anxious. Billy will arrive at Buckston by Western Limited, 3.30 Saturday. September 23. Be sure to meet train, Answer at once.

"MARIAN S. DAYTON."

"'Billy'?" repeated Daddy, blinking at the paper he held at arm's length to suit his failing sight. "Now, what sort of live stock do you suppose Billy can be?"

"Durned if I know!" said Ben, gruffly. "Heard something of a new trotter. There ain't no telling what mark he's going to shoot for next. But here he comes now to talk for himself,—and a crowd of

galoots with him as usual!" added Bony Ben under his breath, as a clatter of hoofs and the sound of jovial voices came from the Gulch below, where the trail wound along the wild banks of Coyote Creek before it clambered up the sharp ridge of the Ranch.

"Give me that telegram," said Ben, taking it from Daddy's hand. "And you wait here, Cub. You'll get your reply now."

And the speaker rose to his full height, as half a dozen riders came laughing and shouting up the road; a handsome, dark-eyed young fellow of about five and twenty at their head.

"Here we are, boys!" cried the leader, as they drew up under the cottonwoods that girdled the long Ranch. "Spread out as you please, and call for what you want. You know what Bar Cross is when its master is at home again. Don't know why I show up at this old roost at all! I'd rather be anywhere else.—Halloo, Ben! Steady on the job as ever, I see. Whoop up that slant-eyed Chincook, will you? Tell him there's a bunch of us for dinner, and to put plenty of bottles to cool."

"I'd like to speak to you first," said Ben, briefly. "Cub Connors is waiting for an answer to this telegram."

"Oh, confound the telegrams!" said the master of Bar Cross, impatiently. "The moment I strike this place it's like hitting a buzz saw."

And the speaker took the dispatch from Ben's hand and cast a swift frowning glance at it.

"Billy! Billy! Billy! Who—what? Surely not Billy-Boy! What does this mean, Ben?"

"Durned if I know!" answered Ben. "There's four more of them on your desk. Maybe they'll tell you. They've been coming pretty regular at three dollars a head."

"A telegram! What's up? No bad news I hope, Jack?" questioned Jack's guests, who, having hurriedly dismounted, gathered around their host anxiously.

"I can't tell yet. I'm going to see,"

was the answer; and the master of Bar Cross nervously disappeared in the house, leaving his friends to discuss the situation in guarded tones.

"Somebody dead or dying maybe at home," suggested a red-haired man, with a nod.

"More likely a haul up from Head Centre. Rackety has been doing full justice to his name this last year, as I happen to know," laughed another.

"How much was he out that poker game last night?" asked the first speaker.

"He never tells," replied a tall fellow known as Chips. "There's no squeal in Rackety. Whatever happens, he's grit straight through."

"Maybe," said the red-haired man. "But there's no grit can stand the grind he's got agin now. Shouldn't wonder, as Dick here says, if this telegram wasn't a haul in from the other end of the line."

"Bah, no!" laughed Chips. "There's only his mother,—one of those little lady mothers that don't guess things. If the old man was alive he'd pull in the reins with a jerk; but he died five or six years ago, and Rackety is, like the rest of us here in these Sunset Slopes, galloping free, with no one to haul him in."

Meanwhile the subject of this discussion was standing in the little room he called his "office," but which was stacked with anything but official furniture. Boots, saddles, guns, foils were scattered around in picturesque confusion. Cards, sporting magazines; a brace of silver-mounted pistols, cigar boxes and pipes littered the desk, where the four telegrams had been deposited by Bony Ben under a big bit of gold-streaked quartz, that served as paperweight to the cumbrous collection of bills and receipts already gathered there.

Mr. Jack Dayton snatched up one telegram after another, and glanced at each in growing dismay.

"Billy-Boy!" he muttered, with an oath. "Billy-Boy coming! Good Heavens, what shall I do with him? Billy-Boy coming here to me;—a kid like little Billy!

I won't have him. Here, Ben, mount quick and rush off a telegram to Rooker's. Pay double, treble price—*anything* for it. What a fool I am! It's too late: the boy is on his way. Buckston, 3.30! Why" (dark despair settled on the speaker's countenance) "he must be there now!"

"Looks as if he might have been there for the last two hours," said Ben, briefly. "And if it's a boy, as you say, he must find it pretty lonesome. I was out there yesterday. Everything is cut out. Not even a yellow dog in sight. And" (he cast a glance at the fading sunset) "it's growing sort of late."

Billy-Boy's brother ground out another oath between his set teeth. The picture of the little traveller sitting lonely in the gathering darkness was a maddening one. Of all places in the world to send Billy-Boy just now! What could his mother be thinking of? And then he remembered the part he had been playing for the last two years,—the false, deceptive letters he had written to that tender, loving, trusting mother, to that distant home. Billy had been sent out to the brother, the son of whom those letters spoke,—the brave, bold, loving, steady Jack Dayton, who had come out to Bar Cross Ranch to take his father's place, to do his father's work, to guard the interests of his father's widow and children. And Billy-Boy would find "Rackety Jack!"

With another muttered oath, Jack tore the last telegram into bits and flung it from him.

"It's the dickens of a mess!" he blurted fiercely. "But we can't leave the boy there alone all night. You—somebody must go for him. And all these fellows asked to make a howling, drinking week of it! To bring that soft-eyed kid here now!"

"Whose kid is it?" asked Bony Ben, who always came to the front when his boss gave way like this.

"My brother. Worse luck, my little brother, that has been sent out here for his health. He is—let me see—some-where about twelve years old."

"Well," said Bony Ben, with a chuckle, "you ain't bothering about a twelve-year-old boy. What's here to hurt him? Why, Cub Connors ain't much older, and look at him! He can hold his own against any twenty-year-old galoot at his father's store! I'll go to Buckston for him, as you say; and then just let him tumble in and take what comes. You don't want to treat no boy of twelve like a sissy girl!"

"No, I don't suppose I do," answered Ben's boss, more calmly. "A boy of twelve! It's hard to think of Billy as a big boy, he was such a soft-eyed little kid when I left home. But that was three years ago. And what a three years it has been! A chap can go a long way to the devil in three years; can't he, Ben?"

"He *can*," answered Ben, grimly. "It don't usually take that time. It depends whether you gallop or trot, and you've rather took to the gallop lately, I'll allow. Things are going pretty bad here at Bar Cross Ranch, I must say. It don't take no scholar to see that. You've sold off high all the good stock; and if the water tanks ain't looked to pretty soon—"

"There! there!" interrupted Mr. Jack, impatiently. "It's the old croak just as soon as I hit this confounded place. Let things go, if they must. I'll even up somehow or sometime. One good run of luck, and I'll fix up everything for you, Ben,—everything, old fellow! One good run of luck, and it's bound to come,—bound to come!"

"Not when you run with galoots like them out there," said Ben, as the sound of noisy laughter came from the porch without. "They'll skin you neck and crop every time. But you ain't going to listen to me, I know. The road is too rough for wheels: I'll saddle Marquita, and he can ride her home. I'm going for the little boy."

(To be continued.)

IF any one speaks ill of you, says an old writer, let your life be so blameless that none will believe him.

The Archbishop's Shoes.

One stormy day in winter, a poor student entered the shop of a shoemaker in Madrid, and said to him:

"Please see if you can mend these shoes. I am too poor to buy a new pair."

"They are not worth mending," replied the shoemaker; "your feet are almost as much exposed as if they had no covering at all. Let me offer you a new pair, and you may pay," he added pleasantly, "when you are the archbishop. It is a pretty long time to wait, but it is not by giving money only that one can exercise charity. Take them: I make you a present of them."

The student heartily thanked the good shoemaker, and promised never to forget his kindness.

Years fled by. The shoemaker had grown too old to work as in days of yore, and had but scanty means of subsistence. One fine morning a canon of the cathedral called at his house, and said to him:

"I have been sent by our new Archbishop to conduct you to the palace. He wishes to see you."

The poor man wondered what the summons could mean; for he had never spoken to an archbishop in all his life. The priest spoke to him encouragingly, however; and they set out for the cathedral residence.

When the shoemaker was ushered into the Archbishop's presence, His Grace said to him, kindly:

"My friend, I want to pay you a debt contracted long ago."

The poor shoemaker, greatly confused, could scarcely believe his ears when the Archbishop continued, with a smile:

"I once got a pair of shoes of you, for which it was agreed I should pay when I became Archbishop of Madrid. And, since you were so kind as to trust me, I wish now to recompense your generosity. I am the student whom you befriended."

The prelate then took a purse which

lay before him and handed it to the old man, saying:

"Here is the price of the shoes. Now ask of me any favor you wish, and, if it be in my power, you shall have it."

The shoemaker burst into tears, and said:

"The sum which your Grace has presented to me is more than the price of a hundred pairs of shoes. My only desire is that my two daughters, who are still young, may be cared for after my death."

"You shall see your wish realized."

"May God bless your Grace!" was all the poor man could reply.

The Archbishop immediately carried his promise into execution by founding a home for noble maidens, of which the first two inmates were the shoemaker's daughters, to whom he delivered letters of nobility. He also cared for their father as long as he lived. The old man always took great delight in speaking of the Archbishop's charity, and died blessing his benefactor.

The Oak Tree.

Squirrels and birds often plant whole groves of oaks, not knowing in the least what they are doing, but only thinking that they are storing away a nice lot of acorns for future use. The rook makes a hole in the ground, drops in an acorn and covers it up; and often, before he becomes hungry and goes in search of it, to make a meal or to take a lunch, it will sprout and be the beginning of a great tree.

Oaks grow in almost any kind of soil, but they require plenty of room for their roots, and an abundance of light and air for their branches. The oak does not begin to bear acorns until it is about eighteen years old; but from that time on it is very industrious, and often does not begin to decay until one hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age.

The oak tree has had a prominent place in song and story, and among the Druids it was an object of worship.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—One of the most thought-provoking papers read at the National Conference of Catholic Charities, Washington, D. C., in September last, was that by Mr. William J. White, entitled "The Reform Problems which the Church should Meet." We are glad to see that it has been printed in pamphlet form by the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—"Calvert of Maryland," one of the Otis books published by the American Book Co., is the story of Lord Baltimore's colony, told by a boy who accompanied the first colonists in the good ship *Ark* across the ocean to Chesapeake Bay. It is the history of the beginning of Maryland served up in attractive style to schoolchildren in their third and fourth years, is illustrated with outline cuts, and should prove interesting supplementary reading for the young folk.

—"The Coming of Geraldine" is a drama in five acts for convent schools, church societies, and girls' clubs. Its author is a member of the Presentation Order, and the play is published by the Presentation Convent, 419 W. 33d Street, New York city. It is a drama for acting rather than for reading purposes, and belongs to that variety of histrionic literature once classified as serio-comic. The complete musical score of two songs is given; and this fact probably accounts for the unusual form of the pamphlet, which numbers 27 pages.

—A somewhat lengthy title for a pamphlet of 16 pages is "The Advisability of Inserting the Word 'Sex' before the Word 'Race' in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." The pamphlet is the Mallory Prize Essay of Georgetown University; and the essayist is John F. Crosby, '12,—this appended contraction of 1912 meaning, of course, that Mr. Crosby will graduate one (or one and a half) years hence. About that time he may perhaps conclude that, for the benefit of the (unfortunately) large number of people whose knowledge of the purport of the Fifteenth Amendment is of the haziest, his excellent paper might be more tersely called "The Inadvisability of Woman's Suffrage."

—If the "Report of the Parish Schools" for the Archdiocese of Philadelphia were to be tersely described as meet, neat, and complete, the description would be as adequate as it is brief. A faultlessly printed brochure of 166 pages, it contains an abundance of excellent

reading matter in addition to the purely statistical tables; and is, moreover, enriched with several excellent illustrations, a map of the archdiocese exhibiting the school conditions of the different counties, and a large diagram showing the parish-school attendance in each diocese of the United States for the year 1909. A model report that will well repay the careful examination of school superintendents everywhere.

—The value of "The Catholic Who's Who and Year-Book" for the current year is greatly enhanced by the addition of the addresses to the names to be found in its pages, which number 440, exclusive of advertisements. Other points to be noted, as in the former issues, are the admirable arrangement, excellent type, good printing, and convenient size. We could wish that the advertisements which have intruded into the calendar pages were made to keep their place, and that the book were more flexibly bound. Otherwise we do not see how it could be improved. Sir Francis Burnand, the editor, and Messrs. Burns & Oates, the publishers, are to be congratulated on this invaluable work of reference. It is admitted to be one of the best of its kind in existence.

—"Home Life in Spain," by S. L. Bensusan (The Macmillan Co.), is a volume the fair promise of whose opening pages is speedily belied in the sequent chapters. The author's ill-concealed contempt for the average Englishman's acquaintance with Spanish life and thought, and the credentials he puts forward for his own competency to discuss both, are likely to create the impression that the book may be worth while as an impartial, unbigoted study of a Catholic land by a non-Catholic author. This impression, however, is quickly and completely removed. Mr. Bensusan speaks of himself (page 81) as "one whose ancestors were expelled from Spain"; on which statement we have only to comment that it is rather a pity that similar procedure was not followed in the case of their vilifying descendant.

—Once upon a time—and not so many decades ago, either—there was a dearth of story-books as good and as entertaining for Catholic boys as the "Tom Brown" books or the best of the "Oliver Optic" series were for non-Catholic lads. The present generation of our young folk is much better off in this respect than were their fathers. Good, wholesome, lively and thoroughly interesting Catholic juveniles are multiplying at a rate which leaves no excuse

for Catholic parents' buying any other kind for their children. Among comparatively new authors of such works is the English Jesuit, Father Garrold, whose "Boys of St. Batt's" we recently noticed. "Freddy Carr and His Friends" (Benziger Brothers) is, if anything, a still better story; and the boy of any age from thirteen to threescore who fails to read it is missing something well worth while.

—A series of papers prepared during rare intervals of leisure in a very active life, and contributed to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* "mainly for those who make the Holy Hour, and who love to linger daily or when they can in sight of the Lamp of the Sanctuary," has been reprinted in book form by the Apostleship of Prayer, New York, with the title "Under the Sanctuary Lamp." The sub-title chosen by the author, the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S. J., is indicative of the beautiful setting he has given to these admirable reflections for the Holy Hour,—"The Hills that Jesus Loved." Written with literary grace and devotional fervor, and replete with that unction which is as undefinable as it is sweet and impressive, this attractively bound 16mo of 183 pages, interspersed with a number of excellent colored plates, forms an ideal book-gift to any lover of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. \$6, net.

"Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God." Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.

"Joseph Haydn. The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.

"Early Steps in the Fold." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.

"Freddy Carr and His Friends." Father Garrold. 85 cts.

"More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"Education: How Old the New!" James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D. \$2, net.

"Non-Catholic Denominations." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.20, net.

"The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare." Charlotte Balfour. Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$1.25, net.

"The Manual of Christian Pedagogy." Brothers of Mary. 50 cts.

"The Hill o' Dreams." Helen Lanyon. \$1.05.

"Feasts for the Faithful." 30 cts.

"The Order of the Visitation." Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B. 60 cts.

"The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More." Vol. I. Father Augustine Baker, O. S. B. \$1.25.

"The Old Mill on the Withrose." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. 85 cts.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Patrick McMahon, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Francis Clojnarich, diocese of Pittsburg; Rev. Hugh Crevier, O. S. M.; Rev. J. T. Emmett, O. S. A.; and Rev. F. McGinnis.

Sister M. Leocadia, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Joseph, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; and Sister Joseph Maria, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Albert Holtgrave, Mr. John Barrow, Mr. Michael Haley, Miss Della Nicholas, Mr. Peter J. Murphy, Mrs. Louis Sentz, Mr. J. A. Gavigan, Mr. Frederick Brockmeyer, Miss Mary F. Delahanty, Mr. Alfred Dickson, Mrs. Bridget Quinn, Mr. H. S. Handing, Mr. P. J. Bacon, Mr. Thomas Birmingham, Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Mr. Joseph Kraus, Mrs. John McGee, Mr. Henry Marischen, Mr. John Dougherty, Mr. George Wagner, Mrs. Jeremiah Donovan, Mr. George Schumacher, Miss Grace Mullany, Mr. John Rabbitt, Mr. James Donahue, Mr. Thomas Sibold, Dr. M. Browper, and Mrs. Helen Holmes.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Winter Night.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

THE snow lies deep upon the sleeping town,
The world is wrapped in heaven's shroud
to-night;

All day the flakes have softly drifted down:

No stain now gleams upon this mantle white;
For God has covered up earth's sin and woe,
And hidden imperfections 'neath the snow.

Would that my soul might thus be calmed and hid;
Would that its bleeding wounds might cease
to flow;

Would that of sorrows it might once be rid

And covered o'er with whiteness like the snow!
Some day,—some day, yes, surely this will be;
If not on earth, then in eternity.

Luxemburg and Its Shrines.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

HE who visits the Continent of Europe rather as a pilgrim than as a tourist must often regret that no small hand-book exists to tell him of the many Catholic shrines which, in his ignorance, he passes by unheeded. In justice to the best guide-books of to-day, it is right to say that many of them indicate the chief Catholic shrines; but so briefly that the notices escape the attention of the unwary traveller, hidden away, as they too often must be amid a multitude of details about palaces and picture galleries, about sights and sites

of all sorts. Thus such a traveller may easily rush past the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg without being aware that it holds two shrines,—one, of no small interest to every devout client of Our Lady; the other, of more particular interest to every English-speaking Catholic.

The town of Luxemburg was, until 1866, considered to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and was then held on behalf of the German Confederation by a strong body of Prussian troops as a bar to French attacks upon Germany. But in that year, the battle of Sadowa having changed the aspect of European politics, the garrison was withdrawn, the fortress dismantled, and the duchy neutralized. As it had been ever since the close of the sixteenth century, Luxemburg remained a fortress of Catholicity, thanks to the Jesuits even after they had been driven out of the stronghold. They it was who revived in the hearts of the people that ardent love of the Mother of God which to this day burns on so brightly among the Catholics (the great majority of the population) of the Duchy of Luxemburg.

Alexander Farnese, after he had recovered for Philip II. the southern provinces of the Netherlands, in order to revive religion in them, sought to establish the Jesuits in all their chief towns. He failed in this at Luxemburg, where the governor opposed their coming, because two Jesuits who had preached a course of Advent sermons in the town had been, he thought, too outspoken. But in 1592, four Jesuits were allowed to

establish themselves in the town. Ten years later their college was opened. Its Gothic church, remarkable for its proportions and its Renaissance façade, was dedicated to Our Lady; it is now the cathedral.

The Jesuits, in 1623, began building, outside the walls, a chapel in honor of Our Lady, where the countryfolk on their way into town, or the townsfolk going out of it, might pause and recite an *Ave*. Father Broquard, S. J., was the great promoter of this undertaking. Just then the plague visited the town, and he was stricken with it. He made a vow that, if it pleased God to spare him, he would make a pilgrimage barefooted to Our Lady's new chapel. His prayer was heard, and this first favor excited the townsfolk to renewed efforts to complete the chapel. Mass was said in it for the first time on the feast of Our Lady of the Snow in 1627; and a statue, carved in wood, of Our Lady, holding a sceptre in her right hand, and the Divine Child with her left, was placed in the chapel under the vocable "*Consolatrix Afflictorum*."

An Office, approved by Rome in 1864, says that the statue came from the Jesuits' college; but how or when it came to the college none knew. The popular tradition, however, tells us that the students found it in an oak tree, in a wood where they were wont to spend their whole holidays. They took the statue to the college, found a suitable niche for it, and, with prayers and hymns, and many lighted candles and flowers, inaugurated their shrine. Next morning, however, the statue had disappeared. Some days passed, but no one knew what had become of it, until the next whole holiday came round, when the students, returning to the wood, to their wonder and joy, found the statue in its original place. Again they took it to the college; again it returned to its oak tree. Just then the chapel was finished, and the statue placed therein, and there it found a lasting home. And the old folk, as they handed down this tradition, would add: "If you would see this

miraculous statue, go to the chapel and say a 'Hail Mary.'"

So many graces were obtained, so many miracles worked through the intercession of *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, that in 1666 the town of Luxemburg took Mary for its patron; and its example was copied by the fourteen towns which were then included in the duchy. Two hundred years later the statue was solemnly crowned by Cardinal Reisach, delegated by Pope Pius IX. The ceremony was to have taken place in the great square of the town, in presence of several bishops, the civic authorities, the Prussian garrison, and a concourse of thirty thousand persons. Unfortunately, one of those rainstorms, to which the plateau on which Luxemburg stands is exposed, came on, and the ceremony had to be performed in the cathedral. Such in its main outlines is the history of Our Lady of Luxemburg.*

Luxemburg's second shrine is to be found in Echternach, a small town of the duchy, about six leagues from the capital. It was by an early train on a light railroad that we took our way thither. The journey takes about two hours. The railroad winds its way by steep gradients through woody valleys and across upland pasturages; and from the higher ground extensive views are enjoyed of the far-away hills of Belgium and Germany. The descent into the valley of the Sure by rocky, well-wooded ravines is extremely picturesque; and, if time and weather permit, this last part of the journey should be made on foot.

Echternach lies embosomed in the valley, the sparkling waters of the Sure bathing part of its old walls. The situation of the town of Luxemburg has been, if I remember rightly, compared by Dean Stanley to that of Jerusalem; that of Echternach reminded us somewhat of Nablus, near the site of Sichem. But if the Palestine sites are grander and more rugged, the Luxemburg sites are far more

* For further details, see "*Histoire de Notre-Dame de Luxembourg*," by L. Kuntgen, S. J.

beautiful, owing to their woods and meadows. Here is nothing of the depressing desolation of the Holy Land. One feels that one is in a prosperous country; and this we knew to be the case by the sight of the clean, bright villages we passed; by the cheerful, contented looks of the countryfolk we met. And whence comes this happy state? In Echternach we shall find the answer. There, in 698, St. Willibrord founded a monastery with the gold and silver given him by St. Irmina, daughter of King Dagobert II.; and on land received from that same benefactress. Many noble Franks also helped in establishing the new foundation.

This monastery soon became, as a recent writer remarks, "the school of Benedictines, the flower of their rule, the pearl of their Order. For Luxemburg and the country around, it was the cradle of their culture, the school of civilization, the home of science, of art and of letters; in a word, the source of untold blessings."*

St. Willibrord, whom God raised up to be the apostle of the countries from the Mosel all along the left bank of the Rhine to the sea—countries which are to this day among the most Catholic in Europe,—connects these lands by a debt of gratitude with England and Ireland. Born about 658 in Northumberland, St. Willibrord was trained for the sanctuary by St. Wilfrid. At the age of twenty, he went, like many of his countrymen, to Ireland; and there met with a fellow-countryman, St. Egbert. The latter desired greatly to preach the Gospel to the people of Germany. But he had other work to do; so he sent St. Willibrord, with twelve companions, to preach to the Frisians. St. Willibrord was consecrated bishop by Pope Sergius in Rome, and, returning to the Lower Rhineland, founded the See of Utrecht. For thirty-six years he held the See; and, after fifty years of missionary work, he died in

738, and was buried in his monastery at Echternach. There it was probably that Alcuin wrote the saint's life.

The monastery of Echternach very early became a seat of learning; its monks imitating in this their holy founder, who wherever he went made, or caused to be made, copies of manuscripts which he chanced to find. For a time the monastery was served by canons, but in 971 it reverted to the rule of St. Benedict. Of its long line of seventy-seven abbots, and of its many generations of monks, not a few were distinguished for their piety and learning. Its library, rich in priceless manuscripts, lost many of its treasures during the religious troubles of the sixteenth century. But even after this the literary wealth of the abbey surprised the Benedictines of St. Maur and the Bollandists who came to it in quest of literary treasure. The former mention that they were shown the relics of St. Willibrord kept in a fine shrine under the high altar of the abbatial church. They saw also his wooden crosier and his chalice.

All the glories of Echternach's abbey, however, were doomed to disappear at one fell blow. On the night of August 6, 1794, the monks were forced to fly, in lay attire, from the abbey before the approach of the revolutionary soldiers of France. Most of the manuscripts were carted off to Paris, and such as escaped private pilferers still enrich the French National Library; for the little duchy was too weak to claim its own, as other countries could, after the peace of 1815. The printed volumes of the monastic library were scattered far and wide. The abbey buildings were sold in 1797. What remains of them is used as public schools for boys and girls. The great church, too, was sold and turned into a delft factory.

Happily, in 1861 a society was formed to restore the church. Thanks to large grants of money from the government of the duchy, the work of restoration has been carried out with great care and skill; and the basilica (as the people of Echternach call it) is now once more a place of worship.

* Ad. Reiners, in the transactions of the Société Archéologique du Grand-Duché de Luxembourg, xl, 14.

nach call it), begun in the ninth century, rebuilt after the great fire of 1016, after undergoing many changes during the course of centuries, stands once more in all its glory. Its simple façade, flanked by two lofty turrets, whether seen from far or near, is very fine. Its nave, with its alternately round and square columns, is noble; its rectangular apse, with a rich baldachin over its high altar, is also grand. Perhaps the wall painting of the interior is too red and gaudy, but time will tone it down. All this wonderful work of restoration has been brought about by the good people of Echternach,—a town, be it remembered, of little more than four thousand inhabitants.

Just within the rails of the sanctuary, at the foot of the steps leading up to the high altar, stands the marble shrine of the saint, weirdly white amid its colored surroundings. The relics of the saint, hidden away during the French invasion, were subsequently placed in a Roman sarcophagus under the high altar of the quaint little old parish church of SS. Peter and Paul, which stands on a high hillock behind the basilica, on the site of an old Roman pagan temple. Four years ago the relics were removed to the present shrine. St. Willibrord's tomb has been the constant object of pilgrimages ever since the day when, shortly after the saint's death, two English pilgrims visited "his miraculous tomb" and enriched the monastery with costly gifts.* The intercession of the saint is particularly sought by persons suffering from those nervous affections so frequent in this age.

The famous "dancing procession" at Echternach every Whit-Tuesday brings thousands of persons into the town. The pilgrims who take part in the procession meet near an ancient cross that stands on German territory, on the left bank of the Sure, not far from the stone bridge which here connects the Grand Duchy with its powerful neighbor, Prussia. The piers of this bridge are believed to

date from the days when the Romans held every strategical post along the Rhine and its tributaries. After hearing a sermon, the pilgrims begin to move off in procession, at a signal given by the ringing of the great bell which Kaiser Maximilian I. gave to Echternach when he came thither on pilgrimage. Having crossed the bridge, the procession winds its way through the narrow streets, past the medieval townhall, to the basilica. In front march the young men and maidens of the town. Next come the so-called dancers (pilgrims of both sexes), intermingled with musicians playing some very ancient music. The dance is rather a rhythmic march of five steps forward and three steps backward. It has a strange effect when performed, as it was last year, by eleven thousand pilgrims in a body. Other pilgrims, praying or chanting, follow; and then the clergy. On reaching the basilica, the pilgrims enter and file past the saint's tomb.

Formerly, when the pilgrims had to mount the steep steps leading up to the parish church, the effect was strange, and certainly exhausting to the dancers. Some twenty thousand pilgrims and onlookers crowd into Echternach yearly to witness this curious procession. Much has been written about it, but of its origin nothing certain is known. The earliest record of the dancing is of the sixteenth century.

Apart from its procession, Echternach is worth a brief visit; even a lengthy sojourn may be made there by those who like pleasant walks over hill and dale, amid leafy woods and across verdant meadows. It is within easy reach of Trier, with its ancient Roman remains and interesting churches; nor is it far from the Eiffel district, with its woody hills and deep valleys. There, near to Kyllburg, the old church of St. Thomas, dating from 1222, should be visited. It is the first church on the Continent that was dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. It belonged, until its suppression at the French Revolution,

* Ad. Reiners, *op. cit.*, xl, 15.

to the adjoining monastery of Cistercian nuns, all of whom were obliged to be of noble birth. It has been lately given into the care of the Friars Minor, who propose to restore it. An ancient statue of the English martyr is preserved in the church.

It is time, however, to take leave of Echternach; but not without having knelt at the tomb of St. Willibrord, to beg him to obtain for us all something of his zeal for the salvation of heathens, and of that deep devotion to the Holy See which characterized him and St. Wilfrid and St. Boniface, and which is so strong to this day among those Teuton races whose pagan forefathers those three English saints brought into the One Fold.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

WHATEVER Nina thought of the psychological moment for the return of John Maitland into Madeleine's life, she was very careful to say nothing of this return to the person most concerned—that is, Madeleine herself. She was too uncertain of the manner in which the news might be received to run any risk in communicating it while there might be time for her friend "to do something morbid or rash," as she put it to herself; which meant to refuse to see John Maitland, and perhaps insist upon leaving Chartres before his arrival. An instinct warned Nina that these things were quite possible; for she was well aware that under Madeleine's gentleness there lay a power of steel-like resolution, when once the strength of her nature was roused. And even had she been ignorant of this, the story told of the "coin of sacrifice," and the flight which had been made to save another from paying that coin, would have sufficiently enlightened her. Quite comprehensively, therefore, and with no doubt whatever of her own

wisdom, she summed up the situation in her mind, and took her resolution.

"He shall have his chance," she said to herself; "and, above all, Madeleine shall have hers. All this morbid mysticism, into which she has drifted through unhappiness, must be blown away by the only force strong enough to do it—the force of sane, natural, human love. It is because her poor heart is insistently craving the love which has been denied it that she has taken refuge in these unreal fancies. And she was always so unselfish that it is easy to understand why the idea of sacrifice appealed to her so irresistibly that it made her run away and hide herself from the man whom, it is quite clear, she really loves. And he must love her very truly, since this love has triumphed over the narrow teachings of his religion, and has brought him across the world to seek her. Such a proof of devotion will surely be more than she can resist; and, as if to help him in every possible way, fate has sent George Raynor across her path at this critical time, to produce the revulsion against Catholic ideals to which she confesses, and to make her realize the bondage to which she would be dooming herself by embracing that faith. Oh, it will all come right! I'm sure it will all come right; and I shall have the gratification of seeing her, with the past all put behind her, happy at last."

Nina, whose heart was much warmer than her head was clear, fairly hugged herself with pleasure over this anticipation. And she laughed joyously when Madeleine, observing her air of suppressed radiance, said to her:

"I think you are more glad at the prospect of seeing Mr. Carruthers than you will admit."

"But I haven't the least hesitation about admitting it," she replied. "I'm delighted at the idea of seeing him, and—er—he may possibly bring a friend with him whom I shall also be glad to see. I think it will do us both good to

have some fresh, modern companionship, and get away from gloomy medieval associations for a time."

Madeleine looked at her with a smile.

"I don't really think that the gloomy medieval associations have had much effect in depressing you," she said. "But if you want to get away from them, why should we not leave Chartres? You know I have been ready to go for some time."

"Yes, I know; and that my desire to finish my picture has alone kept you. I should be very remorseful over this delay, which brought about that painful meeting of yesterday, if I were not sure that the meeting had served a good purpose."

For a moment Madeleine did not answer this confident assertion. They were taking their first breakfast of coffee and rolls in their sitting-room, the windows of which commanded a view of the great church across the *place*; and she glanced wistfully out of one of these windows as she said slowly:

"I understand what you mean. But if you could know how desolate I feel this morning! It is as if the Cathedral, although it still stands yonder, had been taken from me; for I am reluctant to enter it again and meet the associations which have come into it. When I waked this morning, my first consciousness was of that weight upon the heart which one feels after a great bereavement. At first I wondered what it meant; and then all came back to me—the meeting of yesterday, the revival of dreadful memories, the cruel loss of peace and happiness, and of all that the Cathedral, which I have learned to love so dearly, has been to me."

Nina put out her hand and patted the other hand which lay on the table near her.

"I am awfully sorry for you," she said. "But the truth is that you need something better than a cathedral to love."

"Ah, you say that because you don't in the least understand what I mean when

I talk of loving the Cathedral!" Madeleine cried, with a sharp pang in her voice. "Do you suppose that it was merely the building, noble and glorious as it is, that I loved? It was what I found there which made it seem like heaven to me. And into this sanctuary of peace the dreadful past pursued and seized and claimed me. Do you wonder that I feel as if it were still lying there in wait, to claim me again with all the force of law—"

"It is," Nina said below her breath.

"And that I can not bear to face the struggle it implies? So, instead of a sanctuary of peace, those walls seem now to enclose a battle-ground, a field of strife worse than any I have yet known. And I shrink from entering the doors I have been so eager to enter before. O Nina, isn't it hard? Why should those people have come here? Why couldn't I have been left in peace in this one spot of earth?"

"Sometimes strife is better than peace," Nina replied, "because better things may come out of it. I've no doubt you think me very unsympathetic, but I *can't* be sorry that you have realized before it is too late the full significance of the step you were almost ready to take."

"I was quite ready to take it, and nothing has happened which should change that readiness. Yet—God help me!—it has been changed. Nothing looks to me as it did this time yesterday; least of all my own purpose, my own desire."

Nina's look expressed emphatic approval.

"I hope that by this time to-morrow," she said, "you will have gained another purpose, another desire, to take the place of those you have lost."

"You are talking in enigmas," Madeleine told her. "I have no idea where or how I should find anything of the kind."

"It is the unexpected which happens," Nina remarked; and then, conscious that she was perilously near to betraying what she was most anxious not to betray, she made haste to change the subject. "Dick Carruthers writes that he is coming to

curb my ambition by a little friendly criticism of my picture," she said; "so I think I will leave it just as it is until he arrives. I have reached a difficult point, anyway: I can't satisfy myself about the management of the lights and shadows; and, since he is an infinitely better painter than I am, I shall wait for his advice. So, instead of betaking ourselves as usual to the Cathedral, let us spend the morning out of doors. We'll go down to the river, and I'll do some sketching, while you can sit in the sunshine and read or dream as you like."

"As I have nothing pleasant to dream about, I shall certainly read," Madeleine said with decision. But when they were presently ready to go out, Nina observed, with a certain satisfaction, that the volume under her arm was not "*La Cathédrale*,"—that book which for so long had been her constant companion.

By one of those streets which tumble from the top of the town to the bottom in a precipitous flight of steps, they made their way down to the tree-planted alleys beside which the river flows in the ancient moat, crossed at intervals by bridges which connect the terraced gardens of cottages that line the farther bank with what were once the ramparts of the fortified city. Here they found that secluded embankment which Huysmans describes as "near the old Guillaume Gate, where washerwomen sang while they soaped the linen in a stream that blossomed, as they rubbed, with flecks of iridescent bubbles."

On a spot which commanded a view of the old gateway, with its crenelated towers, and its archway still showing the groove in which had worked the portcullis that was let down of yore to defend this side of the town, Nina established herself with her sketchbook; while Madeleine found a seat near by, and, instead of opening the volume she had brought with her, sat looking dreamfully—in spite of her determination not to dream—at the arm of the river which here, as Huysmans

has also said, "washes the feet of more houses, plays at hide-and-seek in the courts, and muses between walls." By glancing upward she could see the medieval pile of the old town clustered around the hill on which the Cathedral stands exalted. But for once she did not care to glance upward: just now her gaze preferred to dwell on the current moving so gently about the ancient fortifications, at the washing places where the laundresses knelt, and the tall poplars beside the water-mills. It was as if her soul, frightened by the demands of the supernatural, were taking refuge in the natural, in the homely work and play of the world about her.

And as she sat in the soft sunshine, musing like the river at her feet, her thoughts went back to all that had antedated her pilgrimage to Chartres. Scene after scene rose before her: the tragedy of her married life—for what tragedy is greater than the death of love and respect?—the crushing in her of all power to feel or to enjoy; her flight to a place where she might find rest, secure from any claim, social or otherwise; the gradual revival in her young spirit of the forces of life; and the coming of the man who had so much to do with this revival, whose devotion seemed to transform existence with a new hope of happiness. And then—but at this point she resolutely forced her thoughts to pause. The interview with his mother which had brought her to renounce this hope of happiness, the suggestion of the mystical coin of sacrifice, and the visit to the church where the light of a vision she had never forgotten had been revealed to her soul,—these things she put away from her with a sense of distaste. Had they, indeed, been born of morbid sentiment, extravagant and unreal, as Nina declared, and as she was well aware that numbers of people besides Nina would have believed? She did not know whether she desired to believe this or not; but the suggestion remained with her, and for

the first time she found herself willingly entertaining it.

But most of all it was the memory of John Maitland that came to her, and stayed with a strange persistence. At least, in the light of after events it seemed to her strange; and she wondered if what those who dabble in psychical research call the aura of his approaching presence had preceded that presence and influenced her mind to dwell upon him, upon the memory of his love, and upon the sense of security, as of one who rests in a tower of strength and faithfulness, with which he had always inspired her, and which had perhaps been most potent in attracting her regard to him. It did not occur to her then or later, as an explanation of these persistent thoughts, that he stood for all that she had renounced when, paying the coin of sacrifice, she had fled away to seek the fair things of the soul which her vision had revealed; and that in the revulsion from these things—in the passionate impulse of revolt against the bondage they seemed to lay upon her, in the memory of the voice that only the day before had filled her whole being with a dreadful sense of loathing,—she instinctively turned to the memory of the man who had desired to put the bulwark of his great love between her and all the hateful past.

She was so quiet as she sat in this dreamful ease, gazing at the gliding current, that Nina, who felt very restless, presently abandoned her artistic efforts and came to sit down beside her.

"There's a train from Paris due about this time," she said, glancing at her watch, "and I shouldn't be surprised if Dick came out on it."

"That would seem to imply great eagerness on his part," Madeleine remarked smilingly. "And yet you will not admit that he has any particular reason for eagerness."

"There's always eagerness on his part to do at once whatever he takes it into his head to do at all," Nina answered:

"If he received my letter last night, or even this morning, I have a fancy that he will come on the first train to-day. And, this being so, I think we had better go back to our lodgings, or they will not know where to find us."

"*They?*"

"Didn't I tell you that he said he would have a friend with him?"

"Perhaps you did. I wasn't paying much attention just then. And who is the friend? Do I know him?"

To this direct question Nina hardly knew how to reply. She hesitated; and while she hesitated she suddenly became aware that fate was about to take the matter out of her hands, and spare her the necessity of answering it at all; for, glancing up, she saw two men advancing along the tree-lined alley toward them. One, in his easy dress, with his dark, pointed beard and vivacious gestures, might readily have passed for a Frenchman; but the other was the unmistakable well set-up, clean-shaven American type; and while she recognized the first as Dick Carruthers, she was equally certain that the second was John Maitland. And now all at once she grew afraid of what she had done. How could she tell what effect this man's presence would have on Madeleine,—how great or how painful a shock it might prove to the sensitive nature which was still suffering from the shock of yesterday? In her repentant anxiety, she caught the arm beside her, thus diverting Madeleine's attention to herself.

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "you know him,—that is, you have known him. And—and, Madeleine, you must forgive me for not warning you sooner—"

"What is there to warn me about?" Madeleine asked in surprise, her gaze fixed so intently on the agitated face before her that she was altogether unaware of the figures approaching them. Then suddenly she grew pale, and a wild, irrational fear leaped into her eyes. "You can't mean that he—who was here yesterday—has come back?" she gasped.

"Good heavens, no!" Nina cried. "Do you think I am mad? Haven't I told you that this man comes from Paris with Dick Carruthers? He is—Madeleine, he is—"

She stopped abruptly, for the two men were by this time almost beside them. The Gallic-looking young artist sang out gaily:

"*Holá! here you are! What good luck to meet you so soon!*"

And Madeleine turned quickly—to see John Maitland standing before her.

It was as unexpected as possible; and yet the first effect of his presence was to quiet her emotion. The wild fear that had clutched her heart died down, as suddenly as it had risen, at sight of his face; and the sense of security which he had always inspired came over her in a great rush of relief. With a composure which astonished Nina, she held out her hand, smiling faintly, yet sweetly.

"So it's you, Mr. Maitland!" she said. "I did not know that you were on this side of the ocean."

"I have not been long on this side," he answered, as he took the slender hand in his, and looked into the eyes which, in their clear darkness, were like leaf-shadowed pools of water. Strangely enough, his composure was far from equal to hers; although he had been prepared for the meeting, and she had not. So he was glad that for the moment it was not necessary to say anything more, — that Carruthers claimed his greeting, and then presented him to Miss Percival.

They all stood together for a few minutes, talking rather distractedly, as people usually do on first meeting. But presently Nina carried Carruthers off to show him the *Porte Guillaume* at nearer range, and Maitland was left alone with Madeleine. As their eyes met again, out of the fulness of his heart rushed the question he had so long desired to ask her.

"Why," he demanded, "did you run away in such a manner?"

(To be continued.)

The Bird's-Eye Speedwell.*

BY ANNA BUNSTON.

MARY'S flower blooms alone
Between the bracken and the grass,
And all the spirits of the air
Are gladdened as they pass.

Mary's flower blooms alone;
Its petals, pencilled like an eye,
Are stained a flawless, azure blue
Through kissing of the sky.

Mary's flower blooms alone;
I laughed for joy of so much grace,
And knelt me down to scrutinize
So innocent a face.

Mary's flower blooms alone
Between the mountain and the sea;
Its gentle lips had weightier words
Than hill or wave for me.

Mary's flower blooms alone.
I left it with a thankful sigh,
A shriven soul and blest; for God
Looked through that azure eye.

The Prototype of Mary's flower
Bloomed alone in Nazareth,
Till men, who hated innocence,
Devoted it to death.

Then Mary's Flower died alone,
Hung high upon a leafless Tree,
But all its odorous breath was blown
About humanity.

And Mary's Bud shall bloom again
Through working of that fragrant leaven,
And thrive upon the waiting fields
Till earth be blue with heaven.

* Known in some places as "Mary's Flower."

If philosophy is above all a matter of the intellect, art is above all a matter of the heart. The philosopher seeks truth, which is the objective of the intelligence; the artist strives after the beautiful, which is the proper object of love.

—Perreye.

A Heroine of Our Own Land.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

IV.

THE fourth epoch in the life of Virginia Reed extends over a series of years after her arrival in the sunny land of California. I should feel much hesitancy in speaking of this part of her life were it not so well known throughout that State.

Virginia's father, being a capable man, with much power of initiative, soon became one of the most prominent citizens of San José. One business that he organized was the purchase of fruits, vegetables, meats, and so forth, which were then hauled to the mining camps and sold. A very important camp at this time was known as Murphy's, from John Murphy, the son of a noted pioneer of California, and himself a young man of great business ability. He had gained control of a large area of gold-bearing land, on which he had set to work a number of Indians, and was taking out more gold at this time than any other man in the diggings. Mule-load after mule-load was sent down, with reckless generosity, to his father, for the purpose of adding more land to the patrimonial estate.

It is interesting at this point to interject a true story, that was told to me by an old Indian many years ago. Mr. Murphy had every confidence in the integrity of those Indians who had been trained at the old Franciscan missions. Many a time he sent his mule-loads of gold with no other guard than an Indian for each mule. On the occasion referred to, four mules laden to their capacity with gold dust, driven by four Indians—the leader of whom was Pancho, my informant,—left Murphy's camp in the gold diggings for San José. On their way they discovered that they were being followed by a band of cutthroats who were bent upon robbing them of their precious freight.

Pancho determined otherwise. Stealing an all-night march upon them, he arrived at a ranch where there were a number of wild horses in one of the corrals. In a moment his plan for hiding the gold was made.

Tying the mules where they could be seen as he and his companions worked, and taking the master of the ranch into his confidence, Pancho began to dig in the centre of the corral a hole big enough to contain the packages of gold. These were then inserted and hastily covered over with dirt. Only an astute Indian or Mexican would have thought of a plan to disguise immediately and effectively the fact that digging had been going on at this spot. As quickly as possible the band of wild horses was turned into the corral, and rapidly chased to and fro, back and forth, over the whole area, so that in a few minutes it presented a uniform appearance. When the band of robbers arrived, Pancho and his companions were already on their way to San José with fresh mules, while a band of Mexican and Indian horse-breakers and branders of stock were engaged in still further tearing up the soil by driving the frightened animals to and fro in the corral.

To return to our story, Mr. Reed and John Murphy soon began to transact a great deal of business together. By and by their association became friendship; and, on Mr. Murphy's next visit to his people, he called at the Reed home to take dinner with his friend. Though Virginia was still a girl in her teens, John fell deeply in love with her; and, in his masterful way, he resolved to marry her. He was a Catholic, the Reeds were Protestants; and Virginia had not yet fulfilled the vow referred to in the earlier part of this story. Both felt that there would be objection to the marriage from Virginia's parents; but she had no idea of going contrary to their will until one day John and she met at the home of a friend, and the result was that he gained her reluctant consent to their union.

When the time came they were duly married, though Virginia's parents were not apprised until after the ceremony. There was no break in the family, because both Mr. and Mrs. Reed loved their daughter too much to oppose her happiness. The only remark her father made was that, had he known she was determined to marry John, he would have given his consent. The young couple prospered, and several children were born to them. Mr. Murphy was as generous and open-hearted as he was successful; money flowed through his hands like water. There was no man in that part of the State more popular than John Murphy. And, being essentially of a genial disposition, he was "hale-fellow-well-met" with every well-known citizen of the country. As they all drank, the man most popular amongst them was necessarily called upon to drink the most; and, unfortunately for Mrs. Murphy, her husband was that popular character.

When the gold diggings began to "peter out," Mr. Murphy was induced to run for sheriff of Santa Clara County. Of course he won the office, and this brought him in still closer contact with a larger circle of drinking men. Strange to say, while he drank with startling frequency, he was able to "carry his liquor" so that he was never seen intoxicated. But his wife, watching him with the love of a devoted woman, saw that he was gradually becoming demoralized by this habitual use of too much alcohol. She pleaded with him to drink less, and finally gave voice to her fears that he would ultimately be overcome. John laughed at her, and said there was no need for alarm. He knew there was no danger.

But in the course of a few years it was found that Mrs. Murphy's dread was only too surely founded. With a suddenness that to everybody else seemed as unaccountable as it was appalling, Mr. Murphy broke in body, mind and spirit. He lost his friends, his money, his position, and his social standing. The drink habit

seemed to have completely enslaved him. And, while he never offered any violence to his wife or the children, friends and relatives constantly urged Mrs. Murphy to leave him. Even his own father came and pleaded with her to come to the paternal ranch and leave John to the fate he had brought upon himself.

Here it was that the character of the girl, developed in the fearful trials of the Nevada plains and the awful months spent during the winter snows on Donner Lake, asserted itself. To all remonstrances and pleadings she invariably replied: "I married John for better or for worse. He has been a noble and good husband and a kind father. His present degradation is owing to drink. It is not John Murphy who is the besotted drunkard: it is drink that makes another person of him. I have had the 'better'; now, by the help of God, I will cling to him through the 'worse.' I vowed to God to be his wife 'till death do us part'; and I will stay with him, being as faithful and loving as a wife can be, and win him back to God, his family, and the Church."

As bravely and nobly as she went to her father's succor on the Nevada desert, she stood by her husband. By and by he became a complete wreck physically, and had to be taken care of, day and night like a baby. Her love never deserted him. As he had already lost his money, she was compelled to engage in business so as to support the family. By day she went to her office; having made a home, from the windows of which her husband, in his bed, could look down, and at certain appointed hours see her wave her hand toward him.

Not knowing, in those days, how to treat a man whose body had been wrecked by alcoholic liquor, the physicians insisted that Mr. Murphy must not be deprived of a daily quantity of the whiskey which had brought such sorrow and disaster upon himself and his family. Accordingly, every day Mrs. Murphy brought home a bottle of what, to her husband, seemed the elixir of life. At last, however, she

reasoned the matter out for herself, and concluded that he would be immeasurably better without it. So she quietly began by substituting just a few drops of water for a few drops of whiskey, enlarging the proportion of water each day, but so gradually that it was not until several months had elapsed that the whiskey was almost an imperceptible quantity. At first her husband noticed no change, but after a while he threw out hints to the effect that 'he was losing his taste for whiskey.' At length the happy day arrived when, with disgust, he exclaimed: "I might just as well drink water as this stuff! There is no taste to it at all. I am going to quit."

As soon as it was safe to tell him, Mrs. Murphy informed him what she had done. His improvement had become so marked as the amount of whiskey had grown less, that it required no persuasion to induce him to take a pledge to abstain totally as long as he lived. From that day until his death he never violated his pledge, and never once expressed any regret that he had taken it. In a short time he recovered his health sufficiently to go about town, and before long returned to the fold of the Church, publicly confessing his lapse owing to drink, thanking God for the nobleness of his wife's affection, and glorifying the Master for His abounding goodness.

Restored to the favor and good-will of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Murphy's last days were spent in comparative happiness and contentment; and when, finally, he lay upon his deathbed, his last words, after receiving the blessed offices of the Church, were of thankfulness for the sweet devotion of his wife, whose steadfast affection had been, under God, the means of his eternal salvation.

(The End.)

WE are always doing each other injustice, and think worse of each other than is deserved, because we hear and see only separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature.—*Anon.*

A Christmas Present.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

JACK WILMOT looked up in surprise from the legal papers he was studying as Mrs. Dale entered his rooms. That lady had been as a mother to him in his orphaned youth. He had visited Dalewood at vacation times with her own lads, and had looked on the house as home; but never before had she called at his apartments in London. He welcomed her heartily, however; and drew forward the steadiest and most comfortable chair.

"There you are, Mrs. Dale!" he said, laughing. "The chair is trustworthy and not very uncomfortable. This is your first visit to my diggings, and — why, what on earth is the matter?"

Mrs. Dale had thrown back the heavy veil she wore, and disclosed a pale and tearful countenance. She was a woman of fifty-six or fifty-seven years of age; but, in spite of a careful toilet, she looked fully sixty years old as she sank into the chair.

"Are we alone, Jack?" she inquired.

"Quite alone. What is amiss?"

"Sit down, Jack. I am in trouble,—the greatest distress."

In the pause that followed, Jack wondered what was Mrs. Dale's trouble. Her elder son was married and settled in Dalewood; the other was soldiering in South Africa; while Mrs. Dale and her two daughters occupied a small house in Belgravia for the better part of each year, and were well-known figures at all fashionable functions. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Dale had lived on a limited income, and had never grumbled thereat.

"What is the trouble, Mrs. Dale?" Jack asked at length.

"You must give me your word that, whether you help me or not, you will never speak of what I am about to tell you."

"Certainly not," Jack promised readily.

"Jack, Alicia was at Wilmot Court at Christmas."

"Of course, and my uncle and aunt both regretted that you and Maud were kept at home by Maud's illness. Maud hasn't had a relapse?"

"No, no!"

"And Alicia?"

"Alicia is engaged to Lord Askew."

"Really! Isn't that good news? Askew is a wealthy man, and a fine, decent fellow into the bargain. You can't surely be grieving over Alicia's engagement?"

"No; but, Jack, wasn't there some jewel lost or stolen at Wilmot Court during the holidays?"

"Yes: Mrs. Egerton lost a locket,—a very valuable article, I believe. It once belonged to the Empress Josephine, and was valuable on that account quite as much as on account of the diamonds that encircled it. I can't see why the woman couldn't have left so precious a thing at home."

"Oh, if she had!" Mrs. Dale sobbed.

"Jack, Alicia took it."

"Alicia!" Jack ejaculated. "Alicia! Why on earth—"

"Oh, you must not blame her! The poor girl is at times a kleptomaniac; she is not really responsible."

"Well—" Jack considered. "Why not simply give the—blessed article back to Mrs. Egerton, and tell her to look after it more carefully in future?"

"O Jack, you know what a gossip Mrs. Egerton is!" said Mrs. Dale. "The story would be everywhere in a few days. And don't you see Alicia's engagement would be at an end."

Jack drummed with his fingers on the table.

"Couldn't you post it or send it by express?"

"I thought of it; but both are so insecure without registration, and the locket is so valuable. No, Jack. I wish you to take charge of the locket."

"Me!" Jack exclaimed.

"Yes," Mrs. Dale went on hastily. "Mrs. Egerton is your cousin, you know, and you are going to her place next week. Well, take the locket and leave it on her dressing table, or some place where she will be sure to find it. Then I shall be satisfied she has got it. Dear Jack, do this for me! It is important that Alicia should marry Lord Askew. He is an excellent match, and Alicia is fond of him."

"Shouldn't you tell him of Alicia's peculiarity?" Jack questioned.

"Good gracious, no! Really, the fit, or whatever it is, attacks Alicia very, very rarely. Tell him? No, no!" Mrs. Dale grew vehement.

"I must say I don't like the job."

"Of course not." Mrs. Dale saw Jack was yielding. "How could you? But it will be quite simple; and, Jack, I shall never forget your goodness. Here is the locket." Mrs. Dale drew from the bag she carried a circular locket set with brilliant stones. Jack stared at it gloomily.

"Yes, that's it, sure enough! Confound the thing!"

Mrs. Dale held forth the locket, and Jack reluctantly enough took it. He held it a moment or two. Then he dropped it into an ebony box that stood on the table, and turned the key in its lock.

Mrs. Dale rose to her feet, and, with a sigh of relief, drew down her veil.

"God bless you, Jack!" she said, and hurried from the room.

Jack returned to the study of his law papers; but the interview had disturbed him, and he found it difficult to concentrate his attention on the intricacies and niceties of English law. He didn't like the task he had undertaken, nor did he exactly see how he was to accomplish it.

"And poor Askew!" he muttered. "Pon my word, I believe women have no consciences. Now, Mrs. Dale, a kindly, good-natured woman, sees nothing wrong in marrying Alicia to him. Well, I can't speak if I would: I have given my word. But I wish the locket were safe in Belle Egerton's keeping."

Jack lit a pipe and was smoking gloomily when his privacy was again invaded. The newcomers were his uncle, Colonel Wilmot, and Mrs. Egerton's husband. Jack received them awkwardly enough.

"I didn't know you were coming to town, Uncle George," he said when the men were seated.

"Didn't know myself till this morning, when I got a letter from my lawyer. Wants my signature to some papers concerning the sale of land to a railway company. Odd what a lot of worry the sale of five acres causes," Colonel Wilmot grumbled.

"Belle's locket is causing me quite as much worry," Mr. Egerton said. "This is the fifth time I've been brought to town to examine lockets. I was after being confronted with one when I met your uncle, Jack."

"Was it Mrs. Egerton's?" Colonel Wilmot inquired.

"No, it wasn't. Belle must come herself next time. The police are a set of duffers. Eh, Jack?" Mr. Egerton said.

Jack flushed.

"Oh, I don't know!" he muttered. "Can't I get you something to drink?"

The young man produced a spirit stand, and Mr. Egerton shoved to one side some of the papers that littered the table. As he did so the little ebony box rolled to the floor. Probably it had not been properly locked, for its contents scattered over the floor.

"Just like me!" Mr. Egerton jumped up, and stooped to help repairing the damage he had done. At his foot flashed the diamonds in his wife's locket.

"God bless me!" he ejaculated in dismay,—*"God bless me! O Jack!"*

The three men were silent for a space. Jack laughed oddly.

"You may, neither of you, believe me, but I didn't steal the locket."

"Then how came it into your possession?" Colonel Wilmot demanded.

"I can not tell you," Jack answered. "Surely you can not think I stole it!"

"I can think nothing else," Colonel Wilmot thundered, while poor Mr. Egerton inwardly cursed the jewels that had caused so much trouble.

"No, no, Jack!" he observed. "I don't think so. There is some mistake."

"Let him explain, then," observed the Colonel.

Jack closed his lips resolutely.

"Well," the Colonel added after a few painful moments, "take your wife's locket, Egerton. And you," he turned to Jack, "are no longer kin of mine. Do you understand, sir? Come, Egerton!"

And Colonel Wilmot turned to the door.

II.

"Now," said Mrs. Wilmot to her small daughter a few days before Christmas, "I wonder what we can get for a nice Christmas present for daddy."

Lilly's small brow puckered.

"A gold watch, like the one he sold when I was sick."

Mrs. Wilmot sighed.

"Ah, dear, that was a relic of the old days when daddy wasn't obliged to think of either pounds or shillings. No: we can't afford a gold watch at present. Perhaps when Lilly is a big girl we can buy one for him."

"I'll save up all my pennies."

"Yes, and daddy will get rise after rise."

"What's a rise?"

"More salary, dearie,—more money for his work. This year his salary has been increased, and he is now going to travel for the firm."

"Travel! Will he go away?" Lilly's lips quivered.

"Only for a day or two at a time."

"Oh, couldn't we buy him a travelling case?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

Mrs. Wilmot considered. Only the day previous she had seen an announcement of the sale of articles left in the hands of a certain railway company, and she had read of the bargains sometimes obtained at such sales. Womanlike, she loved a

bargain. The day was fine and she had no particular work on hand; and Lilly had holidays from school. Yes, they should go to the sale.

The pair did so; and, by a strange chance, just the very article they were in search of was put up for sale. Mrs. Wilmot and a man, evidently a Jew, were bidders; and at length the lady was declared purchaser.

She had somewhat outrun the money she meant to spend, and was dubious as to the value she had received; while Lilly regarded the small travelling case with disfavor.

"It is a good article," Mrs. Wilmot said when they reached home, "and very little the worse for wear. It must have cost a lot of money once. See how perfectly it is fitted up."

Lilly's small fingers strayed here and there through the various compartments of the case. Mrs. Wilmot was called away for some minutes. When she came back the child was untying a small packet of letters.

"I found this inside," she announced excitedly.

Mrs. Wilmot took the letters, all of which were sealed, addressed, and stamped, but had never been posted. One was addressed to Colonel Wilmot.

"It's for a relative of daddy, maybe."

"Yes," Mrs. Wilmot said, after a long pause. "It is addressed to his uncle, Colonel Wilmot."

"Oh! Has daddy an uncle?"

"He *had*. Colonel Wilmot is dead."

"Oh!"

"He and your daddy weren't quite friends," Mrs. Wilmot explained. "Poor daddy! Colonel Wilmot thought he was guilty of a wrong act."

"He wasn't?"

"No, dear; but daddy couldn't explain; so when Colonel Wilmot died he left all his property to a stranger. He died almost two years ago. Daddy was reading for the Bar—preparing to be a barrister—at the time his uncle made the mistake; but he had no money of his own, and so had

to look for work. Poor daddy! The wrong was done by another."

"Why didn't daddy say so?"

"He couldn't, dearie. He had promised not to," Mrs. Wilmot said. "We will tell him about this letter as soon as he comes home. He will know what to do with it."

When Jack Wilmot returned home that evening the letter was placed in his hands. Years, work, and anxiety, had left their mark on him; but his marriage was a happy one, and Jack was fairly satisfied with his lot in life. At times, to be sure, regrets for his lost inheritance would come; but they were banished by a thought of his wife or Lilly. He looked in surprise at the letter Mrs. Wilmot handed him.

"I shall post it to Rowton," Jack said when his wife had explained. "It may be of no importance, but I shall send at the same time a line to inform Rowton of how it came into our possession."

"Doesn't Mr. Rowton live at Wilmot Court?" Mrs. Wilmot asked.

"No, I believe not. I often wonder why my uncle made him his heir. Rowton was a school-fellow of his, and they were close friends; but he is a very wealthy man and unmarried. I suppose we shall never know."

Two days later Mr. Rowton appeared at Jack's modest dwelling. He was a shrewd, benevolent-looking man; and, on hearing that Jack was at home, was at once shown in. Mrs. Wilmot passed the travelling case to him for inspection. He examined it closely, and pointed to a crest on the clasp which had escaped Lilly's attention.

"That is certainly Lord Askew's crest. Do you know the contents of that letter, Mr. Wilmot? But of course you don't."

"No, indeed," said Jack. "Isn't Askew dead?"

"He was killed in a railway accident about two years ago. Had your uncle received his letter, he would have made a different will," Mr. Rowton added.

"Indeed!" Jack commented.

"Colonel Wilmot and I were lifelong

friends," Mr. Rowton went on. "I presume Mrs. Wilmot knows why you were not his heir."

"Yes, she knows he blamed me for a crime I never committed," said Jack. "Of course the appearances were dead against me. My uncle could scarcely do anything but what he did. I don't blame him: he didn't know me well. It was just my luck, and I never grumbled at it."

"No. Well, it appears from the letter written by Lord Askew that he learned of his wife's failing. The poor woman grew remorseful, and told him of the injury she had unwittingly done you. Askew wrote the letter, but, as you noticed, it was never posted."

"It might have made a difference to me if it had been," Jack replied slowly. "I should have liked my uncle to know. However, all that is past."

"Not altogether," Mr. Rowton said. "And Colonel Wilmot never believed you guilty of theft. His will proves that. I was sole legatee; but there is a document in existence, signed by Colonel Wilmot, stating that, should it be proved during my lifetime that his nephew was innocent of stealing Mrs. Egerton's locket, Wilmot Court should at once become his. The document is informal, I suppose; but Wilmot Court and all your uncle's property, barring a few legacies, are yours. I am heartily glad to congratulate you."

"I can't understand my uncle's will—" Jack began.

"I held the property only in trust," Mr. Rowton interrupted. "Why on earth should Colonel Wilmot make a wealthy man still wealthier? Don't you see he really meant it for you?"

"But you have only poor Askew's letter," Jack said.

Mr. Rowton laughed.

"I went to see Mrs. Dale yesterday. Askew said it was she who gave you the locket. No, my dear fellow: I am certainly satisfied, and so should you be. Wilmot Court is certainly a fine Christmas gift. Isn't it, Mrs. Wilmot?"

Our Lady's Gospel.

BY J. B.

THE two chapters with which St. Luke begins his work may well receive the foregoing title; for it is generally recognized that the story they record must be due to her. For some parts she was the only authority, and the rest she could easily have heard from her cousin Elizabeth. Though she was the authority of the story, however, it does not follow that she herself wrote it down; and the object of this short paper is to suggest that St. John the Apostle was the writer. This seems probable from the facts recorded by St. John himself—that he received Our Lady as his mother at the foot of the Cross, and that "from that hour he took her to his own [abode]." Who more than the virgin disciple, the apostle of charity, would be fitting confidant and recorder of matters so high and delicate as those chapters of St. Luke reveal to us?

The suggestion that St. John was the source of them appears so inevitable that it needs little support. But are the chapters as we find them in St. Luke the actual words of St. John, or did the former Evangelist take an older record and write it afresh in his own words? The following argument may help both to confirm the suggestion of authorship and to show that we have substantially the wording of St. John himself.

(1) In the matter is found an intimate knowledge of the Temple and its services, such as is not noticeable elsewhere in St. Luke, nor even in St. Matthew or St. Mark. The account begins with the solemn offering of incense by Zachary, a priest of the course of Abia, probably for the only time in his long life; it contains also the stories of the Presentation and Purification and the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple, with their incidental side-lights on the frequenta-

tion of that holy place by devout persons like Simeon and Anna, as well as by the doctors of the Mosaic Law. Now St. John was exactly one who would notice such matters and record them, where another would pass them by as of no unusual interest.

Dr. Edersheim, a learned Protestant of Jewish origin, writes thus in his book on "The Temple at the Time of Jesus Christ":

There is a marked peculiarity and also a special charm about the allusions of the Beloved Disciple to the "Temple and its services." The other New Testament writers refer to them in their narratives, or else explain their types, in such language as any well-informed worshipper at Jerusalem might have employed. But St. John writes not like an ordinary Israelite. He has eyes and ears for details which others would have left unnoticed. . . . The Apocalypse, as a whole, may be likened to the Temple services in its mingling of prophetic symbols with worship and praise. But it is specially remarkable that the Temple references with which the Book of Revelation abounds are generally to minutiae, which a writer who had not been as familiar with such details, as only personal contact and engagement with them could have rendered him, would scarcely have even noticed, certainly not employed as part of his imagery.

Dr. Edersheim notices as a "most striking" example the allusion in the Apocalypse (xvi, 15) to the punishment of Temple guards caught sleeping at their post, and suggests that St. John was himself of a priestly family. (See St. John, xviii, 15.)

(2) In the style of "Our Lady's Gospel" one notices the feeling for poetry. The three great hymns which the Church uses in her daily worship — the *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis* — are all there; and the *Gloria in Excelsis* appears also. This last may be compared with similar outbursts of praise in the Apocalypse. Elsewhere in the New Testament there is little that can be recorded in verse composition; but see Acts, iv, 24-30; and I. Tim., iii, 16. It may be argued that the hymns of Our Lady and the rest were written down because they were actually sung; but here temperament comes in. One narrator would omit a poem

altogether, another would give a brief abstract in prose, and a third would give the verses entire. The writer of the first chapters of St. Luke obviously belongs to this third class, and so resembles the writer of the Apocalypse. St. John's Gospel belongs to the latest period of his life, and has no verse composition, unless the opening sentences (i, 1-18) are to be considered an exception. Yet many parts of it show that "feeling for poetry" mentioned above.

A minor point of style may also be noticed — the very simple connection of sentences by "and." Thus: "And it came to pass . . . And they came with haste. . . . And, seeing, they understood. . . . And all they that heard wondered." (St. Luke, ii, 15-18.) This somewhat monotonous repetition of "and" is common in the other Gospels and in the Apocalypse, but in the main portion of St. Luke it is not so common. This may afford an argument that St. Luke did not write out his first chapters in his own style, but literally copied the document he had received. If he had been told that it came from St. John, he would no doubt have been reluctant to vary the wording.

This brief argument may perhaps be elaborated by others. It depends upon, and in turn supports, the Christian tradition that St. John's Gospel was really written by the Apostle; and it suggests that the first two chapters of St. Luke are possibly the earliest *written* parts of the New Testament.

... I wish all Catholics were but as forward to lend their helping hands to lift souls out of Purgatory as they are to believe they have the power to do it; and that we had not often more reason than the Roman emperor to pronounce the day lost; since we let so many days pass over our heads, and so many fair occasions slip out of our hands, without helping or releasing any souls out of Purgatory, when we might so easily do it.

—Father Thimelby, S. J. (1663.)

A Memory Picture of Pius IX.

(From "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," by
Mrs. Hugh Fraser.)

IT can occur but rarely that a child's imagination is dominated by one great historic figure, ever in the background of events, and only emerging from time to time, in enchanting splendor, into the realities of life. Yet to me—the Roman-born daughter of American parents, non-Catholics, severed in tastes and circumstances from everything connected with the Vatican circle,—Pius IX. was for many years the most important personality on my horizon: a living power, a centre round which fancy and tradition wove rainbow after rainbow of thought.

I must have seen him many times before the occasion which my memory counts the first; for in those safe and happy days he was constantly to be met driving through the city or taking his walks in the villas and suburbs, attended by his Cardinals and Noble Guards, and followed by the court carriages with their slow-stepping black horses and solemn servants. But I have always been grateful for the particular picture of him which precedes all the others in my recollection.

It was a bright winter's morning, and my brother Marion and I had been sent to take our airing on the Pincian Hill. The gardens, for some reason, were almost empty; and we had romped joyfully in and out among the flower-beds; launched paper boats on the dimpling crystal of our favorite fountain; played hide-and-seek among the hundreds of bust-crowned pillars; thrown kisses and rose-petals to Marcus Aurelius and the young Augustus; and, I am sorry to say, made faces at Socrates and Seneca because they were so ugly. Sun-fed, breathless, steeped in the joy of a Roman morning, we had sobered down and were walking obediently beside our nurse along the wide, central avenue, when a wonderful vision broke on our sight.

Coming straight toward us out of the swimming radiance of the noonday, with

all Rome lying low behind him and St. Peter's in the distance, was a tall, benign-looking man, in robes of snowy white. On either side of him walked a Cardinal in sweeping geranium silk; and around and behind these three a detachment of Noble Guards marched in fan formation, white plumes tossing from their gleaming helmets, silver cuirasses blinking dazzlingly in the sun, sabres and spurs clanking royally, and the blue and silver and gold of their uniforms spreading away from the central group like rays from a prism.

We stood still and watched this splendid company approach; and I heard my nurse exclaim in an awed whisper, "The Pope!" The next moment he, too, stood still; and, beckoning to one of the Noble Guards, sent him to bring us to him; for Pius IX. never passed little foreign children in his walks without pausing to give them his blessing. My brother ran forward eagerly, and I seem even now to see his golden curls shining in the sun as he took the officer's hand and trotted beside him across the open space to where the Pope was waiting for us. I thought his face the kindest and most beautiful I had ever seen. It was nearly as white as his robes, and illuminated by dark eyes full of benevolent light; on his lips was the gentlest of smiles; and, as I knew later, in his heart he was breathing a prayer that the alien lambkins might be brought into the One True Fold. Tenderly he laid his hand on my brother's head, blessed us, asked whose children we were, and passed smiling on his way.

For days afterward we could think and speak of nothing else. When I was allowed to go and sit alone in our old drawing-room, from whose open windows I could look over the whole Campagna—windows through which the sun poured on vast stretches of crimson carpet, giving me a heavenly sense of magnificence and solitude,—I used to dream that the Holy Father would open the door and come and sit in the big gilt chair and tell me all I wanted to know about himself.

Catholic Readers and Catholic Editors.

THERE is much that is notable besides what we have already quoted in a recent pastoral of Bishop Whiteside, of Liverpool, on "Catholic Newspapers and the Fight for the Faith," as some one has entitled it. For instance, in reference to the principle which should guide one in choosing a Catholic newspaper, the Bishop says:

The fact that a particular newspaper has no politics, or that it advocates one set of political views rather than another, should not be a reason for choosing or rejecting it. A Catholic reads his Catholic newspaper not for its politics, but to get the best of what as a Catholic he wishes to find in it. Nor should he decline to subscribe to a particular Catholic newspaper because its news or its correspondence, or its treatment of certain questions, is at times not to his liking. Provided the conductors of a newspaper recognize the broad duty of avoiding whatever may disedify in what is read by all classes and conditions of men, a large discretion should be allowed to them in such details. The fact is when we try to realize how much goes toward the production of a weekly Catholic newspaper—the vast amount of sound, stimulating and interesting information gathered into any one weekly edition, much of which has to be procured, digested and possibly commented upon in a very limited time and at short notice,—the wonder is how so much can be done at the cost; and it seems, to say the least, ungracious to emphasize the slight shortcomings of those who are working under great difficulties, in what is, after all, the noblest of causes.

If the foregoing is not only just but generous to Catholic editors, and a needed lesson to many a Catholic reader, Bishop Whiteside is equally just in the following paragraph, which conveys a lesson unfortunately not wholly unnecessary to the editorial fraternity:

But, whatever allowance a Catholic reader should make for the deficiencies, real or apparent, of a Catholic newspaper, in one thing, and in one thing alone, should he be exacting. The newspaper that claims to be Catholic must be so not only in name but also in reality. And the test and touchstone of this, as of every other activity in the Church, is unswerving loyalty to authority. The unity of the Church, which was the object of Our Lord's last solemn prayer,

depends on the close union of rulers and ruled,—of the people with their priests, of the priests through their bishops with the Holy See, the centre of unity. By one word to do anything to introduce division and distrust where a spirit of due subjection and of mutual confidence reigns, to reverse the order established by Christ, and to seek to submit the ruling of their dioceses by bishops, of their parishes by priests, to the tribunal of the people,—this is to incur the guilt of schism, and that of rending the seamless garment of the Church's unity.

We should like to be able to say that in none of our Catholic exchanges have we noted symptoms of the spirit thus reprobated; but candor compels us to acknowledge that we must agree now, as we did some years ago when it was first made, with this serious declaration of the *Ecclesiastical Review*: "Of the large number of Catholic exchanges received by us, there are several that we would not allow to be read by respectable non-Catholics, or young persons, from a legitimate fear of injuring the Catholic name or weakening the Catholic faith." That the condemnation of a so-called Catholic journal by a bishop is a very rare occurrence is one of the most convincing proofs possible that the Catholic hierarchy as a body is "merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness."

The right and the expediency of a bishop's authority as regards distinctively Catholic journalism in his diocese are so intimately connected with his episcopal office and functions that they clearly need no vindication. A bishop is appointed to teach and to govern in matters religious; and, obviously, the correlative duties of the faithful are to be taught and governed by their bishop. The assumption of the title "Catholic editor" by this or that individual member of the faithful in no way withdraws him from the jurisdiction of his ordinary, nor does it forthwith invest the member in question with any well-grounded claim to pose as an authorized leader. The multiplication of good Catholic papers is not more desirable nowadays than is the reform—or the suppression—of such as are not.

Notes and Remarks.

WE took occasion several weeks ago to quote some statements of Judge Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut,—statements that effectively disposed of the contention that he is, or was, an anti-Catholic bigot. We are glad to have an opportunity of noting that Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, is equally free from any taint of that un-American spirit. A correspondent of the *Standard and Times*, writing from Jersey City, tells of Dr. Wilson's paying the following public tribute to three Catholic ex-members of the State Legislature:

Take the instance of Mr. Treacy and Judge Sullivan and Mr. Tumulty. The whole State knows that that is a roll of honor; and the whole State is heartened by this further circumstance, that here is a group of men who illustrate in their lives and conduct not only public morality, but the teachings of the great Church of which they are members. Men sometimes forget that religious principle is the one solid and abiding foundation.

Find a man whose conscience is buttressed by that intimate principle, and you will find a man into whose hands you can safely entrust your affairs. For the man who steers by expediency, the man who trims his course by what he thinks will be the political consequence, the man who always has his eye upon the weather, is the man whom you can not trust.

So even non-Catholics are coming to see that those members of the Church who are most faithful to her teaching—the “good, practical Catholics”—are precisely those who may best be trusted to perform well the various duties of citizenship, and to acquit themselves worthily of any public service to which they may be called.

There is nothing elaborately complicated or unintelligible about the projected law concerning the separation of Church and State in Portugal. As sent to the *Tribuna* of Rome by its Lisbon correspondent, the law's main provisions are: “(1) All the property of the Church shall become the property of the State, which

will pay to the clergy at present living a stipend corresponding as nearly as possible to the interest on the capital value of such property. (2) When the present generation of clergy is extinct, their successors will be deprived of that stipend, and will not be able to make any use of such property, churches included, unless they pay a rent to be determined by the State. (3) In case no offer is made of rent, the State will be at liberty to sell such property and devote the proceeds to any purpose it thinks fit.”

This is as simple as the highwayman's curt demand, “Your money or your life!” It is worth while remarking, however, that, from the present outlook, the republic itself is likely to become extinct before that fate overtakes “the present generation of clergy.”

There are many indications that the antagonism between religion and science, of which we used to hear so much, will ere long be a thing of the past. Men like Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir Oliver Lodge, both of highest rank in the scientific world, now express the belief that the purpose of the universe is the education and development of mankind for an enduring spiritual existence. In his recent work, “The World of Life,” Dr. Wallace gives the reasons which, after half a century of thought and work upon the Darwinian theory of evolution, have led him to this conviction. The sub-title of the volume is “A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose”; and the author's object is, if possible, to discover proofs of this in nature. We must quote two striking passages. After a detailed account of the distribution of plants and animals in the world, and as shown in past ages by the geological record, Dr. Wallace writes:

If, then, all life development—all organic forces—are due to mind action, we must postulate not only forces, but guidance; not only such self-acting agencies as are involved in natural selection and adaptation through survival

of the fittest, but that far higher mentality which foresees all possible results of the constitution of our cosmos.

Again, referring to the adaptations between life and the physical laws of the solar system which render life possible, and after expressing his belief that on no other planet than the earth can the development of organic life take place, he makes this declaration:

These afford, in my opinion, an exceedingly powerful argument for an overruling Mind, which so ordered the forces at work in the material universe as to render the almost infinitely improbable sequence of events to which I have called attention an actual reality.

Thus, at the close of a long life devoted to science, does Dr. Wallace hold out the olive branch to religion.

The zealous Archbishop of Montreal is continuing to vindicate his claim to the title of one of Canada's most public-spirited citizens, and a thoroughly loyal British subject as well. Montreal having decided to erect a monument to the late Edward VII., Mgr. Bruchési has issued a pastoral letter urging his clergy to induce their parishioners to subscribe to the fund therefor. Speaking of King Edward as "the royal peacemaker," the Archbishop says: "The whole world has praised him. For ourselves, we especially love to recall the beautiful words which he addressed to the Catholic hierarchy of Canada, united in Plenary Council at Quebec: 'It is my constant desire that my subjects in every part of the Empire shall always enjoy civil and religious liberty.'"

As illustrating the power of the press, a Washington writer tells this story:

Some time ago a farmer put his feet into a pair of old boots that he had years ago cast aside. An obstruction in the toe of one of them, much to his delight, proved to be a \$50 bill. The village paper duly recorded the incident, and put it on the wire for the city daily, adding to the importance of the item by multiplying the find by ten — making it a \$500 bill. The Associated Press correspondent passed the news item on to the papers of that organization, and

added another nought, making it \$5000. This item was copied far and wide, and eventually reached the old farmer's relatives in Germany, and in due course he was the recipient of many letters of congratulation over his facility in extracting \$5000 from an old boot. Time passed, and one day the old farmer picked up his family story paper to read, and there he beheld recorded the fact that he had found \$50,000 in banknotes in an old boot, where he had placed them years before and had forgotten the trifling incident. Now, the fact of the whole story was that, having found a \$50 note in an old boot, and taken it to the bank, the cashier, dubious about its looks, forwarded it to the subtreasury, whence it was soon returned with the word "Counterfeit" stamped upon it.

Repeating this story for the readers of the *Catholic Columbian Record*, R. C. Gleaner remarks: "I am inclined to think that much of the influence of our modern daily press 'toward a deeper conception of duty, character, public service, etc.,' might also be stamped 'Counterfeit.'"

Commenting some months ago on an Anglican bishop's statement that he was not a Roman Catholic because—thank God!—he was an English Catholic, we denied the bishop's competency to give to the English word "Catholic" a technical signification different from the meaning attached to that word by the world at large. Our point is emphasized by the following extract from the *Western Catholic*:

There can be no possible misunderstanding when people speak of "Catholic Emancipation"; or when Tennyson in "Queen Mary" makes Elizabeth refer to Philip of Spain as "the proud Catholic prince"; or when Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera," writes "concerning these Arabian knights of Venice and the Catholic Church"; or when Leigh Hunt says in his autobiography that "Dante's heaven is the sublimation of a Catholic church"; or when Carlyle says that "the ideas and feelings of man's moral nature have never found so perfect an expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism"; or when Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says that "the Catholic reverence of the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman, and to soften the manners of men"; or when Hawthorne says, "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother";

or when we say that Belgium is a Catholic country; or when Becherelle's dictionary says that in French "the word 'Catholic' is used only in connection with the Church in communion with Rome"; or when the Turkish Government distinguishes between the Orthodox and the Catholics. In a word, the world has fixed the use of the word "Catholic" to suit itself; and, as that use happens to be in accord with the true meaning, it is useless to attempt to change it.

Use is the law of living languages; and, just as "Americans" means, the world over, citizens of the United States, so "Catholics" means spiritual subjects of the Pope.

Juvenile courts have their advantages, as we have frequently had occasion to point out; but at present there appears to be some danger of their becoming a menace to the inherent right of the family and the home. What is known as the Monroe County (N. Y.) Juvenile Court Law is so worded as to make it comparatively easy for a judge to withdraw a child from the care of its parents and place it under the direct control of the State. That condition amounts to incipient Socialism, and should not be tolerated. As Archbishop Glennon has well said: "We have the right to preserve our homes from State control. We have the right to remain free and not become tenants of a soulless State. We utterly abhor the doctrine that the little children who bless our homes shall be wards of the State — common property. The idea of common parentage is not only the end of order, but the end of civilization itself."

The death last week, just after we had gone to press, of Prof. James F. Edwards, is a great loss to the University of Notre Dame. His health had for some time been a source of anxiety to his many friends, and he himself had relinquished all hope of ever again filling the post of University librarian and curator of his Bishops' Memorial Hall, for which he was so eminently fitted. His long and devoted attention alike to the duties and recreations which make up the academic life

caused him to be widely known, and won for him a recognition as yet rare in this country. He made it his life work to collect every document, book, pamphlet, portrait, and relic in any way related to the history of the Church in the United States. Of what a large and precious collection it is, only his intimates had any idea. It was Prof. Edwards who suggested the founding of the Lætare Medal, and he is to be credited also with the inauguration of not a few Catholic movements of lasting importance. His services will be appreciated to the full when there is realization of the difficulty of finding any one to continue them.

There can be no question that the Holy Name Societies that are being multiplied throughout this country are exerting a powerful, if indirect, influence on the non-Catholic world round about them. The example of thousands of citizens pledged to abjure profanity inevitably produces beneficent results among their friends and neighbors. Whether or not that example is the specific cause, as the *Catholic Telegraph* believes, of a notable scene witnessed recently in a Masonic Lodge of Iowa, it doubtless had some bearing on the action thus chronicled in a dispatch from Cedar Rapids, dated Dec. 28:

Three hundred Masons, as the clock struck the midnight hour last night, registered a vow in honor of St. John Day never again to use profane language. The vow was taken at the banquet table in the new Consistory Temple in this city, at the suggestion of Grand Master Frederick Craig, who was the guest of honor and principal speaker of the evening.

The satire of a passage from Lucian in reference to the Athenian patrons of his day, quoted by Mr. Frank A. Mumby in his recent work, "The Romance of Bookselling," might well apply to some purchasers of the twentieth century. "You think," wrote Lucian, "that by purchasing a great number of fine books you may be taken for a good scholar. But, on the contrary, you will only make

your ignorance the more conspicuous. Not only do you buy the books which are not the best, but you are easily persuaded by the first man who praises the book. . . . If you made your bed on the best copies of the great authors, or were decked in manuscripts from head to foot, would you be less ignorant than you are?"

Not less applicable to many who borrow books at the present day is the extract which Mr. Mumby gives from a letter written by a monk of the tenth century, who rebukes a brother for sending back his book in such a condition—"crumpled, soiled, and without the map of the world which had been at the beginning."

Neglect of the departed is so frequent a reproach to sectarian missionaries in China, where ancestor worship has a powerful hold on all social and family life, that some delegates to the so-called "World Missionary Congress" were bold enough to ask whether a "modified worship in the form of a memorial service would not be possible among Christians in China"? A bold suggestion indeed, but still more so was that of another Protestant person who asked: "Why not give the simple teaching of the early Church in prayer for the departed?"

The fourth volume of the Reports of the Commissions of the World Missionary Conference—there are nine of them—is one of the most interesting, particularly for the student of the science of comparative religion. In reading of Animism among the Bantu tribes in Africa, whose whole life is perpetually beset with malicious demons, which must be propitiated, it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that modern Christian missionaries have to deal with the same problem which confronted the Christians of the first century in the demoniacs, or persons possessed with devils. Unprintable stories are told about the attempts sometimes made by Protestant missionaries in pagan lands to perform exorcisms.

An Authoritative Work on Evolution.*

This is a work which we can recommend to every Catholic theologian, philosopher, biologist, as well as to educated Catholics generally, with the fullest confidence that they will be set aright with regard to the much discussed question of the theory of evolution. To Wasmann's book may be applied what J. Arthur Thomson says of Weismann's "The Evolution Theory": "To critics of evolutionism, who are still happily with us, the book ought to be indispensable; it will afford them much material for argumentation, and should save them many tilts against windmills."

Evolution, Darwinism, the evolution of the universe (monism), the descent of man, the origin of species, etc.,—all have a confused meaning in the mind of the average educated man who is not a professional biologist; and a great deal of nonsense has accordingly been written about these subjects.

Of plant and animal species Linnaeus said in "Systema Naturæ": *Tot sunt species quod sunt creatae*—"There are as many species as were created,"—which was rightly interpreted to mean that species of animals and plants, such as men of science now recognize them, are permanent and immutable. The opposite opinion (of the "mutationists") did not gain much ground until the appearance in 1859, of Darwin's work, "The Origin of Species." Darwin tried to show that the transmutation of species of animals and plants is caused by what he terms "natural selection," and that "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest" explain the preservation of the naturally selected species. Wasmann claims that this theory of Darwin is scientifically untenable, and he bases his opinion on the conclusions of many other biologists. Wasmann, however, is himself a confessed evolutionist, and claims that a consistent biologist can not but be an evolutionist. In fact, he furnishes "direct evidence of evolution" by his studies on "inquilines of ants." But we must remember that Wasmann defines the term "evolution" to mean only that species are not permanent, but mutable.

On page 259 he asks: "What are we to think about Darwinism? The question resolves itself into four parts: (1) What are we to think of Darwin's theory of selection? (2) What are we to think of the extension of Darwin's theory of selection so as to make of it a realistic and monistic theory of life? (3) What are we to think of the application to man of Darwin's

* "Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." By Erich Wasmann, S. J. Translated from the Third German Edition, by A. M. Buchanan, M. A. 1910. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd. St. Louis: B. Herder.

theory of selection? (4) What are we to think of the theory of evolution as opposed to that of permanence?" The answer to each of the first three questions is: "Untenable from a purely scientific standpoint." To the fourth question our author replies: "We must hold the theory of evolution, and reject the theory of permanence of species."

Apart from its discussion of evolution, Father Wasmann's work gives a lucid explanation of what modern biology is, and what are the problems it seeks to solve. The first chapter is devoted to the study of the development of this specific science. In the second, he treats of the development of modern morphology, involving microscopical research. In chapters three to seven he takes up the study of modern cytology, and shows its development, as well as that of the cellular life, the laws of cell division, cell division in relation to fertilization and heredity; and, lastly, the cell and spontaneous generation. The eighth chapter deals with "The Problem of Life," and furnishes solid arguments in favor of the old vitalistic theory as against the machine theory of life.

Chapter ix is devoted to evolution and the strict scientific meaning of the theory. Here he discusses phylogeny, the different meanings of the word "Darwinism," the philosophical and scientific limitation of the theory of evolution, and the theory of evolution and the doctrine of creation. The tenth chapter furnishes proofs from the author's own studies that species are not permanent, but mutable. For years Wasmann has observed and studied the inquilines of ants as found all over the world; and here he summarizes the work which led him to accept the evolution of new species as against the Linnaean theory of permanence. The eleventh chapter is possibly the most interesting to the ordinary reader, as it deals in a masterly manner with that great and perplexing question, the descent of man from the animal, as propounded by Huxley in 1863, in his work, "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature"; by Ernst Haeckel in 1868, in his "Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte"; and finally by Darwin himself in 1871, when he published his "Descent of Man." Wasmann summarizes his conclusion on this subject in the words of J. Reinke: "The only statement, consistent with her dignity, that Science can make is to say that she knows nothing about the origin of man." The twelfth and last chapter is the enthusiastic expression of the conviction of a Catholic heart in the indefectibility of the religion of Christ: *Non prævalebunt adversus petram!*

In an appendix the author presents us with three lectures on evolution which he delivered at the University of Innsbruck October 14, 16

and 18, 1909. They are an admirable summary of his opinions, and are full of information concerning the intentions of the enemies that try to sow cockle in the field of Christ and His Church. The one fact that will strike the intelligent reader of Wasmann is that he speaks with authority. He is not only a biologist of the most modern type, standing on equal footing with the most eminent, but he is, moreover, a trained philosopher, competent to detect the fallacies in his opponents' arguments, and to show the untenableness of their positions.

That Wasmann's work has created a stir in the scientific world is evident from the introductory chapter, where the learned author addresses "a few words to his critics." He has so thoroughly roused the monist nest that, like a swarm of maddened hornets, his critics are still buzzing around his head. The monistic evolutionists in particular were so disconcerted that the high chief and prophet of monism, Haeckel himself, had to take to the field. In April, 1905, he delivered a series of lectures on evolution in Berlin; and Wasmann tells us (page xv) that "he [Haeckel] states expressly, both in the preface and in the supplement to the printed edition of his lectures on the theory of evolution, that he was induced to deliver them chiefly through the publication of my [Wasmann's] book." For this official criticism Wasmann is very grateful; for he declares that it has "induced many to read the book which Haeckel had solemnly placed on the index of monism."

The fact that Wasmann's book has stirred up the monistic potentates in biology in such a manner as the foregoing and many other criticisms show, goes to prove that the author is recognized as a powerful opponent of the monopoly in monistic biology.

That biology in Germany is under the slavery of monism is evident, but that it should be publicly declared so is a revelation to us. Here is what one of Wasmann's opponents, Prof. Dahl, writes in the Berlin *Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift* for 1907. (No. 40): "Where, then, is the freedom for science? I shall be told that in our country science and its teaching are free. They may be so in theory, but those who have to watch over the maintenance of this principle are but men. Adherents of monism have practically power of nomination to all appointments in the department of zoology. What is more natural than that they should nominate only those who are not opposed to monistic doctrines? Where, then, is freedom?"

There is only one true monism, and that is the monism of Christianity. There is one God and one Truth, and these will endure forever.

A. M. K.



Brother Peter's Starling.

BY ALICE DEASE.

BROTHER PETER lived in a little house that he had built for himself in the heart of a big wood. Once upon a time he had lived in a monastery with many other monks; but he found that there was so much bustle about the place that he asked the abbot if he might go away and be a hermit. The abbot knew that Brother Peter did not ask this because he was lazy, but because he wanted to spend all his life saying his prayers and praising God; so he gave the Brother his blessing and told him to go into solitude where his heart called him.

The big wood was not very far from the monastery, and Peter soon found a nice open space between the trees, where a little stream of water ran over a bed of gravel, and where there was just room for a tiny house to stand. He had brought an axe with him from the monastery, and he cut down some branches and used them for making a little green sheltered hut.

Whilst he was doing this he came upon a bird's-nest hidden away in the hollow of the tree under which he meant to live; and when he put up his hand and parted the branches that had been covering them, all the little birds flew out in affright. Although they were very young and their wings were not yet strong, they all managed to get away except one, which must have been weaker than its brothers and sisters; for it could hardly fly at all. It got only as far as the edge of the nest; and sat there, with its beak wide open, as though it thought Brother Peter was going to feed it as its mother had always done.

The hermit was sorry to have frightened the little birds, and he hid himself away quickly, thinking that the old ones would come back. But they were quite happy with their strong children, who flew with them into another tree. They seemed to have forgotten the poor little weak one in the nest; so that it would have died of hunger if Brother Peter had not gone back and fed it, and kept it in a place of safety.

Every morning the holy man went to the monastery gates, where the monks gave him a dish of food, just as they did to all the beggars who came; and he was so humble that he was glad to be treated as the poorest of the poor. The rest of the day he passed in the forest, saying his prayers; and the prayer he loved the best of all was the "Hail Mary," because by it he asked God's blessing through the holiest person He had ever made. In the silence of the woodlands, he used to pray aloud, and it seemed as though the sound of his voice rose straight to heaven.

One day, after he had been for some months in his hermitage, he was very much surprised to hear a strange voice join with him in answering the "Hail Mary." At the sound of it he paused; but, quickly remembering that he was speaking to God through the Holy Mother of Jesus, he finished his prayer, and then looked about him to see who had come to disturb his solitude. To his great astonishment there was no one at all in sight; and, thinking he had been mistaken, he began again to pray. But no sooner did he come to the second part of the "Hail Mary," which he always said with great devotion, than the same voice as before joined in with him.

The tones were harsh and hoarse, and they seemed to come from the trees above

his head; so this time, instead of looking around him, he looked up into the branches; and there he saw the bird which he had taken care of ever since its brothers and sisters had flown away. By this time it had grown into a fine big starling, with bright eyes and a glossy coat; and, as it was very wise, it used to listen to what Brother Peter kept saying all day long. It was the "Hail Mary" that it heard him repeat the oftenest; and now, in its turn, it had learned to say it too. Brother Peter was delighted when he found out how clever his pet had become; and after that he always waited when he said the "Hail Mary" for the starling to answer with him. He knew that St. Francis had made the birds at Assisi praise God with their voices, and he felt that he and his starling were imitating that great saint.

All through the winter the starling was content to sit in the hermit's hut and pray as it had learned to do. But when the spring came, and the forest grew green again, it began to wish for a freer life; and one morning, whilst Brother Peter was away at the monastery, the bird took to its wings and flew a considerable distance from the home that had sheltered it so long. The hermit had always taken so much care of his starling that it was not able to take care of itself; for it did not know all the dangers that there are in the world for little birds.

At first it was very happy flying freely through the air. And when it saw another bird coming toward it, but much nearer to the sky, it was glad, because it thought it had found a friend. But the bird that hung in the air above the starling's head was a cruel hawk, that made friends with no bird smaller than itself; though it was always looking out for them and following them, but only because it wanted to kill and eat them.

The hawk was delighted when it saw a big, fat starling just waiting for it to come down; for most birds flew away the moment they saw the hawk draw near;

and it was only because it was so keen-eyed and so swift of wing that it was able to catch enough birds to live upon. For a while it hovered over Brother Peter's starling, and then with a great swoop it darted down to seize and kill it. When the poor starling saw how wicked the hawk looked, it was too late for it to get away. It could only call aloud in its terror as it tried to fly down again to the shelter of the forest trees; and, being accustomed to repeat the words of the "Hail Mary," it made use of them now.

Brother Peter was coming back from the monastery when the sound of a voice that he well knew fell in hoarse accents on his ears: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us. . . ." He looked up and saw above him the form of his starling, with outstretched wings and open beak, and above it again, just about to pounce down and kill it, was a great hawk.

But as it pounced, it heard, as it thought, the voice of its greatest enemy, man; and, in its anxiety to escape what it thought was so great a danger to itself, it swept past the starling, and then darted back into the safety of the skies.

By this time Brother Peter's bird was so frightened that it could do nothing but flutter down to the mossy ground of the forest, where its master found it; and, picking it up, he carried it back to the shelter of the hut. Once there, the hermit knelt down to thank God for having allowed his pet to escape so cruel a death. And before he had finished saying the Rosary for this intention, the starling had forgotten all about its fright, and it joined in the prayers, as it had always done; so that its voice was raised now in thanksgiving in the same words that but a little while before had saved its life in the forest: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us. . . . Amen!"

ROBERT GRAY, of Boston, commanded the first ship which carried the American flag around the world.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—ALONE AT BUCKSTON.

It had been a long wait for our young traveller. Billy had pulled out at least fifty times the pretty silver watch that had been his mother's last Christmas present. Three forty, four, four twenty, four thirty,—the slender hands marked their rounds steadily, and still Jack did not come. Four forty! Billy found further whistling quite impossible. Something surely must be wrong.

The sun was sinking lower and lower in the cleft of the mountain; and, save a swift-winged bird, skimming now and then in the boundless blue, there was not a living creature in sight. Billy pressed his lips tight together, and kicked harder on his new trunk. How very nice and neat and "homey" that trunk looked in these vast reaches of mountain and sky and alfalfa field, where, manfully striding his own possessions, he seemed facing the whole "wild West" alone!

And that "wild West" had its terrors, as Billy, who had occasionally dipped into its juvenile literature, knew. Indians, bad men, wild-cats, mountain lions,—all had figured in the tattered yellow-backed romances over which he had spent stolen, breathless hours in Dick Fealy's attic. It would be most inspiring to brave these perils with Jack or some big-booted cowboy beside him; but alone, here in the gathering darkness! Billy felt a queer flutter under his breast-pocket, such as he had never, *never* felt before,—not even on the day when Jack had made him fight Joe Slevin. It was a sort of flutter that made him cold and weak. The sun was nearly down; the dark green of the alfalfa fields was changing to purple; soon it would be dark, and—and—Billy's mind recoiled from further fancy. He could not think of being here in the dark alone.

Oh, why did not Jack come? Maybe

he was sick, hurt, dead! But no: that could not be. Some one would have telegraphed. Not for one moment did doubt of that dear big brother enter into Billy-Boy's loyal heart. Something or somebody else might be wrong or stupid, but Jack, the loved hero of all his boyish dreams, never!

He took another peep at his watch, and his lip quivered. Five fifteen! The cleft in the mountain was now ablaze with sunset splendor; the purple shadows on the wide field were deepening; there was a ripple in the alfalfa as the evening wind came whispering down from the heights. Pictures began to rise before our young traveller's mind,—the cheery wood fire that crackled just at this hour in mamma's pretty sitting-room; the tea table with the pleasant glitter of silver visible through parted portières; old Towser asleep on the bearskin rug before the fire,—the skin whose wearer papa had shot on this very ridge before even Jack was born. Billy chilled at the thought that another bearskin in its original form might have its flaming eyes upon him now.

Oh, why had he ever left home? Why had he ever come to this lonely place to be expanded? Why did not Jack come? If he were only back home with Towser on the old bearskin, with mamma softly touching the piano in the gathering shadows, with Dolly doing her algebra under the library lamp across the hall, with the delicious fragrance of fresh-baked biscuit—maybe hot gingerbread—stealing from the kitchen! A big lump seemed to rise in Billy-Boy's throat. If he had been just a little younger, he felt he would have given up and let the tears come; but a boy almost in his teens—a boy big enough to travel West alone to his brother, a boy who had riding breeches, 'putties,' and an army blanket even now in his trunk—could not be mollycoddle enough to cry.

So Billy swallowed the lump as best he could, and winked hard and fast at the darkening landscape; and thrust his hands resolutely into his reefer pockets,

where he struck something Miss Carmel had slipped in just as they parted at the station. A lovely little Rosary of garnet and gold,—Miss Carmel's own pretty Rosary; for she had had no time to buy him another, and he had seen it twined around her white wrists often in Sunday-school where she taught Billy's class.

Dear, sweet Miss Carmel, who knew how to stop catechism when fellows stammered over the "Eight Beatitudes," and tell some pretty story, so she wouldn't have to give bad marks. What was the story she had told them only a little while ago, about people saying the Rosary while the soldiers fought against the Turks, and won a great battle that made all the Christian world rejoice?

Billy couldn't remember names or dates just now; but he felt that, while big boys might not cry, they had soldierly examples for praying under difficulties. So he proceeded to say his Rosary bravely, while the sun went down banked in clouds of gold and crimson, and the purple shadows on the alfalfa fields deepened, and the wind blew up so fresh that our little traveller had to button up his reefer close to his throat, and sit down behind the friendly shelter of his trunk to keep warm.

"Hail Mary; Holy Mary," went up the innocent petitions, as powerful now in all human need as when they turned back the infidel hordes of the Turk from Christian Europe long ago. And, soothed by the blessed monotone, Billy-Boy's fears and doubts merged into a dreamy weariness. The fourth decade seemed to blend with his mother's twilight music, with the cracking of the big hickory log on the home hearth, with the soft breathing of old Towser on the bearskin rug,—and then all things vanished in happy unconsciousness, and the weary boy, his Rosary still twisted in his fingers, rolled over on the rough platform in the shelter of his trunk, sound asleep.

The sky was a glory of stars when Bony Ben, on his favorite mount Boris, with

the well-trained Marquita picking her dainty way down the mountain path in his leading, took the last lap in his twenty-mile ride from Bar Cross Ranch to Buckston. Though boys of twelve might be able to shift for themselves, according to Bony Ben's notions, he was not without a certain amount of sympathy for the youthful "tenderfoot" left so late in the loneliness of a mountain pass,—for such Buckston had become since its official desertion.

"It's a shame somebody hadn't sense enough to meet the boy! I guess Cub was right: I ought to have busted open them tellygrams myself. But I never did like butting in on private business. Can't tell what sort of dynamite you might hit, and the boss has taken to ways it ain't safe to follow. Just letting himself and Bar Cross Ranch go to the dogs as fast as they can go. Betting, drinking, gambling with the worst of the galoots that come streaking out here because it ain't safe for them at home. Yes, he's going the gait sure. And such high-stepping stock as he comes from, too. Looks a pity somebody couldn't catch his bridle rein and haul him in. It would have to be a mighty gentle hand, or he'd rear and kick. This blooded stock is queer."

Ben now turned the curve of the Ridge and began his descent to the railroad. Presently he resumed his soliloquy:

"There was that Arab devil Pancha at the Three Star Ranch. The boldest broncho buster daren't tackle him when he tossed his head and rolled his fiery eyes; and yet Miss Lucy, the boss' sixteen-year-old daughter, could quiet him into a lamb with just a touch of her hand. Yes, blooded stock is queer. You never can tell how it's going to round up. And bringing another youngster of the same sort out here now! Seems sort of a pity to toughen up such high-class stock. But it ain't my lookout.

"Here's Buckston now,—dead enough, as Cub says; and not a youngster in

sight! Couldn't expect any live boy to set roosting here nearly three hours," continued Ben, as he guided Boris along the track. "I wonder where he has gone to? Halloo! here's a trunk! And, Jehosaphat!" the speaker drew rein. "If that ain't the chap behind it, fast asleep! Halloo, there, youngster! Wake up! Don't you hear me? Wake up!"

There was no answer. The stentorian shout failed to disturb Billy's slumber. He thought it was only the shriek of the steam engine as he had heard it these last few nights mingling with his dreams.

With a sudden fear in his heart, Ben unlimbered his long legs from Boris, flung Marquita's leading rein over her saddle, and strode forward to investigate. Billy's cheek was pillowed in his arm; his cap had fallen off, and the short soft curls that, despite Jack's early "barbering," had never stiffened, fell in loose rings over his brow; his lips were parted in a happy smile; one brown stubby hand still held Miss Carmel's Rosary. It was such a picture of boyish innocence as had never met Bony Ben's gaze before, and he stared at it in bewilderment.

"Lands, if he ain't sleeping here in the dark like a year-old baby! And such a pretty chap, too,—like Rackety Jack turned kid again. And, jingo, if he hasn't been praying! There's beads in his hand like—like hers!"

An odd spasm of pain crossed his face: for long ago—very long ago, it seemed now to Bony Ben,—when he was a ruddy-checked, bright-eyed cowboy riding for an old Spanish ranchero, there had been a little dark-eyed Dolores living in an adobe house near the mission, who had won his big, brave heart. But her parents had frowned on the wild young Americano; and Dolores, like the dutiful little Spanish daughter she was, had submitted to their will, until a quick fever seized her, and she knew that she was dying. Then she asked to see Ben just once more, to say "Good-bye." Her little brother mounted a swift mustang and rode to find Ben.

But he was far out on the range; and when he came, galloping his horse into a foam, it was too late: Dolores lay white and still, with the blessed candles burning around her, and her Rosary clasped in her folded hands. It seemed to Ben that his youth and heart and hope had all died within him at the sight. He had asked for the Rosary; and, though he was an American and a "heretic," the mother had given it to him, in pity for his grief. And he had kept it all these long, lonely, loveless years that had made him the gaunt and grim Bony Ben.

So it was that now the sight of Miss Carmel's Rosary made his heart stir with the old unforgotten pain. He bent over the little sleeper with a new softness in eye and tone.

"Here, sonny! You can't sleep here all night. Wake up!"

He shook Billy's shoulder gently, and the boy started up in wide-eyed fright.

"Who—what—where am I?" he faltered, looking up at the tall stranger, and casting a bewildered glance around him.

"There! there! Don't be afraid, sonny. You're all right now."

"Why—why, it's night!" said Billy, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "I must have been asleep."

"Asleep!" chuckled Ben. "Well, I thought I'd never get you awake. But this here mountain air does lull folks powerful at first. It's a regular dope. Afterward they wake up," he added grimly. "You're Mr. Dayton's brother, I take it. Well, he sent me after you. I'm his foreman—Ben Morris. I've got a pony here to take you to Bar Cross Ranch. So jump up and let's be off!"

Billy, quite wide-awake now, jumped up gladly.

"Oh, but I'm glad you've come! I thought I'd have to stay here all night."

"It looked rather like it, I must say," answered Ben. "You see, your brother wasn't home when the tellygrams came, or I'd have been to meet you much earlier."

"Is he home now?" asked Billy. "Then why—why didn't he come himself? Is he sick or—or anything?"

"Sick! No, child!" said Ben, promptly. "But he was sort of held up by a crowd of galoots that came to Bar Cross this evening, and he couldn't leave."

"What are 'galoots'?" asked Billy, with interest.

The terse, grim reply that rose to Bony Ben's lips died there as he met the innocent gaze of the young questioner. There was another stir in the long-silent depths of this big man's heart. He felt an increasing desire to yank this brown-eyed youngster on the next train, and ship him home C. O. D. But shipping kid brothers home was not a foreman's business, so he answered:

"'Galoots' is jest a name for folks you don't care very much about; and a crowd of them happened to stray into Bar Cross to-night, so your brother couldn't leave very well."

"Of course not," assented Billy, cheerfully. "It would not have been polite. But I didn't know Jack had much company at Bar Cross Ranch. I'm real glad. I like company, though I'd never be lonesome even in a place like this with Jack. My, but I want to see him. He is the only brother I have, you know; and I haven't seen him for three years. It's a great thing to have a big brother. Mother said she never would have let me come away out here to anybody else but Jack. It was a long distance to come alone, and I've never been away from home before. I tell you I felt pretty homesick for a while this evening, when I was sitting here alone and it was getting dark. But I'm all right now," concluded Billy, as he swung himself delightedly into Marquita's saddle. "What are we going to do about my trunk here? You know I'll need it."

"That's true," said Ben, who had been thinking—thinking very fast for him—during the last five minutes. "You see, I was so excited I clean forgot about

your trunk. I rather guess it has some valuables in it, too."

"You bet it has!" replied Billy, emphatically. "There's an army blanket, and corduroy riding breeches, and a pair of 'putties' that cost five dollars; and mother's picture in a silver frame for Jack, and a pair of slippers that Dolly worked for him in violets and roses. Uncle Martin told me the last thing to lookout sharp for my trunk when I got here."

"We will," said Bony Ben, with sudden resolution: to keep Billy from Bar Cross Ranch and its company to-night, let what would come after. "It wouldn't be safe to leave that trunk here and ride off twenty miles. Like as not you'd never see it again," continued Ben, ignoring the fact that nothing but crows and coyotes were likely to catch sight of Billy's baggage in this lonely spot. "If you don't want to lose that there trunk, we'd better bust open old Tony Tomkin's shed and camp here until day."

(To be continued.)

Young Daniel Webster.

Daniel Webster's father had great difficulty in teaching the principles of farming to the son who afterward became so illustrious in other directions. One day, when the two were in the hayfield, Daniel found it impossible to manage his scythe. It hung too far out or too far in; and the patient father, coming to the rescue, tried his best to adjust it to suit the boy. Finally, losing patience, Mr. Webster said: "Nothing suits you, Daniel. Hang the scythe any way you wish."—"Then, father," replied the future statesman, "I think I'll hang it on a tree." And he left the hayfield, to the disgust of the parent, who sighed as he said: "That boy, I fear, will never amount to a row of pins." But he found out in time that Daniel could "work like a beaver" if he pleased, although he never took to haymaking.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The title-page and index of the half-yearly volume of *THE AVE MARIA*—July–December, 1910—are now ready for those who bind the magazine. These supplementary pages are supplied gratis to all who order them before the close of the year.

—Three timely and important publications by Father de Zulueta, S. J., are announced by Washbourne & Co.—“Child Prepared for First Communion”; “Jesus, the Bread of Children”; and “Early First Communion.” The first is to appear immediately.

—A memoir of the late John La Farge, with a study of his work, by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, is announced by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The book, which was sanctioned by Mr. La Farge, will embody recollections communicated by him to the author in manuscript, together with numerous notes of conversations, anecdotes, etc. It will be fully illustrated with reproductions of La Farge's work reproduced in photogravure.

—Those who have read Mrs. Nellie L. McClung's “Sowing Seeds in Danny,” and so formed an acquaintance with that always interesting if somewhat preternaturally precocious little maid, Pearl Watson, will be interested in learning that the same damsel, now in her teens, is the heroine of “The Second Chance.” The title refers to a run-down farm in Manitoba,—a farm rehabilitated principally through the impetus and efforts of the heroine. Pearl Watson—it may be well to inform those who have *not* made her acquaintance in the former book—is a little Irish girl, not a Catholic one, though a very deeply, if quite unconventionally, religious maiden. The book abounds in those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

—A title hardly comprehensive enough for the contents of the volume is that given to the Rev. John Tscholl's “War on the White Plague.” (The M. H. Wiltzius Co.) The motto, from Tacitus, on the title-page of the book,

When a man is thirty years of age
He is either a fool or his own physician.

is more suggestive of what will be found within its covers. The book is really a treatise on hygiene, the study of which the author declares to be the duty of everyone, although the science of medicine is the business of the professional physician. The whole work is an elaboration of this dictum: “The most reliable means for the preservation of health, and the most invincible armor against tuberculosis and a number

of other troublesome diseases, are: air, light, water, exercise, and temperance.” There is much of value in the volume, even though molycoddles will very likely protest against the doctrine that, “for any individual, young or old, who pretends to be healthy, it ought to be an easy thing to walk twenty or thirty miles in a day.”

—In the Eclectic Readings Series of the American Book Co., two recent volumes are: “Stories of the King,” by James Baldwin; and, “The Story of Old France,” by H. A. Guerber. The “king” of Mr. Baldwin's stories is the English author of Round Table fame; and the well-known interesting tales are presented in simple modern English. Mr. Guerber's history of France (up to 1715) is also interesting and is less objectionable to Catholic readers than we expected to find it. The books are in 12mo form, of 335 and 374 pages, with illustrations.

—“Commercial Geography,” by Edward Van Dyke Robinson (Rand McNally & Co.) is less of a text-book than a work for the general reader who is interested in commerce, industry, and economics. Commercial geography, as the author views it, is the study of the localization of industries; and the plan of the work is indicated in this extract from his preface: “The intensive regional study of the world, or some considerable part of it, logically precedes and forms the training for the broader and more complex generalizations involved in the study of the great world industries.” A volume of 492 pages, octavo, it contains ninety-two maps, with a number of excellent half-tone cuts, and is strongly bound.

—The typical Sister in a Catholic convent is probably the most cheerful, joyous, and uniformly happy mortal to be found in the whole range of humanity. Accordingly, when a particular Sister is dowered with the lyric gift, her verse is apt to be inspiring, hopeful, and optimistic. If, in addition to the natural gift of song, she moreover possesses an adequate knowledge of the technique of English verse, her poems will charm the æsthetic sense as well as refresh the hearts and uplift the souls of her readers. And just this will probably be the achievement of the “verses” that make up “Heart Songs,” by Mercedes,—a volume privately printed by the Sisters of Mercy, St. Xavier's Press, Beatty, Pa. It contains some threescore lyrics, classified as “Messages, Memories, Sea Songs, Lady Songs, and Yuletide.” Their general excellence, as we have already

intimated, is notable; and the few slight blemishes—such as “queen-dream,” flame-rain,” or “moon-beam” accented on the second syllable—are mere reminders that even so sweet and correct a singer as Mercedes may once in a while strike a false note.

—“The Centurion,” translated from the French of A. B. Routhier by Lucille P. Borden, is a romance of the time of the Messiah. The title designates Caius Oppius, the Roman officer who, on Calvary, when the consummation of Christ’s sacrifice was reached, had the courage to throw into the face of the persecutors his avowal of faith: “In truth this Man was the Son of God.” The historical portion of the book is strictly in accordance with the Gospel narrative; and the romance unfolded as the action of the story progresses in no way mars either the narrative’s effectiveness or its beauty. The volume will prove of most interest to such readers as are not too familiar with the divine story of the Evangelists; for those who know that story well, there is, of course, lacking in the book, in great measure at least, the element of novelty. Published by B. Herder.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

“The Centurion.” A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.

“War on the White Plague.” Rev. John Tscholl. \$1.15.

“The Second Chance.” Mrs. Nellie L. McClung. \$1.20.

“Commercial Geography.” Edward Van Dyke Robinson. \$1.25.

“Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution.” Erich Wasmann, S. J. \$4.50, net.

“A Diplomatist’s Wife in Many Lands.” Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. \$6, net.

“Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God.” Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.

“Early Steps in the Fold.” Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.

“Freddy Carr and His Friends.” Father Garrold. 85 cts.

“Joseph Haydn. The Story of His Life.” Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.

“More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary’s Children.” Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

“Education: How Old the New!” James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D. \$2, net.

“Non-Catholic Denominations.” Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.20, net.

“The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare.” Charlotte Balfour. Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$1.25, net.

“The Manual of Christian Pedagogy.” Brothers of Mary. 50 cts.

“The Hill o’ Dreams.” Helen Lanyon. \$1.05.

“Feasts for the Faithful.” 30 cts.

“The Order of the Visitation.” Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B. 60 cts.

“The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More.” Vol. I. Father Augustine Baker, O. S. B. \$1.25.

“The Old Mill on the Withrose.” Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. 85 cts.

“Footsteps in the Ward.” H. M. Capes. 50 cts.

“The Isle of Columbcille,” by Shane Leslie;

“The Golden Lad,” by Molly Malone. Iona Series. 35 cts. each.

“At Home with God.” Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Gerdon and Very Rev. Eugene McBarron, of the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Joseph Maxcy and Rev. Anthony Molloy, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Bernard Baumeister, diocese of Covington; Rev. P. J. McMahon, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Frank Wunnenberg, archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. Joseph Lydon, S. J.

Brother Fidelian, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Mr. James F. Edwards, Mr. Charles Schumacher, Mrs. Mary Brady, Miss Marie Oney, Mr. Michael Hayes, Miss Anna Strimbel, Mrs. Margaret Lloyd, Mr. Thomas Mulcair, Mrs. Mary Holden, Mr. A. A. Kutler, Mrs. Marcella Quigley, Mr. William Heckert, Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, Mr. David Brown, Mrs. M. E. Harty, Mr. George Couger, Miss Mary McShane, Mr. Robert Davis, Mrs. P. Martin, Mr. William Beyerle, Mrs. Rose Manson, Miss Bridget Mullarkey, Mr. John Zoller, and Mr. Charles Rund.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days’ indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Our Lady of the Doves.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

And after the days of her purification . . . they carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord, . . . and to offer sacrifice, . . . a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons.—*St. Luke*, ii. 22-24.

'TIS not the robin I hear to-day,—
The robin with breast of red;
Ah, long the day since he flew away
From the fields now lying dead!
'Tis not the thrush nor the nightingale,
Nor the lark that soars above;
But under the eaves in the wintry gale
I list to the cooing dove.
O dove at rest on the roof-tree high,
O dove on the earth below,
'Tis little ye know what ye tell to me
Of doves of the long ago!
For I close my ears to the city's roar,
And dream I am far away,
To stand at the mighty Temple's door
On the Presentation Day.
And I see the Mother with tender Child—
A mother, yet maiden, too,—
Who stands in the ranks of the sin-defiled,
As Jehovah bade her do.
A penny dove for a holocaust,
And a penny dove for sin,—
Ah, cooing doves from the cages tossed,
What blessedness ye win!
For I see the blood of each gentle bird
Poured out the stones upon,
While the wondrous prophecies are heard
From Anna and Simeon.
Ah, Mother of God, in the Temple dim,
Who seest each bleeding dove,
I know thou art seeing the blood of Him,
Thine own little Bird of love!

O dove at rest on the roof-tree high,
O dove in the city street,
I hark to the sound of your cooing cry,
And I find it wondrous sweet.
Ah, spring may come with the robin's trill
And the thrush's roundelay,
But never a bird my soul to thrill
As the doves of Candlemas Day.

Candlemas and Lights.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE festival of the Purification, which is celebrated by Holy Church on February 2, was, in Anglo-Saxon times, one of the four feasts of our dear Lady observed in England. Its more familiar name of Candlemas had its origin in those processions in which both priests and people joined, bearing lighted tapers in their hands as they "went forth with hymns through the churches and chosen places of the city." This was done from the earliest times; and thus it came to pass, as old writers tell us, that "on other feasts of the Virgin Mother" it was customary to do the same, "for the commemoration of that heavenly kingdom" in which, says Venerable Bede, "according to the parable of the prudent virgins, all the elect, with the lamps of good works burning, will go to meet the Spouse, their King, and enter with Him into the nuptials of the heavenly city."

Besides, however, the remembrance of Our Lord's parable just alluded to, we find other meanings derived from the

candle. Indeed, it is deeply interesting to study the pages of ancient writers on this subject, and to note how fruitful a theme for sermons and exhortations was the external emblem of the lighted wax tapers. An old English homily of the twelfth century makes the following beautiful comparison: "In our Saviour there was seen outwardly His body, and the holy soul was within, unseen; and the great Wisdom existed in each of them. So is the wax of the candle visible, and the wick within invisible, and the fire is in both. Therefore," continues the homily, "every Christian man ought to have in his hand to-day in church a light burning, as Our Lady St. Mary and her holy company had." As a general rule, the candles which had been carried by the faithful during the procession used to be left as offerings to the church, in order that they might be used during the year; and the old laws make frequent reference to this tribute.

But the ceremonial of the Candlemas festival has been too well and too frequently described by reliable authorities to need repetition here; it is rather with the very ancient practice of burning candles at the time of Mass and divine service, or keeping them lighted before shrines and images, that we shall for the moment concern ourselves. St. Gregory of Tours makes mention of a great crowd of priests and levites in vestments, going in procession, chanting psalms and prayers, carrying crosses and tapers, and bearing relics which were placed inside the altars. As this holy Archbishop (Florence Gregory, to give him his full name) died in the year A. D. 594, it is evident that the practice to which he refers had been in vogue prior to the period at which he wrote; for he does not in any way describe it as an innovation.

A still earlier witness is to be found in the person of Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, more familiar to us as St. Fortunatus. This saint was an Italian by birth; but "out of devotion to

St. Martin," we are told, he went on pilgrimage into Gaul, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was made Bishop of Poitiers, and died in 609. He has left an immense number of poems filled with most interesting details of the civil and ecclesiastical life of his day; and in one of these he speaks of the daylight having been shut up perpetually in a church dedicated to Our Lady, from the number of lamps kept burning at night, just as the Divine Light had been enclosed in Mary, that true "House of Gold," wherein God Incarnate deigned to dwell.

It may be remarked here that in the Ages of Faith not only were the churches kept open all day for private prayer, and in order to enable the people to be present at the public psalmody, or Divine Office, but that the same Office was performed at fixed hours during the night also, for which reason lamps and tapers must of necessity have been kept burning. St. Gregory of Tours sometimes calls the night Office "Vigils," at other times "Matins." A bell was rung to announce this service to the people; and history proves that they were accustomed to assist at it, at least before great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, the "high feast of the Assumption of Our Lady," and so forth.

In very early times, we have an anecdote of two little boys who rose of their own accord to go to the church at the sound of the bell for the night Office.* And it would seem to have been usual for the faithful, on the eve of solemn feasts, to repair in great numbers to cities and large towns in order to be present at the chanting of the Divine Offices in the cathedral churches and splendid abbeys, where, as a writer of our own day has truly said, "the wonderful drama of God's dealings with men in former ages was ever being acted before the nation."

Not alone by preaching was the true faith of Christ made known; nor even by

* "De Mirac. S. Martini," lib. i, 28-33; ii, 45.

the churches themselves,—those marvelous sermons in stone, wherein the altars, the Rood, the statues of our dear Lady and the saints, the storied windows glowing in tints of purple and amethyst and gold, the symbolic carving of screen and pillar, were each and all full of instruction. It was the Holy Mass, and the carefully carried out ceremonial connected with the Sundays and festivals of the ecclesiastical year, which brought home to the minds of the people, far more than any sermons, the great truths of religion. It mattered not that the detail of such prayers and ceremonial might be fully comprehended only by the clergy: the general characteristics of the services were unquestionably perceived and felt by all. The constantly recurring feasts, therefore, may really be said to have made up, at this period, for the absence of books; whilst the importance of assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice was held to be paramount both by king and peasant.

There is a charming little story told of the English King, Henry III. "It happened one day," says Walsingham, "that he was conversing on such matters with St. Louis, King of the French, when the latter said it was better not always to hear Masses, but to go often to sermons. To whom the English King pleasantly replied that he would rather see his friend frequently than hear another talking of him, however well." The same authority relates that "every day Henry was wont to hear three Masses with music [*cum nota*]; and, not satisfied with that, was present at many Low Masses; and when the priest elevated the Lord's Body he used to support the priest's hand and kiss it."

This piety was inherited by his son, Edward I., who earnestly sought to inculcate it in his own children,—not always with success; for we read of his fourth daughter, the Lady Margaret, who was born in 1275, and married to John of Brabant in her sixteenth year, that, "careful as this princess had usually been

in the performance of her religious duties, yet, on the return of her bridegroom to court, she became infected with somewhat of his recklessness of spirit; and their irreverence occasioned some concern and no small expense to the King." The truth of this latter assertion is fully borne out by the following curious and very interesting entry in Edward I.'s wardrobe book of the year: "Sunday, the ninth day before the translation of the Virgin [the Assumption] paid to Henry the Almoner, for feeding 300 poor men, at the King's command, because the Lady Margaret, the King's daughter, and John of Brabant did not hear Mass, 36 shillings and 7 pence,"—a sum, it will be remembered, equal to twenty-seven pounds of our money.

There is something significant and touching in the idea of a king providing material food for so many hungry persons, simply because two members of his own family had neglected to be present at the Divine Banquet. But what is perhaps more significant still is the fact that the reckless John of Brabant gave an additional alms, not being satisfied that the carelessness of himself and his young wife had been sufficiently atoned for by the King's charitable and generous act.

Edward I. brings us back once more to the subject of candles, from which we seem to have wandered; though it was chiefly in connection with the altar that lights were used,—not to dispel darkness, but to symbolize faith and joy, and to make more fair the sanctuaries where Our Lord in His sacramental presence dwells forever amongst the children of men.

In mediæval times, several tapers were frequently arranged on beams near the high altar; and in the year 1296 Edward I., to whom we have just been alluding, endowed the monastery of Durham with £40 a year, on condition that "on each of the two feasts of St. Cuthbert the monks should have an extra pittance, at the cost of £2 10s.; and give to 3000 poor a penny each, — in all £25." On

both of these feasts, moreover, "two great tapers," each containing twenty pounds of wax, were to burn before the altar; and there were smaller ones on other feasts. A monk was also to celebrate the sacred mysteries daily, in the "Galilee," for the King.*

It is interesting to note that as the supply of beeswax was limited, and the demand very great, the price paid for wax in the Middle Ages was, when compared with other articles, simply enormous. For example, a large candle in those days cost as much as a fat sheep. Bequests, therefore, of cattle were often made by pious persons; and the animals thus left were fed and sold by the churchwardens, in order to maintain certain lights in the church.

Agnes Complyn, of Wyke, near Winchester, by her will (dated 1503), bequeathed to the light before the crucifix in that church twenty pence; to the light of the Blessed Mary, three ewe sheep; and to St. Christopher's light, six ewe sheep. At Chevington and Felsham, cows were left for the support of Our Lady's light; whilst, in 1524, Godfrey Gilbert leaves "one skeppe of bees" for the same purpose. Lands given for this object were called "lamp-lands" and "light-lands"; and bequests of this nature, and in money, occur at an early date. We also find mention of "Rudlith and Ladylith," meaning the Rood light and the Lady light. Indeed, such examples might be almost indefinitely multiplied; for perhaps the principal, the oldest, and the most universal method of testifying veneration to Our Lady, to the saints, and last but not least to the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, was by burning wax tapers or lamps.

We read, too, that the keeper of Our Lady's chapel in Westminster Abbey was to see that, on the Assumption and Purification of the Virgin Mary, twenty lamps and fifty tapers should be placed in the hands of statues of the saints. It

must be remembered also that oil, which had to be imported, was no less expensive at the time with which we are at present concerned. The churchwarden's accounts of the parish of Hedon, in Holderness, in the year 1454, have the following entry: "For six gallons of oil bought for the lamps hanging before the Body of Jesus Christ in the choir of the chapel of St. Augustine, paid 5s. 2d." In 1311, William de Chepman-slade, vicar of Wells, bequeathed to his brother Geoffrey his tenement in Wells; he to "maintain two wax torches at the elevation of the Body of Christ at the great altar in the church; and forty pence for the light of the Blessed Mary, where the *Salve Sancte Parens* is sung behind the great altar."

This brings us to the number of lights used during the celebration of Mass. But first it must be noted that "from the earliest ages," according to reliable authorities "it had been the custom to keep a lamp burning day and night before Our Lord's Body"; and it is interesting to read in the works of Higden, Matthew Paris, and others, that when, in the year 1200, Eustace, Abbot of Flay, was sent into England by the Pope, and "preached everywhere with many miracles," he not only exhorted men to deliver the Holy Places from the hands of the infidels, but "to the rectors of churches and priests, as well as to the people, he gave frequent admonitions that a light should burn continually before the Eucharist, in order that He who enlightens every man that cometh into this world might, in reward for this temporal light, grant them the eternal light of glory." What a beautiful idea, beautifully expressed, is contained in this brief sentence!

Edmund Verney, in 1494, leaves directions for a lamp to be kept continually burning in the chancel of the Friars Preachers at Warwick, before the Sacred Host; and in the church of Our Lady of Alfreton, in Derbyshire, we find an entry of thirteen shillings for lamps yearly,—a large sum, equal to nearly as many

* Dugdale i, 244.

pounds in modern money. Tapers, too, as we have seen, were often used for the same purpose. William Sedman "settled a wax taper to burn continually, day and night forever, before the Body of Our Lord in the chancel of the church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich."

Any one who, like the writer, has visited this splendid church, could not fail to be struck by the awful desolation and loneliness of what must once have been so fair. True, the great building, with its dim resounding aisles and clustered columns, still remains; but it is cold, bare, and lifeless. The Heart of Love has been torn from its sacred shrine, and only barren walls stand,—a silent monument to the ruthlessness of heresy and avaricious greed. But to return to our subject.

It would seem that, in very early days, though lights were prescribed at Mass, "they were placed not upon, but near the altar." Sometimes the number of lights at a Solemn Mass was very great, and the candles then used were invariably made of wax. Anglo-Saxon writers, such as Ælfric in his "Tenth Canon," give reasons for these lights. "The acolytes," he says, "light candles at Mass, not so much to dispel darkness as in honour of Christ, who is our Light."

Even when, later on, it became the general practice to have two candles lighted upon the altar, "two others," we are told, "were often lighted at the parochial or High Mass during the Canon, or at least before the Elevation." This is borne out by old documents; for it is said of Henry Woodlock, Bishop of Winchester in 1308, that, "seeking thus to imitate the faith and devotion of his predecessors," he granted an indulgence of ten days to all who helped to maintain these two torches. Again, Bishop Quivel, of Exeter, about twenty years earlier, had ordered that these two torches should be provided from the alms of the parish, and granted an indulgence of fifteen days to all contributors.

But whilst it appears to have been

usual at High Mass on Sundays and feast-days to have, even in smaller churches, two candles on the altar and two in larger candlesticks at the side, the number was much greater in abbeys and cathedrals. At Chichester, in the thirteenth century, it was the custom, on great festivals, to place seven tapers, of two pounds each, on the altar, eight on the beam above it, and two on the altar step; and, on ordinary days, three on the altar and two on the step. We know also that in the chapel of Henry VIII., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, there were ten golden candlesticks on the altar.

With regard to the universal custom of burning candles before shrines and images, it would be impossible to enumerate examples of a practice so beloved by the faithful. But in England, in the thirteenth century, there was a curious devotion, very common at that period, which consisted in having a candle made to the exact height of the person offering it. The petitioner then spent the whole night before the shrine, holding the votive taper in his or her hands all the time. What a perfect genius for piety had many people in those ages frequently termed "Dark"!

But enough has been said. The candles were only symbols of Christ, the true Light, "whom Our Lady St. Mary bore spiritually in her heart and bodily in her hands" on that first feast of Candlemas long ago. Like her, let us "have a right faith and true love to God and man"; and when we hold the lighted tapers in our hands, let us bear in mind Him who, as the old homily says, was on this day "borne to the Temple, who redeemed us from darkness, and bringeth us to the Eternal Light, who ruleth for ever and ever."

It is not written, 'Blessed is he that feedeth the poor,' but 'he that considereth the poor.' A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.—*Ruskin*.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

"WHY did you run away in such a manner?"

Those abrupt words of Maitland seemed to brush aside any need of preface, and bring them at once to the very heart of all that stood between them. The tall young man, with his firm-set mouth and chin, looked down at the delicate face which met his gaze so unshrinkingly,—the face, with its halo of golden hair and dark pathetic eyes, which had drawn him across the world; and his own eyes, glowing with determination, said that at last his question must be answered. But, indeed, there seemed no hesitation about answering it on Madeleine's part. She met his gaze for an instant in silence, and then—

"I told you why I went away," she said gently. "Did you not receive my letter?"

"Your letter? Yes, I received it," he replied. "But there was no explanation—no adequate explanation—in that."

"Did you not think so?" Her tone maintained its gentle composure unchanged. "I thought I was very explicit."

"You were explicit enough with regard to your intentions," he said, "but not with regard to the great change in your way of looking at things which had caused you to form such intentions. Of course I guessed much." He frowned, and his square, determined chin seemed to take a firmer set. "My mother had seen you and she had worked upon your sympathy, your generosity, your fears. Did you think I wouldn't understand where all the talk about ruining my life and endangering my soul came from? But did any of it justify you in taking matters so completely into your own hands, in giving me no opportunity to say or do anything, and in embracing a wild ideal of sacrifice

which could bring only suffering to both of us? For, Madeleine, you can't deny that when I saw you last you were ready to marry me."

"There is no reason why I should deny it," she answered quietly. "It is true that I was ready to marry you then."

"And yet"—all the passion of the man's nature blazed in his eyes and spoke in the deep reproach of his voice—"you threw me over at a word from one who had no right to interfere between us, and left me in a manner which in another I would not hesitate to call utterly heartless!"

There was again a moment's silence before Madeleine asked, with the same quietness:

"If you would call such conduct heartless in another, why do you hesitate to call it so in me?"

"Because," he returned quickly, "I believe that it was through your heart—the heart which I know to be so easily touched—that you were led to act as you did, and I believe that you suffered in the acting. If I did not believe this, I should not be here now."

"You are right," she told him: "I certainly suffered in acting as I did. But if it were to do over, I could not act otherwise."

He looked at her with a mingling of apprehension and obstinacy in his face.

"I have crossed the ocean," he said, "to make you change your mind on that point."

She sighed—perhaps for pity of him, or perhaps for pity of herself in the coming struggle.

"There are some things," she said, "with regard to which change of mind is not possible. I wish that you would believe that this is one of them, and spare us both useless pain."

He shook his head.

"I would do much to spare you pain," he replied. "Indeed, it is because I desire to spare you pain in an enduring sense that I can not allow you to continue in

the belief that the sacrifice which you have been led to make is necessary, that you are called upon to immolate your happiness and mine—and God knows I think more of yours than of my own!—because of an appeal which my mother made to you.”

“Surely you know,” she said, “that if your mother’s appeal moved me, it was because she opened my eyes to things which I had not understood before,—because she made me realize that, instead of being an influence for good, a source of true happiness to you, I should, if I married you, do you the greatest injury which it is possible for one creature to do another, by cutting you off from your religion, and dooming you to the lower rather than the higher way of life.”

“It is just such folly as this that I imagined she had put into your head,” Maitland said sternly. “Well, I am here to tell that my religion is my own affair; that you have no reason to trouble yourself about it; and that, as for dooming me to the lower way, no way in which you walked could ever be low to me.”

“You intend to be kind,” she replied. “But when you tell me that I have no reason to trouble myself about your religion, you are really shutting me out from that which has the deepest hold upon your life. And what could this mean except that the way in which we walked together would be a low instead of a high way?”

He regarded her for an instant with the expression of one who finds in his path an obstacle for which he is totally unprepared.

“I don’t in the least understand,” he said at length, “why you should now take a view which did not occur to you when we talked of this matter last. You did not then consider my religion a dividing force between us.”

“Because I knew too little about it to comprehend how much it was a dividing force,” she answered. “But when your

mother explained things to me—why, then I saw.”

“Yes.” (John Maitland set his teeth over the word with a sharp snap.) “The whole difficulty is owing to her interference. I recognize that thoroughly. But it hardly seems as if her influence with you should be greater than mine.”

“I should not call it so much her influence,” Madeleine replied, “as an influence which was behind all that she said. She was kindness itself,—don’t for an instant do her the injustice of thinking otherwise. And she simply told me what I did not know before,—how the Catholic Church regards divorce; and she made me realize that you would be cutting yourself off from your religion by marrying a divorced woman.” She paused for a moment, and then— “When I once clearly understood that, there was nothing for me but to do what I did,” she ended simply.

“On the contrary,” Maitland returned with a positiveness which she remembered as one of his strongest traits, “there was something very different for you to do, and that was to consult me before acting in a matter which concerned me so vitally. My mother had no right to interfere in my affairs, and you had no right to decide for both of us on an impulse of self-sacrifice. Had you given me an opportunity to speak, I should have told you that you had nothing to do with the laws of the Catholic Church about divorce. They were not binding on you, and I was able to take care of myself in that as in other respects.”

“But how could you take care of yourself?” she asked. “As a Catholic, such a marriage would certainly cut you off from the Church.”

“Will you leave me to settle that with the Church?” he demanded, in a tone of defiance which did not seem to be altogether, if at all, for her. “It is—it should be enough for you that I am ready to marry you the moment you put your hand in mine, let the Church say or do what it will.”

"You think it should be enough for me?" she demanded in turn, in a voice which had a piercing poignancy in its low tones. "Is that your opinion of me? You think that I am one of the women who exist in the world to lure men into paths of sin and destruction? No, don't speak!" (He had opened his lips quickly.) "I understand that you would disavow such a thought, but it is the real meaning of what you have said. You are willing to throw away your religion for my sake; and you think that I should be willing to accept this tremendous sacrifice,—willing to make myself an obstacle between your soul and God, and to stand as an immovable barrier in the path of your possible return to higher things? Ah, you don't know me! If I had no religious belief myself, I should still be unable to play such a part. But as it is—as it is—"

Her voice broke: she could say no more; and, turning abruptly, she walked away from him.

Maitland stood where she left him, staring blankly after her. He had seldom been more astonished than by the feeling she exhibited, and by the manner in which she had completely changed the point at issue between them. It almost seemed as if he had offered an insult instead of a proof of devotion which might have touched any woman's heart, he thought,—especially a heart so tender as that which had responded to his devotion before. In anticipation he had gone over this interview many times, but never in his wildest fancy had it ended as it was ending now. Always in his imagination he had seen Madeleine deeply moved—and how often for less cause had not gratitude looked at him out of her lovely eyes!—and quick to reward his sacrifice with exquisite self-surrender. That she would grasp the real nature of this sacrifice, and of all that it implied, did not, however, for an instant occur to him. He knew so well the Protestant point of view—which considers "one religion as good as another," and holds no claim higher than

that of human love—that, taking for granted her acceptance of this view, he was entirely unprepared for her comprehension of all that he was ready to give up for her sake.

For, as it chanced, her letter to him had thrown no light upon the motives which chiefly moved her to the renunciation that he had attributed wholly to his mother's personal appeal. There was no hint of the "coin of sacrifice," whether to be paid by herself or another. She merely told him that she had learned that the teaching of his Faith stood as an insurmountable barrier between them; and, since she could never accept the responsibility of separating him from the Church whose laws he would violate by marrying her, she was removing herself out of his life, and begged that he would make no effort to follow or find her.

It was a pathetic letter, in its simplicity and brevity, for one who could have read its true meaning under the lines; but it acted upon John Maitland as resistance and disappointment are likely to act upon a passionate and headstrong nature. There was an interview with his mother, of which, to do him justice, he did not like to think; and then, flinging all consideration of anything and everything else to the winds, he set forth to find the woman whose deep hold upon his heart he had hardly known until she vanished out of his life; and to bend, as he felt no doubt of his power to do, her will to his.

Yet, now that he had found her, he was compelled to realize that her will opposed him with an apparently unbending strength; and as he stood, gazing with angry, baffled surprise at the figure which had moved away from him, an instinct told him that this resistance had its root in the influence which he on his part was defying,—the influence of that serene, immovable Faith against which the world, the flesh and the devil wage unceasing war. How this influence had reached and affected her, he did not know;

it was a force with which most certainly he had not expected to reckon. But he recognized the attitude of mind which it produces, the consciousness of supernatural values that is so alien and, it may be added, so abhorrent to the purely human view of life; and he could account for this only by supposing that his mother's appeal had been even more powerful than he imagined in enlisting against him the sensitive conscience which dictated her denial of the suit he had crossed the world to press. At this thought resentment again mounted within him like a rising tide,—resentment toward his mother, whose interference he could not forgive; and also toward the august power which gave that interference such lasting force. With renewed determination to assert his will against intolerable opposition, he strode up to the figure that had paused on the bank of the stream which flowed with still current through the ancient moat.

"Madeleine," he said reproachfully, "I never dreamed that you could be so bitterly unjust to me!"

She turned to meet his gaze, and he thought that he had never seen anything at once so sad and so beautiful as her eyes.

"It is the last thing I could possibly wish to be—unjust to you," she replied in her low, sweet voice. "I owe you so much—"

"You owe me nothing,—nothing!" he interrupted. "There can be no question of owing anything between you and me. The love I have given you is a free gift, which I could not withhold if I would; and what I ask from you must be also a free gift. If you can give this, don't lessen it by mention of other things."

"It will not lessen anything which I have given, or can give you, to tell you how grateful I am for what you have given me," she answered, with the same exquisite gentleness. "I have not had very much love in my life, and yours has been a revelation to me. All that you were to me, all the chivalrous tenderness

of word and act which you showed me before I went away, is written on my heart. And now this last proof of devotion—that you have come so far to offer again what is not of less value because I can not accept it,—do you think this does not touch me even more deeply, and in a manner I can never forget?"

"And yet" (again his tone reproached her) "you said only a few minutes ago that I thought unworthily of you, that I imagined you were one of the women—no, I can't repeat what you did not hesitate to say, and to charge me with believing."

"Forgive me!" she begged. "I should not have said it, for I know that you think too highly of me in almost all respects. But, nevertheless, it is true that the part that you wish me to play in your life—the only part which you have power to give me—would be an unworthy one. And what hurt me when I spoke as I did a moment ago was the perception that you thought so poorly of me as to believe that I was blind to this,—that I was not able to recognize that, if I consented to marry you, no love of yours or mine could alter the fact that I should be an influence to drag you down in a moral sense, and that nothing I could give you would make amends for so great an injury."

"You talk in this way because you don't know—you don't realize in the least—what you could give and what you could be to me," he made haste to assure her, touched by the pathos of her words and her expression. "As for the moral issue, you have drawn your ideas from things which my mother said to you, and which you were not able to weigh reasonably because you did not know how exaggerated her utterances were."

"I do not think," Madeleine said, "that any utterances could have been less exaggerated than your mother's when she talked to me. But the crux of the matter rests in a simple question which you can answer if you will: does not the Catholic

Church refuse to recognize divorce, and does she not therefore forbid the marriage of Catholics with divorced persons?"

"What, I ask again, have you to do with the laws of the Catholic Church?" Maitland demanded, with unconcealed impatience. "They are not binding upon and do not concern you."

"Ah, you evade the point!" she said, with a hopeless gesture. "You will not acknowledge what you know to be the truth, and you take refuge in the assertion that this truth does not concern me. I have tried to make you understand how much it would concern me if I married you in defiance of laws which are certainly binding on you; but I have failed to make this clear to you. Let me, then, make something else clear,—let me tell you that the laws of the Catholic Church concern me also, because, in belief at least, I am a Catholic myself."

"You!" Maitland stared at her in stunned amazement for a moment, before he cried violently: "It is impossible! I can not believe it!"

"Why can you not believe it?" she asked. "The Catholic Faith attracts many people to embrace it: why should it not attract me?"

"Because," he answered,—"because—"

And then he stopped abruptly, not only from the difficulty of formulating the thoughts and feelings which rushed upon him with overwhelming force, but chiefly because, if he had uttered the one thought which stood forth most clearly in his mind, it would have been the same which Nina once expressed when she said, "A woman in your position can not afford to become a Catholic." He had, in truth, a sense as if the world were reeling around him. He had crossed continents and seas to find this woman and tell her that for her sake he was prepared to cast off the yoke which divine faith lays upon the soul of man,—and, lo! she faced him with the news that she was herself ready to assume this yoke.

(To be continued.)

Our Angel's Solace.

BY THE REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

The Soul asketh:

ART thou not weary, who dost keep
Such long and loving ward,
And while I wake and while I sleep
Art ever near to guard;
While reckless and ungrateful I
So seldom dream that thou art by?

Art thou not fain, betimes, to leave
Thy thankless task and flee?
Thou hast so much to vex and grieve,
So little joy in me!
So oft I've made thee veil thine eyes,
So little good behind me lies!

The Angel' rep'ie'h:

Not so! I gaze beyond the years
To where thy days shall cease,
And glory drown thy faults and fears,
Thy woes be lost in peace.
Then, freed of all mortality,
Thou'lt be an age-long friend to me!

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Daughter.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IT is sometimes indiscreet, as writers know from experience, to write about living people,—unless notoriety is an essential feature of their careers, as in the case of rulers and other public persons. Indiscretion may become a blunder where the subject is hidden from the world in the life of the convent, sensitive to even decorous and well-meant publicity. I am, therefore, taking a risk in this description of a personality and a work which have sought obscurity and abhorred notoriety. Yet what is one to do? Significant events not merely deserve but demand some kind of a record. It is notorious that the Catholic body, in its proper disgust with the lying press of the time, has gone to the other extreme in neglect of decent and necessary publicity. Light should not be hidden under a bushel. The

proper study of mankind is man, and man is the most interesting of studies. The London journal, *Mainly about People*, struck a right vein, even in its extravagance; and its New York imitator, *Human Life*, is on the road to success.

Catholics know too little about one another, and next to nothing about their living saints. I have yet to learn of the existence of a modern saint, by which I mean one who will yet be raised to the altar. It is rumored there is one in Paris at the present moment, living the obscurest of lives. Yet all men knew that Francis of Sales was a saint while he was yet with them. "They call you a saint and an apostle," said a bitter Calvinist to him one day; "but I want you to show me where a saint and an apostle of the first days rode into town in a gorgeous chariot, as you did to-day." And Francis, the ever courteous, amiable and courtly Bishop, replied by mentioning the ride of Philip the Deacon with the eunuch of Queen Candace. "But that was the chariot of another," said the gentleman. "So was mine: it was the King's," said Francis.

Hawthorne left to his family a patent of nobility which can never be annulled. And his children proved themselves worthy of their father, although that fact may not be so well known. They had not his genius, but they certainly possessed his temperament,—something so fine as to defy definition or description. One can only feel it, like the twilight, and be silent before a beautiful gift of nature. More than a decade ago we sat at the hearthstone of George Parsons Lathrop. His wife and he had been received into the Fold a short time before. It seemed an astonishing conversion to all parties. Lathrop was a man of the world, joyous and convivial; a literary journalist who tried his hand at everything in the hope of hitting the mark sometime, and made money easily. He had hosts of friends, and all editorial sanctums were open to him. Men of this kind do not usually

become Catholics; and where they have the Faith at the beginning, lose it often. Lathrop found it amid the flippancy, merriment, and uproar of the journalistic circle. His wife arrived at the goal about the same time, but by a different route. She, too, was of the literary circle. The contrast between husband and wife was quite marked. He was dark, even swarthy, and she was fair. In his writing, Lathrop went direct to his theme. Mrs. Lathrop waited for the Hawthorne temperament to suggest the theme and to clothe the words with music. He was forcible, energetic, emotional, and outspoken; and she was gentle, low-voiced, leaving to few words their double power of expression and suggestion.

We sat together long in that charming home, whose dearest tenant, a little child, had gone to the angels long ago. We had to hear the story of their progress toward the Church, which gave us great joy and consolation. No music of Brahms or McDowell ever breathed into the soul more delight than the voices of Lathrop and his wife that magic hour, telling how they had thought and felt, but really describing that road by which the Puritan soul travels from Cromwell to the Vicar of Christ. What a lovely home! What beautiful souls! What exquisite hope for the future!

That was the first scene. How different the second! Lathrop died a few years later, in New York, of pneumonia. The home in New London vanished, and Hawthorne's daughter took up her residence in New York as a nurse of the poor suffering from cancer. She rented a few rooms somewhere and began work. The journals made much of it, as concerning Hawthorne's daughter,—some in a flippant way. A woman reporter closed a long story of the enterprise by interviewing an Irish servant in the house, whose conclusion was that a streak of craziness ran in the Hawthorne blood. In the metropolis a charity scheme does smack of insanity, so many are the schemes, so numerous

the institutions, for the benefit of the distressed.

Why a charity for the poor afflicted with cancer? Because the public and private charities had not dealt with the conditions adequately. Science has not fixed the status of the cancer patient so precisely as the status of the tuberculosis patient. The latter disease is now known popularly as the White Plague, on account of its numerous victims. The sufferers from cancer and consumption have their peculiarities. Able to move about, to earn their living, to enjoy life in some fashion, they object to segregation, to the hospital,—to anything which marks them off from their fellows. Rarely do they see the hopelessness of their condition. They remain at home till the last moment, improperly treated, or not treated at all, exposing others to infection. The State has so far been unable to give them proper attention. The theorists who forced upon the State the immense burden of maintaining all charities, from the Federal Pension Fund down, did not foresee that even the State has limits in its expenditure, and that no State can abolish Christian charity. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop found the field unoccupied, and entered it with no capital but her own faith, hope and love.

I visited the first actual home which she established in old-fashioned Cherry Street, both to pay my respects and to learn the exact nature of the enterprise. The house looked like the famous street—ancient in style, small and picturesque. Mrs. Lathrop and her aids were clothed in a simple uniform of white and light brown,—a peasant costume from Holland, if I remember rightly. To explain her work, Mrs. Lathrop told a story. As soon as the papers made known the character of her home, applications for aid and admission poured in. The house was too small to accommodate more than ten patients; but sufferers were encouraged to come regularly for treatment, such as the dressing of their wounds. Among

them was a Protestant lady, a woman of stern, upright character, who bore her sad affliction as calmly as if in perfect health. She accepted rather suspiciously the services of Mrs. Lathrop and her aids. Alone in the world, lodging at one place and getting her meals at another, she soon found skill and sympathy a necessity. As her malady progressed in its own terrible fashion, she was often forced to change her lodgings and her restaurants, until only the meanest were open to her. The proud soul held to her course until nature could no longer endure it. She lost position after position, until her wages became a pittance. Still she held out. But at the end she came to the Cherry Street home and surrendered to rest, nursing and care. She carried an old-fashioned prayer-book, and read her prayers from it to the last, dying in the faith of her childhood. In her closing days she expressed frequently her regret at not having accepted the shelter of the home sooner.

"This case," said Mrs. Lathrop, "illustrates the condition. The poor have a horror of the hospital. The poor afflicted with cancer have another horror—that of exposing their disease. Hundreds of them are dying by inches in this city, concealing their ailment as far as they can, suffering for lack of proper treatment, horrified at being a burden to relatives or friends, still more horrified at being cut off from their kind by the nature of their disease. They need help. Don't you think their need explains and justifies this humble work?"

Needless to say the work grew with the years. The little community finally adopted the costume and rule of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and Hawthorne's daughter became Mother Mary Alphonsa. The Cherry Street house getting too small very soon, a place had to be found in the country for resident patients. When it was finally secured, the community moved into it, and left Cherry Street to serve other purposes. The main question which every charitable enterprise has to consider is that of ways and means. It would

seem that Mother Alphonsa hardly examined the question. She found the need and went on to fill it, leaving the finances to the management of Providence. This method may be fitly called the Cottolengo method, after the venerable priest of Milan, who used it excellently in the last century. Single-handed he built up, for the orphan, the gamin, the blind, the aged, and the sick, a charity, or aggregation of charities, which challenged the admiration of his time. His method was to respond promptly to any distress which appealed to him. Without a cent he began each work of charity, leaving to Providence the financial management; and his work grew into immense proportions.

The Cherry Street home was not large enough to offer serious problems: its expenses could be met monthly in different ways. The home in the country, able to hold fifty patients or more, the members of the community, and servants, made a heavy draft on Providence. It has been maintained now over ten years. Here may be said to dwell in awful majesty Our Lady of Pain. Here for the third time I saw Hawthorne's daughter, struggling with a double problem—the maintenance of her institution, and the consoling of the sadly afflicted. How different from the peaceful and happy home in New London two decades ago!

Rosary Hill Home, as it is officially called, is a quaint building in a picturesque region. It belonged originally to a group of Dominican priests from Lyons, France, who founded it as a novitiate when hostile legislation threatened their existence. After some years they deemed it practicable to return to Lyons. Three of them were drowned in the tragedy of the Steamer *Bourgogne*, which foundered on July 5, 1898, if my memory is correct. Their monastery was secured for the country hospital. It stands halfway up a steep hill in Westchester County, north of the village of White Plains. The county is known to readers of history as the famous Neutral Ground of Revolutionary times.

The battle of White Plains was the last pitched engagement between the opposing armies of General Howe and General Washington. It was a drawn battle. Howe withdrew to New York, and Washington camped farther north on the Hudson. Cooper made this region the scene of his novel, "The Spy."

From the veranda of Mother Alphonsa's home the lovely valley and the surrounding hills offer a beautiful view. The Salesian Fathers have a college for Italian boys on the plain below; and just opposite, some miles away on the crest of a sombre mountain, the Christian Brothers have erected the novitiate and scholasticate of their community in the diocese of New York. It is a charming region, rich in historic memories. Not far away, beyond the Pocantico ridge, is Sleepy Hollow and the home of Irving. Major André lost his way and his wits and his life just below and beyond. The skeleton village at the railway station below Rosary Hill has been renamed Hawthorne, after the novelist. It is all very peaceful now, and its most peaceful corner is Mother Alphonsa's shrine of Our Lady of Pain.

After the responsibilities, problems, and trials of fifteen years, age has not touched Mother Alphonsa severely. No one knows where next year's revenue is to come from, but somehow it comes. One is asked to inspect the institution, and usually one accepts; being careful to avoid places and sights where the human form, and the human eye in particular may properly be considered an intruder. Everything is in order, neat and beautiful. I have always avoided speaking to the patients, out of delicacy; not wishing to invade the sanctuary of disease and pain, or to appear curious like a scientist. This attitude, however, is a mistake. If they appreciate anything, the patients, it is this apparent intrusion, which ignores their misfortune and leaves them like other people, in their esteem and yours. You see nothing—or very

little, it would be more exact to say—which reminds you of disease. In this atmosphere Hawthorne's daughter spends her days, a ministering angel to her patients and the world, soothing the despair and pain of the sufferers, calling the gay, busy world to her aid. I read the other day that some one had given her \$25,000 for a new building, on condition that she raise a like sum among her benefactors. She will doubtless secure it, even if the Hawthorne temperament is unpractical, which I doubt.

What singular service, direct and indirect, the Hawthorne family has rendered the Catholic household! Nathaniel himself at times wrote like a Catholic. In a pamphlet which Mother Alphonsa used to publish in behalf of her work, the delicacy of the Hawthorne style reappeared as if from the paternal pen. On the occasion of the funeral of Archbishop Corrigan in 1902, Julian Hawthorne wrote a description of the procession of the clergy into the cathedral, and of the funeral services, which takes rank with the noblest testimony ever rendered to the Church by non-Catholics. It is luckily preserved for posterity in the official history of the New York diocese. It has occurred to many that if the Catholic body were as strong on the literary and journalistic side as on that of building churches, hospitals and schools—and it will be some day, as it is to-day in Germany,—such people as the Hawthornes would find the way into the temple much easier.

NOTHING is more bitter than walnut-bark when it is green; but when made into a preserve, it is very sweet and exceedingly wholesome. So reproof, which is very bitter in its nature, heated at the fire of charity, and sweetened by amiability, becomes pleasing and delicious. And when truth uttered by the tongue is destitute of sweetness, it is a sign that the heart is wanting in true charity.

—*St. Francis of Sales.*

An Opportune Visit.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

"I INSIST that my dead sister's only child be received and treated with all kindness in my house."

When Mr. Danvers spoke in that tone, his family knew that he meant to be obeyed. Even his proud, haughty wife knew better than to act in opposition to his wishes on those rare occasions when he thus asserted his authority.

He refolded the letter—the innocent cause of this storm in a teacup,—and arose from the breakfast table. He turned back at the door to say:

"Don't forget to send the carriage. And, Geof," addressing his son, "it would be a graceful act on your part to accompany the carriage. I shall try to get to the station myself."

"What ever shall we do?" Isabel cried in dismay the moment the door closed upon her father.

"It is a calamity," said Mrs. Danvers, in a vexed tone.

"She is sure to be utterly impossible," Isabel went on. "And papa will insist upon introducing her to every one of our guests! He has no sense of the fitness of things—"

"Or of what is due a future countess," laughed Geof, carelessly. "But the pater is all right," he added, in a different tone. "I admire him for standing up for his sister's child; though he has not seen her since she was a toddling youngster."

"You might be a little more sympathetic, Geof," Isabel interrupted reproachfully. "The Forsyths are so fastidious, and I know the Count will be shocked. He has always understood that—mamma's people are aristocratic, and—"

"And the inopportune arrival of this unknown little Texas cousin may undo the work of months," supplemented Geof. "It would be rather a pity, since you and the mater have taken so much

trouble to land the Count; though I'm not sure that—"

"Geof!"

"Oh, I'm not going to call him names! It's too late for that. But how any girl could throw over a man like Jack Tracy for—"

"Geoffrey!"

Mrs. Danvers' eyes flashed, and her lips were set in a straight line. A glance at Isabel's flushed, downcast face added fuel to the fire already kindled by her son's words. She was as nearly exasperated as so well-bred a person could allow herself to be.

Dorothy — whom her brother had teasingly nicknamed "The Optimist" because of her sunny disposition, and happy penchant for finding the silver lining of every cloud, — looked up from the letter, which she had asked her father to let her read; remarking lightly, as though nothing unusual had occurred:

"She writes *such* a pretty letter. Her name is Patricia."

"I shall ask your friend Jack Tracy to take her in to dinner," Mrs. Danvers said, turning to Geoffrey with a peculiar smile. "They may be able to find something in common to talk about; for, with that name, I shouldn't be surprised to hear that she is a Catholic."

Without glancing at Isabel's flushed face, Mrs. Danvers arose from the table and went to the telephone, when they heard her call up Dr. Tracy's office, and a few moments later say in her sweetest voice:

"Dr. Tracy? This is Mrs. Danvers. I want to ask a favor of you — ah? That is very kind, I'm sure! We are giving a small dinner party this evening. I know it is late for an invitation, but may I depend on you to take in Mr. Danvers' niece, who arrives unexpectedly to-day? Ah! That is kind of you! Ah — ah! Thank you! Then I shall expect you. Good-bye!"

A dead silence had fallen upon the little group at the table. Isabel looked confused and half frightened. Geoffrey's brows were

drawn together in a frown of annoyance.

Dorothy was the only one of the three who retained her usual poise.

"I have a feeling that this little country cousin of ours is going to be vastly amusing," she said, ignoring the storm signals in the two faces opposite. "If mamma doesn't mind, I shall accompany you to the station, Geof."

"It would be a graceful act on your part'—as well as on mine," Geof said, smiling slightly.

Mr. Danvers was surprised and pleased to find Dorothy at the station with Geof when he came bustling up at the last moment, all out of breath and a bit flustered. They were standing inside the gates, watching the steady stream of passengers filing in from the various roads.

"That is her train over there. She will be among that bunch," Geof said, indicating a rather larger crowd approaching from the right.

Mr. Danvers hastily adjusted his glasses, and Dorothy pressed a little closer to the great iron fence. She ran her eye quickly over the crowd, half unconsciously singling out the plainer and more dowdily dressed young women; and she felt a distinct sense of relief when any of these young women were hailed by waiting friends. There were only half a dozen left,—three men, one old lady, and two girls.

One of the latter was small and dark, with a bright, piquant face, and wonderful dark eyes. She was quietly but neatly dressed in a close-fitting tailored suit, and looked so thoroughly a lady that Dorothy found herself turning reluctantly to the other girl, who must be Patricia Desmond. Mr. Danvers' people were all fair. This girl was tall and fair and slightly florid.

The tall girl had barely stepped inside the gates when a little old lady pushed through the crowd and was gathered into the girl's arms; while a surprisingly gentle voice cried:

"Mother! I'm so glad to see you!"

"And this is your cousin, Dorothy. I'm sure you two will be great friends,"

her father was saying, when she recovered from her astonishment.

She turned quickly, and found herself looking into the wonderful dark eyes and bright, piquant face she had been admiring only a moment before.

"And *you* are Patricia Desmond! I am so glad!" she cried impulsively, grasping the small gloved hand extended. "You see, the Danvers are all fair," she continued apologetically, "and—"

"And you did not expect to see a gipsy," said Patricia, with a smile that made her face beautiful. "My grandmother Desmond was of French extraction, and I am said to resemble her," she explained simply.

"You did not make the long journey alone?" Mr. Danvers asked, looking around for some one who might have accompanied her.

"Mrs. Lanning, with whom I am going abroad, stopped off at Washington to visit some friends. She wanted me to stay with her; but I felt an irresistible desire to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered of making the acquaintance of my mother's people. I came on alone from there."

While Geof was looking after the luggage, Mr. Danvers accompanied the girls to the carriage, where he stood chatting a moment before hurrying back to his office.

"I'm sorry we can't have you all to ourselves this first evening," Dorothy said as they neared home. "We have a rather formal dinner party on hand. In fact, the dinner is to be made the occasion of announcing my sister's engagement to Count Florenci de Lanfal."

"Prepare yourself for about three hours of heavy boredom," put in Geof. "Afterward the atmosphere may lighten somewhat."

"You mustn't mind Geof," Dorothy laughed. "He is so thoroughly American that he can scarcely do justice to a foreigner."

Patricia smiled understandingly. She

liked both these cousins. She found Isabel quite as likable, though rather reserved and stately. But her aunt, for whose ungraciousness she had been somewhat prepared, awakened within her a feeling bordering on dislike.

Maurice Desmond was a struggling young artist who had not yet won either fame or fortune when Priscilla Danvers, against the wishes and advice of her relatives, married him. The first two years of their married life were spent in flitting from place to place,—a Bohemian sort of existence that some natures find very pleasant. They then settled in a pretty little town in Southern Texas, where Patricia was born, and where, less than a year later, the young wife and mother died. It was through a sense of loyalty to her dead mother, whom she scarcely remembered, that Patricia decided to look up these unknown relatives.

"I am not proud," she told her father when they were discussing her trip abroad. "I shall write to my uncle, and give him the opportunity of refusing to meet me when I arrive in New York."

Feeling that her visit was ill-timed, and that her presence just at this auspicious moment might be a source of inconvenience, if not of real annoyance, to her aunt, Patricia purposely delayed her descent to the drawing-room until just before dinner was announced. In the hall she met Dorothy, who had come in search of her.

"You are charming!" cried that young lady, impulsively.

Patricia thought she detected a slight note of relief in her cousin's tone. She smiled to herself, unconsciously lifting her head a trifle higher as she followed Dorothy into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Danvers, resplendent in lavender mousseline, her usually haughty countenance wreathed in gracious smiles, stood conversing with a young man whom she addressed as "My dear Count." He was tall and swarthy, and wore his evening clothes with a certain ease and dignity

that gave him quite an air of distinction. He started slightly, a dull red showing through the swarthiness of his skin, when, glancing up, he met Patricia's eyes. A look of amazement crossed her face.

Just then dinner was announced, and Patricia found herself following the others toward the dining-room, leaning on the arm of her partner, whose name she failed to catch.

"Who is the tall, dark man taking my aunt in to dinner?" she whispered hurriedly, after one swift glance into her companion's face, feeling instinctively that its owner could be trusted.

"That is Count Florenci de Lanfal."

"The man my cousin is to marry?"

"Yes."

They were taking their places by this time. Dr. Tracy turned a rather questioning glance upon his companion.

"Pardon me! You have met the Count before?" he asked courteously.

Before replying Patricia glanced down the long table to where the Count sat at her aunt's right. His countenance had assumed a yellowish pallor and he looked ill. Turning to her companion, she answered his question by asking another.

"Pardon me!" she said impulsively. "Are you a particular friend of the family?"

"Geof and I were college chums," he returned, with a frank smile, cleverly hiding the astonishment he felt at such a question. "I think you may safely regard me as a friend of the family," he added, with an unconscious sigh, letting his glance rest for an instant on Isabel.

As if feeling his eyes upon her, she raised her own, but lowered them almost instantly.

Turning to her companion, Patricia surprised a look in his eyes that made the situation plain to her. She smiled straight at him and murmured:

"Thank you! That man is an impostor," she went on in a low tone. "He is a Mexican, and he was at one time in my father's employ. I know what I

am saying," she observed, as he continued to gaze incredulously at her. "Think quickly! We must prevent the announcement of the engagement at any cost."

Acquaintances ripen quickly into intimacy between two people sharing an important secret. Patricia Desmond and Jack Tracy forgot that half an hour before neither one had even known of the other's existence.

"Geof told me the engagement is to be announced this evening," Tracy murmured under cover of the rather musical hum of voices on all sides.

"But we must prevent it!" Patricia returned in the same guarded tone.

Dorothy wondered what her cousin and Dr. Tracy could be discussing with such evident absorption. Her mother was right: they certainly had found something in common to talk about.

Turning impatiently at the butler's respectful "Beg pardon!" Mrs. Danvers glanced carelessly at the small visiting card resting on the silver salver. Noting with some surprise and a slight sense of alarm that it bore the name of her husband's niece, and was marked "private" and "urgent," she reached out a hand that trembled slightly.

The Count de Lanfal arose hastily, murmuring some apology about being ill—"Nothing serious, I assure you,"—and left the room. Filled with solicitude, Mrs. Danvers made a movement to follow him; but, mindful of the duty she owed her other guests, she restrained herself in time. Calling a servant, she bade him see that the Count had every attention.

It was several minutes before Mrs. Danvers remembered the card in her hand. Without the faintest suspicion of its meaning, yet with a strange premonition of coming calamity, she turned the card over, and this is what she read:

"The man you know as 'Count de Lanfal' is a Mexican. His real name is Juan Mingual. I knew him in Texas; and I also know his wife, *who is still living.*"

Just then the servant whom she had

sent to look after the Count returned and whispered cautiously in his mistress' ear:

"His August Highness has disappeared. He must be very ill indeed, for he did not even wait to get his coat."

Throughout the remainder of the elaborate dinner, as course succeeded course, Mrs. Danvers sat like "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief." The heroism she displayed was worthy of a better cause. She managed to smile and keep up a semblance of small talk, while all the time she was longing to do actual violence to the girl who had dared to bring such charges against the Count; though his sudden defection left her powerless, and filled her with a sickening sense of chagrin and mortification.

Isabel sat pale and distraught, with a peculiar feeling that she was in close proximity to a volcano that might belch forth at any moment. The signals of distress in her mother's face, together with the disappearance of the Count, awakened in her a wild hope of—but, in her loyalty to her mother, she scarcely allowed even the thought to take definite form.

Geoffrey glanced from one to the other with his quizzical arching of the eyebrows; and Dorothy wondered. But, as all mundane things must end, the signal came at last, and the ladies arose.

"Geof and I will join you at the very earliest moment," Jack Tracy whispered, as he held the door open for Patricia to pass.

If glances could kill, Patricia would never have survived the look she received from her aunt, as that lady drew her aside, whispering violently:

"What do you mean by bringing such charges against an innocent man? How dare—"

But Isabel, pale and trembling, stepped between them.

"What is it? Please tell me at once!" she demanded of her cousin.

She did not cry out or swoon. She felt in a dazed way that she had known it all the time. Her mother had joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and the two

girls were alone in the hall, where this little scene had taken place.

"I am sorry to have been the one to make this disclosure, but I could not keep silent," concluded Patricia in a low tone.

Isabel, though still faint and dizzy from the shock, lifted her hands in protest.

"My dearest Patricia," she cried earnestly, "I can never thank you sufficiently for what you have done! You came, like an angel sent from heaven, to save me from this hateful marriage. Ja—Dr. Tracy used to tell me that each one of us has a Guardian Angel who watches over us; and I think he must be right. I distrusted the man always; but mamma—poor mamma!"

Mr. Danvers, who did not approve of his wife's foolish ambitions, and whose consent to the marriage had been reluctantly given, was openly relieved at the turn affairs had taken.

Upon her return from Europe some months later, Patricia had the great happiness of being sponsor as well as bridesmaid to her cousin Isabel.

The Friar's Revenge.

A FRANCISCAN lay-brother went out one day as usual to seek for alms. He came by chance to the abode of a noble English Protestant who had taken up his quarters in a beautiful country-house outside the walls of Nice. Seeing the door open, the friar began with great humility to ask for alms; but the Englishman gruffly commanded him to be gone out of his sight. Not understanding the broken French which the other spoke, the friar repeated his request, and waited meekly. At length, quite beside himself with anger, the Englishman seized a stick and belabored the poor mendicant so furiously that when he returned home he still bore upon him unmistakable signs of the reception he had met with. Rebuffs, however, are the alms which the good sons of St. Francis oftentimes receive.

Some time after this event, the Englishman had occasion to visit a famous Franciscan convent not very far distant. He went thither to make sketches of the surrounding country. One of the religious received him kindly, conducted him to the garden, procured a chair and table, and paid him every attention, pointing out the vantage-grounds which other artists had chosen, and answering courteously all his questions.

When he had finished sketching, he was brought by the friar who had accompanied him to a little cell, where he received refreshment. The Englishman accepted it with gratitude; but while he was taking it he was rather surprised to recognize in the friar who served him the very one whom he had treated so roughly in his own house. He was so embarrassed that he could not help asking if his host was really the beggar whom he had treated so ignominiously some time before. The friar said he was the man.

"But tell me," said the Englishman, "how could you treat me so well, after the evil treatment you received from me? I suppose you didn't know me?"

"Yes, I knew you very well," answered the friar, with a smile; "but our religion, you know, commands us to forgive injuries—to return good for evil."

This sublime principle, enunciated with so much calmness and modesty, made such an impression on the heart of the visitor that he at once called for the superior of the house, related what had happened, and begged pardon. He gave a considerable sum of money to the convent, and asked that the Brother whom he had treated so badly should go every Saturday to his house, where he would obtain an abundant alms.

It remains to be told that years afterward the Englishman joined the Church, and he was accustomed to say in reference to his conversion: "Perhaps a good Franciscan lay-brother whom I met abroad had as much to do with it as anything."

A Good Example Set.

WHILE the American Federation of Catholic Societies, as well as many another Catholic organization (of men) not affiliated thereto, is doing excellent work in this country, there does not appear to be an equivalent association of Catholic women established on an equally broad basis and fitted to do, for the betterment of society and the good of the Church, much that women can perform far more effectively than can their fathers, husbands, or brothers. We have not seen recently any account of the activities of the Daughters of the Faith, an association which a few years ago promised well; and while there undoubtedly are Catholic women's societies, religious and charitable, in most of our cities and large towns, there is not, so far as we know, a nation-wide organization such as, in the case of our Catholic men's societies, accomplish very notable achievements.

This dearth in our equipment for the Church's struggle against the manifold evils of the age has been suggested to us by the *Universe and Catholic Weekly's* comments on the report of the International Federation of the Liges Catholiques Féminines (Catholic Women's Leagues):

In particular, the lines of action adopted by the Catholic women of Uruguay give an example which could not be too widely followed by their sisters in the Old World. At Montevideo their sphere of work has included vigorous crusades against the secular government regime, of which anti-Christian divorce laws are one of the fruits; as well as the re-establishment of Catholic schools in districts where children were deprived of religious teaching. But, knowing well that any efforts were futile which did not begin with the press, they made it one of their first objects to place the Catholic press on a satisfactory financial footing, and to this end sought to collect subscriptions for its subsidy. The support accorded to the *Bien*, the leading Catholic paper of Uruguay, is, it is affirmed, entirely owing to the efforts of the leaguers to gain subscribers. Why can not the Catholic Women's League of England [and America] follow the good example thus set?

Notes and Remarks.

IN an open letter assigning reasons why there should be no further restrictions on immigration, Mr. Charles W. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard College, writes:

Some religious people fear that the Catholic Church will become unduly powerful in the United States, if races which have long been Catholic continue to pour into the country, by the hundred thousand, immigrants who are vigorous, industrious, frugal, and prolific. Whatever gains the Catholic Church may make in this way under a regime of religious toleration, that Church is fairly entitled to. Even the extreme Protestants who feel this apprehension shrink from declaring that their motive in advocating restrictions of immigration is fear of the Roman Church; and, indeed, for the United States to try to shut out Roman Catholics by restrictions not avowedly for that purpose would be an extraordinarily insincere and cowardly performance, at the very moment when in Europe the Catholic Church is being steadily dispossessed in Catholic countries of the control it once exercised; and when in the United States the effects of democracy on the Catholic Church are plainly much wider and deeper than the effects of the Catholic Church on either American governments or American society. To restrict immigration because, for the time being, immigration is more Catholic than Protestant, would be the public confession of lack of faith in the efficacy of religious toleration and the independence of Church and State as bulwarks of political freedom.

We should have something to say regarding Mr. Eliot's reference to the effects of democracy and the effects of the Church, if we were sure of his meaning. His letter is addressed to the president of the National Liberal Immigration League, and is printed in a recent issue of the "Congressional Record," at the instance of Representative Bennett.

An unnamed philosopher is quoted by the *Casket* as saying:

If I were asked what was the greatest foe to beauty in both man and woman, I should say, not errors in diet, not lack of exercise, not overwork,—not any one of these, but bad mental habits. If we observe closely the faces of the people we meet at random on the street or in

the great shops, we shall observe that nearly all of them are characterized by the lined mouth, the drawn brows, and other facial disfigurements which accompany bad mental states. What do I mean by bad mental states? I mean anger, anxiety, irritability, regret, envy, jealousy, lack of trust in one's self and in the great God,—all these are bad mental states; and all destroy beauty, not only by interfering with the action of the vital organs, but by directly disfiguring the expression of the face.

This is unquestionably true. Choice spirits have always guarded their serenity of mind as a pearl of great price, and resisted temptations to be drawn out of their allotted sphere, thus sparing their feelings and preserving their influence. We have just come into possession of a beautiful autograph letter of Cardinal Newman, in which he says, declining an invitation to attend a public meeting of some sort: "We consider it to be against the spirit and tradition of the Oratory to attend public meetings. . . . I suppose my presence on the occasion would be felt to be a phenomenon so strange and unlike myself that it would be the very talk of the place." Could anything be further removed from the vulgarity of self-advertisement and notoriety-seeking?

In the sketches of Chief Justice White that have appeared in the press since his recent promotion, sundry references have been made to what Wordsworth calls

That best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Here is one characteristic incident related in a Canadian paper. It occurred at Port Hope, Ontario, where the distinguished jurist has been in the habit of spending the summer months:

During their vacation, on Sunday mornings the entire family walk to the parish church (a mile distant from their home), and are always in their pews before the *Asperges*. The carriage is never called into requisition on that day. We remember one exception, however. During Mass there came up a severe thunderstorm, and the conveyance arrived to take the family

home. The Judge insisted that an elderly lady, who lived in their neighborhood, should take his place in the carriage; and he gave his umbrella to a young girl who, he said, must be worrying about her new hat, while he himself remained at the church until the carriage's return.

Mr. Max Eastman has been writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* about "stained-glass-window saints," and kindred topics. "We have one standard of life set before us on Sunday," he says, "and take another during our weekday life. The Greeks were different; and, although we need not take their standards, we ought to admire their consistency; for 'their ideals were geared to the facts of the city they lived in.'"

Mr. Eastman's Sundays have evidently not been spent in listening to the Catholic doctrine of holiness or sanctity. That doctrine is very certainly "geared to the facts" of this present life. The Church teaches that the saint is he who performs perfectly and with a pure intention, not extraordinary deeds, but the plain, everyday, ordinary, common duties of one's state in life. Incidentally, let it be said that moroseness, to which Mr. Eastman objects, is the one quality least in evidence among those who approach nearest to the ideal of the saint.

More than once since our publication of an extended account of the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal, we have had occasion to note the good work being done by similar organizations in this country and in England. The annual report of the Club looked after by the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Boston is the latest to reach us, and it contains encouraging as well as interesting information. The number of Catholic seamen visiting the rooms during the past year, for instance, was more than twelve thousand, while half that number of letters were written by the visitors. Apropos of this latter point, the report says: "The men are

encouraged to write letters to their relatives, writing material and stamps being provided, in the belief that home ties may be thus kept binding. Into the outstretched hands of the Virgin Mother Star of the Sea, that stands in the corner of the living room upstairs, many of these letters are placed by the rough seamen, who, with childlike faith in Mary, invoke her protection for their loved ones at home."

In congratulating the Boston, New York, and Montreal organizations on the excellent work that has been accomplished, we renew the hope which we have frequently expressed in these columns, that a Catholic Sailors' Club may soon be found in all our seaports.

From a very interesting paper, "The Struggle for the Christian Schools in Holland," contributed by Mr. P. S. Cleary to the *Australasian Catholic Record*, we quote the following paragraphs as explanatory of the success that has followed systematic organization in Holland:

Not that their success has been obtained and secured without organization. No political or social reform has ever been won by merely talking about it. As we have seen, Mgr. Schaepman, by arduous labor, developed his Catholic Electoral Association from the parochial school committees. But it was not until after his death that the organization was completed. It is now established in every province except Brabant, where the sparsity of non-Catholics makes agitation seem unnecessary. It secures the child as he leaves the school, and places him in the Young Men's Sodality, which has for motto, "For honor and virtue." Thence he enters the *Volksbond* (Popular Union) or *Boerenbond* (Farmers' Union),—the former of which has over 50,000 members, and the latter even more.

These associations form trades unions, agricultural unions, and co-operative societies. They conduct savings banks, factories, creameries, industrial undertakings, and other sources of employment or investment. They are consolidated into districts and provinces, in which the bishop takes a deep interest; and their executive bodies also co-operate with Protestant institutions having similar aims. They march under separate banners, but fight together against Social Democracy, directing, helping and educating the people on the lines of Christian

justice and practice. In Holland, the *Kreusverbonden* (League of the Cross Temperance Society) and the St. Vincent de Paul Society are very strong. The latter body received in 1908 the fine revenue of £100,000; and as the people, though not rich, are rarely poverty-stricken, it has been able to provide schools and industrial homes for orphaned or unprotected children.

These results are certainly gratifying, and are instructive as well. They furnish an object-lesson to more than one country where anarchic and socialistic forces will have to be met by the combined strength of all who call themselves Christians and have at heart the permanence of civilization as at present constituted.

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Apropos of the coming Eucharistic Congress at Madrid, the following information, which we find in the *Universe and Catholic Weekly*, will prove of general interest:

Perhaps it is not generally known that the idea of International Eucharistic Congresses originated in the devout mind of a French lady, Mdle. Tamisier, who died at Tours less than three months before the great Eucharistic triumph of Montreal. Herself a daily communicant from childhood, and an ardent apostle of the Eucharist, she had the happiness of seeing her desire realized for the first time by the Eucharistic Congress of Lille in 1881, although up to the last moment there appeared small hope of such an event.

While our English contemporary associates with Mdle. Tamisier, in the originating of these Congresses, three zealous Frenchmen—M. Philibert Vrau, M. Damas, and Père Picard,—Father Galtier, of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, gives, as her most efficient co-workers, Father Chevrier (the Don Bosco of Lyons), and the saintly Mgr. Ségur.

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It is gratifying to hear of the extension of the work of laymen's retreats, the benefits of which were lately set forth in *THE AVE MARIA* by a well-known business man of New York. He described the methods pursued by Father Shealy, S. J., and explained how easy it would be for the average layman to avail himself of so golden an opportunity for spiritual gain.

Three retreats are to be given next summer at St. Mary's College, Kansas, where the work was inaugurated in 1909. The first retreat was attended by thirty-four men, representing about half as many cities. Last year the number in attendance increased to ninety-three, hailing from thirty-three different places in five States—Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Nebraska, and Oklahoma. The Rev. Father Kuhlman, S. J., has conducted the retreats thus far held at St. Mary's, and he welcomes any one disposed to go through the "Exercises of St. Ignatius." As the attendance at the retreats to be given next summer is limited to fifty for each, it will be necessary for those desirous of attending them to make early application to the reverend president of the College.

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In an article, on the observance of Sunday, contributed by an Englishman to the *Sower*, of Geraldton, West Australia, we find this expression of opinion:

The authority which Protestants really believe in is not the Bible but tradition. Tradition—national tradition to some extent, but particularly local and family tradition—is the governing Protestant authority. Protestants believe what their parents believed, what their friends believe, what the society in which they mix believe. They talk much about the Bible, and they have a traditional notion that their creed is what the Bible teaches. But if any one point out to them how inconsistent that creed is with Biblical authority, they merely reply: "Well, that's the meaning we always attach to those passages."

The observance of Sunday supplies the writer with a capital instance of tradition's overriding the Bible. He writes:

Let no one deceive himself by imagining that the abolition of the Sabbath and the institution of Sunday are a mere change of day. There was no change at all. One institution was wholly abolished; another institution, unconnected with it, was inaugurated. It is the fact—and a very important fact it is, too, if one considers all that it implies—that the only one religious observance still generally obtaining through the length and breadth of this once Catholic land of England and its dependencies is an observance not enjoined by the Bible, not even mentioned in the Bible, but

instituted by the authority of the Catholic Church alone, upon her suppression of another religious observance enjoined most strictly in the Bible as one of God's Ten Commandments, and which, so far as the Bible alone goes, is as binding on us now as when Moses brought it down from the Mount.

Which reminds us that the Bible itself is losing ground among the sects. Higher Criticism has undermined the basic belief in its inspiration, so far as many sectarians are concerned; and the Church bids fair to become its only defender as the true word of God.

A correspondent in one of our large cities relates that, while visiting the Blessed Sacrament one afternoon recently, a young mother, with a little child on her arm and a boy about six years old at her side, entered the church and knelt for some time at the Crib, praying fervently. Presently the younger child, who had remained perfectly quiet, stretched out his little hands, exclaiming, "Baby! Baby!" as if eager to take the representation of the Christ-Child from its bed of straw. Interrupting his prayers, the little brother turned to the younger child and said, with a frown of disapproval: "No, no! That Baby is God."

How much more understanding of sacred things baptized children possess than most grown-up people give them credit for!

Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson, the author of an ably written text-book entitled "Logic for the Million," which is described as an attempt to teach a technical art with as little technicality as possible, quotes Herbert Spencer as saying in a letter to Professor Brough: "I have at no time paid the least attention to formal logic, and hold that for all practical purposes it is useless." A surprising remark, surely, for a "great thinker" to make. A writer in the *London Academy* thus comments upon it:

Now, Herbert Spencer's business was, briefly, to put two and two together in matter of philosophy; the whole of his life's work depended on his capacity for reasoning justly from premises to conclusions. And this remark of his is pre-

cisely and exactly as if a chartered accountant should say, "I have at no time paid the least attention to the rules of arithmetic, and hold that for all practical purposes the multiplication table is useless." . . . You have here the case of a distinguished man, who is supposed to have influenced the thought of the whole world, saying deliberately that the eternal laws of thought are not of the slightest consequence to thinkers; that whether the two and two of ratiocination make four or five, or six hundred and sixty and six, is not of the slightest consequence. This is a feat that one would have pronounced to be incredible. But it has been done; and if it has been accomplished in the green tree of eminence, what marvels of unreason and absurdity may be expected from the dry wood of obscurity,—from the millions who are now the rulers of England!

We notice that not a few of our exchanges accepted at its face value the dispatch published in the secular press about Archbishop Glennon's characterizing soldiers as "hired assassins." In view of the character of the announcement, and the antecedent probability that the sensational news-gatherers would stretch a point to make "a good story," it would have been the part of wisdom to await authoritative corroboration or denial before referring to the matter at all in our Catholic papers. The *Church Progress*, of St. Louis, informs us that "what the Archbishop said and what the press quoted him as having said were as widely at variance as anything could possibly be."

Apropos of the progress of Methodism, the *Christian Advocate*, an organ of that sect, propounds this query: "What does it mean that the gain in membership for the past year in a church of three and a half million members is less than one and one-half per cent?" Without professing any expert knowledge of the matter, we suggest that it means, among other things, that those roseate descriptions of the eagerness with which the benighted Catholics of Italy and other lands are flocking to the standard of Wesley are concocted with a view to increasing the funds in the Methodist exchequer.



To a Young Chorister. *

BY T. A. M.

I KNOW a little singer
Who makes music like a ringer
Of sweet chime bells in a great cathedral tower;
But his notes are all his own,
And the sweetness of their tone
Lingers with me like the fragrance of a flower.
My heartstrings thrill with pleasure
When betimes some dulcet measure
Floods my soul with holy echoes of the past;
And betimes a sorrow hidden
Clouds my eyes with tears unbidden,
When I think that his sweet voicing will not last.
Still my heart his heart will cherish,
Though his wondrous voice here perish;
Still my love shall be the same for evermore;
And I hope in heaven, victorious,
With the angels bright and glorious,
To hear him sing more sweetly than before.

Little Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark.

BY LUCILE KLING.

I.

ONCE, a long, long time ago, in a beautiful kingdom that you will not find on any of the maps, there was a little son born to the king and queen. He was the loveliest baby that ever was; and for days together every courtier in the palace could talk of nothing but his blue eyes, his soft curly hair, and his round little head,—“such intelligence, my dear; a very good sign!” Every turret was brave with flags, every window decked with garlands; and the cannon thundered, and the people shouted, and the king proclaimed a general holiday,—

* A soprano soloist of the Paulist choristers of Chicago, Ill., whose sweet voice is changing and passing.

all because of one wee boy, who lay curled up like a rose-leaf in his mother's arms, never dreaming of the commotion he had caused.

On the day he was christened, he had two kings and a princess of blood royal for godfathers and godmother; so you see he was a very important personage. For was he not the king's first-born and heir to the crown? But I am afraid you will look in vain for the fairy godmother all little princes born “once upon a time” are supposed to have; for this is not a fairy story.

Nevertheless, there was some one there who took a great interest in the little prince's baptism, — a very powerful some one whom we shall meet later on. He was beside the godmother who carried the child, though she did not notice him; he watched while the crystal waters were poured on the pretty head, though even the archbishop ignored him. And he went back to the palace with them, and remained leaning tenderly over the baby's crib when everyone but his nurses left him. He was not grieved in the least that he had not been invited, that no gorgeous rooms had been assigned to him for the ten days' fête which was to follow: he was far too royal to care for such things. And the little prince looked up into his face and smiled, a faint little breath of a smile; for they quite understood each other.

Well, the months and years went by; and the baby prince grew into a slender boy, with serious blue eyes and silky chestnut curls. He was straight and strong; no one could run faster or leap higher than he. His laugh was good to hear, it was so merry: indeed, it grew to be quite a proverb in the palace, “as gay as the little prince.” He was leader in all the games that he and his small brothers

and sisters played; for no one else could think of such amusing things to do. And no one else was so generous when he was beaten, or so ready to give up his own way.

He was naughty no oftener than most little boys of his age; I might almost say it happened less often, for he was all that a prince should be,—only (let us whisper it!) for one thing. He was afraid of the dark. And not of the dark alone, but of a great many things beside. The big ganders that were sometimes driven through the courtyard, the patient cows, the dogs that leaped and barked at the end of their chains, the splendid, prancing horses, the queer, ragged, sharp-faced people who came to ask favors of his father the king,—dear me! I can't begin to tell all the things he was afraid of.

When he was very tiny, he always screamed and hid his face in his nurse's skirts if he chanced to meet any of these terrifying things. As for leaving him alone in a dark room, it was quite impossible. He was too frightened to be cross about it, as some children might have been; but he would clamber out of bed, and presently his little tear-streaked face would peer round the curtains into the antechamber, and his gentle, beseeching voice would ask: "P'ease, I yants ze yight? P'ease don't take it away?" And he could not be persuaded to go back to bed without it. But the candles cast such long, wavering shadows on the floor that even then he was afraid; so, until he was eight years old, some one always slept near him. Then his royal father decided that he was too big for such nonsense, and he had to manage alone the best he could.

Poor little prince! he suffered more than any one knew those nights when the wind roared round the castle, shaking the very walls of his tower room. The curtains blew out across the floor with such a ghostly sound; the candles flared up one moment and went almost out the next; and the constant clattering of the case-

ment drowned all comforting sounds of occupation in other parts of the great place. He tried very hard to be brave about it, and he seldom mentioned it to any one; but he dreaded bedtime those stormy nights more than words can say.

At first the courtiers and his Majesty rather smiled at it; for, after all, he was such a silly little boy to be afraid! "He is only a baby," they said: "he will outgrow it as he gets older. Most children are afraid of the dark when they are small." But as the days went by and the child was unchanged, the king became quite sensitive on the subject. He was a proud, silent man, wrapped up in the boy in his undemonstrative fashion; and he could not bear to think there was anything wrong with the little prince, least of all that he was that most unprincely thing—a coward. When the lords of the court spoke of it to him, it was always encouragingly. "He is so young! He *surely* will outgrow it soon."

Nevertheless, by the time the prince was twelve years old, it was as much as one's life was worth to mention it in his father's presence. Indeed, people hardly dared talk of the boy at all; for if they praised him, the king was sure to think they were trying to win favor by flattery; and as for criticising—one must never criticise a prince, you know. But be sure they discussed him among themselves, with much shaking of heads and dubious lifting of eyebrows.

If ever a breath of it came to the prince, he was too friendly to believe his courtiers could say such unkind things of him. He was ashamed sometimes for a moment when his little brothers attempted things he dared not do; but he never dreamed that they expected even more of him than of the others. And he did not know that behind his back they called him "Little Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark."

All this was after his lady mother's death; for while she lived, she knew so well how to soothe his fears, and was so sure of his bravery, that she made even

the child himself believe in it. But she had been dead now for three years, and the king's own health was beginning to fail; so it was not strange that people watched the boy closely, and wondered what sort of king he would make.

It was the day before he was to make his First Communion. At last the long weeks of preparation were over; he had been catechised and re-catechised, and even the archbishop had been unable to shake his calmness or trip him on a single question. He had just come from that very last examination, a trifle flushed and short of breath, but, oh, so glad the ordeal was over and he had done credit to Father Ambrose's careful teaching! As soon as he was allowed to leave, he ran out to his favorite nook in the garden to cool his burning cheeks and think over the morrow's happiness. He curled himself up on the big stone bench, and sat there, one little foot a-swing, watching the bees at work among the almond blossoms. A tangle of vine that climbed over the tree above him quite hid the bench from view; so the Prime Minister and the Lord High Chamberlain, pacing back and forth on another path, never dreamed that he was there.

"To-morrow our little prince makes his First Communion," said the Lord High Chamberlain. "He is getting to be quite a boy. They tell me his Grace the Archbishop was greatly pleased with his answers this afternoon."

"Yes," and the Prime Minister sighed. "I fear me he is fitter for a churchman than the throne. A cowl and sandals would become him well,—far better than sword and helmet."

"Who would keep him company in his cell when the wind blew, my Lord? Prince *Afraid-of-the-Dark* would find that a monk needs quite as much courage as a soldier. No: he had better bide at home, and amuse himself with broderies and the making of books. 'Tis all he is fit for." The Lord Chamberlain's voice was very bitter.

"Hush! 'Tis not the child's fault." As he spoke the Prime Minister's eyes softened, for he had children and grandchildren of his own. "Nevertheless," he added, with another sigh, "I would he were the second in age, and that vigorous brother of his heir to the crown. He is a good child enough, little Prince *Afraid-of-the-Dark*. But God help us all if he must rule the land!"

They passed on, the murmur of voices died away; but the little boy on the marble bench still sat, utterly quiet, his blue eyes gazing out across the garden, unseeing. He said the Prime Minister's last words over very slowly, half aloud:

"A good child enough, little Prince *Afraid-of-the-Dark*. But God help us all—if he—must rule the land!"

So they thought he was not fit to reign on his father's throne, that his little brother would make a better king than he, that he was a worthless coward! "*Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark!*" That was what they called him! He could scarcely comprehend it.

But the day that had been so gold and blue and blossomy was darkened now for him. All the music was gone from the birds' songs, all the fragrance from the almond's snowy branches. He clenched his hands for a moment in right royal anger. He would show them if he were afraid! Then, as he remembered those stormy nights in the tower room, the truth began to sink home; and presently he hid his face in the curve of his arm, ashamed. He had to choke back a sob or two, but he did not cry much: the hurt was too deep for tears.

It cast a shadow over even his First Communion day, so that those who watched him wondered why he was so very sorrowful. After he had received our Blessed Lord, he buried his little face in his hands, to repeat over and over a single prayer: "Dear God, make me brave! Oh, make me fit to be a king!" He prayed so earnestly, so humbly, that he did not realize it when the people

rose for the last Gospel. When the archbishop's long sermon, and the longer breakfast of state that followed it, were over, he crept away, the dreariest little boy in all the kingdom, to hide himself in his own room. There was only one comforting thought in it all: surely that loving Sacred Heart that had lain beside his own that morning would not refuse his First Communion prayer.

The afternoon dragged by, and with the night came such a storm as had not shook the palace in years. The wind fairly shrieked as it tore round the turret where the little prince was preparing for bed. He took as long as possible about it; but the time came when he must send the last of his attendants away, and cower down in the farthest corner of his great curtained bed, listening to the rush and roar of the storm outside. It was hours before he at length fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

He wakened with a curious sense of peace, as if his mother's hand had touched him in the dark. The wind seemed to have gone down, and the moon was throwing a faint white light across the floor. Somehow, it made him happy just to look at it. He wondered a little at that; for moonlight had always seemed a trifle ghostly to him. And then he realized suddenly that it did not come from the moon, but from the beautiful silvery garments of some one who was standing beside his bed. He was tall—taller than the king himself,—and there was an indescribable air of calm strength and majesty about him. His hands, at rest on the hilt of a shining sword, were full of gentle power; you knew at once how kind their touch would be. No words could describe the royal loveliness of his face, nor the tender sorrow and love of the eyes he bent upon the child. They were eyes that seemed to see all the sin and suffering of mankind; eyes so pure they could not be sullied; eyes so full of pity and sweet charity for man, and yet so sorrowful for God's dear glory outraged.

Sometimes an earthly mother's eyes will hold the faintest shadow of this look when the child she loves has sinned.

Those eyes alone would have told the little prince who stood beside him, for they could belong to no one else. He looked up into that wonderful face and said quite happily:

"Why, you are my Angel Guardian!"

And the Angel smiled down upon him, and answered in a voice that seemed the echo of the harps of heaven:

"Yes, dear child. I have something to show you to-night."

(To be continued.)

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—A FIRST NIGHT.

Camp here! "Camp"! The word sounded most inviting, especially from this big brown man, in whom Billy already felt instinctive confidence; for the appearance of Bony Ben, tall and gaunt in his loose flannel shirt, with pistols stuck in his leather belt, his general air of strength and assurance, made Buckston seem a very different place from what it had been an hour before.

"But Jack!" interposed Billy, doubtfully. "Jack won't understand why I don't come. He will be worried about me if I stay here."

Over Bony Ben's bearded lips there flickered a grim smile which his companion did not observe; for Ben had seen the bottles the Chinook was cooling for the feast to-night, and knew that Jack was now far beyond all brotherly worry. And as the picture of the mad revel that was no doubt already in full swing at Bar Cross rose before him, his resolve strengthened to keep this clear-eyed young "tender-foot" out of it at least for to-night. To-morrow—well, Rackety Jack's guests might scatter to-morrow, or at least be lying dull and stupid after their orgy.

"Oh, your brother won't mind!" he answered gruffly. "He'll think you went on to Rooker's, and will expect you stay at Cub Connors' till morning. Folks that come in the evening train most always do. This here ain't the East, where you can count on just how folks are going to move. We jump rather livelier out here. Your brother won't do any worrying if we don't show up to-night. Besides, it's a twenty-mile ride, and you're cold and hungry."

"Can you get anything to eat here?" asked Billy, with interest.

"We'll make a try for it, anyhow," said Ben, with a chuckle. "Just jump down again, and fling Marquita's rein over that post there. She'll stand! That filly's got more sense than most women folks. I trained her myself, and she'll stand anything. Now!" as Billy-Boy dismounted from Marquita and fastened her as Ben suggested. "We'll see if we can break in."

And, to the dismay of our young traveller, unaccustomed to the free-and-easy methods of the West, Bony Ben put his shoulder against the rough door of the shed behind them, brought the leverage of his tall frame upon it, and it burst open under the pressure showing rather a roomy shelter within. The unceremonious intruder took a match box from his pocket and lit a big red signal lantern hanging to the wall. In its ruddy glow Billy-Boy saw a rough, low-roofed room, that had apparently served the triple purpose of store, post office, and station. There were a few straight-backed benches for waiting travellers, three spittoons and a stove, a short counter with a few shelves behind it, some boxes and barrels, while a row of pigeonholes on one side was marked "Buckston Post Office."

"Dead-and-gone, sure!" chuckled Ben, as he swung the lantern around for a full survey. "Well, Buckston was never more than half alive, anyhow; and Tony Tomkins wasn't the kind to keep it on the kick. Rather be up on the mountains

herding sheep. Let's see what he's left behind in the way of provender. For I reckon Tony calculates smuggling back here under cover when the snow falls. Here's some bacon! That ain't bad. And there's meal, sugar, coffee, canned milk, crackers. Well, I guess we'll be able to get up something to eat, sonny, if we can find anything to burn. Here's a few old boxes. I'll split them up, and we'll make things hum."

And while Billy-Boy stared in bewildered dismay, wondering uneasily if he would not be held accessory to these burglarious proceedings, Ben filled the rusty stove with the broken boxes, applied a wisp of burning paper, and soon had a fire snapping and crackling into cheery blaze.

Billy still looked on doubtfully.

"The police would take us up for this at home," he said.

"Would they?" asked Bony Ben. "What for? We ain't hurting anybody, and food and fodder is free for the taking out here, youngster. You can't count altogether by dollars and cents in long stretches, like these mountains and prairies of ours. Don't be afraid, sonny. Tony would make you and me welcome to anything we find, just as I'd let him bust in my shack to-morrow for anything *he* happened to want. Of course if there were women folks it would be different: they mightn't like meddling. But old mavericks like Tony and me don't care a fig. Now you just sit down and watch me get supper."

Billy watched, and he was hungry enough to watch with interest. It was a very different performance from the kind that he had hitherto witnessed at home, when, perched on a corner of the kitchen table, with a shining array of pans and dishes around him, and all sorts of "sugar and spice and everything nice" within reach, he had watched Aunt Dinah concocting the cookies and crullers that make a boy's mouth water. But this tall, rawboned Ben had ways of his own, that

made Billy's brown eyes open at the things he did to-night with an old coffeepot and a rusty frying-pan. Our young traveller could scarcely believe his eyes or nose or mouth when the rough shed began to fill with delicious odors of hot coffee and fried bacon; and Bony Ben "landed" a whole supper on a tin plate, filled a stone mug with steaming milky coffee, drenched a big smoking flapjack with molasses, and told Billy to "pitch in."

As it had been at least seven hours since dinner, there was no need of a more formal invitation. Billy "pitched in" like the very hungry boy that he was; and never, *never*, not even with mamma's beautiful silver wedding service glistening before him, and his own especial christening fork and spoon at his plate, had a supper tasted so good. Dinah's rice waffles and creamed chicken couldn't touch it. When the second mug of coffee had been disposed of, and two, three, four flapjacks had vanished to the last crumb, Billy gave a sigh of supreme satisfaction.

"Golly! that was a good supper,—a heap better than I got on the dining car last night, and they have a French cook and a kitchen full of everything. I peeped in yesterday. I got so tired staying in one car that I had to walk around.

"Had a long trip of it?" asked Ben, who, having swabbed out his kitchen utensils, stretched his long limbs before the fire, tilted his chair against the wall, put his feet on the back of a bench, and proceeded to light the pipe he brought from his pocket.

"Three days and three nights," replied Billy; "and we came a whizzing, too. I hate to think how far I am from home."

Bony Ben did not like to think of it either, but he was too wise to say so.

"Oh, you can whiz back again when you get ready!" he remarked. "Calculate to stay some time?"

"I don't know exactly. The doctor said he thought about six months of it would fix me up."

"Where do you want fixing?" asked Ben, briefly.

"It's my lungs," replied Billy. "They don't expand right. I had pneumonia last winter, and mother got worried because I didn't weigh as much as Jack did at my age, and she sent for the doctor."

"And he had to say something to earn his pay," growled Ben. "Couldn't you get fixed nearer home?"

"Well, I suppose I could," said Billy, thoughtfully. "But he knew all about Bar Cross Ranch and Jack, and said that was the best mother could do for me,—to pack me right off to Jack. You see it isn't every boy that has a big brother like Jack."

"Your mother must be rather an old lady, isn't she?" queried Ben.

"Mother old!—my mamma old!" repeated Billy. "Why, no! She is just as young and pretty as she can be. She looks almost as young and pretty as Miss Carmel; only manima wears black, and that makes her seem sort of solemn and sad."

"And she has only you two boys?" Ben had never before inquired into family matters, but his interest in this little stranger was deepening every moment.

"No: there's Dolly (Dolly is my sister); and there's Miss van Doran, our governess; and Aunt Lou."

And, once started on the home track, Billy proceeded to inform his new friend fully in family affairs. Before he was through, Bony Ben had learned all about the pretty Eastern home, the gentle widowed mother implicitly trusting her idolized son; he had heard all about the virtues and perfections of that big son and brother who was the manly hero of the tender, loving hearts he had left behind. And as Ben listened to the artless narrative, and recalled the present owner of Bar Cross Ranch, a queer tightening came upon his throat and in his heart.

"So you wanted to come out here from all that?" he asked curtly, as Billy concluded a description of Holmhurst, and

the swing under the horse-chestnuts, and the tennis court that had been Jack's pride, and the dogs that had been papa's own. "Don't tell me you were such a little goose as to *want* to come out here!"

"Yes," answered Billy, lifting his brown eyes to the speaker's face,—"yes, I did, because—because—I was afraid that, being there just with ladies, without papa and Jack, I'd grow up a mollycoddle, soft and girly and easy like. Mother doesn't like me to fight or get my clothes dirty or talk rough, and when you are the only boy at home and your mother is sad, you don't want to worry her. Jack said when he shook hands good-bye: 'Don't let them make a mollycoddle of you, Billy. Remember a Dayton must be a man.' That is the reason I am glad to come out here. I think it will make me a man." And there was a look in Billy's face, as he said the word, that the old great-grandfather in State House Square would have liked to see.

"So that's what you're after?" observed Bony Ben, with his deep chuckle. "Well, sonny, I rather guess you're in for the making one way or another out here. Sort of pity you didn't let your mother hold the job till you were half a dozen years older. I've seen home-made men that were pretty hard to beat. Didn't I hear you say something about having a blanket round?"

"Yes: it's in my trunk."

They went out on the platform, where Billy opened his trunk and brought out the army blanket; and Bony Ben caught glimpses of blouses and collars and all sorts of mother touches, that further stirred his big man's heart.

"I didn't think I'd want it so soon," said Billy, as he shook out the warm heavy folds. "It's a dandy, isn't it?"

"Fine!" answered Ben. "No man could ask a better. Just roll up on that bench and go to sleep. I'm going to stretch my legs out here and finish my pipe."

And, as Billy was feeling sleepy enough to agree cheerfully to this proposition, the

new friends parted with a cordial good-night,—Bony Ben tramping up and down the platform puffing vigorously at his pipe, as if it somewhat relieved his troubled thoughts,—thoughts that Billy-Boy had sent straying far from their usual prosaic ways to-night. And when he paused for a moment to peep in and see if the boy was comfortable, and descried Billy kneeling by the rough bench spread with the new blanket, saying his prayers, Ben turned away quickly, and hit back the rough word that rose by long custom to his lips, muttering only from the depths of his honest heart:

"And he's come to be made a man of *here!* Thunderation! I'll stop the making if I can!"

(To be continued.)

A Lesson for a King.

It used to be said of Father Gourdan, a holy and learned priest of the eighteenth century, that his brother, who was a cantor, sang the praises of the saints, and that he imitated them. One day the Duc de Villeroi brought the youthful King, Louis XV., to see Father Gourdan. It was the hour of Vespers. The porter was told to inform him that his Majesty asked for him. The porter replied: "It is of no use; for if it were the Pope himself he would not come out until the last prayer is said." In fact, not until the Office was ended did the holy monk appear. Then he presented himself to his distinguished visitors, conversed with the King in the most agreeable manner; and the latter, touched by his words, earnestly recommended himself to his prayers. When subsequently the Father was accused of keeping the King waiting, his Majesty observed: "He was quite right: he was serving a Master whom I ought to serve better myself." From that time the King sent him every year, by the First Groom of the Chamber, an immense taper for Candlemas Day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Some notable improvements to be made in the "American Catholic Who's Who" will delay its appearance till next month.

—An anonymous correspondent—he might otherwise be characterized—is hereby informed that the new edition of "The American Commonwealth," by Mr. James Bryce, is completely revised throughout, and that it contains additional chapters.

—We shall soon have the pleasure of bringing out a reprint—from a copy of the original—of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde," with an important statement by Mrs. Stevenson. This edition of the famous letter, being especially designed for libraries, is durably bound in buckram.

—We regret to record the death of the venerable Dr. George Bull, the eminent oculist, an account of whose remarkable conversion to the Faith was lately noticed in these columns. He was a native of Hamilton, Canada, and began his career in New York; but he was best known in Paris, where he had resided for many years. *R. I. P.*

—John Trotwood Moore, author of "The Gift of the Grass," is quoted in the New York *Sun* to this effect:

As a boy I had spent most of my spare time reading Dickens; and, of all his funny characters, old Betty Trotwood appealed most to my youthful imagination. Intensely fond of all kinds of live stock, when I began to write for turf journals I used "Trotwood" as my pen name.

Betty Trotwood! Shades of Mr. Dick, Peg-gotty, and Barkis! Has it come to this? We can almost hear Copperfield's Aunt Betsey characterizing the degenerate Trotwoods of these later times in her favorite ejaculation: "Janet! donkeys!"

—"The Turn of the Tide," by Mary Agatha Gray (Benziger Brothers), is an excellent Catholic story, interestingly told. It begins with a stirring event in the little fishing village of Poppyville—namely, the marriage of Hilda Norton, the belle of the village, to the wealthy and miserly magnate, Silas Moncrieff. Tongues are set wagging; for Hilda had been looked upon as betrothed to Jesse Amos, a splendid young fellow about her own age, and in every way worthy of her. The story runs on in many chapters, always interesting; and the plot develops into the suffering, the heroism, and the final happiness of a noble girl character. Nicholas Norton, the miserable father of Hilda; Bob Lister, the beautiful-souled boy with his priestly vocation; Aunt Moll, the spinster,

whom love transformed; Father Thurle, the beloved pastor of Poppyville; the various countryfolk with their homely phrase and happy firesides, make an *ensemble* that is altogether enjoyable. We sincerely hope that this charming tale will entirely fulfil the desire of the writer, modestly expressed in her preface: "To do its humble part to counteract the evil influence of the dangerous literature so plentiful at the present time."

—Reviewing the English "Who's Who" for 1911, which contains as many as 20,000 brief biographies, the *Dial* remarks that, although "the book may not be quite so interesting as some novels, it certainly will be found more interesting than certain other novels that might be named." Many puzzling abbreviations abound in these miniature biographies; but there is an index to these cabalistic symbols, whereby one learns that a certain person of note, sporting the initials I. B. S. A., is a member of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association; and another, labelled with the letters S. C. A. P. A., belongs to the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising.

—"As a general rule, even devout and earnest Catholics are but very poorly acquainted with the almost inexhaustible treasures of piety and learning embodied in their churches." This statement is from the translator's preface to "Church Symbolism"; and the volume bearing that title is "a treatise on the general symbolism and iconography of the Roman Catholic church edifice." The author is the Very Rev. Father M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P.; and the translation, from the Dutch, is by the Rev. John Waterreus. It is an exceedingly interesting book, the portion dealing with iconography being exceptionally full and detailed. Its usefulness is enhanced by as many as seventy-five illustrations (many of them small but adequate for their purpose), a good table of contents, and an alphabetical index. Published by B. Herder.

—"Character-Glimpses of Archbishop Elder" (Pustet & Co.) bears no author's or compiler's name on its title-page; but as the preface is by Archbishop Moeller, and the epigraph by Cardinal Gibbons, its anonymity is of little consequence. While the work is a biographical sketch rather than a complete Life, it makes interesting and edifying reading, and will increase the respect and veneration in which its subject's memory is held throughout the United States. It is to be regretted that the compiler did not take the trouble to make an index, or at least

draw up a fairly full table of contents. This defect should be remedied in any future edition of this tribute to one of whom Cardinal Gibbons writes: "Archbishop Elder was the glory of the priesthood and the ornament of the episcopate, which he adorned for nearly fifty years by his apostolic life."

—In the Rev. Peter C. Winters' preface to "Idyls of Lakeside," by The O'Byrnes, we are told that "an injunction restrains from personal allusion to the writers" of the seventy-four poems which adorn the book's 167 pages; but there is no reason why our readers should ignore that "The O'Byrnes" are, or appear to be, religious daughters of Christopher O'Byrne, Friendsville, Pa.; and that they belong to the Congregation known as "The Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." The poems are published by these Sisters, at Scranton, Pa., in honor of the Golden Jubilee of Laurel Hill Academy at Susquehanna,—an excellent institution, of which the authors are graduates. We have found much to please and to edify in these simple lyrics and narrative poems; and have no doubt that the volume will delight "the thousands of children, of both public and conventual schools, who have been pupils of the composers," and who, Father Winters declares, "will desire a souvenir copy."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuw-barn, O. P. 75 cts.

"The Turn of the Tide." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.

"The Centurion." A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.

"War on the White Plague." Rev. John Tscholl. \$1.15.

"The Second Chance." Mrs. Nellie L. McClung. \$1.20.

"Commercial Geography." Edward Van Dyke Robinson. \$1.25.

"Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution," Erich Wasmann, S. J. \$4.50. net,

"A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. \$6, net.

"Early Steps in the Fold." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.

"Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God." Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.

"Freddy Carr and His Friends." Father Garrold. 85 cts.

"Joseph Haydn. The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.

"More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"Education: How Old the New! James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D. \$2, net.

"The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare." Charlotte Balfour. Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$1.25, net.

"Non-Catholic Denominations." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.20, net.

"The Manual of Christian Pedagogy." Brothers of Mary. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Tylee, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Denis O'Donovan, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Augustin Goupille, C. S. C.; and Rev. W. R. Dunn, O. P.

Mother M. Philomena and Sister M. de Sales, of the Order of Mercy; Sister M. Eulalie, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Felicitas, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Charles Guth, Mr. J. C. Erthal, Mr. Thomas Mulhern, Mr. John Elliott, Mr. Michael Butler, Mrs. Mary Heying, Mr. Michael Scully, Miss M. Byington, Mr. Edward Boeding, Mrs. Mary Devery, Mr. William Fitz Cullen, Mr. Joseph Stein, Mrs. Ellen Healy, Mr. Patrick Healy, Mr. Charles Worrow, Mrs. Margaret Guilfoyle, Mr. John Herrick, Mr. James Conlan, Mr. William Steiniger, Mr. Francis Barry, Mr. John Roach, Mr. J. J. Mauntel, Miss Mary McGrady, Mr. Henry Mueller, Sr.; Mr. Michael Murphy, Mr. Benjamin Otting, Mrs. Mary Leahy, Mr. William Primm, Mrs. Patrick Kerr, Mr. John Schopp, Mr. Thomas Feeney, Mr. F. R. Slavik, Mr. William Maroney, Mr. Albert Schreck, Mrs. B. T. Harrington, Mrs. Katherine Eichner, Mrs. Ellen Sharkey, Mr. Bernard Glockler, Mrs. Catherine Clancy, Mr. Conrad Auth, Mrs. Catherine Kane, and Mr. Christian Hess.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 6

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Help of Christians.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

SHE reigns in heaven with her Son Divine,
So close to God, and yet so very near
To us,—so close that she can see each tear
Of anguish, hear each sigh of those who pine
In exile,—catch each whisper at her shrine.

So great in heaven, yet who hath felt a fear
Of Mary and her Child? What way is drear
Whereon their tender love and mercy shine?

Think you they have forgotten Bethlehem,
And Nazareth's sweet ways, or Calvary?

Ah, no! Afar, from heights of Paradise,
They look on earth with tender, loving eyes,
Compassionate of men's deep misery,
Consoling ever, and still helping them.

A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Clare.

BY THE REV. PASCIAL ROBINSON, O. F. M.

IT was during the Lent of 1212 that St. Francis of Assisi preached for the first time at the church of San Giorgio, in his native city. Among the eager throng that flocked to listen to his "words of spirit and of life" was the fair young daughter of Count Favorino Scifi, Clare by name, who, though rich in this world's goods, yet longed to live "after the manner of the holy Gospel" as it was portrayed and practised by the wonderful Umbrian *Poverello*.

Most readers, I suppose, are familiar with the dramatic story of Clare's mid-

night flight from her father's palace to the little chapel of the Portiuncula in the plain below Assisi; and will remember how St. Francis, awaiting her there with his companions, clothed her with the rough Franciscan habit there and then, thus dedicating Clare to God and to Holy Poverty.

The seventh centenary of this event, which marks the foundation of the Poor Clares—as the Poor Ladies instituted by St. Clare are now familiarly called,—occurs next year; and already widespread preparations have begun abroad to celebrate the event in a befitting fashion. Meanwhile the life and character of the "Seraphic Mother" is being made the subject of fresh researches by students of the Franciscan Legend; and whatever neglect St. Clare may have experienced in the past is now likely to be handsomely compensated for, as the trend of the latest book reviews and book announcements suffices to show.

If we have had so long to wait for this upgrowth of interest in the life of St. Clare, the fault certainly does not lie with the subject; for the story of this "little flower of St. Francis," as Clare used to call herself, is closely linked with all that is loveliest in mediæval mysticism. Not only was Clare the most truly Franciscan of all the followers of St. Francis, but she was one of the most remarkable and charming women that ever lived. As a recent writer in the London *Saturday Review* well remarks: "The great public deeds of St. Catherine of Siena, the fascinating writings and marvellous reform

work of St. Teresa, have in the popular estimation and especially outside the Church, somewhat overshadowed the secluded St. Clare. Yet Clare was the greatest saint of the three, perhaps the greatest woman saint of whom we have authentic information."

If indeed this be true (and it *is* true), it is surely a matter of surprise that a life so full of import and of interest as that of St. Clare should have failed of its due meed of attention. The reason is, however, ready to hand. The personality of St. Clare is almost as elusive as it is engaging. In other words, she can not be made to live as St. Catherine and St. Teresa live in the pages of their biographers. And this is due chiefly to the deplorable dearth of contemporary documents dealing with her life. The fact that it is extremely difficult to disentangle a connected story from the all too meagre sources of the history of St. Clare at our disposal goes far to account for the otherwise inexplicable neglect into which the subject has fallen. The real reason, then, why there has yet appeared no biography of St. Clare which fulfils the requirements of modern criticism has been that, in the present state of our knowledge, it is well-nigh impossible to produce such a work.

In view, however, of the active research for Franciscan documents which for several years past has been pursued so eagerly, there is hope that certain early manuscripts bearing on the life of St. Clare, and known to have existed, though they have not come down to us, may yet be recovered. There is, indeed, good reason to believe that some, at least, of these documents may still be in existence. What is more, a persistent Franciscan tradition, reaching back to the first years of the fourteenth century, pointed to the famous monastery of S. Chiara at Assisi as a likely repository of many of these lost records, which, if they could only be found, would tend to throw not a little light upon the history of the saint and the beginnings of her Order.

The fact that only a few years ago the original Bull of Innocent IV. confirming the Rule of St. Clare, and which seemed to have disappeared forever, was discovered by the abbess at S. Chiara hidden inside an old habit which was revered as a relic of the saint, served to strengthen the belief that other missing documents might also be lurking in some unsuspected corner of the Assisian monastery.

Obviously, there was but one way to ascertain whether or not this was really the case, and that was to explore the monastery in question in search of any hidden treasure. Yet, strange as it may seem, it remained for the present writer to undertake such a search. It is this quest of documents at S. Chiara in Assisi which suggested the present paper. Conformably to the invitation of the editor of *THE AVE MARIA*, I have here ventured to jot down a few notes about S. Chiara, with more special reference to the occasion of my visit there, and with the proviso that those who have never entered upon a pilgrimage of this kind will be able to conjure up only by a great stretch of imagination all the interest that attaches to it.

Premising this, it may be well, perhaps, to recall that when St. Clare died at S. Damiano, in the far-off thirteenth century, her spiritual daughters there wished to retain the body of their foundress among them. But the magistrates of Assisi intervened, and took measures to secure for that town the mortal remains of the saint. "It was not safe," they urged, "to leave her body in a lonely spot outside the walls like S. Damiano; besides, it was only meet that she who had been 'the chief rival of the blessed Francis in the observance of Gospel perfection' should also have a church in Assisi built in her honor." These counsels prevailed, and Clare's body was placed provisionally in the church of San Giorgio at Assisi, which the Canons of the Cathedral had offered for the purpose. Presently, "as if by magic," there rose

round this little church, the new basilica in honor of Assisi's second great saint.

This church of S. Chiara, with its tall and graceful campanile, and its alternating layers of red and white stone, stands at the eastern extremity of the town. The fine wheel window above the western door, and the strong flying buttresses, add to the imposing appearance of the great Gothic pile. A darker stone was used for the adjoining monastery, which was built for the nuns of S. Damiano so that they might not be separated from the remains of such a mother; and they moved to this new abode soon after the translation of St. Clare's body to the church erected in her honor. This was in 1260.

Since that time the original monastery has been added to at different periods, and to-day it is rather a collection of buildings than a harmonious whole. But these buildings, lying as they do slightly below the level of the church, and rising on the hillside just within the ancient city walls, form a picturesque group, with their brown tiled roofs and tiny windows like holes in the old weather-beaten walls. S. Chiara is at present inhabited by about forty nuns; and, though large enough to accommodate a much more numerous community, it is simple and unpretentious in the extreme. The monastery door is approached from behind the church by a small *cortile*, with an open archway of masonry at the rear.

Hither I came with a companion to seek admittance on a bleak morning early in January. Needless to say, I had procured from the Holy See special permission to enter the enclosure, and so gained access to the monastery without more ado. Since it was to search for documents that we had come to S. Chiara, our first concern was to visit the archives. The Mother Abbess led the way through a long, vaulted corridor, and up a flight of foot-worn stone stairs, to a small secluded cell. There, carefully tucked away in stout tin boxes, were hundreds of manuscripts, for the most part well preserved.

I took up one of them at random, and it at once excited my interest. It was a manuscript chronicle of *memorie* written down at different times by the nuns of S. Chiara.

This simple and touching narrative affords a precious insight into the eventful and somewhat stormy history of the monastery. Taken by assault and utterly plundered more than once during mediæval times of warfare, it was again sacked by the soldiers of Napoleon, the helpless nuns being violently expelled, and the deserted cloisters converted into a common barrack and lodging-house. But the Clares returned once more; and, having succeeded in "buying back" the monastery from the authorities after the last "suppression" in Italy, they now remain for the time being in peaceful possession.

In view, however, of the vicissitudes through which S. Chiara has passed during its six and a half centuries of existence, the marvel is that the nuns there have been able to retain any of their manuscripts or other treasures. Yet, all along, these have been guarded with jealous care; and, when no other means of saving them remained, they were hidden away,—as in the case of the original Bull of Innocent IV., which, as already mentioned, was found a few years ago wrapped in an old habit.

It was for this reason that, after making a thorough examination of the archives proper—climbing on the top of presses and squeezing down behind bookshelves,—we explored every other nook and corner likely to offer a hiding-place, even sounding the walls to make sure that they concealed no books or manuscripts, as might easily happen in such a place. But it was a bootless search. Vainly did I seek after any trace of the missing manuscripts deposited by Brother Leo at S. Chiara, or the letters St. Francis addressed to the Clares, or any like documents. Let me hasten to add that I had never altogether shared the hopes cherished by others of finding such documents there.

I was, indeed, led to look for them rather with a view to settling once for all the still mooted question of their possible existence in the monastery. In this, at least, I was successful; and, in default of finding what one is looking for in a given place, it is assuredly a distinct asset to know that it is not there. To be sure this is only a negative result.

The researches at S. Chiara served, however, not only to establish beyond gainsay that there is no hidden treasure of manuscripts there: they also disclosed the presence of many important early Bulls and records, most of them as yet unpublished. These latter documents, be they ever so important to the student of mediæval history—to whom no authentic detail, however slight, can fail to be of moment,—are of but little interest to the general reader.* Two only seem to call for any mention here. The first of these is the original text of the unique "Privilegium Paupertatis," as it is called, granted to St. Clare by Gregory IX. in 1228, at her own entreaty, to the end that she might never be compelled to receive any possessions for her Order. After well-nigh seven centuries, this small and crumpled piece of parchment bears eloquent witness to the fidelity and courage with which Clare struggled to maintain Franciscan poverty in all its original idealism and purity.

Even more interesting perhaps is the original Bull of Innocent IV. confirming the Rule of St. Clare, already mentioned, and which is dated August 9, 1253. This definitive approval of her Order, which reached the saint just before she expired, bears this touching inscription in a thirteenth-century hand: "This was kissed many, many times by the blessed Clare out of devotion."

* Those whom the subject interests will find a detailed description of the documents in question in an Inventory I have published elsewhere: "*Inventarium omnium documentorum quæ in archivio Protomonasterii S. Clare Assisiensis nunc asservantur.*" (*In Archivum Franciscanum Historicum* an. I. fasc. ii, iii, pp. 413 seq.)

As regards the other documents preserved at S. Chiara, it will suffice for our present purpose to say that we conveyed them all from the room of the archives to another apartment, lofty and lightsome, and with a table to work at. This room, be it said in parenthesis, was situated at the extreme end of the monastery, projecting as it were over the great Umbrian plain which spreads below Assisi on either hand,—on the south down the long valley to Spoleto, and northwest to the uplands around Perugia. As a consequence, it bore—or at least seemed to me to bear—the brunt of all the icy winds that sweep the plain in midwinter. At all events, the room in question, with its stone floor and its entire absence of any artificial heat, was so cold that at times I would fain have walked up and down to get warm. But, alas! there was not space enough to admit of such exercise; and so, with freezing feet and benumbed fingers, I reseat myself at the table, on which was lying a pile of parchments, each waiting its turn to be examined.

No one at all conversant with the study of mediæval manuscripts need be told of the difficulties which beset the task, under even the most favorable conditions. Indeed, the labor involved in deciphering early documents, with their crabbed writing, their peculiar abbreviations, their arbitrary spelling, and unfamiliar expressions—not to mention other obstacles,—is sometimes so great as to cause the would-be student to give up the whole thing at the outset. But to return to S. Chiara. It took well-nigh a month to complete the examination and classification of the manuscripts there. During this time I stayed at the neighboring Franciscan convent known as the "Chiesa Nuova," which stands on the site of St. Francis' paternal home; coming to the monastery soon after sunrise in the morning, and leaving off my labors in the archives shortly before sunset.

Before quitting the precincts of S. Chiara for good, I had occasion to make

a closer inspection of certain points of interest within the enclosure than would have otherwise been possible. Of these, not the least interesting is the little chapel where both St. Francis and St. Clare were provisionally buried until their permanent tombs were ready. It stands near the centre of the inner courtyard of the monastery, half hidden beneath a heavy eighteenth-century portico, and measures 3 meters in length, 2.42 meters in width, and 2.69 meters in height. The large hooks in the walls, between which the coffins of the two saints were suspended, may yet be seen.

Still greater charm attaches to the small square chapel of San Giorgio, part of which is used as the nuns' choir. The charm does not lie so much in its groined roof or perfect proportions or wealth of ornamentation, as in the wistful memories which invest it with a living interest. For it was here that St. Francis, as a child, learned to read and write, under the guidance of the parish priest; it was here he preached for the first time, and later "converted" St. Clare by his sermons in the Lent of 1212. It is here, too, that one may see the famous crucifix which spoke to St. Francis at S. Damiano, bidding him to repair the tottering church. Old even then, and still beautiful, this painted Byzantine crucifix was brought to S. Chiara by the Clares in 1260, when, as we have seen, they moved from S. Damiano into the then new monastery.

Three other heirlooms preserved at S. Chiara are that Breviary, belonging to St. Francis, which his companions, Leo and Angelo, committed for safe-keeping to Benedicta, who succeeded St. Clare as abbess; an exquisite lace alb made by Clare for St. Francis; and the skull of St. Agnes, the younger sister of St. Clare.

In the chapel dedicated to this same St. Agnes of Assisi there hangs a picture of St. Clare which demands a passing word, since it is the oldest known representation of the saint, and the only one that can lay any claim to be considered

a portrait. According to its own inscription, this picture dates from 1283, or about thirty years after Clare's death. It is a full-length figure painted on wood, and is mainly in two colors—red and black. Whether or not it be the work of Cimabue, it very probably embodies a traditional likeness of St. Clare, who is portrayed as a tall, middle-aged woman, with a thin, worn face; she wears a heavy brown habit and mantle and a black veil; her waist is girt with a thick cord, and her feet are bare.

But, after all, it is to the crypt below the high altar that the visitor to S. Chiara turns with the greatest interest. For there, behind a grating, the body of St. Clare is seen lying upon a satin bed enshrined in glass. It is worth while to remember, in looking on this body, that the saint was buried so far down in the rock below the church in 1260 that her coffin was not found till 1850. When at length the iron bars which bound it were filed asunder, the body of Clare looked as if it had been buried only a little while; and the wild thyme which her nuns had sprinkled about her remains six centuries before still exhaled a sweet fragrance.

Upon entering the church of S. Chiara out of the crypt, one is struck by its bareness and want of color; which is the more remarkable in a place like Assisi, where frescoes are plentiful as the flowers. Indeed, this seems to be almost the one bare space in all the town. But it was not always so. We know that Giotto frescoed the church with scenes from the life of St. Clare. These frescoes, however, are lost to us, owing to the indiscreet zeal of a German ecclesiastic, who, so it is said, had them whitewashed over in the eighteenth century, because of the number of people who came to see them! Be this as it may, surely all will hope that the efforts of the present enlightened and energetic Abbess of S. Chiara to bring about the restoration of these frescoes by careful scraping and retouching may be crowned with success; so that, when the

celebration of the seventh centenary of the Poor Clares comes to pass, the beautiful basilica of their seraphic Mother may have fully recovered its pristine warmth and color.

It is with this hope, then, that we take our leave of S. Chiara, however gladly one would tarry longer amid these tranquil, hallowed cloisters, where it is so easy to forget the hurlyburly of this our twentieth century, and to persuade oneself that one has strayed back somehow into the thirteenth.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

THAT Nina's conscience was not altogether at rest with regard to the manner in which she had treated Madeleine was apparent in a certain distraction of mind and manner, which the young man whom she had carried off to admire the mediæval picturesqueness of the Porte Guillaume soon perceived, and concerning which, when taxed therewith, she readily became confidential.

"It was really very unkind," she admitted, "to spring such a surprise upon her without a word of warning. If the man had dropped from the sky, she couldn't have been less prepared to see him."

"But his arrival in that fashion would have been a trifle more startling," Carruthers suggested, with a twinkle of amusement in his bright brown eyes. "As it was, the shock did not appear to be very great or very unpleasant."

"Do you think she is the kind of woman to betray how great or how unpleasant it was?" Nina demanded, with a tinge of scorn. "She behaved beautifully, of course—I don't believe Madeleine could behave otherwise,—but that does not argue that she isn't thinking very hard things of me just now."

"If you knew that the surprise would

be painfully startling, why didn't you lessen the shock by telling her that the man was coming?" Carruthers naturally inquired.

"For one reason, because I was afraid that she might refuse to stay here to meet him," Nina answered. "When people have once found how easy it is to run away from difficulties, that is likely to seem to them the best as well as the easiest mode of avoiding trouble; when in reality it is a mode which is not only cowardly but futile, as the present instance proves."

"I am to infer, then, that Mrs. Raynor is in the habit of running away—from difficulties in general or only from Maitland?"

"You are not to infer anything so ridiculous! She is not *in the habit* of running away from anything. I only meant that, having once adopted this method of escaping from a difficult situation, she might be tempted to try it again."

"It would have been quite futile—if Maitland represents the difficult situation," Carruthers remarked. "That man is obstinacy incarnate, and would have followed her around the world. But why—if it's permitted to ask—should she have been unwilling to meet him? What has he done?"

"*He!* Nothing but what is commendable, from my point of view. But, unfortunately, my point of view isn't hers. And—and the situation is so complicated that I don't see how I can make it clear to you."

"On account of the density of my intellect?"

"Well, not precisely—although men are often frightfully dense where women are concerned,—but because the factors of complication are difficult to explain."

"Oh, if that is all!" Carruthers made an airy gesture. "I'll assist you to overcome the difficulty of explanation; and a complicated situation is generally an interesting one. What are the factors of complication in this case?"

"I'm not sure that I know all of them myself," Nina confessed. "But those most

apparent are: a divorce in America, a wretched party in an automobile who were here yesterday, that Cathedral up yonder on the hill, the religion of the man who has just arrived, and Madeleine's own morbid mysticism."

Carruthers looked slightly dazed.

"It sounds not only complicated, but very wild," he commented. "Consider the density of the masculine mind, and kindly condescend to a few particulars. To begin at the beginning, Mrs. Raynor, then, is a divorcee?"

"Yes. But you must understand that it was she who obtained the divorce; and she was forced to do so because the man whom she married, when she was too young to know what she was doing, proved absolutely intolerable in every respect. I can't enter into details of the story; but I assure you that she was blameless throughout, and endured a great deal more than she ever should have endured."

"I can readily believe it. She would make a perfect model for Griselda; for she is just the type of woman who in an earlier and happier age would uncomplainingly have allowed her lord and master to take her by the hair and beat her head against the wall. But those days are over; and now Griselda obtains a divorce. I've not the least doubt of her being entitled to it; but, all the same, it rather spoils the ideal."

"If *that* isn't the confession of a man's view!"

"Not at all," Carruthers hastened to tell her. "It is only an artist's view. Men, you know, have made the divorce laws which enable Griseldas to free themselves. But to return to our mutton. Since Mrs. Raynor is divorced, what have the other factors to do with the matter? I pass over the wretched party in an automobile—which rather suggests Charles Lamb's 'party in a parlor, all silent and all damned,'—but I am curious to know how the Cathedral can possibly affect the situation."

"I am afraid," said Nina, darkly, "that it is the most powerful factor of all. Madeleine seems absolutely bewitched by the church, and by a book about it. Did you, by the by, ever hear of a writer named Huysmans?"

"Did I ever hear of him! My dear girl, what do you take me for? Joris Karl Huysmans, man of letters, genius, symbolist, mystic; beginning as diabolist, and ending as saint! I remember now that he wrote a book which is all about this wonderful Cathedral of Chartres. It is of that you are speaking?"

"That is it. Madeleine has seemed distracted over the book; and in consequence she has haunted the Cathedral, as if she were under a spell—until yesterday."

"And then?"

"Then something happened which in a measure broke the spell. The party in an automobile of which I've spoken (who were far from being all silent, however much they may have been the—er—other thing), came into the church—"

"In an automobile?"

"Don't be absurd! Of course they left the automobile outside. But *they* came in; and as they wandered about, talking at the top of their voices, Madeleine recognized one voice as that of the man who had been her husband."

"But if she divorced him, he isn't her husband any longer, perhaps not even an acquaintance—I don't know the laws of etiquette governing the social relations of divorced people,—so why should she have minded however much he shouted in the Cathedral of Chartres?"

"Dick, whether you are obtuse or not, you can sometimes be offensively flippant. I don't think I'll tell you anything more."

"Oh, do!—do!" Carruthers urged. "I am very much interested; and I promise not to be flippant again, even if I can't help being obtuse. Well, Mrs. Raynor recognized her ex-husband's voice, with what result?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. But the result is not yet clear."

"Now, what do you mean by that? Being enigmatical is worse than being flippant."

"It is Madeleine who is enigmatical," Nina declared. "I haven't the faintest idea what she will finally do. You see, thanks to that Huysmans book, and to the effect of the Cathedral on her imagination, she has been on the point of entering the Catholic Church. I have only induced her to defer the step by begging her to stay here until I could finish my picture."

"Then the picture has been merely an excuse to make her defer the step?"

"Oh, no! I've made it an excuse. But it really has taken a great hold on me, and I think—but never mind about the picture! You'll see it presently. It's the situation as it relates to Madeleine that I'm trying to explain to you."

"And so far you've brought her to the threshold of the Catholic Church. What's your objection, by the by, to her entering, if she wants to do so? There are worse religions than the Catholic."

"I'm afraid you are certainly obtuse," Nina told him frankly. "I am quite above narrow prejudice; and if I wanted to enter the Catholic Church myself, I'd do so without the least hesitation. But if Madeleine is ever to find happiness by making a new life for herself, as she has every right to do, she must not enter a church which would hold her to be still bound to the man she has divorced."

Carruthers whistled softly.

"I was indeed obtuse," he said. "But now I see your point of view."

"She saw it too—after she heard his voice," Nina went on. "It made her realize, as no words of mine had been able to do, what her position would be—as a Catholic. The mere thought of being still bound to the man who treated her so abominably—and who, by the way, has married another woman—made her physically ill, and caused a revulsion of feeling against the religion which before had attracted her so strongly. So much she has acknowledged; but how far this change of mind or heart will carry her is

what I don't know. Only it seemed to me positively providential that just at this psychological moment I should receive your letter telling me that you were about to bring on the scene a man whom she left America to avoid marrying."

"But why was it necessary for her to leave America to avoid marrying him?"

"It's rather a long story. Madeleine had practically accepted him; but she gave him up, and went away without letting him know where she was going, because his mother came to her and worked upon her sympathy and her conscience."

"But *why*?"

"Because the man is a Catholic, and his religion will not allow him to marry a divorced woman."

"Ah!" Carruthers whistled again. "So he's a Catholic! Yet—he's here?"

"Yes, he's here." There was a note of unmistakable triumph in Nina's tone. "And, since he has proved his love by coming across the world to seek her in defiance of the narrow laws of his religion, I don't see how she can resist such a proof of devotion, and persist in sacrificing her happiness and his to a visionary idea."

"Probably she won't persist. Fate, with your assistance, seems to have arranged the situation in such a manner that there is only one logical end. She will accept Maitland, and forget both the attractions of Catholicity and the divorced gentleman in an automobile."

"I sincerely hope so," said Nina, who, like many other people, had no hesitation in assuming, as far as lay in her power, the prerogatives of Providence in arranging human lives. "Now I think we had better rejoin them. It will look too marked if we remain away longer."

And so it chanced that just as John Maitland received the disconcerting intelligence of Madeleine's turning toward the faith which he was practically preparing to renounce for her sake, their conversation was interrupted by the return of the two leisurely figures from the *Porte Guillaume*. As they advanced, Carruthers'

artistic eye was caught by the majestic mass of the Cathedral on its exalted height above them, and he paused with an exclamation.

"Heavens! what men — or, rather, what artistic giants — they were, those medieval architects and builders!" he cried. "Could anything be more superb than that great pile! Look at its noble lines and the soaring grace of its towers!" He lifted his hat with a dramatic gesture. "One salutes the immortal genius which has left such a monument."

"Then you must salute also the faith which inspired the genius," Madeleine said, turning toward him with an eagerness which seemed to suggest relief at this diversion. "For if the great French cathedrals all express the spirit of the ages when they were built, there is no doubt that the Cathedral of Chartres expresses this spirit in the highest degree."

"Have you learned that from Huysmans?" he asked, with a smile. "I understand that you have been studying his extraordinary rhapsody, 'La Cathédrale.'"

"I should not call it so much a rhapsody as an interpretation," Madeleine answered. "I can imagine nothing more interesting than his explanation of the symbolism which is expressed in every line of the architecture, as well as in the sculpture and the marvellous stained glass. Do you remember how he says, 'Everything lies contained in that building, — the Scriptures, theology, the history of the human race'? And again: 'Notre Dame de Chartres is the most colossal depository existing of heaven and earth, of God and man.'"

"I don't recall the passage," Carruthers confessed, "because I have only glanced into the book, which seemed to be loaded down with all manner of curious lore concerning medieval symbolism and mysticism, but lacking in human interest."

"It does not tell a story, if that is what you mean," Madeleine replied; "but there are many stories in the world, and few books like 'La Cathédrale.'"

"You'll think me a dreadful Philistine, no doubt, if I say that I don't think that is to be regretted," Nina remarked. And then she turned to the silent young man standing by. "Are you acquainted with this wonderful book, Mr. Maitland?" she asked.

John Maitland started. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he had hardly noticed what was being said by these people, whose return he found such an irritating interruption.

"I really can't say," he replied. "What is the name of the book?"

"It is called 'The Cathedral,' and is all about this wonderful Cathedral of Chartres, and the symbolism of its architecture."

"Something of a guide-book?"

"Oh, dear no! Mr. Carruthers calls it a rhapsody, and Madeleine calls it an interpretation; and both terms describe it very well, for it's both artistic and mystical in the highest degree."

"I know nothing about it," Maitland said; "and I should not like it if I did. I detest mysticism," he added, with apparently unnecessary vehemence. "I prefer things that belong to daylight and clear common-sense."

"But it isn't daylight all the time," Carruthers observed; "and, whether we like it or not, there are a number of mysteries which common-sense is quite unable to explain."

"I'm for leaving them alone, then," Maitland returned. "The less we trouble ourselves about mysteries or — or other subtleties, the better, in my opinion."

"We can't afford not to trouble ourselves about the Cathedral of Chartres, however," Carruthers said lightly. "Apart from its architecture and its symbolism, it contains some of the finest stained glass in France, which means in the world. Will you and Huysmans be good enough to show its wonders to me?" he asked, addressing Madeleine.

"I haven't 'La Cathédrale' with me to-day," she answered; "but I can show you some of the things he mentions, and

you can read his descriptions and interpretations afterward."

"That is what I meant to propose," he told her. "I didn't think of using the book as a tourist uses his Baedeker: I prefer having it distilled through your mind. Shall we go now?"

Madeleine hesitated, and glanced at the others. It was the first time she had looked at Maitland since the interruption of their conversation,—an interruption which to her was by no means unwelcome; and the gloom of his face seemed so manifestly reproachful that she addressed him with evident desire to conciliate, and make amends for what was hardly her fault.

"You will like to see the Cathedral also, will you not?" she asked. "According to Huysmans, it is one of the most remarkable as well as one of the most beautiful churches in the world."

"I don't care much for what a French rhapsodist has to say about it," he replied; "but I suppose one might as well see it, since there's nothing else to do."

"Don't you think," Carruthers suggested to Madeleine, "that we had better leave these two Philistines to express their sentiments to each other, while we go and study the beauties they despise?"

Laughingly he drew her toward the steep ways that led to the higher part of the city, and the others had no alternative but to follow,—Nina more exasperated than she could readily have expressed by this reprehensible conduct on the part of one to whom she had just been so confidential with regard to the situation as it concerned the other two. Yet she knew that there was a certain *diablerie* in Carruthers, with which it was often necessary to reckon—a gay malice that was clearly to be read in the look he cast backward as he drew Madeleine away,—and she told herself that she might have anticipated some such action from him. This did not, however, lessen the indignation which she felt when she glanced at the countenance of the man walking gloomily beside her.

"As if there were any reason why I should be annoyed with him!" she thought. And then a gentler emotion made her add: "Unless I can suggest something to cheer him up a little; for Madeleine has plainly cast him into the depths of despondency."

In consequence of this reflection, she said aloud:

"I hope you don't mind being bracketed with me as a Philistine, Mr. Maitland? For myself, I can support the odium of the charge very cheerfully."

Despite his preoccupation, it occurred to Maitland, as he glanced at the gay, pretty face turned toward him, that a man might cheerfully have submitted to a worse charge in such companionship; and he answered readily enough:

"I assure you that I don't mind in the least, apart from the pleasure of being bracketed with you. It has never disturbed me at all to be called a Philistine."

"Perhaps you consider it a compliment?"

"To some degree, I do," he acknowledged. "I have always objected very much to anything obscure or mystical; and I believe that is what's called a Philistine attitude of mind by people who like obscurity and mysticism."

"You are quite right," she replied. "But, if that is your attitude of mind, I can't help wondering what you will make of this Huysmans book over which Madeleine raves."

"I can answer that easily enough," he said shortly. "I shall make nothing of it; for I shall not attempt either to read or to understand it."

She glanced at him curiously. His frame of mind on a more personal subject than that of mysticism was quite clear; and it was borne in upon her that, if he was to succeed in the suit which had her cordial approval, he stood in need of the counsel and direction which she felt herself abundantly able to supply. Therefore, after a slight pause, she said:

"But do you take into consideration that if you don't attempt to understand

what Madeleine finds so interesting, you will cut yourself off from her in sympathy? And sympathy means more than anything else to a woman."

He looked startled.

"More than love?" he asked involuntarily.

"A woman hardly believes in a love without sympathy," Nina told him impressively.

There was another pause, during which they climbed the steep ways in silence. Then Maitland suddenly swung round toward his companion.

"It seems that you are a great friend of Mrs. Raynor's," he said abruptly; "so I suppose that you are in her confidence. May I speak to you plainly? There are some questions I should like to ask."

"You may speak to me as plainly as you please," Nina replied. "But as for the questions, I can't promise to answer them. One must respect confidence, you know."

"You can tell me at least what influence has turned her thoughts toward the mysticism we have been talking about. It can't have been merely the book you've alluded to which has led her to—to think of entering the Catholic Church?"

"So she told you that!" Nina was undeniably startled in turn, for this looked serious. "I believe," she said slowly, "that many influences have led her to think of it. One of the most powerful was exerted before she left America."

"You don't mean—"

"I mean an interview with your mother, which made a deep impression on her."

"But, good heavens, I should think the impression from that would have led her in the opposite direction!"

"You would think so, with any one else than Madeleine. But it is difficult to count on her—"

"I have surely found it so," interposed John Maitland, grimly.

"Or rather," Nina corrected herself quickly, "one may always count on her being attracted by exalted ideals, and

being led, to her own harm, into paths of sacrifice and renunciation."

"But don't you see," the young man cried, standing still, "that this present idea—for her—is madness?"

"Of course I see," Nina said promptly; "and I have exhausted myself in telling her so, with little effect. But something happened yesterday which was more effective. Has she told you about it?"

He shook his head.

"She has told me nothing," he answered.

"Well, I shall certainly violate no confidence in telling you that," Nina said. "Only here we are at the Cathedral" (they had just emerged upon the *place* before the great church), "and of course you will wish to go in."

Maitland did not answer at once. He looked at the carved portal through which the figures that preceded them had disappeared, and even Nina was struck by the expression of recoil on his face. It was as if he regarded something which he had not only ceased to love, but which in this moment he had almost come to hate, as the immovable obstacle to his desire. She was hardly surprised when, with a quick movement, he turned his back on the majestic edifice.

"I have not come across the world to see cathedrals," he said. "Nothing there interests me, and no doubt you know it all well. So perhaps you won't object to finding some quiet place where you can tell me what happened yesterday."

(To be continued.)

Dreams.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THE dreams of youth, bright fairy dreams,
How swift they droop and fade!
Frail flowers of dawn, in glare of noon
They sink to earth, dismayed.
They droop and die! 'Tis better so;
For in their vacant place
Glides Truth, all sweet, serene, and strong,
And fair as angel's face.

La Sombra.

BY JEAN CONNOR.

I.

A BEAM of light trembled through the half-closed window of the convent parlor. It showed the spotless room, with its bare polished floor and its scant furniture, its simple pictures of Madonna and saints. A vase of roses before an ivory crucifix on the mantel gave the only touch of life and color to the austere scene, that otherwise had the chill purity of heights where one breathes with strained effort of heart and lung.

So at least Major Van Ness felt as he paced the room restlessly while awaiting the coming of the superioress. To the sturdy old soldier, vigorous and erect still under his five and fifty years, life had been a battle-ground, stern, fierce, sometimes brutal; and he had hardened to meet it. He was conscious that both his presence and his mission made a harsh discordance here. But to soldier as well as saint obedience is a primal virtue, and the Major had come on orders that must be obeyed.

"Major Van Ness, I believe?" said a low voice at his side; and he paused in his walk to face the nun who had entered the room noiselessly,—a calm, pleasant-faced, matronly woman, to whom the flowing robe and veil of her Order gave a grace and dignity all their own.

"Yes, Madam. And you are, I presume, the Lady Superioress?"

"I am Mother Loreto, to whom the letter you brought from our Bishop was addressed. Be seated if you please, Major, and let us talk over the business of which he writes."

"And a confounded bad business it is, I must confess, Madam!" said the Major, brusquely. "I hope you will remember that, personally, I am not responsible for my mission, and will turn me down without hesitation."

"I will remember that of course," she replied, smiling as she motioned him to a chair.

"To come to the point at once, then, Madam. I am in charge of a camp at La Sombra, Cuba. The fever has struck us and we need nurses. Colonel Blank sent me here with a petition to the Bishop for several of the Sisters of your Order to take charge of the camp hospital. To be perfectly frank with you, we can't get the right kind of women for the work anywhere else, at any price; though the government will pay liberally—"

"That is never a consideration with us," interrupted Mother Loreto, quietly.

"I know, Madam,—I know! So your Bishop explained to me. And that makes me hesitate all the more to make such demands upon your self-sacrifice. If you were soldiers now, I should know how to talk to you."

"Pray, then, consider us as—soldiers," said the Mother, brightly.

"I can't, Madam," answered the Major, bluntly. "When I look around this place here, and then think of where I am asking you to go—well, just about as near the gates of hell as I have ever ventured, and that is saying a great deal, Madam. My orders were not to mince matters, and I won't. La Sombra is a very pest-hole right down in the midst of a tropic jungle, where those poor fools of insurgents established their camps, and which we have had to hold for the present to maintain law and order. Of course we enforce discipline in the camp itself, but the country around is a wilderness where everything for the last few years has gone to blazes,—begging your pardon for the word, Madam! The close of the war has let loose a flood of harpies, thieves, cut-throats, deserters—the back-drift of the storm. And the fever has struck us fierce. The doctors may call it what they like; but it's first cousin to 'Yellow Jack,' Madam, and, it's only fair to tell you, has all the family traits,—knocks our poor fellows down and out by the dozen. I left

a good two hundred of them lying around helpless when the Colonel ordered me to make a jump for the Florida coast and take a letter to his old friend, Bishop B., and bring out nuns that were not afraid of either death or devil. Those were my orders, Madam; and I have obeyed them so far. But it's your right to turn me down and out, as I said."

"Not at all! I would not think of such a thing," said Mother Loreto. "We are ready to do everything we can in such a need. Our community is not large," continued the speaker, calmly, as if she were disposing of teachers for a Kindergarten; "and many of our Sisters have duties here which it is impossible for them to leave. But I think you can depend upon us for three at once."

"You mean you will order them off, Madam, perhaps to their death?"

"'Order' is scarcely the word for it," said Mother Loreto, smiling. "Our Sisters are under a vow of obedience, of course; but in cases like this, where there is great risk, we ask for volunteers."

"A sort of forlorn hope," observed the Major. "And you get the volunteers?"

"Oh, invariably! The only trouble usually is to choose among the many who are willing to serve."

"By George!" muttered the Major, who still felt uncomfortably out of his element.

The old soldier's religious creed, if he had any, was a very vague one; but he had a few solid lines drawn in early youth that life had failed to eradicate. One of these, while it scarcely reached the black bar of bigotry, was a deep, dark distrust of "Popery," as he termed it, in all its forms. It was foreign, complex, mysterious,—in short, to the Major's eyes, an un-American institution, both dangerous and distasteful. Though he had seen its devoted religious in hospital and on battlefield, it chanced that he had never been associated with them in any way; and this meeting with Mother Loreto was his first experience in "Popish" methods.

Something in the calm, unquestioning decision of her words recalled to the Major oldtime stories of "Lady Abbesses" who ruled with pitiless powers of life and death; and, though the kind, strong face before him was motherly in every line, the thought in his mind was blurted out brusquely:

"I am a plain old soldier, Madam, and mean no offence whatever; but I hope there will be no sort of compulsion in this matter."

"None at all, I give you my word," was the answer.

"To be frank with you, Madam" (there was such quiet comprehension of his "frankness" in this Lady Abbess' smiling face that the Major was stirred to further admissions), "I came here to-day most unwillingly. Other nurses are free to say 'Yes' or 'No,' as they choose; but I've heard of your rules and vows, and I didn't want to ask any forced service."

"My dear Major, you do not understand our spirit, our life!"

"Perhaps I don't, Madam,—perhaps I don't. It has always seemed to me a—" the Major paused, as if repressing a more vigorous adjective—"a most atrocious one. For a young, lovely, living woman to turn her back on all that life holds for her and say she is dead to it! Isn't that your shibboleth, Madam? Dead to the world,—buried in a living tomb! Well, I don't like to say what I think about it, Madam. God Almighty never meant it,—never! He made us to live,—to live in suffering, in sorrow, in sin perhaps, but to live."

"And we live, as you see," said Mother Loreto, quietly; "but not in ourselves. Those outside of our Faith can not comprehend it, I know,—this life that is death. But believe me when I tell you that we find in it peace and joy and freedom beyond words. Those who come to us, Major, come willingly, gladly. We ask no one to make the sacrifice. Indeed, there are many ardent, impulsive souls to whom we refuse admittance. As you say, this

life is not intended for all; but there are some whom God calls for special service, special sacrifice, special consecration."

Mother Loreto paused in her earnest speech, as she saw the Major listening to her as one listens to an unknown tongue, courteously but uncomprehendingly. To the honest old soldier, the veiled heights beyond earth's plane were but mist and moonshine.

The convent bell just then pealed a summons to the chapel, and Mother Loreto gently arose to put an end to the interview.

"If you will call at nine to-morrow, Major, I will tell you how many of our Sisters will be able to leave with you at once. There is no time to lose, I know. That is the Benediction bell. Would you not like to see our chapel? It is considered a gem."

And the Major assented, with the courtesy that he felt the occasion demanded, very much as if he had been asked to witness some function in a Chinese temple or Mussulman mosque. He followed Mother Loreto through a long, bare corridor, from which the deserted classrooms of the parochial school opened on either side. There was no touch anywhere of the womanhood he knew,—that gay, graceful presence that made the dreariest "post" and "quarters" blossom into beauty and cheer. What but some cruel, mysterious force could hold women to a life like this? The Major wondered as his heavy footsteps woke the echoes of the barren walls, already gloomy with evening shadows in which there was no tender gleam of hearth or home.

When, suddenly, Mother Loreto pushed open a swinging door, and they stood on the threshold of the convent chapel, the change was so startling that the Major sank into the seat to which his guide had motioned him, and stared around, bewildered; for here all the austere denial he had witnessed seemed to burst into radiant beauty and life.

Even to worldly eyes, the chapel of St. Agnes was exquisite in every detail. It had been the bequest of one to whose dying bed the Sisters had brought faith and hope and comfort, that wealth and power and place had never been able to command. The rows of dark-veiled forms bent in silent adoration, the white-haired priest in his shining vestments, the altar gleaming through clouds of fragrant incense,—all these held the Major's gaze in turn, until it was riveted by the painted window of the marble sanctuary.

It represented the martyrdom of St. Agnes; and, flooded as it now was with the sunset glory, stood out in all the glow and color of life. There were no repelling details in the picture. Guards, soldiers, executioners were massed in the background. All the stern majesty of Imperial Rome seemed but shadows to the white-robed figure of the girl martyr, who stood with her golden hair falling about her like a veil of light, her shackled hands clasped upon her breast, her eyes uplifted to the Vision of rapture—a thorn-crowned figure smiling upon her from mist-veiled heights.

And then suddenly, as if the rapture of that uplifted face had found voice and word, from the choir there came a burst of triumphant melody so sweetly thrilling that the old soldier felt his heart stir strangely as he heard.

"You have some one here who can sing like an angel, Madam," he said, as he followed Mother Loreto back through the bare corridors that still seemed echoing with that wonderful voice.

"Yes," answered the superioress. "So says everyone who hears her. It is our Sister Seraphine."

(To be continued.)

THE danger in specialization is that one given to it is apt to lose touch with the whole. One's mind inevitably dwindles as one's nature and interest become narrow.—Anon.

Saint-Cloud.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

ALTHOUGH, since the removal of the ruins of the historic chateau some years ago, the principal attraction of Saint-Cloud, for the average visitor, is its vast and well-wooded park, the devout pilgrim will find in the place another and a deeper interest because of its associations with the saintly grandson of Clovis and Clotilde.

St. Cloud, also called Coldald and Clododale, was the youngest son of Clodomir, King of Orleans, who was killed in battle while at war with the King of Burgundy, about the year 533. Queen Clotilde, who was then at Tours, praying at the tomb of St. Martin, to whom she had a great devotion, set out for Paris immediately, in order to look after her three fatherless grandchildren—Theobald, Gontaire, and Cloud. She took up her abode in some isolated rooms of the palace of the Thermes, now the Cluny museum. One day, just after she had given the three children their morning kiss, an armed soldier entered and handed her a pair of scissors and a dagger. Clotilde, who was at this time ambitious, and who, we are told, thirsted to avenge the death of her son, understood only too well the meaning of the rough soldier's mute message. "I would sooner see them dead than tortured!" she exclaimed imprudently.

An hour later the two elder children were murdered by their wicked uncles, Clotaire and Childebert, who wished to appropriate their patrimony. But some officers of the palace, faithful to the dynasty of Clodomir, contrived to make their escape with little Cloud, the youngest child. They fled with the precious charge to the forest of Novigentum, or Nogent-sur-Seine, as Saint-Cloud was then called. We are not told how long the unfortunate boy wandered in the dark and lonely forest, where the wolves were prowling, and where

his human enemies, fiercer than any beast of prey, might hunt him down at any moment. How he must have wept and prayed as he wended his weary way beneath the branching oaks, and thought of his murdered brothers!

The inhabitants of the little village of Novigentum were kindly folk, and when the poor child appeared at length among them they were filled with compassion for his piteous plight; for he was nearly dead with terror and ready to faint from fatigue. When they had ministered to his wants he told them his story,—how his two brothers had been cruelly murdered by his uncles, who at that very moment were seeking him in every direction, in order that they might kill him too.

"Lord God!" exclaimed the poor child, "let them keep my earthly kingdom. I don't want it, since thrones are cemented with blood and tears. Good villagers, hide me in the thickest part of your forest; feed me with black-bread, which I will myself help to earn; and when my voice is strong enough to reach to heaven, I will consecrate my days to prayers, calling down on you the benediction of the Most High and of Monseigneur St. Martin."

The kind-hearted villagers, both Christian and pagan, did more than respond to this childish prayer: they vied with one another in providing for the boy's wants. And so angelic did he look that even then they regarded him with a sort of veneration. Meanwhile Queen Clotilde, cured forever of worldly ambition, retired again to Tours, where she died in the odor of sanctity, after having herself predicted the day of her death.

When St. Cloud grew to manhood, he placed himself under the direction of St. Severin, who then lived near Paris. In 551 he revealed his identity to Bishop Eusèbe. One fine morning, some time after, a gorgeous bark, from which floated the episcopal banners, was seen sailing on the Seine. Its occupants were Eusèbe, Bishop of Paris, and his attendant priests, returning from the ordination of St.

Cloud, — a ceremony that had been surrounded with the pomp and splendor due to his rank. But from the moment he became a priest he renounced all claim to his inheritance, and caused his personal property to be distributed among the poor.

He eventually retired to Novigentum, where, in the very forest that had sheltered him in his boyhood, he had already built a little hermitage. Here he now erected a monastery, in which he passed the rest of his life, and within whose walls he was buried. He died about the year 560. Many miracles were worked at his tomb, and the inhabitants of the village changed the name "Novigentum" to "Sanctus Clodoaldus," or Saint-Cloud, in his honor. The monastery was converted into a collegiate chapel in 1428, when the chapter of Saint-Cloud caused a magnificent shrine to be executed for the reception of the saint's remains. It was of richly wrought brass gilt, encrusted with precious stones, and was supported by two life-sized silver figures. Among the other relics preserved in the collegiate church were one of the teeth and the portion of a finger of St. John the Apostle, two small pieces of the True Cross, and the bodies of St. Probus and St. Mammès.

The present church of Saint-Cloud has a series of very fine mural paintings, by Duval-le-Camus, representing scenes from the life of the saint. It is in the Romanesque style of the twelfth century, and the ruins of the monastery where St. Cloud lived and died are quite close to it. The few relics of the saint that now remain are in this church, and are exposed for public veneration on the 7th of September, his feast. During the three last weeks of the same month the celebrated Fair of Saint-Cloud is held, when the whole town is *en fête*, and has a very gay and picturesque appearance. Flags and banners flutter everywhere; the glittering booths display their brightest and most tempting wares; whilst bands play, and the famous fountains, designed by Lepautre and

Mansart, and adorned with statues of the Seine and Marne by Adam, rise sparkling into the air, — the *jet géant*, or "great jet," shooting, like a silver rocket, to the height of one hundred and thirty-six feet.

Saint-Cloud was burned by the English in 1346; and again by the Armagnacs in 1411. Henri III. was assassinated here in 1589 by Jacques Clément. In 1870–71 the Germans bombarded Saint-Cloud from the heights of Mont-Saint-Valérien, and did much damage. In October, 1870, the historic chateau was burned to the ground, some say by the shells from Mont-Saint-Valérien, while others hold that the French themselves set fire to it. The chateau was erected by a wealthy private citizen in 1572. It was at one time the property of Pierre de Condi, Archbishop of Paris. Louis XIV. purchased and practically rebuilt it in 1782. It was one of the favorite residences of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and it was here that the Duke of Orleans, then Prince Regent, received Peter the Great. Napoleon Bonaparte was very fond of Saint-Cloud, where he was proclaimed First Counsel, and where he passed his honeymoon with Marie Louise. He could be seen frequently holding the bridle of her horse as she rode up and down the beautiful terrace that commands a view all over Paris. It was at Saint-Cloud, too, while Blücher had his headquarters there, that the second capitulation of Paris was signed, on July 3, 1815.

Napoleon III. was at Saint-Cloud when he received the *sénatus-consulte*, which restored the Empire in his person; and it was thenceforth his favorite summer residence. All that now remains of the Palace of Saint-Cloud is the pavilion of the Prince Imperial, which stands in what was formerly the Emperor's private garden. Here the young prince received his particular friends, and had his library. It is now a refreshment place, where visitors drink tea or coffee, or take a glass of wine. But the blue tapestry on the walls has never been disturbed; and the circular recess

is still furnished with the identical shelves on which the prince kept his books,—their place, however, being now occupied by cups and saucers and bottles and glasses. When I visited the pavilion, I was told that the ex-Empress Eugénie makes several pilgrimages to it when she is in Paris; but that she sheds no tears on such occasions, nor ever speaks a word. She gives one long, lingering look all round, and then turns silently away.

But, though monarchies have fallen and empires have passed away, the prince who preferred an eternal to an earthly crown is still venerated where now, as in the ages past, the faithful kneel as once he knelt, and ask his blessing on the land he loved so well; not forgetting, surely, that if France is Christian to-day she owes it to the holy Queen whose grandson was the great St. Cloud.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin no Injury to the Honor of Christ.

MANY Protestant persons who would not dare to make unfounded assertions on secular subjects outside their own cognizance have no hesitancy in pronouncing upon matters pertaining to the doctrine and discipline of the Church; and this is often done with a confidence and an ignorance that is almost sublime in its effrontery. Nothing is more common, in fact, than to hear non-Catholics discussing points of doctrine, mooted questions of history, and the like, as if a word in favor of the Catholic position had never been written. They will admit that they have never read a book by a Catholic author, and that all they know about the Church has been learned from her opponents; yet they will talk on without a blush, and seemingly without a qualm. One can not feel sorry when such offenders are taken to task with some warmth, as in the following reply by Dr. Janssen, the celebrated German historian, to certain

critics who had accused him of "utterly extravagant expressions concerning devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

Any Catholic acquainted with the teachings of his religion will inform you that we honor the Blessed Virgin only because of the graces bestowed on her by the Lord. In the liturgy used in the first centuries of the Church, and attributed to St. James, we find these words: "When with all the saints and just we commemorate our most holy, unspotted, and most glorious Lady, Mary, the ever-intact Virgin and Mother of God, we are thereby recommending ourselves and our whole life to Christ, our God." "Let us celebrate the memory of our most holy, unspotted, most glorious and Blessed Lady, Mary, the Mother of God and the intact Virgin, in order that through her intercession we may obtain all mercy. Hail Mary! thou art full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb; for thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls." "It is just that we style thee blessed,—the ever-blessed Mother of God, exalted above all blame; Mother of our God, more magnificent than the Cherubim, more glorious than the Seraphim, who, without detriment to thy virginity, hast borne God, the Word. In thee, who art full of grace, all creatures rejoice; the choirs of angels and the race of men venerate thee, who art a sanctified temple."

In almost the same words St. Chrysostom in his liturgy addresses the Blessed Virgin; he even introduced the Angelical Salutation into the Holy Mass. St. Athanasius also, the great champion of the Catholic faith in the God-Man in opposition to the Arians, prayed and taught the people to pray thus: "We proclaim thee, O Mary! over and over again and at all times, blessed! To thee we cry out: Remember us, O Most Holy Virgin! who after being delivered didst still remain a virgin. Hail, full of grace! the Lord is

with thee. All the hierarchies of angels and the inhabitants of the earth proclaim that thou art blessed amongst women, and that blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. Pray for us, O Mistress and Lady, Queen and Mother of God!"

No higher praise can be bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin than was spoken by the Angel at the Annunciation in the name and by the authority of God. This form of homage to Mary in the Angelical Salutation, which will be daily uttered with respect and love even to the end of time, is in the eyes of God and of the world a Christian confession of faith.

When the Church invites us to say the Angelus three times a day, what does she desire thereby but that we should call to mind the great and fundamental mystery of the Incarnation of Christ with immediate reference to His Mother, who out of all earthly beings was the only witness of this mystery? All the honor shown to Mary flows back to God. As Mary on earth was the guardian of her Divine Son, as she bore Him in her womb, clasped Him in her arms, nourished Him at her breast, so the praises and honors shown her by Catholics serve only to confirm and to proclaim aloud the right belief in Him as the God-Man. Every church and chapel dedicated to her, every confraternity instituted in her honor, every picture representing her, has for object to raise our minds to the One who, although happy from eternity with the Father, yet for the sake of sinners "had no horror of the Virgin's womb."

Human nature, which the Saviour actually and truly took from Mary, was united to the Divinity in one Person, the source of salvation and grace. And since it pleased God to bestow upon the world through Mary the Grace of all graces, the Author of grace, we honor and glorify Mary, and we cling to the belief that even yet God sends us gifts and graces through her who was full of grace, when with humble trust we pray for them. Every prayer addressed to Mary is a prayer for

her influence as intercessor with God, the only Lord and dispenser of all good gifts.

My critics will not find one solitary prayer of the Church that appeals to Mary as the bestower of grace. That prayer from the *Hortulus Animæ* which they cite, and which is so repugnant to them, is found also in my prayer-book; and I am not conscious that I turn to any other source but the Saviour Himself when I thus invoke the Virgin Mother: *Ut per tuam sanctissimam intercessionem et per tua merita omnia mea dirigantur et disponantur opera, secundum tuam tuique Filii voluntatem.*

When the Catholic prays thus he places no confidence thereby in Mary in opposition to the living God: no confidence in "merits" that she did not acquire solely through the grace of God,—other "merits" there are none, either for the Holy Virgin or for any other creature. Thus there is found therein no lack of confidence in God, but simply a distrust of the worthiness of one's own prayers. The Catholic knows from Holy Scripture that God prefers to hear the prayers of the just, and that He Himself has said: 'I will do the will of them that do My will.' Therefore, with the sense of his own unworthiness, the suppliant asks the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints, who are worthier of being heard than he is.

I would like to address to every Protestant this question: If it be true that the cultus of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints in the Catholic Church is "an injury to the honor of Christ," and we, as is claimed, "detract from the mediatorship of Christ by this worship," whereas amongst Protestants "Christ alone is looked up to," how does it come to pass that in the Catholic Church, and in her alone, the belief in Jesus Christ the Lord, and His divine works of redemption, has remained unmoved and immovable in all times, whilst within the Protestant pale this belief has been lost or abandoned by so many, even professed theologians and preachers?

Notes and Remarks.

As if religionless schools, with their inevitable product—a practically Godless swarm of youthful Americans,—were not compromising the future of this country with sufficient rapidity, we now have a Ferrer School organized in New York city, the forerunner possibly of many such institutions scattered throughout our States. Just what is to be expected from this latest type of educational forces may be gleaned from this declaration of Mr. Boyesen, a teacher of English literature in Columbia University, and also one of the staff in the New York Ferrer School. "I don't want to seem to misrepresent things, so I must say that I shall be greatly disappointed if any child, after having facts set before him, does not revolt against the iniquity of the system of government in this and every other country." Suppose that the child, grown to manhood, translates this theory into the practical Anarchism of assassinating a President, dynamiting the White House, or setting fire to the business district of some large city, will Mr. Boyesen and his compeers be held guiltless of the crime?

"I am ashamed to say," remarks Mr. Chesterton, in a recent article on education, "that it was comparatively late in life that I saw the main fact about it." This open confession of a man whom nobody can accuse of being dull inspires the fear that most other people will never get at the fact in question; though, like Mr. Chesterton, they may read numberless articles on education and hear any amount of discussion on the subject. As yet not one man in a thousand seems to be thoroughly persuaded that our existing system of education is false because it does not tend to form character; and though it has been proved in actual practice that, from an educational point of view, it is impossible to teach religion in the abstract,

the opposition to denominational schools continues to be strong and fierce. Even ministers of the Gospel nowadays are heard to declaim against dogmatic religion. These worthies for the most part are unamenable to common-sense; however, the point of Mr. Chesterton's reference to "the fashionable fallacy" will not be lost on teachers. "It is quaint," he says, "that people talk of separating dogma from education. Dogma is actually the only thing that can not be separated from education. It is education. A teacher who is not dogmatic is simply a teacher who is not teaching."

In contradistinction to the regrets sometimes expressed by converts in severing the ties that bind them to a church which they have come to look upon as a mother, we note the following reflections of a convert who writes in the *English Month*:

The Anglican Church my mother? Rather I think of her as a bad gipsy, who for generations has kidnapped poor children from their true mother and brought them up in ignorance of her; or as a cruel stepmother, who has no mother's heart for those who are not her own; who can teach them nothing with certainty, because she does not know it; who confesses to have no authority, because she is obliged to admit that her position is, in some respects, ridiculous, and always weak; and who leaves off caring for them altogether when they die; for she knows nothing, can teach nothing, about the life beyond the grave.

Measures are already being taken fittingly to commemorate the seventh centenary of the foundation of the Order of St. Clare of Assisi. The old and venerable church of Santa Chiara, and the monastery adjoining it, are in grave need of repair. The crypt containing the Poor Clares' precious treasure—the marvelously preserved body of their holy foundress—and the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament are the only decorous portions of the vast church. The walls of the nave, the altars, the sacristy, and the tower are

all in grievous need of restoration. It is the hope of the Mother Abbess and of her community to celebrate, in March, 1912, the seventh centenary of the foundation of their Order by effecting the renovation of their church and monastery through the generosity of all true lovers of St. Francis and St. Clare, as a lasting tribute of this generation to these two great Assisian saints. In an appeal sent out for this purpose, it is said: "Even those who usually refuse their support to foreign charities on the very just grounds that all their help is needed at home will hardly refuse an alms on an occasion which is of so unique a nature. And those who are not of the Catholic Faith, but who owe so much to the treasures of religious art in Assisi—that art which drew its inspiration from the lives of these two saints,—will perhaps also contribute, in a spirit of gratitude, something toward the restoration of one of Assisi's shrines."

Were Carlyle, the avowed enemy and unbridled denouncer of cant, still alive, he would have a fit theme for his biting tongue and acrid pen in the editorial vagaries of some English Protestant papers. The London *Guardian*, for instance, recently contained this remark:

For a foreign priest, or any collection of foreign priests, to contend that a marriage contracted under the law of England is, in circumstances which they choose to lay down, invalid, is a piece of insolence which could be committed only by the Vatican.

While the statement is patently a desperate attempt to drag the religious red herring across the track of Home Rule, it is a coincidence that, in the same issue of the paper, a correspondent, an Irish Protestant clergyman, furnishes a complete justification of the Church's legislation concerning marriage and divorce. Writing of this latter plague, he says:

Is there no recognized authority, in the Church authorized by God, to settle these difficulties, and kindred disputes in general, as they arise? The sooner one is found, the better for the interest of souls and the domestic peace

of married families. Evidently there is no use in looking to the Bench of Bishops for a dogmatic decision on the much-debated question; for the representatives of their Order have already committed them to an attitude of impotence by the vote in the House of Lords upholding the unscriptural theory of divorce. So, as far as this question extends, the flock is without a shepherd. How does this situation coincide with Our Lord's solemn and emphatic engagement to be with His Church, to teach and to guide for all time?

It does not coincide at all, and it can never be made to do so until the flock comes into the fold of its true shepherd, to whom alone Christ committed the vicegerency of His Church, and with whom He promised to be "all days, even to the consummation of the world."

A Roman correspondent of the London *Saturday Review* bears out the statement of our contemporary *Rome*, relative to anti-clerical action in Italy. The writer quotes General Pelloux's warning, contained in his open letter to the Italian Premier, that international as well as internal complications may result from the shameless defiance of solemn pledges given by the Italian Government to prevent personal attacks on the Holy See; and he predicts a dismal sequel to events if Signor Nathan and his friends are allowed to persist in their disgraceful campaign of insult to the Vatican. The failure of the much talked of Exhibition, too, is, in his opinion, a foregone conclusion, since Signor Nathan has made it evident to all Catholics that the "fêtes are intended quite as much to insult the head of their Church and the Christian religion in general as to commemorate the foundation of Italian unity."

It is pleasant to learn from an unprejudiced source that in Adams County, Ohio, where an extraordinary amount of political corruption was lately unearthed—a district in which, it would seem, votes have hitherto been bought and sold "without let or hindrance,"—hardly a

Catholic is to be found. "They're scarcer than hen's teeth." Perry County, on the contrary, has a large Catholic population, and is practically free from crime of any sort. In this respect, it is the banner county of the Buckeye State. "I've met more Catholics down there than you could shake a stick at, but somehow they don't none of them get into the lock-up." In fact, the public records show that Somerset, a leading town of this county—"the model town of the whole State of Ohio,"—has not had a prisoner in its jail for more than two years. During 1910 there was not a single trial in the mayor's court.

The notion—a very general one—that the selling, if not the buying, of votes is largely restricted to foreign-born Americans is decidedly erroneous. The offenders of Adams County, Ohio, are natives to a man; and, as they say at election times, "other counties are yet to be heard from."

Among the spoil recovered from a Spanish galleon sunk in Tobermory Bay, and now on view in London, is a silver medal supposed to have been attached to a rosary. It is black with age, but the cross and the crown of thorns stand out on the reverse. On the obverse is a portrait of the "Victorious Christ," taken, it is supposed, from one reputedly cut on an emerald by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and sent by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIII. for the redemption of his brother, then a captive of the Christians.

A Catholic layman contributes to the (English) *Missionary Gazette* some reflections on his experience in everyday controversy. He finds that the historical stock-in-trade by which the average Protestant judges the Catholic Church are: the Smithfield Fires, St. Bartholomew's Night, the Spanish Inquisition, and Pope Alexander. As for the best plan of meeting objections based on any of these topics,

the writer has this to say in favor of the commonly scorned "You're-another" style of argument:

The *tu quoque* is not always the right weapon to use with non-Catholics, but I have found it most effective in order to silence aggressive bigotry and bitter prejudice founded on partisan literature. Against people thus beset, the defensive, explanatory, and apologetic mode of dealing with opponents is, in my opinion, of little good. That mode is usually, and rightly, adopted in the pulpit during missions, and in reply to non-Catholic inquirers. But, if my thirty years' experience stands for anything, such people simply make further assertions or statements to be explained when the previous sets have been disposed of. My plan is to hit back hard, and to carry the battle into the opponents' weak field.

Whether or not Catholic laymen should, habitually or even occasionally, adopt this plan is a matter of opinion; but there can be no question that it is advisable for such laymen to be in a position to use it—to have the knowledge requisite for its effective use—should a fitting occasion for its employment arise.

In the course of an article on the inexhaustible subject of the Catholic press and its support, an English contemporary says:

The old dilemma recurs: the papers must be better if they are to find more purchasers, and more purchasers are necessary to make the papers better. And the only solution is: Catholics must buy Catholic papers, not because they are superior to secular journals, but because they are Catholic, until their support enables proprietors to bring them to greater perfection.

Apropos of which solution, it has doubtless occurred to many a pastor in this country that the contemporary's advice, "Put the Catholic paper in the schools," might well be supplemented by this other counsel, "Put a little more of the school—or scholarship—into the Catholic paper."

A somewhat unusual commentary on the secrecy recommended in Scripture in the matter of charitable deeds is chronicled in the *Bulletin* of the Missionaries of La

Salette. The Baron de Livon, member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, asked a charitable Parisian lady who was mending a slipper: "Why do you not buy a new pair?"—"Because," she replied, "I want to spare something for the poor."—"That is well," he said; "for I have come to ask you for some help." The lady drew forth a note for two hundred francs, which she handed him with her left hand. "Why the left hand?" asked the Baron.—"Because," came the witty reply, "I do not want the right hand to know anything about it; otherwise I'm afraid it would not continue to mend old slippers."

Writing of the next Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Madrid from the 25th to the 29th of June this year, the *Irish Rosary* says:

The arrangements are already being pushed forward; so it is likely that Catholicism, which has had to fight its corner in Spain during 1910, will demonstrate its force there in 1911. The Spanish King and Queen have gladly consented to be the honorary presidents for the occasion. On its spectacular side, the function will probably be the most impressive yet held, surpassing even that of Montreal. At the principal public ceremony their Majesties will assist in person; and the scene will unfold, it is said, a splendor incomparable.

Apobos of the transit facilities for those desiring to attend the Congress, the *Rosary* expresses the hope that the inducements will be such as to lead a large number of its countrymen to take the trip to Madrid. "Spain," it says, "has, above all other foreign countries, an intimate historical connection with Ireland. The premier Spanish dukedom is attached to the O'Donel family, exiled from home, to reap honors abroad. In several of the Spanish colleges there is a wealth of Irish manuscripts awaiting the hand of a competent editor."

It is difficult to conceive a hollower pretext for opposing Home Rule to Ireland than the alleged fear that the Protestant

minority in that country would in the new regime suffer from Catholic intolerance. The whole history of Irish Catholicism gives the lie to such a fear, and honest Protestants themselves reject it as puerile or worse. Mr. Swift McNeill, M. P., for instance, writes of the matter in this strain:

I myself am one of the Irish Protestant minority, the son and grandson of Irish Protestant clergymen of the late Established Church. . . . For four and twenty years I have been the representative in the House of Commons for South Donegal, the most Catholic constituency in the British Empire, for which I have been returned by the Catholic bishop, priests and people of that constituency. I am the holder of a chair in the National University of Ireland, an institution mainly established for the purpose of enabling the young people holding the faith of the great mass of the Irish people to receive the advantages of university education without any violation of consciences or danger to truth or morals. The authorities of the University have placed not only me but several other Protestants in positions of trust for the teaching of their students; and have within the last few days appointed me Clerk of Convocation, an officer one of whose duties is to act as assessor to his Grace the Chancellor, the Most Rev. William Walsh, D. D., the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Oh, the horrors of Romish tyranny!

The fact is that, in all probability, Protestants in a legislatively free Ireland would be treated more generously than Irish Catholics have ever been in any distinctly Protestant country.

Economic conditions in this country are far from being ideal; but we doubt whether in any part of the Republic, urban or rural; there can be found a district at all comparable to Father Bernard Vaughan's London parish, which, he is quoted as declaring, holds "twelve thousand of my people, only two of whom are earning more than a pound a week, and they are doctors." The statement sounds almost incredible; and, if true, it indicates something radically, wrong in the business and industrial conditions of the world's metropolis.



Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—WITH BROTHER JACK.

It had been a wild night at Bar Cross Ranch. The Chincook had cooled bottles until there were no more left to cool; and the uproarious merriment that always characterized the return of the master to his domain had not died away until the eastern sky had begun to flush with the dawn. But everything was very quiet now, for it was nearly ten o'clock in the sun-bright day.

The guests had staggered, or been conveyed by the careful Chang, who had long practice in such matters, to their several rooms, where they were sleeping off the effects of their midnight revel; and the master of Bar Cross himself was just waking from an uneasy slumber, to a dulled sense of anxiety and remorse. He had lost at cards again, he remembered vaguely; lost to Chips and Sandy Nick as usual; lost how much he could not recall. And he had been over head in debt before this last night had added to the score.

And—and there was something else, too. What was it that had happened to madden him yesterday? Rackety Jack ran his trembling hands through his curling hair, that lay damp upon his brow, and tried to think. What new trouble was coming or had come? Something had made him rage and swear, he knew,—something that his befuddled brain refused to recall. He struck the gong that the wary Chang always provided for his master's awakening; the almond-eyed Celestial had grown wise in "Amellican" ways, and kept out of reach the morning after a prolonged feast. Pedro, a light-

footed Mexican boy, responded rather timidly to the summons.

"Send Ben Morris up here," said the master, curtly, in Spanish.

"*Sí, señor,*" answered Pedro. "I will at once, señor,—only he is not yet come back."

"Not come back?" echoed the gentleman, irritably. "Where did he go this time of morning?"

"It was not this morning, but yesterday, señor," replied Pedro. "He has been gone all night."

"All night!" thundered the master of Bar Cross. "What business had he to be away all night when I need him?"

"It is what I do not know, señor," said Pedro. "He led Marquita over the creek before sundown, and—ah, *gracias a Dios!*" (Pedro cast a relieved glance through the window.) "There he comes now. I will send him at once, señor."

And, glad to escape the rising storm, Pedro bounded lightly away, leaving his master to stare blankly at the road to which he had pointed, where Bony Ben, mounted on big Boris, was tranquilly approaching the Ranch, in apparent unconsciousness of any neglect of duty.

But it was not his missing foreman that held Rackety Jack's bloodshot gaze. Pretty Marquita was cantering easily at Big Ben's side; and seated on the new army blanket that cushioned her saddle was a slender figure, alert with boyish grace, that made the watcher's heart leap for a moment and then almost stand still. That fair young face! Those eyes, shining with love and trust! Those laughing lips! For an instant it seemed the ghost of his own early youth that confronted the bewildered master of Bar Cross. And then remembrance burst upon him.

Billy-Boy! It was Billy-Boy, whose coming his dulled memory could not

recall! Billy-Boy, who had been sent in tender, loving trust to his care! Billy-Boy, his innocent little brother, who was even now at the door!

Rackety Jack, dull, dishevelled, bleary-eyed, with every trace of his last night's orgy still visible, reeled back with some blind effort to fly, to escape, or at least to prepare for the clear gaze of those boyish eyes. But it was too late. Even as he tried to stagger from his room, Billy-Boy's voice was in his ear, Billy-Boy's arms clasping him in a rapturous hug.

"Jack! Jack! My own dear big brother Jack! I'm so glad to come to you! The boy at the door told us you were sick, and I just ran right up. Oh, I've got to hug you again, I'm so glad! But, Jack, you are sick indeed, — all weak and trembling!" And Billy's joyful tone faltered into dismay as his brother sank down into a chair as if he had the ague.

"Billy-Boy!" he cried huskily. "Billy-Boy! Is it Billy indeed? And such a tall big boy! Why, you're not Billy-Boy any longer!"

"Oh, yes I am!" said Billy, eagerly. "I'm just the same, only a little bigger. But, O Jack, you're sick, I know! You look sick. Your face is thin and your eyes all hollow. And you never wrote us a word about it because you knew mamma would worry. You dear old Jack, that was just like you! I'm so glad I came, so you won't be here all alone. Please lie down again. You're too sick to get up. Lie down and let me take care of you."

And Jack, who found walking a little difficult this morning, tottered, under Billy's guidance, to the bed he had started from only a few moments before, and sank down with a groan among the disordered pillows.

"If I had some cologne I'd bathe your head," said Billy, looking around for that first aid to the injured in the old home life.

Jack's apartment, one must confess, was a startling contrast to the brass bed and ruffled curtains that his brother had

so recently left. Its wild confusion of boots, blankets, and hastily discarded garments bore witness to the strenuous character of ranch life. A brace of pistols was flung recklessly on the floor; a hopeless fracture in the mirror told of another "morning after," when the master of Bar Cross had pitched a bootjack at Pedro's head. There was nothing of the mollycoddle about this room, as Billy saw at first glance; and his heart warmed to the big brother enduring such discomforts.

"Oh, don't — don't bother!" muttered Jack. "Send that Pedro up here again, and you run off and look at the horses. They're fine; no better in the country. I can't be civil just yet, Billy. My head is going like — like a mill wheel. Pedro! Where in thunder and lightning is that Dago Pedro?" And Jack started up and struck fiercely at the gong.

Pedro appeared, to be greeted with a string of Spanish, which luckily Billy could not understand. It seemed vigorous and impressive language, however; for Pedro darted off like an arrow from a bow, to return in a moment with a waiter bearing bottles and glasses and ice, and the siphon of soda which Billy recognized as an appurtenance of the correct sick room. Jack drank with the feverish gusto, of which Billy's pneumonia had left him a vivid remembrance; and then, with another outburst of Spanish to his trembling attendant, Jack sank back among his pillows; while Pedro set the tray aside and came to Billy.

"The señor says you will go with me. It is his wish to sleep."

"Oh, I don't want to leave him here alone!" said Billy, in a troubled voice.

"It is the señor's wish to sleep," repeated Pedro. "We will go down to the corral, the stables—where you please."

Billy glanced with anxious, loving eyes at the worn, haggard face on the pillow. It was like Jack to send him off, — just like dear, brave Jack to want to suffer here alone. And, oh, how ill he looked! How thin and changed and almost old!

The fever, or whatever it was, must have been on him long. And no one even to shake a pillow or straighten up his room! Billy, who remembered the dainty care that surrounded his double pneumonia, looked around him quite appalled.

"The little señor will come with me," said the soft-voiced Pedro.

"No," answered Billy, firmly. "I am going to stay here. I don't want to look at any dogs or horses while my brother is sick like this."

"The señor said he would break my neck if we did not get out," blurted Pedro, in his broken English.

"Pooh!" said Billy. "People always talk like that when they are sick. I mean to stay and watch my sick brother."

Pedro's black eyes rested for a moment in perplexity on the young speaker; then, feeling that these Americanos were quite beyond comprehension, he stole swiftly away before the señor could arouse to more active indignation at this defiance of his commands.

But the morning draught had done its work. Jack's quivering nerves had been steadied; he was still young and strong enough to rally even after a wild night like the one he had just passed through; and, while Billy sat still and watchful by the window, his brother sank into a restful sleep.

He awoke to a vague consciousness of soothing and comfort. He had been dreaming of home. (When had Rackety Jack dreamed of home before?) He had thought himself back in the old sitting-room, the shadows of the elms flickering in the windows, his mother's hand smoothing his hair; there was a light touch upon his still aching head; a faint, familiar fragrance breathed about him. (Billy had not been a mother's boy for a dozen years without learning mother ways.)

Jack's half-open eyes looked around him in dull wonder. The wild confusion from which he had drifted off to sleep was gone; the room had been straightened by a deft young hand into comparative

order. Billy had dived into the depths of his own trunk (which Bony Ben had found means to convey safely to Bar Cross Ranch), and brought out various personal belongings that he felt befitted a sick chamber. The stained and battered tops of bureau and washstand were covered with spotless fringed towels; a sofa cushion (his last birthday present from Miss van Doran, with the Dayton coat of arms worked in elaborate and painstaking cross-stitch) softened the angular outlines of the mission rocker; the accumulation of pipes, papers, cigar boxes and bachelor débris of every kind had been removed from the mantel, where now the sweet-faced mother smiled down from her silver frame upon her boys.

And, having thus brought Jack's neglected room into some semblance of invalid order, Billy had ensconced himself by his brother's pillow and was softly bathing his feverish brow with Florida water, which mamma had provided for the headaches that still occasionally recalled his illness of last winter to Billy's memory.

Jack lay still for a moment, his half-closed eyes taking in the situation; then he stretched out a trembling hand and clasped that other hand upon his brow.

"Good," he said in a low voice,—"almost as good as mother's touch! Billy, I dreamed she was bathing my head on that old leather couch at home. And you have been poked up here with me all morning! I thought I told that fool of a Dago to take you out!" And the speaker's voice, that had softened for a moment, was fiercely impatient now.

"Oh, he wanted to," answered Billy, "but I wouldn't go! I couldn't leave you sick and alone, Jack. Don't you ever have a doctor or a nurse or anybody when you are ill like this?"

"When I'm ill like this!" repeated Jack, puzzled for a moment. "Oh, of course I was pretty done up when you got here, Billy-Boy! But I'm better—nearly all right now. Had a bad night, you see;

and—and—" Jack found it difficult to explain his illness clearly, with Billy's brown eyes fixed with such tender anxiety on his face.

"Oh, you can't be all right yet!" said Billy, decidedly. "You had a fever, and only two hours ago were so weak you couldn't stand."

"Was I?" asked the invalid, with a forced laugh. "I do have little spells like that occasionally—'next morning.' You have never heard of 'next morning' aches and shakes, have you, little Bill?"

"No," replied Billy, "I never have. Miss van Doran had second-day ague last spring, and she had a chill every other day at nine. My! she got so yellow and thin! I guess you have second-day ague too, Jack."

"No," said Jack, with the same odd laugh; "there is no second-day about mine, Billy: it's straight on time. So old 'Van' is still hanging around Holmhurst? She must be pretty well dried up. Come sit down here on the bed beside me, and tell me all the news from home."

"I don't think you ought to talk," said Billy, perching himself beside his brother, and surveying that idol anxiously. "You look as if you had fever yet, Jack."

"Oh, I haven't any fever! I'm all right now,—right as a trivet, Billy-Boy. Do you think I look sick?" asked Jack, nervously.

"Yes," said honest Billy, emphatically,— "real down sick, Jack. Your face isn't round any more, and there are great hollows under your eyes, and your mouth doesn't laugh like it used to when you left home."

"I'm afraid it doesn't," answered Jack. "You see, we learn to laugh on the other side of our mouths out here. But don't bother about me. Tell me about home, and why—what the—I mean how they came to send you out in such hot haste to my brotherly care."

"There was a weak corner in my lungs," said Billy. "Doctor MacVeigh said that I did not expand right."

"So that's what you want, is it?" said Jack. "You are here for expansion? Well, it's a good place to get it, Billy-Boy!"

"That's what mamma said," continued Billy. "She told Doctor MacVeigh what a fine, healthy place Bar Cross was, and how big and strong and splendid you were, Jack; and he told her to send me right off to you. It would make a man of me,—a big splendid man just like you."

(To be continued.)

Little Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark.

BY LUCILE KLING.

II.

THE little prince slipped out of bed and dressed, finding his garments in the dark quite easily; and getting into them somehow, though he had never done anything for himself in all his life before. If he caught a glimpse of some black shadow in the corners and began to tremble, he had only to meet the Angel's gravely smiling eyes to forget his fear. When he was ready, the Angel led him to the foot of the crucifix, and they knelt together for a moment. And then the boy noticed that beneath the snowy folds that covered his guardian's breast a rosy flame was glowing; a flame that rose and fell in great pulses of adoring love; a flame that was incense and light and music, all at once,—all offered in humblest sacrifice to the great Creator.

The wind had risen again now, and was thundering louder than ever, shaking the casements so that the child could not help being frightened when they rose from their knees. But the Angel smiled down at him reassuringly.

"My little prince," he said, "you know that I am your elder brother in the house of Our Lord, and that He has bid me watch over you and keep you safe and bring you back to Him. I have known how many of God's creatures you feared, but not until you made your First Com-

munion could I speak to you and tell you how unnecessary those fears were. Do you wish to learn the lesson?"

The little prince assented eagerly; so the Angel stooped and kissed him on the forehead, with lips as cool and fragrant as the petals of a flower.

The room that had been so terrifyingly dark before was now filled with living light; light whiter than snow, that melted into rose and deepest crimson; light that throbbed and beat in every shadowy corner, that pierced the Angel's glorious being through and through, and swept the child's heart like a flame, with the sense of a divine, adorable presence. No voice spoke, yet the words of the Creed sang through the worshipping silence: "God of God, Light of Light." And the prince and his companion prostrated themselves, quivering with love and a fear that was sweeter far than any joy the boy had ever known.

When they spoke again, it was with voices hushed and tremulous with awe. The Angel led his little charge to the window and bade him see how all the world was flooded with that wondrous light,—the light of God's most holy presence. The sky was glorious with it; the moon and stars shone palely through its splendor; while from the outspread earth, with its myriads of Tabernacles, the warm crimson swept upward in a flood.

"I did not know," said the little prince, breathlessly,—*"I did not know it was like this. Why, I shall never be afraid of the dark again."*

"No," his Angel answered softly; *"there is nothing to fear in the dark. It is only a mantle spread over the earth, that you may sleep; the light of God's presence is about you still, so you are not alone. Now look again!"*

So the little prince looked again; and this time he saw how, in city streets and country roads, in the peace of home or on dangerous mountain pathways, the angels kept their watch over mankind. Everywhere they were passing back and

forth, bent on some errand that had to do with God's glory and the loving care of their charges. Here one comforted a sobbing child, another strengthened a soul in temptation; and there a third guided some wanderer to safety across a gaping chasm, steadying the feeble steps with his strong hands. Always they whispered tender words of counsel; always their shining swords were raised to ward off evil.

The child turned from the window and raised his eyes to the calm face above him.

"Is it always so?" he questioned. "Do you never leave me? And are you always taking care of me?"

"Always and always," replied the Angel. "Even should you forget me and turn away from God, I would still guard you. For that is the will of God."

At that the boy's hand crept into his guardian's confidently.

"I think I'll not be afraid of anything any more," he said.

"But you have feared the winds and the rain, the thunders and lightning. Listen now," the Angel bade him.

And the little prince heard the voice of the wind, huge and rough, as it swept round the turret.

"Little brother," it was saying,—*"little brother, why are you so frightened? I will not hurt you. I am one of God's creatures, too. I blow across the world and bring the rain clouds that water the fields. Everywhere I do God's will. When I rattled your casement to-night, it was because you had received our Blessed Lord and I wanted to come in and worship Him. Many a time I have blown through the church on the hill and brought you a blessing from Him; but you were so afraid, I could not make you understand."*

"Dear wind," the child replied, "I didn't know. But I'm not afraid any more. I wish that I could do God's will as faithfully as you do."

Then, with his hand fast clasped in the Angel's, he listened as the thunder rolled across the sky, and watched the lightning's

sword dart through the clouds. And when the wind's voice was lifted again, he could almost hear the words of the magnificent *Te Deum* the elements were chanting, could almost read the *Gloria* the lightning wrote in fire. But he did not tremble now; for he knew that they, too, belonged to the living God, and were praising His infinite power and majesty.

Nor was he frightened when his Angel led him into the storm, down to the courtyard where the dogs were chained; and from there onward to the horses' stables.

"Did you ever think that these are God's creatures, too," the Angel asked him,—“that they are your brothers, who will love and serve you if you treat them kindly? They are not clever, for they can not think as you can; and they are so strong that sometime they may hurt you without meaning it, so you must always be careful with them. But be friendly, and see how quick they are to answer you.”

So, while his guide stood close beside him, the little prince put up a trembling hand and touched the great horses and patted the dogs. He was surprised to find how soon he could make friends with them, how gentle they really were. Their big brown eyes were so affectionate, as they rubbed their noses against his cheek, that he really began to wonder how he could ever have been afraid of them. He looked up at the Angel and laughed a little.

"They don't want to hurt me at all, do they? It seems so queer I didn't know before."

And the Angel smiled down at him, that exquisitely tender smile, lovelier than the May sunbeams.

Next he led the little prince into the city streets, away from the beautiful homes that clustered at the foot of the hill, down to a poor little dirty alley, where the houses were so close together they could scarcely pass.

"Do you remember a man you met in your father's antechamber a day or two

ago,— a lame man in an old black cloak and a shabby hat? What did you think he meant to do, my little prince, that you ran away so quickly?"

The little prince hung his head. He was just a bit ashamed of that; for, now he thought about it, he knew the man could not have hurt him.

"I don't quite know," he answered at last. "I—I think it was because his clothes were so ragged, and—and he had such very bright eyes and looked at me so sharply."

The Angel's voice had a sorrowful note as he went on:

"To-night you will see him again. You made me very, very sad that day, my little prince!"

A moment later they met the man—a cripple, whose loose-hung, tattered garments could not hide his deformity. He was not in the least attractive; somehow, it seemed very likely his tongue would be as sharp as his chin or his dark beady eyes. Yet the Angel who accompanied him was radiantly joyful, and the glance that flashed between the two holy guardians was fragrant with the sweetness of some heavenly secret. The little prince puzzled over it as they turned to follow the cripple; but he asked no questions: he was sure his Angel would explain it presently.

Never in all his life did the boy forget that night, nor the strange places their new guide led them,—the strange, sad things they saw. The Angel kept his little charge's hand tight clasped in his own; sometimes he even unsheathed his gleaming sword and held it before the child, a barrier of light. They entered low, foul-smelling hovels, where men and women and little children lived, all huddled together, and fared far worse than the dogs in his father's kennels. Always their faces were gaunt and unlovely with suffering. But little by little, as his Angel bade him, the boy came to look not at the poor, sharp features and filthy rags, but into the eyes. Sometimes the light

that shone there made him tremble and draw closer to his guardian, so evil it was; but quite as often he found a wonderful radiance, that seemed almost to claim kinship with the angels.

"It is the King's sign," his Angel said; "nay, not your earthly father, my prince, but our Blessed Lord, the King of kings. They are His children and the heirs of His kingdom, even as you are."

As for the cripple, he was very busy. He contrived to carry an incredible amount under that old cloak of his,—food for those who needed it so sorely, trinkets for the children, dainties for the sick. And it was marvellous to see how tenderly he cared for them all. You would never believe those twisted hands could be so gentle.

"I see why his Angel is so glad," said the little prince at last; "for he has the sign in his eyes, too." And he wondered, secretly, if that light were in his own.

Last of all, they climbed flight after flight of stairs to a tiny attic where a woman lay dead. The candles were still burning on the bare wooden table where the Blessed Sacrament had been. The cripple knelt for a moment beside the bed, then passed on into the next room; and the boy and his guardian drew reverently near. It was the first time the little prince had ever seen death, for they had kept him away when his mother lay in state in the great hall; and yet, though moved, he was not frightened. For the sweet odor of Our Lord's presence still clung about the shabby room; it was filled with the blessed peace of the Tabernacle.

They stood for a moment looking down at the motionless figure,—the worn face, the tired hands crossed upon the breast with a Rosary twined about the fingers. It was not beautiful, that cold, quiet form; yet light and fragrance seemed to clothe it gloriously, and rejoicing angels came and went about it.

"Our Lord has been here," said the child's Angel, softly. "See how beautiful

is even the poor body that He has deigned to honor with His presence."

They, too, knelt for a moment to pray that the soul that had so lately dwelt there might find swift cleansing in the fires of purgatory.

As they turned away, the cripple re-entered, and the little prince caught his breath in surprise. For, as though his eyes had been purified by the sight of death, he saw what he had not seen before: that the man's rags were all agleam with heavenly jewels, more splendid far than any his royal father boasted. They shone in blue and crimson and purple splendor, or gleamed snowy white and pure, transfiguring the tattered garments, and lighting up the thin face with the glory of heaven. And the child no longer wondered that his Angel saluted this man so reverently.

The little prince was very quiet on the way back to the castle. He had seen and heard very much that he needed to think over. When they stood again in the tower room, the Angel took the slender hands in his.

"You have seen many things to-night, little brother," he said (and the child thrilled with joy at the name). "You have learned that all things belong to the good God; all are the work of His hands. Also you have learned to-night that ragged garments and a twisted body may be the dwelling of a royal soul. And you have seen death. Now I must show you one thing more, but you need not be afraid even of this. See, I will hold my sword before you now, and it will be there always. You alone can raise it by saying 'Yes' to temptation. So, you see, in all God's creation you need be afraid of nothing but yourself."

Then the shining sword was raised; and, peering over it, the little prince saw, cowering in the farthest corner of the room, an angel whose baleful brightness sent a shiver of fear through him. He was beautiful, but with the terrifying beauty of a poisonous flower; his garments glittered with light,—the fierce light of

destroying flame; and on his brow glowed the scarlet mark of a fallen spirit.

"You need not fear," said the Angel Guardian. "He can not touch you unless you bid me raise my sword. But you must be brave and strong and very humble, a true soldier of our great Captain, ready to fight for His honor. Ah, my little prince, dear little brother, you will not find it easy! You must not think your battle is already won. I will help you all I can; and, remember, you alone can bid me raise my sword."

"Dear, dear Angel Guardian, I will never do that!" exclaimed the child.

And once more he felt the touch of angelic lips upon his brow, in a kiss that was both a benediction and a heavenly accolade, knighting him for the great fight that lay before him. Then slowly the room grew dark again and he found himself alone, save for the lingering sweetness of that presence, like incense in the aisles of an empty church. But now he did not mind the wind that raved outside, nor the long shadows on the floor. He only turned his face to the wall with a contented smile and soon fell fast asleep.

Now, you mustn't believe for a moment that after this everything went smoothly for the little prince, that he straightway surprised everyone with his goodness and heroism. He could not go out and slay a dragon,—for, in the first place, there were no dragons to slay; and, in the second, I doubt very much if he would have been brave enough. But he had made a beginning that night when he turned over and went quietly to sleep with the storm roaring outside; and the rest came gradually, as you will find most of God's gifts do.

The courtiers wondered at the mysterious air he wore the next morning. He seemed to have some wonderful secret all his own that transfigured everything for him. The instant he was by himself an odd little smile would creep about

his mouth, curling up its rosy corners, and lighting the eyes with a look of quiet happiness that was good to see. He stopped to pat the dogs in the great courtyard; and I assure you there were as many as twenty explanations of that remarkable action advanced by as many courtiers during the day.

But he could not quite make up his mind to touch the horses. They looked much more frightening now, champing their bits and prancing, than they had last night in the quiet stables. It was all of a week before he could bring himself to walk up to even the soberest of them, and after that the rest came easier. It can not be denied that his hand trembled a great deal the morning he reached up and stroked the nose of the biggest and blackest horse of all. Those teeth were so very strong and white! But when the great beauty made no attempt to hurt him, indeed put his head down and sniffed the little shoulder affectionately, perhaps looking for sugar, the prince made bold to lay his cheek against it.

"Dear brother horse!" he whispered. "You see I'm not afraid any more!"

The King alone disdained to notice any change in the child. As for the courtiers, it really seemed as if they could talk of nothing else. Those who were particularly fond of him were sure he had always been so, and the change was only in other people's eyes. Some there were who were unkind enough to hint that it was only on the surface—"a mere whim that will leave him presently." But most of them could only acknowledge the awakening, and wonder what had caused it. Little by little the prince seemed to be conquering all his oldtime fears. He made friends with dogs and horses, he went quietly to bed, he stopped to speak to the beggars at the gates.

"But wait," said the unfriendly critics. "He has done nothing really brave yet. Underneath he is still Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Leaves from My Diary" is the title of a new book by the Abbot Gasquet, soon to be published by Burns & Oates.

—A new volume of the King's Classics (Chatto & Windus) is "The English Correspondence of St. Boniface," translated and edited, with an introductory sketch of the life of the saint, by Edward Kylie, M. A.

—A dainty booklet of a score and a half of pages is "Occasional Verses," by Hazel Fair, a member of the Class of 1910 at the Visitation Academy, Parkersburg, West Virginia. The sentiment of the verses is uniformly excellent; and the technique, to say the least, is not less perfect than that of some much more pretentious volumes that have come to our table within a year.

—Mr. Joseph Schaefer, New York, publishes a new "Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars," a booklet of 110 pages. It contains not only a biographical sketch, "compiled from approved sources," but a novena and litany to the Blessed Curé. The preface, by Albert A. Lings, emphasizes the need of good books for spiritual reading, and suggests this little volume as profitable to readers of many classes.

—"Sociology and Modern Social Problems," by Charles A. Ellwood, Ph. D. (American Book Co.), professes to give "a broad survey of the field, and a general introduction to the scientific problems of social life, developing theoretical principles from the concrete facts, and applying them again to the solution of concrete problems." While there is much in the second half of the work to interest the general reader as well as the *ex professo* student of sociology, the earlier chapters can not commend themselves to Catholic philosophers or biologists.

—Among the dozen French brochures recently issued by the Parisian publishers, Bloud & Cie, three deal with theological questions: "La Foi," by P. Charles; "La Notion de Catholicité," by A. de Poulpique, O. P.; and "Que Devient l'Âme après la Mort?" by Mgr. Wilhelm Schneider. Treating of sociological questions are: "L'Évangile et la Sociologie," by Docteur Grasset; and "L'État Moderne et la Neutralité Scolaire," by George Fonsegrive. In the Lives of the Saints series we have: "St. Benoit d'Aniane," by St. Ardon; and "Ste. Radegonde, Reine de France," by St. Fortunat. Other brochures are: "Le Schisme de Photius," by J. Ruinaut; "Comment il Faut Prier," by Alice

Martin; "Les Idées Morales de Mme. de Staël," by M. Sourian; "La Correspondence d'Ausone et de Paulin de Nole," by Pierre de Labriolle; and "Le Pontifical," by Jules Baudot. Like other publications of Bloud & Cie, the foregoing are all worth while.

—An answer to many specious difficulties against Christian faith and morality is afforded by "The Virgin Birth and the Gospel of the Infancy," a thirty-two page pamphlet by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, just issued by the English C. T. S. It is the first of a new series of studies in history and dogma.

—The Rev. Michael J. Watson, S. J., while better known probably in Australia than in this country, is a familiar name to lovers of Catholic literature in any part of the English-speaking world. His new book, "Within the Soul," has for sub-title "Helps in the Spiritual Life"; and that is an accurate characterization of the forty or fifty little essays contained in this compactly printed volume of 224 pages. The themes are multifarious, and the style is as varied as are the topics; but there is spiritual uplift in every page. Published by W. P. Linehan, Melbourne.

—"Life in the Shadow of Death" or, as its sub-title runs, "Act and Purpose of Living," by the Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M., is a volume of 182 pages. (Frederick Pustet & Co.) To just what particular category it belongs it is not an easy matter to determine; but perhaps in styling it a scientific-religious, or a religious-scientific book we are classifying it with sufficient accuracy for the purpose of the general reader. In the first and longer part of the book, the author discusses Dissolution, the Immateriality of the Human Soul, Ideals, Spiritual Death and Resurrection, the Foundation, How to Lay the Foundation, and Candor and Sincerity. In the second portion, "The Author of Life," Jesus Christ, is treated of as the Son of God, the Brother of Man, the Redeemer of the World, the Victim of Sin, the Model of Penance, the Noah of the New Testament, the Pattern of our Sanctity, the Way to Light and Happiness, and the Judge to Come. The author avows his purpose to be "to set before the busy man a few considerations of the twofold manifestation of human life,—that is, of its development and its decline."

—To the series of Eclectic Readings published by the American Book Co. have been added: "Stories of American Discoveries for Little Americans," by Rose Lucia; "Native Myths of Many Lands," by Florence V. Farmer; and

"The Last of the Mohicans," adapted from Cooper's novel of the same name. All these books seem to be intended to bring the more serious and mature writings of historians and explorers to the level of the understanding of the average boy or girl. In the first named volume of 184 pages (with excellent illustrations) we find fifty short stories of navigators and discoverers, beginning with Columbus and ending with Henry Hudson. The narratives read like fairy tales. "Nature Myths" deal with the phenomena of fire, wind, the seasons, etc; and are interesting fables from Asiatic, European, and Indian sources. "The Last of the Mohicans" is prepared for the Grammar Grade, and introduces the pupil to the modes of Indian warfare, and the character of the Indian—his good and bad traits, and his treatment of the white man. The fate of Cora and Alice, the chivalry of Uncas and the Hunter Hawkeye, the treachery of Sly Fox, the fidelity of David Gamut, have already delighted generations of young people, as well as their elders. These books, besides helping to form the reading habit, are calculated to create a taste for the best literature.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Life in the Shadow of Death." Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. \$1.
 "Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars." 15 cts.
 "Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuw-barn, O. P. 75 cts.
 "The Turn of the Tide." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
 "The Centurion." A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.
 "War on the White Plague." Rev. John Tscholl. \$1.15.
 "The Second Chance." Mrs. Nellie L. McClung. \$1.20.
 "Commercial Geography." Edward Van Dyke Robinson. \$1.25.
 "Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." Erich Wasmann, S. J. \$4.50, net.

- "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. \$6, net.
 "Early Steps in the Fold." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.
 "Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God." Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.
 "Freddy Carr and His Friends." Father Garrold. 85 cts.
 "Joseph Haydn. The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.
 "More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
 "The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare." Charlotte Balfour. Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HBB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Denny, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Henry Roche, archdiocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. C. P. Foster, archdiocese of Chicago.

Brother Richard Clarke, C. P.

Sister Mary (McKenna), of the Grey Nuns.

Mr. John Campion, Mrs. Jane Goodbody, Mr. Thomas Kenney, Mrs. Margaret King, Mr. Patrick Sheehy, Mrs. Mary King, Mrs. Anastasia, Bergan, Mr. B. F. Kramer, Mr. James Ryan, Miss Margaret Henley, Mrs. Elizabeth Cotter, Mr. Benjamin Petty, Mr. James Fox, Mr. J. F. Frede, Mrs. Catherine Donovan, and Mr. Henry Kuhlmeier.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the persecuted Italian nuns:

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Sancta Dei Genitrix.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

WAITED, at Ephesus, a prayerful crowd,
Without the Council chamber, ill at rest,
Until anathema should be expressed
Against the doctrine of Nestorius proud,
Who Mary's grandest title disallowed;
And when they heard their Queen, God's Mother
blest,
By Holy Church proclaimed, from every breast
Burst forth a shout of exultation loud.
That shouting's echoes yet reverberate
Across the long, long centuries, until
'Tis spread where'er her Son Divine is known;
A world-wide chorus, swelling louder still,
That shall in thundering concord culminate
In heaven only, by that Mother's throne.

The Last Martyr for the Faith in England.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

WITHIN the next few months, it is hoped, there will take place in Rome an event which, though of supreme interest to Catholics in general, will be of special significance to all the Irish race professing the ancient Faith: the canonization of the Venerable Oliver Plunket, the illustrious successor of St. Patrick in the Primatial See of All Ireland, and the last martyr for the Faith in England.

Of noble extraction, Oliver Plunket was born at Lough Crew, Co. Meath, in

a period (1629) of the most cruel and ruthless persecution,—just two hundred years before the Act of Irish Catholic Emancipation was passed. At that time, the beginning of the seventeenth century, and during all the succeeding years, it was high treason for a priest to be found in the country, and it meant banishment for any Catholic to conduct a school. Further, it had been enacted, and the atrocious statute was rigorously enforced, that "if any Catholic attend a school kept by such person, he shall forfeit all his property, present or future"; while "any person keeping a schoolmaster who is not licensed by the Protestant bishop and does not attend the Protestant Church shall pay a fine of £10 a month."

Episcopally ruling over the See of Ardagh at the time was a kinsman of the Plunkets — Dr. Patrick Plunket, a man of dauntless courage, strenuous religious fervor and devotion, who had already suffered imprisonment for unswerving fidelity to Faith and country. This heroic prelate, daring all the terrors of penal exaction, now undertook the education of his young relative, storing his mind and instilling his soul with those principles and ideals which, doubtless, largely influenced the trend and character of his eventful future. Under such happy tuition the studious youth continued till his sixteenth year. Then, feeling himself called to the priesthood, he went to Rome with Father Scarampa, an Oratorian, who had been sent to Ireland on a special mission by Pope Innocent X., and who was returning with some Irish students. Nine years

later he was ordained priest, and lived with the Oratorians for three years, when he was appointed Professor of Theology in the College of the Propaganda, where he remained for twelve years.

But though he lived securely amid the splendor, classic culture, and refinement of Rome, the distinguished ecclesiastic was, in thought and feeling, transported to his distant island home, sharing somewhat of his persecuted country people's manifold trials and dangers, and ardently praying to be, in body as in spirit, among them. His friend and biographer, Father Marangoni, relates that during all those years abroad he never ceased to yearn for the opportunity to sacrifice himself for the salvation of his countrymen. It was not till after a quarter of a century that the opportunity presented itself.

Meanwhile persecution, diabolical and relentless, had done its fell work so effectually that there was to be found in all Ireland only two Catholic bishops—Dr. Plunket, Oliver's kinsman of Ardagh, but now of Meath; and Dr. MacSweeney, of Kilmore,—both very old and enfeebled. The Holy See, however, in the same year appointed archbishops for Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, and a bishop for Ossory; while the four newly-created prelates deputed Father Plunket their representative at the Vatican.

About this time the Primatial See of Armagh had become vacant by the death of Dr. O'Reilly, who had been in banishment at Louvain. Immediately upon his arrival in Dublin, the new Archbishop of the Metropolitan See, Dr. Peter Talbot, apprised Propaganda of the fact, at the same time urging the extreme necessity of appointing without delay a successor to the late Primate, and submitting the names of three priests whom he considered suitable. Eventually, the names having been placed before him, the Sovereign Pontiff summarily dismissed the matter as to the choice of the candidates submitted for his selection; seeing, as he said, that they had in Rome an

Irishman, Dr. Oliver Plunket, than whom no other was more suited to fill the exalted but extremely perilous position.

In order to conceal the knowledge from the English Government, as his apprehension on Irish soil would imperil the very existence of the youthful Primate, the fact of the selection was kept private; and, though desirous of acceding to his wishes to be consecrated in Rome, the Vatican authorities, for the same prudential reasons, deemed it best to have the function take place in Belgium. So on the feast of St. Andrew, 1669, "the ceremony of consecration was devoutly and happily performed, without noise and with closed doors," by the Bishop of Ghent in his private chapel.

A few months later, when the Primate arrived in his diocese, he found a priesthood without bishops to exercise efficient episcopal authority, and a flock scattered and demoralized,—the result in both cases of the ruthless prosecution of the Penal Laws. But Oliver Plunket was not one to quail before duty, be the dangers and difficulties ever so great or appalling. The martyr-spirit was strong within him, and he implicitly believed in the divine character of his mission. He was indefatigable in his labors: re-establishing authority and restoring discipline among the clergy; sternly censuring or, when necessary, entirely suspending the recalcitrant; reinstituting the feasts, and administering the sacraments once more to the faithful. The result was that, after six weeks' occupancy of his See, he had administered Confirmation to ten thousand people,—all this despite the sleuth-hound cunning of the priest-hunters, spies, informers, and subordinates who were searching for him.

A short time after there occurred, with startling unexpectedness, an event which boded the greatest good fortune to the Catholic cause throughout the entire country. This was the holding in abeyance of the Penal Code by the executive on the appointment of Lord Berkeley as Lord

Lieutenant. Henceforth the Catholics were at liberty openly to profess as well as to practise their religion.

The zealous young Primate of Armagh made the most of this golden opportunity. We find him variously, and always strenuously, employed in the great work of restoration in his episcopate. He visited the entire Province of Ulster, preaching, exhorting, and directing, in the Irish and English tongues; while, not content with the cure of souls at home, he crossed overseas to the Hebrides and visited the Highlands of Scotland, to administer the sacraments to the people who were all, or mostly all, Catholics, but without pastors. He next summoned a National Synod, which met in Dublin, and which revived the historic controversy between him and Dr. Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, as to which of them was Primate. He also held two Provincial Synods in Armagh, and established an ecclesiastical college and a lay school in Dundalk.

Alas, the pity and the shame of it! With the dismissal from office in 1672 of Lord Berkeley, all that had been accomplished with such herculean efforts during two years, and which had promised so happy a fruition, at one fell stroke was rendered nugatory and void. The demon of religious and national hatred was once more let loose, and, with renewed ferocity and virulence, rioted in destruction and carnage. The Penal Laws were once more in full force; the Catholic religion was banished; churches and monasteries were dismantled, overthrown, or confiscated; a reward of forty crowns was offered for the apprehension of a bishop, and half that sum for the capture of a priest; while the faithful had to flee and seek shelter where they could, amid mountain fastnesses or hiding-holes in the bogland wastes, or else be thrown into prison, where they sealed their Faith with their blood. None were exempt, least of all the Primate of All Ireland.

Indeed, writing to the Holy See in December, 1673, Archbishop Plunket

incidentally informs us of the state of utter helplessness and poverty to which he had been reduced by the operations of the nefarious Penal Laws. He, with Dr. Brennan, Bishop of Waterford, was hiding in a hovel, through the roof of which they could see the stars, and which consequently afforded them little or no shelter from the wintry weather, while their only means of sustenance was coarse oaten bread and water. "But we chose rather to die of hunger and cold than to abandon our flocks, since it would be shameful for spiritual soldiers trained in Rome to become mercenaries."

In 1678 the Cromwellian edict was in active operation. This atrocious law made proclamation that "if any one shall know where a priest remains concealed in caves, woods, or caverns; or if by any chance he should meet a priest on the highway and not immediately take him into custody and present him before the next magistrate, such a person is to be considered a traitor and an enemy to the State. He is, accordingly, to be cast into prison, flogged through the streets, and have his ears cut off. But should it appear that he kept up any correspondence with a priest, or was friendly with one, he is to suffer death." Reporting to the Holy See the death in prison of Dr. Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Plunket exemplifies the fact of the perilous position of the Catholics in general, and himself particularly, at this time. "I am morally certain," he writes, "that I shall be taken, so many are in search of me; yet in spite of danger I will remain with my flock; nor will I abandon them till I am dragged to the ship."

But what neither search nor reward could effect, his own indiscretion, born of Christian charity and deep, consuming affection, finally accomplished. In the winter of 1679, hearing that his aged kinsman, Dr. Plunket, was dying, he hastened to Dublin, regardless of the consequences, and administered the last Sacraments to the expiring prelate. The following

month he was captured by a military force sent in pursuit of him, and lodged in Dublin Castle prison on the usual charge—of being a priest and exercising the ministry in his native land.

For many months he lay in prison, subject to the contumely of his jailers and the gross hardships of his helpless position, waiting till those who would probably come forward to swear away his life on the charge for which he had been arrested, and the added charge of complicity in the "Popish Plot" then rife in England, and formulated against him for the purpose that, if he should escape hanging in Ireland on the original charge, he could be conveniently transported to England, where he certainly would be condemned on the latter charge. Proclamation had already been made, by order of the Privy Council in England, through the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, inviting all who could do so to bear witness against the accused of complicity in a "plot." Nor was such appeal made in vain, owing to the bribes held out to perjurers, highwaymen, and murderers in the frenzied prosecution of the Penal Laws.

To particularize, at that time there were in the country three individuals whose crimes as cattle-stealers, drunkards, and (one at least) murderers, fitted them for the gallows, and whose animus against the accused was surpassed only by their wickedness. They were three priests whom the Archbishop had at first deprived of their faculties, and ultimately been obliged to excommunicate. The wretched men presented themselves before the authorities to make the required charges—in other words, to earn the price of their infamy and wreak vengeance on the prelate, whose novitiate for martyrdom had expired, and whose immolation was already near at hand. When, however, the Archbishop was put upon his trial at Dundalk, neither McMoyer nor any of his accomplices appeared; so the accused was sent back to Dublin, still in custody, the trial having been postponed. What-

ever may have been the reason (fear for their safety on Irish soil, perhaps, on the part of the execrable trio as forswearers against the Archbishop), the trial did not take place in Ireland at all, it having eventually been transferred to London.

On June 8, 1681, the Archbishop was formally arraigned before Lord Chief-Justice Pemberton and Justices Holbein and Jones, with a jury, on the charge of treasonable participation in the "Popish Plot." The Attorney-General, with Sergeant Maynard, prosecuted; but as a prisoner charged with a capital offence was not allowed counsel at that time, the Archbishop was undefended. The three witnesses for the prosecution—the abandoned wretches, McMoyer and his associate perjurers, Murphy and Duffy—evidently had no fears or scruples to appear in London; for they stood ready to add to their other infamies a most heinous crime.

At the outset, the Archbishop prayed that a short adjournment be granted him, that he might bring over from Ireland witnesses who, being Catholics, were afraid to come without a guarantee of safety. The court replied that if the prisoner's witnesses were of so cautious and suspicious a character, it was impossible to see how the request could be granted. Then, to add to the hostility and partiality of the court—the shocking criminality of the entire proceedings,—the Attorney-General laid it down pointedly, addressing the jury, that the fact of the prisoner being a Catholic bishop was sufficient reason for believing any one who might testify against him, which served as a tactful preliminary to the introduction of McMoyer and his fellow-plotters in the witness-box.

McMoyer and the others attested on oath that the Archbishop had kept in his palace one hundred priests; had promised to raise a force of 70,000 Irishmen to co-operate with a French army of invasion, for whose maintenance he had raised a large sum; and had supplied the

French military authorities with charts and plans of the various Irish ports and fortifications along the seaboard. But no documents, written sign or seal, were forthcoming to support such positive assertions; for of course no documents of such a character were ever in existence.

The Archbishop at once stigmatized all the evidence as gross perjury; and was proceeding to show how unworthy of belief, and infamous in character, the witnesses were, when the Lord Chief-Justice sharply interrupted, and warned him not to trifle with time. He wound up the tirade with the wholly contradictory question: "What have you to say for yourself?"

Convinced though he must have been in his heart that aught he might say would be of no avail to stay or avert the doom that awaited him, yet the illustrious prisoner thought it proper to reply that it was impossible for him to defend himself, seeing that he was being tried in a strange country, and denied the means to secure witnesses who could prove his innocence, while those who swore against him were so debased and criminal that they would testify to anything to serve their evil purpose. He declared that the charges against him were totally ridiculous and devoid of truth; and expressed the belief that there was no use in his saying any more.

Nor was there. The Attorney-General made a virulent attack on the Archbishop and the Catholic religion. The presiding judge summed up bitterly against him, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty,—a direction which, needless to say, did not fail in its purpose. Then the doomed prelate, calm and inspiring, was removed without sentence being pronounced. That formality was reserved for a week later—June 15, 1681,—when he was brought up and asked if he had anything to say against the sentence of death being passed. He replied that he could urge nothing in his behalf, but to reiterate what he had already said,

and then waited to hear his sentence pronounced.

The Lord Chief-Justice began by bitterly animadverting on the character and career of the victim in the dock, and the religion for which he was to suffer death. When he had done this, and as he was about to pronounce sentence, the object of his unholy tirade begged to be permitted to reply. Which leave having been granted, the Archbishop said:

"If I were a man that had no care of my conscience in this matter, and did not think of Almighty God or conscience or heaven and hell, I might have saved my life; for I was offered it by divers people here, if I would confess my own guilt and accuse others. But I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life."

"I am sorry," interposed the judge, "to see you persist in the principles of that religion. Well, however, the sentence which we give you is that which the law says and speaks."

Then followed the usual formula, with its revolting cruelty, unspeakable savagery:

"And, therefore, you must go from hence to the place from whence you came—that is to Newgate; and from thence you shall be drawn through the city of London to Tyburn; there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead; your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face; your head shall be cut off, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as his Majesty pleases."

"God Almighty bless your lordship!" was the prayer of the holy man, who fervently thanked Heaven for deeming him worthy of the martyr's death and crown. Then he asked permission to receive the ministrations of a priest whilst waiting his execution two weeks hence. The simple and natural request was peremptorily refused, but he was informed that he could have the services of a Protestant

minister. Already, however, a kindly Providence was working in his favor. Confined in the same prison was a Benedictine monk named Corkes. With the connivance of some of the prison officials, this priest was enabled to administer the Sacraments to the condemned prelate.

On July 1, 1681, the streets of London were filled with a vast throng as the Archbishop was being dragged, bound to a wooden hurdle drawn by horses, to Tyburn, the place of execution. His appearance and demeanor were edifying in the extreme,—such as could only have been expected of a true soldier of the Cross, an intrepid martyr for the Faith. Nor did his heroic courage once fail him, not even as he mounted the scaffold, or while the hangman's halter was being adjusted. It was then that his innate heroism, Christian faith and fortitude exhibited themselves most conspicuously. At that fatal moment, standing on the brink of eternity, with the rope around his neck, he reiterated his innocence of that for which he had been condemned to a felon's death, prayed for his enemies, and besought Almighty God to forgive him his sins, at the same time invoking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and all the angels and saints. Then, having intoned the *Miserere*, he recited other prayers. Finally, as the cart was being drawn away, his voice was heard for the last time on earth, uttering the sublime ejaculation: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!"

Thus died a great prelate, whose holy life and heroic deeds have won him a place in the celestial choir of white-robed martyrs.

HUMILITY, to be true, must always be accompanied by charity—that is, by the loving, seeking after, and accepting of humiliations, in order to please God, and to become like unto Jesus Christ. To do otherwise, would be to practise this virtue according to the manner of the heathen.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

AS in the natural world there are landmarks which not only show the traveller how far he has advanced on the road he is following, but also indicate when he has wandered from this road; so in the spiritual life, in the journey of the soul toward its final destination, there are now and again landmarks which serve to tell, and sometimes sharply to warn us, in what direction we are travelling, and how far perhaps we have wandered from the way we set out upon.

It was such a landmark for John Maitland when he turned with a distaste almost amounting to aversion from the door of the Cathedral into which Madeleine had entered; though it is doubtful if he was himself aware of the significance of his action. Neither is it likely that he was conscious of the symbolism which might have been found in this vanishing of the woman he had come to seek into the sanctuary of the Church, while he, a son of the Church, turned away. For there is nothing which has such power to cloud the mind and darken the soul as passion; and passion had held unrestrained sway over Maitland for many days,—passion of self-will, passion of resentment, passion, above all, of a love intensified by opposition and sharpened by disappointment.

"Nothing that you can say or do, and no spiritual penalties with which you or any one else may threaten me, will prevent my finding and marrying the woman whom I love, and whom I should be a cur to forsake, since she has nobody but me to stand by her," he had told his mother in their last interview. And from that position he never in his own mind for one moment receded. Yet he recognized, in some degree at least, on what path this obstinate determination was

leading him, and how far he had journeyed along that path, when he was startled by the news of Madeleine's turning toward the Catholic Faith. There was an instant of illumination,—an instant in which he realized how far astray a Catholic must have gone who could be sorry to hear such news as this. But then the storm-mists of passion swept once more over mind and soul, and he was conscious only of anger,—the anger of one who sees an obstacle, which he fancied he had vanquished, rise in his path again stronger than ever.

For he knew, as no outsider could know, the invincible strength of that with which he had to deal. However much he might himself be ready to defy the laws of the Church, there was no hope of his attaining the end of such defiance, the object on which heart and will were alike set, if Madeleine became a Catholic. So much he knew with absolute certainty. But there was a hope—again let it be noted, as a proof of how far he had wandered, that he distinctly thought of it as a hope—that this might be merely a fancy on her part, which would not carry her to the practical step of entering the Church. He was aware, as every Catholic is aware, how many people there are who, drawn by different attractions, linger as it were about the door of the Church of God, look in wistfully, admire its beauty, recognize its order, feel the haunting charm of its ritual, acknowledge the flawless logic of its doctrine, yet turn away at last without crossing the threshold; held by the ties and interests "of this present world," or unable to submit to the yoke of authority.

It was, he said to himself, most likely that this would be the case with Madeleine. In her loneliness and sadness, the mystic side of Catholicity had appealed to her; its marvellous beauty had fascinated the artistic temperament which she possessed in high degree; and no doubt the influence of the remarkable book and the majestic Cathedral which she had been studying counted for much. But could all together

possibly overcome what was arrayed on the other side—the human love she must put away, the human ties she must renounce, the hated, repudiated bond she must, in spirit at least, once more acknowledge? It appeared to him, as it had already appeared to Nina, incredible that such obstacles could be overcome, such sacrifices made; and when he heard of the incidents of the day before, and of the effect of those incidents on Madeleine, he was even more deeply convinced of this.

"As you have said," he remarked when Nina's narrative was ended, "it seems"—but here he paused, for how could he venture to call the occurrence "providential," as she had called it?—"it seems a very fortunate thing that those people should have crossed her path just at this time," he went on a little hastily. "It's as if it were intended to show her—"

Then, as he paused again, uncertain how to express exactly what it was intended to show her, Nina took up the unfinished sentence:

"What the consequences would be of allowing herself to be influenced and guided by the mystical and morbid fancies which have been in her mind of late. That is what I've tried to make plain to her. But I can't flatter myself that I have succeeded in producing much effect. So it seemed to me a really wonderful coincidence that you should come back into her life just when all the dreadfulness of the past had been vividly revived for her, and when she had been forced to realize what the horror would be of feeling herself still bound to the man the mere sound of whose voice made her ill. *But*" — Miss Percival laid stress on that weighty word—"you must pardon me if I say frankly that there will not be much good in your coming if you show yourself unsympathetic, and—er—disagreeable toward her."

"I'm sorry if you think I could ever be wilfully disagreeable toward her," Maitland said. "But unsympathetic—how can I possibly sympathize with ideas which, if she continues to hold them, will

keep us apart and ruin both our lives?"

Nina did not reply immediately. With her head on one side, she surveyed him meditatively for a minute before she said:

"I'm afraid you are hardly the kind of man to employ diplomacy even to gain your object."

"I'd employ anything to gain my object—if I knew how," he assured her.

"Ah!" She mused again. "And if I show you how," she queried then, "would you be willing to follow my advice?"

"I should not only be willing to follow, but very grateful for it," he promptly replied.

"In that case," she told him, "I advise you not to be discouraged by anything Madeleine may have said; for I assure you that she is not at all positively decided in her mind, however positively she may have expressed herself to you."

"She certainly expressed herself most positively," Maitland said.

Nina nodded.

"Yes, of course she would," she assented. "That was an instinct of defence directed as much against herself as against you. But even if she continues to express herself in that manner, don't be disheartened, don't look gloomy, or—if you'll again excuse my frankness—sulky; and don't demand an immediate decision on the point at issue between you. Who was it said, 'Time and I against any two'? Well, never mind!" (as Maitland shook his head to signify his inability to tell.) "It doesn't matter. But he was a wise man, for time and patience can work wonders. The devotion you have shown in following Madeleine will have its effect if you give it time to sink in. Make her feel the depth of this devotion, and spare no effort to impress on her the belief that she will ruin *your* life—that she will ruin her own you'll find no argument whatever—if she persists in her present fancies. But remember that you must deal gently with these fancies. Don't try to ride roughshod over them; and, above all, don't fall into the great mistake of allowing

her to find another man more sympathetic than you are."

"It is easy for the other man to be sympathetic with fancies which don't affect him at all," Maitland said a little resentfully.

"Quite true," Nina agreed. "It is easy; but, all the same, she will contrast his attitude with yours, to your disadvantage. That's human nature, you know; and not at all particularly feminine nature. We all like the people who agree with us; and when the agreement is on points which lie as deep as Madeleine's fancies—"

"But, as I have already reminded you, those fancies are the barriers she erects between us!" he cried. "Can't you see, therefore, that it is impossible for me to sympathize with them?"

Nina shrugged her shoulders.

"I see that if you don't, you will rouse in her a spirit of antagonism which will be fatal to all you desire," she warned him. "You must be diplomatic—"

"You mean deceitful."

"No, Mr. Maitland, I don't mean deceitful," she replied, with dignity. "I mean something which is apparently too subtle for you to grasp. You are like most men: you make stupid blunders in dealing with women, and then you blame them for your own mistakes."

Maitland was on the point of retorting, "And you are like most women—impervious to reason" (for such, alas! are the ages-old opinions of the two sexes of each other); but wiser thought prevented his uttering the words. For he not only recognized the force of Nina's advice, but he knew that he had in her a strong ally, who was altogether on his side, and anxious to help him as far as she possibly could. So he made haste to apologize for his last utterance.

"I didn't intend to be either uncivil or ungrateful," he assured her. "But I'm afraid I must plead guilty of stupidity. Probably what you mean is too subtle for me to grasp; but I'll do my best, if you will make it a little clearer; for, as

it is, I am quite unable to perceive how I can sympathize with ideas which I am here to combat."

"But you do sympathize with them to some extent, do you not?" she asked. "Aren't you a Catholic?"

"Yes, I am a Catholic," he replied, somewhat startled by the abrupt question. "But what has that to do—"

"With the matter?" she ended, as he paused. "Why, everything! You understand—and what is sympathy but understanding?—these mystical fancies which have fascinated Madeleine so deeply; and you can point out to her, with the authority of one who knows, where and how she exaggerates their meaning and force. For I am sure she does exaggerate it all, poor dear! I've often heard Catholics say that you have always to reckon on *trop de zèle* in converts; and Madeleine is a convert in mind, if not in fact. She won't listen to me when I tell her that she carries her ideas to an unnecessary extreme. But she will listen to you for two reasons: first, because you are a Catholic and are therefore supposed to know the practical side of your faith; and secondly—but I think I must leave you to guess the second reason, and you will be more stupid than you have represented yourself if you can't guess it."

Maitland, who in reality was not stupid at all, guessed the reason easily enough; and he felt his pulses beating more rapidly at this clear intimation that love for him would lend weight to whatever he might say, and prove the traitor in Madeleine's heart. And, in the tumult of feeling roused, he did not perceive how much of an *advocatus diaboli* (as Madeleine had called herself) this suggestion, if carried out, would make of him. He was to use the prestige of his Catholicity to lessen the influence and minimize the teachings of the faith; and it was significant of the darkness which obscured the light of that faith in his own soul, that he was ready to undertake such a rôle. As for Nina, it may be said of her that she

had little or no idea of what she was really suggesting; and so she had only an agreeable sense of a desirable and praiseworthy end attained when, in answer to her last words, Maitland said:

"However stupid I may be in some respects, I am not too stupid to appreciate how much help as well as encouragement you have given me; and I assure you that I am exceedingly grateful for both. I will do the best I can along the lines you've indicated; for of course you must know the state of Ma—Mrs. Raynor's mind better than I can know it."

"She has always been what the French call *exalté* in the superlative degree," Nina informed him; "and therefore these ideas of renunciation and sacrifice have appealed to her very strongly. So we must fight them warily and, as I said at first, diplomatically. And now don't you think it would be well for you to join her in the Cathedral? I'm going over; for it seems as if she and Mr. Carruthers are disposed to spend the day there."

Maitland assented; and this conversation having taken place in the sitting-room of the lodgings which Nina and Madeleine shared, the two who had so thoroughly arrived at an understanding sallied forth together, and crossed the square to the Cathedral.

It was not the place Maitland would have chosen to seek Madeleine; but, since she had as it were taken refuge there, he had no alternative. Yet when he entered through the great sculptured portal into the vast interior, with its forest of massive pillars, its soaring roof, and the glorious fire of light and color from its splendid windows, he forgot for a moment the purpose for which he had come, and the soul of the Catholic expanded within him as he looked around the noble sanctuary. He knew little, and just now cared less, for all the wealth of art and symbolism which is here enshrined; but the majesty of the superb church seemed to embody the majesty of the faith which had erected it; all the aspira-

tions of man's soul toward the infinite and the eternal appeared to find expression in the springing arches, and all the piety of the Ages of Faith to be written in the marvellous windows, where, in type or in person, the Mother of God stands enthroned, reigning triumphant in this sanctuary, which is more perfectly and entirely dedicated to her than any other church on earth. Had Maitland been familiar with that book of Huysmans which Madeleine knew so well, he might have recalled some of its glowing words, as he first trod the pavement of Notre Dame de Chartres, and cried with its author:

"How grandiose and how aerial was this Cathedral, sprung like a jet from the soul of a man who had formed it in his own image, to record his ascent in mystic paths, up and up by degrees in the light; passing through the contemplative life in the transept, soaring in the choir into the full glory of the unitive life, far away now from the purgatorial life, the dark passage of the nave!

"And this assumption of a soul was attended, supported, by the bands of angels, the apostles, the prophets, and the righteous; all arrayed in their glorified bodies of flame,—an escort of honor to the cross lying low on the stones, and the image of the Mother enthroned in all the high places of this vast reliquary; opening the walls, as it seemed, to present to her, as for a perpetual festival their posies of gems that had blossomed in the fiery heat of the glass windows.

"Nowhere else was the Virgin so well cared for, so cherished, so emphatically proclaimed the absolute mistress of the realm thus offered to her; and one detail proved this. In every other cathedral, kings, saints, bishops, and benefactors lay buried in the depths of the soil; not so at Chartres. Not a body has ever been buried there; this church has never been made a sarcophagus, because, as one of its historians—old Rouillard—says, 'it has the pre-eminent distinction of being the couch or bed of the Virgin.'

"Thus it was her home; here she was supreme amid the court of her elect, watching over the sacramental Body of her Son in the sanctuary of the inmost chapel, where lamps were ever burning; guarding Him as she had done in His infancy; holding Him on her knee in every carving, every painted window; seen in every story of the building, between the ranks of saints; and sitting at last on a pillar, revealing herself to the poor and lowly, under the humble aspect of a sunburned woman, scorched by the dog-days, tanned by wind and rain. Nay, she went lower still, down to the cellars of her palace, waiting in the crypt to give audience to the weavers—the timid souls who were abashed by the sunlit splendor of her court.

"How completely does this sanctuary, where is ever felt the sweet and awful presence of the Child who never leaves His Mother, lift the spirit above all realities, into the secret rapture of pure beauty!"

It seemed as if this "secret rapture of pure beauty" was expressed in Madeleine's face when Maitland found her at last, with Carruthers, in the south transept; for no sooner had she crossed its threshold than the spell of the Cathedral fell upon her again. The evil ghosts of yesterday, which she feared to find there, had either fled away or lost their power to distress. And she did not attempt to ask the reason of this,—to analyze her emotions, or to decide how much the change of feeling was due to the influence of the church where she had found such divine peace, or to the pervading consciousness of an enveloping human love,—of a devotion which had followed her over land and sea. But it was not strange that the heart which always so passionately craved love, should find satisfaction in this devotion, even though she had been forced to pain the man who brought the rich gift, and to deny the suit he came to urge. Whether denied or not, the gift remained; and her whole being was

absorbed in gratitude for it; and also in that sense of exalted happiness which the presence of one beloved can inspire in the hearts that God has wonderfully formed to know such happiness.

What did it matter that this love could not have its earthly gratification in nearness of companionship and oneness of life? She was dreaming of a union of soul with soul, as she walked down the pillared aisles, under the soaring arches, in the jewelled light of the windows; thinking of love as a fire, near which one cold and almost frozen might draw for warmth and comfort; unaware, poor Madeleine! of its power to scorch and burn.

And so it was in this gentle and grateful mood, with the light of a feeling to which Nina's term *exalté* could well be applied, shining in her eyes, that she turned to meet Maitland's appealing gaze, which seemed to express the passionate ardor of a soul capable of grasping the high ideal that was in her own.

(To be continued.)

La Sombra.

BY JEAN CONNOR.

II.

MOTHER LORETO had not reckoned on her forces in vain. There was a pleasant little ripple of excitement in the community room that evening, as her volunteers pleaded their special claims for this mission of danger and death.

"I have been through yellow fever twice, Mother!" exclaimed Sister Alicia, a veteran in years and service.

"And I had it dreadfully years ago when I was a girl at home, so am an immune, Mother dear!" pleaded Sister Felicia, in her soft Creole tones.

"And I can speak Spanish, you know, Mother; and might be some comfort to those poor creatures, perishing body and soul in that dreadful place," said dark-eyed Sister Leonie, eagerly.

"Tut! tut! You are all children, with

long lives for God's service before you!" said old Sister Benedicta. "But it's time for me to die, Mother; and I'd like to give my life up in a good cause."

"My dear Sisters, if the brave Major could only hear you!" laughed Mother Loreto. "He had a dark suspicion of my dealings with you, I know. He told me he didn't want any compulsory service, and that he knew you were all bound by rules and vows. In short, he did not approve of our lives at all."

"Did he really say that to you, Mother?" asked an indignant voice at her side.

"Indeed he did quite frankly."

"And then expects us to go and nurse his men!" said Sister Alicia, nodding. "That's the way of the world with us, my dear!"

"That's the way of the world. The old Major was evidently sent here much against his will," continued Mother Loreto. "He plainly wanted nothing to do with us, but was obliged to obey orders. What a strange, inconsistent world it is, that will give obedience to man and not to God! But, for all his prejudice, our Major is a fine old soldier, honest and kind-hearted, I am sure. And it is true, as he says, that I am sending my nurses into danger, perhaps to death; and so—so—it is very hard for me to choose."

"Of course we understand that, Mother; but when we are willing and anxious to go!" said Sister Felicia.

"Besides, it's our own business," added Sister Alicia, briskly.

"And I'm sure my heart is aching this minute to get to the poor soldier boys," said Sister Mary Catherine, in her tender brogue.

"May I suggest," said practical Sister Alicia, "that we draw lots?"

"And here comes Sister Seraphine to take her chance with the rest!" observed Mother Loreto, as a slender girlish figure entered the room, her arms full of flowers.

"I had to bring them in to show Mother before I put them on the altar." And the newcomer knelt down beside the Superi-

oress, in childlike delight at her treasures. "Mollie Vane has just sent them. She was married to-day and these are her bridal flowers. Oh, such a lot of roses and chrysanthemums and maidenhair fern! Enough to fill all my vases."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said Mother. "I don't know, child, how you contrive to have flowers all the time."

"Nor I," answered Sister Seraphine, with a happy little laugh. "But they come somehow, Mother. Weddings and funerals and feasts,—all send their flowers to St. Agnes' altar. What strange stories they must tell the sanctuary angels!" she added in a low voice. "But these" (she took up the flowers with a brightening smile),—"these will whisper prayers for Mollie, I know."

"Wait, Sister Seraphine! Don't run away yet," called Mother Loreto. "We are going to draw lots for a trip to Cuba. Don't you think, dear Sisters, that Sister Seraphine is just the right person to send?" she added, with a merry twinkle in her eye; and there was a general laugh at the motherly jest.

Yet, even as she spoke the light words, the Mother realized that to send Sister Seraphine would cost her a special and very natural human pang. The shy, low-voiced young sacristan had been the child of the convent since early infancy. She had passed from the Sisters' orphan asylum to their school, a quiet, soft-eyed little creature of unusual gifts. Every touch of the girl's delicate fingers, whether in sewing, painting, or embroidery, had an artistic distinction that went far beyond the simple skill of her teachers; while her voice, heard once or twice in the school concerts and at commencements, had attracted the attention of a great master, who eagerly begged the privilege of training it for the operatic stage.

But the glittering offer had not tempted her for a moment. She had turned from St. Agnes' schoolroom to the novitiate, like some delicate flower that shrank from the touch of the world's cold breath.

Happy and active as she was in her chosen life, there was a certain fragility about Sister Seraphine that seemed to relegate her to the gentler paths of duty. She was the joy of the Kindergarten, and the inspiration of the First Communion class; she led the choir and cared for the altar; she taught embroidery and music; but on the ruder paths beyond the convent walls, where the older Sisters walked, ministering to sin and sorrow and suffering, Sister Seraphine never was given work or place.

She looked what she was in the community—a gentle "altar angel"—as she stood with her arms full of flowers, listening to the pleasant banter of her Sisters about the Cuban mission, its horrors and perils, and chances of sudden death. And as she listened a faint flush came to her delicate cheek and an eager light to her eye.

"Send me, Mother! Please send me!" she asked softly.

"*You*, child!" Mother Loreto's tone was almost sharp in her surprise. "*You!* What could *you* do in such a place, Sister?"

"I can nurse, Mother. You know you have tried me," was the answer.

And again Mother Loreto was startled by her own vivid remembrance of her serious illness a year ago, when Sister Seraphine had begged to assist the infirmarian; and her voice, her touch, her very presence by the bedside, had a soothing influence beyond the doctor's skill.

"But not—not in a fever camp, child!"

And then the good Mother paused, conscious that Nature was tugging at her heartstrings again. A word from a wise old priest recurred to her. "Don't cushion the cross for that young Sister of yours," he had said, looking at Sister Seraphine among her First Communicants. "She is stronger than you think."

With the sudden self-reproach of a holy soul, Mother Loreto realized that she had indeed "cushioned" the cross of religion for this dear child with too maternal a tenderness; and she added:

"Still, as we are going to draw lots, you can have your chance with the rest. Get the slips ready, Sister Alicia. We will say a decade of the Rosary for our Blessed Mother's guidance, and draw at once."

The slips were made ready blithesomely, as if these billets of fate were to decide some happy holiday instead of a gruesome mission into the Valley of Death; while, with gentle decision, Mother Loreto excluded some of her volunteers.

"No, Sister Patricia. You have been working hard for forty years. It is time for you to have quiet and rest."

"With your weak heart, you must take no chances, Sister Margaret Mary. The doctor would not permit it, I know."

"The schools here need you too much, Sister Claudia. There is no one who can take your place."

But for Sister Seraphine there was no word of the dismissal that the good Mother longed to speak.

"Three prizes and twenty-five blanks!" said Sister Felicia gaily, putting the little basket of slips into Mother's lap; then the decade of the Rosary was said and the drawing began.

"Sister Alicia!" There was a burst of enthusiasm as the veteran of many a campaign drew the first prize.

"Glory be to God!" came earnestly from Sister Mary Catherine's lips as she drew the second; then the blanks came fast, as the Sisters in the order of their years in religion drew one by one the fateful slips. The last ticket was left for Sister Seraphine. She approached smiling, and took up the cross-marked paper that showed the third prize.

"It is God's call, dear Mother!" she said softly. "I did not even have to draw."

"Of all the Sisters in the house, poor little Sister Seraphine!" groaned Sister Alicia next day, as she made her preparations for departure.

"Of course if you object to her, Sister—" said Mother Loreto hastily.

"I think myself that she is scarcely fitted for the work, but—"

"Oh, no, Mother dear! The child has set her heart on going with us, and I would not interfere for the world. She feels that she is giving up her life, as I've no doubt she is," added the old nun; "though I'll do my best to keep her alive and well."

"God's holy will be done!" said Sister Mary Catherine; "but we'll have the little creature down on our hands with all the rest, I know."

"Sister Seraphine has gone to win her martyr's crown," agreed half a dozen others.

And what the good Mother thought and felt as Sister Seraphine knelt for her parting blessing only God and the angels knew.

Major Van Ness met his "recruits" at the depot, whence they were to take train for Tampa. Sister Alicia gave him the frank, friendly greeting of an old campaigner. Five minutes' conversation convinced him that she was the right person in the right place. Sister Mary Catherine, sturdy and capable, was a fitting second for her; but the slender young nun that recalled the pictured window over the convent altar—

"Why in thunder," wondered the old Major, a little irritably, "have they tacked her onto the others? What can this pale, slight dreamer do in the wild depths of La Sombra, at the very gates of Death and Hell?"

(To be continued.)

SAINT ATHANASIUS brings an elegant comparison to express the incomparable benefit which accrues to the souls in Purgatory by our prayers. As the wine, says he, which is locked up in the cellar, yet is so recreated with the sweet odor of the flourishing vines which are growing in the fields as to flower afresh, and leap, as it were, for joy; so the souls that are shut up in the centre of the earth feel the sweet incense of our prayers, and are exceedingly comforted and refreshed by it.

A Mother.

BY B. O'B. C.

I HAVE a mother whose far-reaching arms
 Extend to clasp me to her mighty breast,
 To shelter me from earth's corrosive charms,
 And lift me up to virtue and to rest.
 No clime so distant and no road so drear
 But her great lamp doth through the darkness
 shine;
 Nor halt nor slumber knoweth she, nor fear,
 O Church of God! O glorious mother mine!

If I should wander from the blessed fold,
 She follows close, again her child to win;
 Her stern rebuke is fraught with love untold,
 Her punishment redeems my basest sin.
 And when I stumble in the narrow way,
 Her strong hand helps me, her sweet voice
 inspires;
 Regenerate, I echo her great lay,
 The psalm chaunted by a million choirs.

I have a mother! In all strife and stress,
 For me her temples ever stand ajar;
 To soothe in sorrow and in joy to bless
 Her beacon, Faith, illuming from afar.
 The spouse of Christ can comfort when I
 weep,
 My thorny way with flowers of Hope entwine,
 Still brooding o'er me while I wake or sleep,—
 O tireless nurse! O tender mother mine!

Ah, closer, closer, mother! Bind me close,
 Lest I may lose thee in my sore despair,
 Or lest the world's delights my soul engross,
 And I thy name, but not thy spirit, share.
 Fain would I bring thee loftier souls I know,
 More meet the haven of thy breast to find,
 To fructify the grace thou dost bestow
 And bless thy name, O mother of mankind!

JUST as the excellence of a ship or a house is dependent upon the good quality and right adjustments of its component parts, so, unless individual citizens lead good lives, the State can not keep in the path of virtue and without offending.

—Pope Leo XIII.

At the Call of Duty.

BY B. L. F.

SCATTERED about the country, some lying concealed amid the golden tufts of broom, others along the sheltering banks of the Loire, lay the last remnants of the Royalist troops. The unhappy Vendéens, after fighting undauntedly from noon till night, had once more been defeated by the superior forces of the Republic. Happily for the fugitives, General Huchet had not followed up his victory with any great show of energy. His soldiers were weary, and the escape of some hundred Royalists mattered little to him, now that every spark of rebellion was stamped out beyond rekindling.

One small village, however, was strictly watched and surrounded with troops; for the Abbé Joubert was in hiding within its walls. The Republican General was particularly anxious to capture this priest, who was known to have great influence with the peasants, and who, now here, now there, had invariably escaped the many traps laid for his undoing. This time, however, he was cornered; and, though not personally known to the soldiers in pursuit, the latter never doubted their ability to identify their victim once they laid hands upon him.

A thorough search was instituted. Every house, outhouse, farmyard, and cellar was carefully examined; every possible hiding-place visited; yet not the slightest trace of the fugitive could be discovered. It soon became evident to the Republicans that some new plan must be adopted; and one morning there was issued an order bidding all the male inhabitants of the village to assemble at a given hour in the large square before the church, that they might give an account of themselves and their families. But as every man when questioned gave ready answers in fluent *patois*, and as each pair of hands was alike roughened and browned by

constant labor and exposure to the sun, there was nothing to distinguish the priest from the hard-working children of the soil. The Republicans were once more completely at a loss.

When this second failure was reported to General Huchet, he fell into a terrible rage. What! the priest was there, not a hundred yards away, and yet he, with all his men, was unable to lay hands on him! The thing was impossible! At length he determined to take matters into his own hands; and, riding down to the square, he addressed the assembled villagers, threatening to burn their village and to shoot all their young men if the Abbé were not immediately given up. His words, however, fell on deaf ears: not a soul stirred, though the threat was a terrible one; and, baffled in his turn, the great leader dug his spurs into his horse and rode away.

As he approached the building he had chosen for his headquarters, his orderly stepped forward to meet him.

"The prisoner wishes to speak to you, General. He says he has something important to reveal."

"The deserter?" Huchet inquired angrily. "Why has he not been shot?"

"It is about the Abbé Joubert," the orderly persisted, without heeding his superior's question or his evident ill-humor.

"About the Abbé Joubert!" exclaimed the General. "That is another matter. Let him be brought in at once."

A few minutes later the prisoner, a deserter from the Republican army, stood before Huchet.

"Do you know where the Abbé Joubert is hiding?" asked the General, sternly.

"No, but if you will grant me my life I will place him in your hands before nightfall."

"It shall be your life against his. What is your plan?"

The prisoner hesitated; then, lowering his voice a little, he whispered something that seemed to give intense satisfaction to the leader of the revolutionary army.

Toward evening, the villagers were still busily discussing the events of the day, and no doubt laughing in their sleeve at Huchet's discomfiture, when their attention was drawn toward the principal street, down which was steadily approaching a body of soldiers with the deserter in their midst.

"Better he than one of us!" observed a young Vendéen, callously.

"It is his own fault. He deserves his fate," said another.

"Poor man, he looks miserable enough!" remarked a compassionate third.

Truly the prisoner presented a sorry spectacle. His hands were tied behind his back; his whole attitude betokened the deepest dejection; and as he drew near the scattered groups of villagers, he began speaking in a heartrending voice:

"Oh, to think that I should die like this, with my sins black upon my soul!"

The words could be distinctly heard in the hush that had greeted his appearance; and as the prisoner repeated them for the second time, a slight stir became visible among the onlookers. A young man in a blue blouse was vainly endeavoring to force his way to the front, his progress being effectually hindered by the quiet but resolute opposition of the peasants around him.

"You are going to your death, Monsieur l'Abbé!" whispered one of the foremost. "If you go forward alone, you will surely be recognized."

The young man, however, still persisted in his efforts.

"It is my duty," he said. "Let me pass!"

Still blocking the way with gentle force, the faithful Vendéens tried further persuasion.

"Don't listen to that villain, Monsieur l'Abbé," they urged. "He always was a bad lot, so 'tis said; and your life is far more precious than his."

Here the prisoner's voice once more sounded, nearer this time.

"Oh, to die without a priest!"

"Do you hear?" cried the young man, sternly. "Would you have me leave the poor prisoner to die like a dog? A villain he may be: the more reason that I should go to him. Stand back and let me pass!"

His tone was commanding, his manner determined; so those about him involuntarily made way, and the next moment the Abbé stood beside the deserter.

"My son," he said, addressing the prisoner in a low voice, "I am a priest. If you wish to make your peace with God, I will hear your confession as we walk along."

The effect of his words was magical. The wretch suddenly raised his head and a look of triumph lit up his coarse features.

"The Abbé Joubert!" he cried exultantly. "Seize him before he can escape!"

His last words were superfluous; for at his first cry the soldiers had thrown themselves upon their quarry, thus rendering every attempt at flight utterly impossible. That the whole affair was a preconceived plan the Abbé could not doubt, as he beheld the deserter standing some paces off, a free man, the rope that had bound his hands lying at his feet.

For a moment their eyes met.

"May God forgive you as I do!" murmured the priest, solemnly.

Before he could say more he was hurried away by the soldiers, who feared the rising anger of the crowd.

That same evening at sunset the Abbé Joubert was shot upon the market-place, thick rows of Republican soldiers keeping back the broken-hearted peasants. They would have died to save their priest; yet they could only stand helplessly by while he whom they had sheltered so long sacrificed his life at what he thought to be the call of duty.

God prepares souls for His graces by interior crosses. The affections are thus purged of all earthly dross, constancy is tried, and an occasion is afforded for the exercise of the most difficult and heroic virtues.—*St. John Climacus.*

A New Candidate for Canonization.

ON April 11, 1903, the seraphic soul of Gemma Galgani took its flight to heaven. She had spent twenty-five brief years upon earth in the practice of heroic virtue. Her *Life* was published in Italian by her spiritual director in 1907, and in less than a year a third edition of fifty-five hundred copies was exhausted. It has now reached the sixth edition, and is translated into nine European languages; while permission to translate it has been secured in China and India. The English edition is in press, and will shortly be for sale.

Hagiology rarely furnishes an example of a soul more favored by Our Lord with supernatural graces than was Gemma, while her natural charm was also unique. She was born near Lucca, March 12, 1878. Her father was a well-to-do pharmacist. But the world's smiles and its frowns affected Gemma not at all. From her earliest childhood, piety, the exercise of prayer, the desire to please God, were the sole aspirations of her heart. At the age of nine she made her First Communion with indescribable fervor, and thereafter received daily the Bread of Angels.

Endowed with a rare mind and with varied talents, she made rapid progress in her studies at the Convent of St. Zita, where she edified and won all hearts by her virtue and piety. Her spiritual directors attest that in the whole course of her life she never committed a voluntary venial sin. To an extraordinary spirit of mortification, profound humility, an angelic modesty and purity, she joined an unparalleled simplicity. Her singular love for Jesus Crucified made her long for sufferings; and her longing was gratified, for her life was replete therewith. She experienced in her virginal body all the mysteries of the Sacred Passion—the five wounds, the crowning with thorns, the bloody sweat, the scourging at the pillar. All this, however, occasioned nothing

singular in her manner; an evangelical simplicity was her most striking characteristic and her special charm. Apart from a dignity which came from her close union with God, she seemed like any other young girl who is modest and devout.

Having won the conversion of many sinners during her lifetime, she continues this gracious mission now that she is in glory. She died consumed by divine love, and so sweetly and calmly that, as her biographer remarks, it was "but the parting kiss to her innocent body of her innocent soul." Thirteen days after burial, her body was exhumed, and her heart found to be fresh and ruddy, "as though it could not die." It is said that miracles are continually being wrought through her intercession. In the year 1906, the Archiepiscopal Curia at Lucca instituted the process preparatory to her Beatification.

About a Remarkable Book.*

AT a time when the acknowledged difficulties besetting the equitable solution of the Capital *vs.* Labor problem are being everywhere exploited to further the cause of Socialism, and when even Christian workingmen are being led by specious pretexts to swell the ranks of an army whose ultimate purpose is to overturn the whole structure of society as it exists to-day, it is refreshing to meet with a laboring man who possesses both an eye to discern the fallacies of demagogic utterances and a pen competent to interpret his vision to others of his class. Books almost innumerable there are, of course, that deal with labor from a multiplicity of standpoints,—books by political economists, social reformers, "fireside philanthropists," university sociologists, popular magazinists, realistic "muck-rakers," and even labor-leaders; but the volumes that have for authors members of the rank and file of workingmen are relatively rare. One

such book, however, is the volume under consideration; and we do not hesitate to pronounce it better worth while than many a more accredited and pretentious contribution to the literature of labor.

Its author is a laborer at the docks in Liverpool; and this fact constitutes the book's chief claim on the attention of all who are interested in the present conditions and the prospective betterment of the army of toilers. As Mr. Leslie A. Toke, in his appreciative foreword, points out: "It is precisely the central interest of this little volume that it has been written by a wage-earner,—by one who has worked with his hands as well as with his brains; who has suffered and struggled and rejoiced with those for whose cause he pleads and for whom mainly he writes."

Apart from the genuineness of the authority with which Mr. Milligan can accordingly claim to speak, there is another merit possessed by his book,—it is Christian through and through. The author (to quote again from Mr. Toke), "by some accident of early training or unguided self-education, has seen what is still hidden from many of the 'leaders of the people'—that the Labor movement divorced from traditional Christianity is a thing without historic or philosophic roots, a mere wild struggle of hate and cupidity against entrenched greed and scorn. Without Christ and the justice that flows from Him alone, it *can* be nothing but blind revolt, an uprising of injustice against injustice."

It is time, however, to give some account of the book itself. It is a volume of 186 pages, 16mo, made up of "essays, letters, and lyrics from the worker's own point of view." There are two dozen of the essays, half that many letters, and twenty-one "ditties from dockdom." Of these ditties, it will suffice to say that they suffer nothing in comparison with much of the magazine poetry of the day. The letters of the volume are a combination of character sketches and practical, common-sense rules of conduct. While the author's

* "Life through Labor's Eyes." By George Milligan. London: Sands & Company; B. Herder.

plan of indicating the character of the supposititious recipient of the letter by the name given to the recipient—Mr. I. Knowall, Mr. U. B. Blode, A. Growler, Esq., etc.—is less apt to appeal to the American than to the British sense of humor, there is no lack of mother-wit or of good workaday philosophy in these brief epistles. To William Newbroom, Esq., for instance, is addressed this bit of advice:

It is good to cultivate a sense of proportion. If, through any external cause—such as depression of trade, competitive cheapening of freight rates, or wider division of profits among speculators—the particular concern of which you are a unit is not paying out mighty dividends, don't whittle down the wrong end of the stick. It is false economy, false zeal, and it is paltry. View the thing in its true light. On the one hand, a combination of powerful plutocrats, trying to add numerals to their banking accounts; on the other, workingmen striving, against great odds, to gain a loaf and a shelter for them and theirs. By all means, be zealous to your masters, but temper that zeal by justice to fellow-creatures.

The substantial portion of Mr. Milligan's book, however, is neither his lyrics nor his letters, but his essays. In the initial one, "Impressions of a Labor Leader," we have the author's statement of his belief that there is among many leaders of the Labor movement a tendency to irreligion, "inasmuch as their ideals are all materialistic ones, and they leave the Almighty out of court altogether." A case in point is given:

A well-known Labor leader—one whose name is respected all over the country as a force in the Labor world—gave an address the other week; and, after hearing him, the writer can only say that, while he is an artist at the delineation of poverty, while he is a past-master in the art of understanding the many and varied emotions of the human heart, he is, like others listened to on former occasions, sadly lacking in appreciation of the eternal verities of life. To him the world hereafter is a myth, religion a delusion, and prayer a silly waste of words. Yet he moved the hearts of a mighty audience, often to tears; and the writer wondered, when he had ended that powerful discourse, how many Christian people in the assembly had tasted the deadly poison of irreligion in the deep draught of human

sympathy which the speaker poured out for them. . . .

An unthinking person almost unconsciously would go away with the idea that the man had made a splendid case out for himself, and a bad one for religion. As if religion stood in the way of material prosperity, or employment or social betterment! Why was religion introduced at all in the address? The battle of the weak against the strong was always fought by the disciples of true religion, and ever will be. . . .

Discussing "The Power of the People," our author does not allow his satisfaction at the recognition now being given to that power to blind him to its possible abuse. He says:

Thank God that a reform party came into existence, that it has already wrought many reforms, that it is to-day working for others! The Labor Party has done good, and is doing good. To what lengths will it go? Will it, with increasing power, pursue the ideal of pure justice in the future. Will it, in its restoration of the rights of downtrodden humanity, remember not to abuse its new-found power? Will it hold the true balance of justice, even though the adjusting be in its own hand? If it be guided, governed, and continually influenced by certain principles, it will; if not—No! Because humanity is prone to greed and passion, prone to abuse powers of every kind, unless checked by the promptings of conscience.

Christian principles are the only ones capable of doing this, because they come from a higher source than man himself—they come from his Creator. Truth, justice to others (even enemies), love of one another, self-sacrifice; above all, homage to our universal Father, and the knowledge that this life is merely a brief preparation for the real life hereafter,—these are some of the Christian principles which the laboring men of this land have not renounced. Men are easily led, and naturally careless; and, perhaps, in the exuberance of a new liberty after years of thralldom of the body, they may forget for a time the importance of the soul. . . .

In the essay on "The Right to Work," Mr. Milligan gives expression to decided opinions; and incidentally introduces the personal equation with telling effect, thus:

If the Right to Work necessitates the State control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange (and so it appears to me), I sincerely hope that the right will never be established. Let no man dare tell me that my knowledge of the evils of unemployment is little, or that my sympathy with the unemployed

is less. I have drunk deep of the bitter draught of unemployment, and have been bred in a city where no blindness could shut out the sad evidences of this scourge of the worker. . . .

There is, however, a vast difference between the Right to Work and the chance to work. If the State guarantees to every person at any time the absolute right to demand work, or its equivalent, wages, the State must have, at all times, the means of supplying that demand; must, as it seems to me, be the sole owner, provider, and employer. This would, of course, be Collectivism—Socialism; and, naturally, men who believe in the Socialist ideal advocate this out-and-out "Right to Work." . . .

While I disclaim, however, the function of the State to provide, I believe it to be the function of the State to regulate; and believe also that, by beneficent and intelligent regulation, the grim ogre of unemployment may be banished from the industrial world. I believe in any Unemployment Act which, while leaving intact the natural principle of private ownership, will compel observance of industrial regulations.

We have merely skimmed a few pages of this interesting volume, but have already gone beyond our prescribed limits. In default of space to quote at greater length, let us express the hope that the majority of our readers, and more particularly the workers among our readers, may procure the book for themselves.

We take leave of Mr. Milligan by echoing the sentiments of this paragraph from his essay entitled "Wanted: Labor Crusaders":

The reform of industrial and social evils is a crying need. A minimum rate of wages for all men and women; a limitation of working hours; better housing; representation of the poor in all councils, municipal and parliamentary,—these are ideals which every conscientious Christian should promote. In no spirit of class hatred, in no spirit of covetousness, in no spirit of Godless materialism is this advanced. Conservative, Liberal, Nationalist, or Laborist—gentleman or workingman,—if you be inspired with that true, unselfish love which only knowledge of Him on the Cross can beget, lend your aid toward the restoration of a better order of things.

The inconsiderable price of this little book (30 cents) places it at the disposition of even the poor, and it is entirely safe to guarantee that every purchaser will admit that he has received the full worth of his money.

Notes and Remarks.

We have frequently insisted in these columns on the civic responsibilities of Catholics, and more especially of educated Catholics; and have deprecated the idea that, because there is much in practical politics that is to be condemned, therefore honorable, high-minded citizens are justified in eschewing politics altogether. There is one phase of the subject that merits an occasional comment. The clergyman—priest, bishop, archbishop, or cardinal,—while primarily and principally concerned with spiritual matters, is none the less a member of the body politic, and as such owes to his country a duty not less genuine than that of the layman. Partisan politicians sometimes object to his performance of this duty—when its performance tells against their own side. In such cases they need just such a rebuke as was recently administered to a New York politician who, constructively, told the venerable Bishop Ludden to mind his own business and not interfere in politics. "I beg to inform the honorable gentleman, and others who feel as he does," says Mgr. Ludden, "that, apart from being a clergyman, I am considerable of a taxpayer. I am an American citizen and a voter for half a century. As such I claim all the rights of a citizen, and don't recognize the powers of any self-constituted political dictator to place a chalk line to the limits of my political and civic rights."

While so many leaders of various sects seem willing to allow the Bible miracles to go by the board, it appears that such miracles are not without defenders even among contemporary scientists. Dr. William H. Thomson, of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, states in *Everybody's Magazine* that "all attempts to explain away the miracles of the Bible as merely natural occurrences, wrongly supposed to be miraculous by those who witnessed them, are now so justly regarded as failures

that we need not waste time with them. The supernatural enters too deeply into the very essence of that which a Christian must believe for it to be appreciably affected by details concerning any particular miracles. Without the supernatural the Christian religion is nothing."

While a Catholic is not likely to agree with all that Dr. Thomson has to say on the subject of miracles, one need not question his general conclusion: "The truth is that man is as little included within the limitations of animal life as an archangel would be if he visited this earth. Man is already equipped with an archangel's powers, as he would prove if only he had the time to do so, instead of the few and ever-hampered years of his earthly existence. A human being remains the one [at least one] supernatural fact that has been scientifically established and proved."

The following passage of an address delivered by Dr. Francis J. Quinlan at the annual banquet of the Xavier Alumni Sodality of New York, of which he is president, deserves the most serious consideration of Catholic laymen. The subject of the address was "The Catholic Layman's Responsibility to His Generation." After declaring that the layman's obligations as a man, as a citizen, as a Catholic, should be to him a matter of the most serious thought, Dr. Quinlan went on to say:

The more this sense of responsibility dominates our lives, the more thought it exacts from every stratum of the body politic, from our colleges, from the home; the more it is in evidence in business and the professions, and the intenser its heat burns in the very sanctuary of religion, the greater will be the guarantee that we shall live in peace and prosperity. Our responsibilities are civic, social, and religious. We are gathered here to-night as Catholics and as educated Catholic men. We well know that if we fulfil in all detail our religious responsibilities, we shall not fail in one iota of the duties that we owe to society and the State. We also know that the malignant disease that is eating into the very vitals of our public life—a disease which explains in our country an appalling, universal

and deep-rooted commercial dishonor, the ever constant spectacle of vulgar luxury, and an ever-increasing deluge of libertinism, inconstancy, and impurity,—follows entirely from the exaltation of what men call personal liberty, and from an absolute disregard of personal responsibility. It is high time to turn from the rights of man to the obligations of men.

Dr. Quinlan's address is a stirring one throughout, but it is for hearing rather than reading. Would that it might be heard in every corner of our country!

A word much needed, at least from the secular press, has been said by the *Evening World* of New York on the subject of undraped statuary:

Objection to the nude in art is not due to a survival of Puritanism among us, as is so often and so scoffingly said by the artistic devotees of beauty unadorned. It is due to a feeling that is part and parcel of the Saxon temperament. It was there before there was any Puritanism. It has been there steadfastly since Puritanism perished. We call it modesty. Other races call it prudery. They may be right; we may be wrong. But, none the less, the feeling is an essential part of our American morality, and it is just as well to have painters and sculptors as well as poets and novelists recognize it and respect it.

Be it noted, incidentally, that not a few of those who protest so loudly about the claims of art, the beauty of the human form divine, etc., really know less about art than they care about morality, and would on general principles prefer an undraped monstrosity to a masterpiece in a gown or a toga.

In a letter to the *New York Sun* on the use of public money for denominational purposes, a correspondent had this to say:

Such schools must be supported by private subscription. Laws against the public moneys being used for denominational purposes have long obtained in the various States. These laws are irrevocable.

"What is the authority for this statement?" asks another correspondent. "Has not each State in the Union the right to deal with education as it thinks proper?"

And if the Constitution of any individual State forbids the use of public money for 'denominational purposes,' can not the Constitution be amended?... Let me remark incidentally that the phrase 'denominational purposes' as used by Mr. Long in the context is a mere begging of the question in so far as it has to do with the demand of certain Catholics for State aid to parochial schools. Such Catholics maintain that public money should be paid to these schools, not for denominational, but for educational, purposes. If a parochial school imparts to its pupils as good a secular education as does the public school, the State could not justly be charged with religious partiality if it paid for such education."

The point is well taken, and it is one that ought not to be lost sight of. Each State is free to regulate education to suit itself. It is not a matter with which the national government has to do. In any case, Constitutions are susceptible of amendment.

While educational matters in England are not yet permanently settled, there appears to be good grounds for predicting a favorable issue to the conflict for Catholic schools. The *London Catholic Times* quotes a letter contributed to a contemporary by a Protestant gentleman, who says, among other things:

I can not withhold a tribute of my ungrudging admiration of the way the Romanists are acting together in the matter of education. Of one thing I am quite certain: were it not for the Roman Catholics, the non-provided schools would speedily disappear,—not by legislative action, but by administrative pressure from Whitehall. . . . The Government know they can afford to disregard churchmen because we can never act together; and, instead of presenting a united front whether in the matter of education or establishment, we are all at sixes and sevens, giving away what does not belong to us to those who mean to give nothing in return. With the Romanists it is different. They know what they want, and they will get what they demand because they are united and in earnest. I suppose when the next Liberal measure for education is introduced, it will almost certainly

be on the lines of giving the Romanists all they demand, and lumping all others together as Protestant and undenominational.

We trust that the event will justify the foregoing prediction, and that the union of our coreligionists in England is really as firm as this writer claims it to be. In any case, union continues to be strength, whether in England or the United States; and it may well happen that, within the lifetime of the present generation of young American Catholics, educational matters on this side of the Atlantic will call for the earnest united action of all who profess the religion of Pius X.

Apropos of the recent honors conferred on British subjects by the Crown, the *Antigonish Casket's* uniformly interesting London correspondent writes:

By the way, amongst the birthday honor list was the name of Joseph Lyons, created a Knight. Some people were discussing the list, and one remarked that he could not see what the man who owned half the luncheon and tea shops in London had done to be honored, when a Catholic listener interposed with the information that the great Jewish contractor had amongst his warmest supporters the Little Sisters of the Poor, to whose institution he is always particularly generous, and who were constant pensioners of Cadby Hall, the head offices of the Company. Indeed the Rev. Mother of the Little Sisters was one of the first to congratulate Sir Joseph on his new dignity.

The new Knight is apparently a worthy counterpart of the Jewess Countess of Desart, on whom the grateful population of Kilkenny some weeks ago conferred the freedom of their city.

The opening of a new Passionist monastery in England (the fifth—Scotland and Wales also have one apiece) recalls to the *London Tablet* a familiar passage in the Life of the founder of the Passionists, St. Paul of the Cross,—how he fell into a trance, at the end of which he was asked what vision he had seen, and he answered: "Oh, the wonderful works of my children in England!" As everyone knows, it was Father Dominic Barbieri,

first English Provincial of the Congregation of the Passion, who received Newman and his companions into the Church. But, as the *Tablet* remarks, "wonders did not cease in 1845. Father Ignatius of St. Paul (son of Lord Spencer and brother of Lord Althorp) joined the Passionist Order in 1846, when he had already been a priest fourteen years. Going, as an Anglican clergyman, to Ambrose de Lisle to recover him for the Anglicanism which the layman had abandoned, the would-be converter had been himself converted. The Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, erected in Paris fourteen years ago for prayers for the conversion of England, had, in some respects, a forerunner in the Association of Prayer for the Unity of Christendom set on foot by Father Spencer."

The writer who contributes "Et Cætera" to the *Tablet* is gifted with a long memory, but he forgot to mention Father Pakenham (Paul Mary?), formerly captain of the Grenadier Guards and A. D. C. to Queen Victoria. He was a son of the second Earl of Longford and a favorite nephew of the Duke of Wellington. His conversion doubtless led to numerous others. The Iron Duke himself was much impressed by it, and on the occasion of a visit to Father Pakenham while he was still a novice exhorted him in characteristic fashion to 'stick to his guns.'

In *Current Literature* for February we find a readable sketch of Judge Elbert H. Gary, "the man who stays." He is chairman of both the Finance Committee and the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation. The following extract from the sketch is a graphic characterization of the man and his might:

He doesn't make a newspaper spectacle of himself. He lets the stock market alone. There is no ticker in his office. There is no scandal in his life. There are no skeletons in his closet. He is not even one of our very rich men. But, as for real power, few men in the world to-day—they may be counted on your fingers—have

more. Here is an epigrammatic way in which the situation has been described: "Above him are 100,000 stockholders, who demand dividends; and beneath him are 200,000 workmen, who demand wages. He is the obedient Cæsar of an empire which owns more land than the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont; supports more people than there are in Nebraska; employs more men than fought at Gettysburg; sails a larger navy than that of Italy; makes more steel than Germany; gathers in a larger revenue than the United States; and represents more capital than all the banks in the city of New York." That is Elbert H. Gary, one time farm-boy in Illinois, chopping wood and carrying swill to the hogs, barefooted and merry, whistling to beat the band, and dreaming long, wistful dreams at twilight about the big city.

It is pleasant to add that the management of Judge Gary's great corporation is credited with less secrecy than is to be found in almost any other corporate body in the country.

It is pleasant to learn from a member of her family that, "whatever persecution" — there are many forms of persecution — the late Hon. Mary Stuart may have suffered at first from "a conscientious hatred of Popery," in the end she completely won over her father, Lord Blantyre, who came, in his old age, to depend utterly upon her filial affection. "She never spoke to us of any past bitterness; and she was devotedly loved and admired by all her Protestant relations, and deeply mourned at her death."

If, as reported, Lord Blantyre used to confiscate his daughter's shoes to prevent her from going to Mass in the early days of her conversion, it is nothing more than what was done against the convert members of his family by a fashionable young American of our acquaintance, who afterward became a priest and a member of a religious Order. His plan was to remove a wheel from the family carriage and hide it until next day, felicitating himself on thus having done something "to oppose the mighty power of Rome." What a gentle, holy, humble priest he became! Peace to his soul!



The Weariest of All.

BY E. BECK.

THE miner delves in the caverns deep,
From the sunshine far away;
And the watchful shepherd tends his sheep
Through the hours of the night and day;
The blacksmith's blows on the anvil ring
With a cheerful sound and clear,
And the farmer toils where the song birds sing
In the springtime of the year.

There are toilers young, there are toilers old,
There are toilers in their prime;
Some weak and weary, some brave and bold,
In every land and clime.
But the weariest folk 'mid the rich or poor,
If the world's searched through and through,
Are the very persons, you may be sure,
Who nothing whatever do.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—LIFE AT THE RANCH.

JACK repeated Billy's words: "A big, strong, splendid man like you!" Then he addressed him: "O little brother, what a kid you are! But go on and tell me all the news." And he lay in grim silence, while Billy, now in full conversational swing, went on.

Jack learned that old Dobbin had died and mamma had sold the carriage; that Black Jim lived at Colonel Woodville's now, and only came to "help" at Holm-hurst once a week; that Aunt Lou had given Dolly a fur coat because her old one had grown so shabby; that Mr. Moulton had bought the south lot where the strawberries grew, to build a barn. Quite unconscious of the painful note of economy

that his "splendid big brother" caught in this narrative, Billy-Boy diverged from personal matters to tell of the new trolley line that would run by the elm grove, the new marble altar which some wealthy man had given to Father Tom's little church, and of the new boy choir that wore white surplices and sang on Sundays at High Mass.

"Nobody dead or married since I left?" questioned Jack, suddenly rousing into interest.

"Oh, yes!" answered Billy. "Old Mrs. Flynn that used to do our washing, and the Fealy baby that had spasms, and General Ellis that used to be pushed around in a chair,—they're all dead. And Molly Fealy is married and has two babies, named Michael and Raphael. Miss Carmel was godmother to both."

"Miss Carmel? Then she isn't married yet?"

"Miss Carmel married! Geewhiz, no! I hope she never will be. I'd just hate to see Miss Carmel married; wouldn't you?"

"Well, that depends," replied Jack, slowly. "I used to think several years ago that she would make as lovely a bride as you could see."

"Oh, she would!" replied Billy, enthusiastically. "She'd beat every other bride all to smithereens, you bet! She's pretty enough, anyway; but if you'd get her up in a white veil and wreath like Molly Fealy's, she'd look like an angel sure. But I wouldn't like to see it," he went on, thoughtfully. "I'd rather have her stay just as she is, teaching Sunday-school, and fixing up the altar, and wearing her flower hats and pretty gowns every day. Oh, I wouldn't like to see her married at all!" said Billy, decidedly.

"Pretty hard hit, for one of your age!" laughed Jack dryly. "Any other fellows hanging around Harrington Hall?"

"Oh, yes!" said Billy. "There are lots of people, and card parties and tea parties and riding parties. Miss Carmel has a grey horse all her own. That new man that has come to live at old General Ellis' home goes riding with her nearly every day."

"You mean Page Ellis?" Jack started up on his pillow. "Page Ellis has come into his uncle's estate of course, and it's a round million if it's a cent. And Page Ellis is—is—" words seemed to fail Jack, but Billy concluded his sentence calmly:

"At Miss Carmel's all the time, and sending her roses and violets and candy. My! it's fine candy. Miss Carmel always saves some for me. But I don't like *him*, all the same," continued Billy, his brow darkening,—"I don't like him a bit."

"Neither do I, Billy," said Jack. "He's a snob and a prig—but, good gracious, what am I to fling stones at Page Ellis! He'll get there, you will see!"

"Get where?" asked Billy, puzzled.

"To the winning-post," answered Jack. "But I forgot that you have never been to a race. O Billy-Boy, how much you have to see and to learn!"

"Yes," answered Billy-Boy. "And I'm going to see things now, you bet! Miss van Doran said that, even if I had to leave school for six months, a trip out here would be 'most instructive.' I've learned lots already from that nice Ben. He'll teach me to ride any horse in the place. Oh, I'll have a fine time, I know! And Miss Carmel gave me a kodak that will snap pictures of the place and people I see, to send home; and I promised to write home every week."

"Great guns!" ejaculated Jack, under his breath. "Every week—"

"One week to mamma and the next to Miss Carmel," continued Billy. "She said she wouldn't mind bad spelling, so it won't be hard to write to her. I have to be more particular with *mamma*, but Miss Carmel said just scribble ahead any way, and tell her everything. And when I don't have to stop for spelling, I can write real

fast. I mean to start a letter to-day. They'll want to know if I got here safe. And maybe I better not say I found you sick in bed."

"No, don't—don't!" said Jack, quickly. "Don't say anything about me, Billy. It would worry mother, you see; and I—I—well, when a fellow is so far away from home, there is no use in writing his troubles. Now run off, Billy. I'm going to get up and take a cold plunge, and—and I'll be all right again. Go find Ben or Pedro to show you around until that Chincook of mine calls you to lunch. Or wait! I'll call somebody to look after you."

Jack struck the gong nervously; and the light-footed Pedro appearing again, he gave Billy into his care.

But as his young brother turned from the room, Jack fell back upon his pillow with a word it was well Billy did not hear,—a fierce, wicked word that voiced the fear, the perplexity, the remorse that this interview had awakened in his heart. Billy-Boy here, to see, to know, and to tell everything! Billy-Boy here, with his kodak to snap pictures of the ruin and neglect at Bar Cross Ranch; with his busy pen to write everything to his mother! Billy here, with clear, boyish eyes to witness, keen boyish ears to hear, innocent boyish soul to recoil from the wild, reckless scenes around him! Billy here, to find his idolized big brother transformed into "Rackety Jack"!

"Another night like last with Billy in the house, and I'd be ruined forever. He'd catch onto things, I know. I must get these fellows off at any cost, and then—then—"

Jack did not stop to think further, but sprang up and made for the cold plunge that was to steady his shaken nerves.

Meantime Billy, under the guidance of Pedro, was investigating with great interest his new home. To one fresh from the dainty order of Holmhurst, things did look rather rough and careless at Bar Cross. But Billy felt that perhaps broken

window-panes, smoke-blackened walls, and battered furniture were necessary consequences of bachelor life. Pedro led through a wide hall, still bearing traces of last night's revel; and out on a porch, one end of which had slumped down on its rotten timbers, and been propped up temporarily on the fallen trunk of a big cottonwood. Hurrying over this rickety support, Billy stumbled into a hammock swinging from the rafters above.

"Look where you are going, will you?" The surly growl that greeted this accident was prefaced by an ugly oath that made Miss Carmel's Sunday-school pupil start.

"Oh, I—I beg pardon!" stammered Billy, as the occupant of the hammock, a big red-faced man, blinked at him angrily. "I didn't see you."

"You didn't, hey!" said the other, staring in his turn at the trig boyish figure. "Then you'd better keep your eyes skinned, if you don't want trouble. What are you young rascals blundering around here for, anyway? Ready to pick my pocket, I'll be bound!"

Billy could only stand there quite dumb under these amazing questions. But Pedro burst into a flood of voluble Spanish, that made the red-faced man suddenly whirl around in his hammock and sit up.

"George!" he muttered, "I clean forgot. So you're Racket—I mean you're the kid brother Dayton was looking for? It's my turn to beg pardon now, youngster. But I was half asleep when you stumbled into me just now." The speaker's dull, watery eyes were inspecting Billy curiously. "You're—what's the name? Dicky, Harry Dayton?"

"I'm Billy," was the answer; and there was a certain dignity in the boy's tone, for the red-faced man was by no means to Billy's liking.—"I'm William Corby Dayton."

"Shake hands then, Mr. William Corby Dayton!" said the other, with an odd laugh.

"I'm Nicholson Brett, your brother's good friend and comrade for the last three years. I'm glad to meet you."

Billy shook hands, still conscious of a vague repulsion for this good friend and comrade, that the vigorous grip of the coarse heavy hand did not dispel.

"You're like Rack—I mean Jack," continued Mr. Nicholson Brett, studying Billy; "or like he was in his angel days. And they've sent you out here for your health? Well, it's a fine place. No better. It will build you up, make a man of you."

"Yes, that was what the doctor said," answered Billy. "But—but it hasn't agreed so well with Jack. He doesn't look as strong and big as he did when he left home."

"He doesn't?" said Mr. Brett, in assumed surprise.

"No, he doesn't," asserted Billy positively. "It would worry mother dreadfully if she could see him. It's the malaria he says. Malaria is a very bad thing to have."

"It is indeed," said Mr. Brett. "And Jack has a little touch of it this fall, as you say; but he will shake it off. We all shake malaria off out here."

"Do you?" asked Billy, in a relieved tone. "I'm glad to hear it. Miss van Doran, our governess, had it for a whole year before she could break it up. Is Jack often as sick as he was to-day?"

"Sick as he was to-day?" repeated Mr. Brett, staring at the anxious young questioner. "As he was to-day! Oh, yes! I see you found him sick this morning! I see,—I see!" And again Jack's good friend and comrade laughed his queer short laugh. "Well, yes; he has attacks like that pretty often. You see, when a fellow goes it as hard as that brother of yours—" Something in the gaze of the brown eyes fixed so seriously upon his face made the speaker suddenly pause.

"Goes it hard? Do you mean that he works too hard?" asked Billy, gravely. "Oh, I'm afraid he does, and mamma is afraid of it too!"

"She is?" observed Mr. Nicholson Brett. "Great guns!"

"She lies awake at night, thinking what

a hard time poor old Jack is having out here," continued Billy, glancing at the broken porch and supporting cottonwood. "And if she knew he was sick like I found him this morning—"

"Oh, I wouldn't tell her!" interrupted Mr. Brett, quickly. "There's no sort of use in blowing—I mean in worrying your mother about that. You'll get over it yourself pretty soon, and not mind. Folks don't mind things out here. Why, boy, you won't know yourself in a couple of months, you'll change so." Mr. Brett rose and clapped Billy heartily on the back. "We'll make a man of you!"

As the speaker strode off, the rotten porch shaking beneath his heavy tread, Pedro drew a queer hissing breath between his set teeth. With all his inexperience in the ways of the world, Billy was quick-witted enough to understand the significance of the sound.

"You don't like him?" he said, nodding toward the disappearing gentleman.

"Like?" repeated Pedro, emphatically. "No! no! no! Bad, much bad, verra bad man,—*diabolo!*" concluded Pedro, with another hiss.

"I don't take much to him either," said Billy, thoughtfully; "but if he's Jack's best friend—"

"Friend? No! no! no!" exclaimed Pedro, shaking his head with each negative. "False, coward! Little señor, see!" He pulled up a ragged shirt sleeve and showed his lean brown arm marked with a long red line.

"Oh!" exclaimed Billy with wide-open eyes of dismay. "Who did it?"

"He, he coward," was the fierce answer, "with lash, like if Pedro was a dog!"

"And you didn't hit back?" The spirit of his sturdy forefathers flashed from Billy's brown eyes.

"Hit back?" repeated Pedro, uncomprehendingly. "Hit back is what I do not know. Some day, if he strike again, I keel him."

"Kill him!" said Billy, appalled. "But that would be murder!"

"Yes, little señor," replied Pedro, calmly; "I keel him—sometime."

"But don't you know it's an awful sin even to think of killing anybody," blurted out Billy. "And you'd get hanged besides."

"Yes, little señor, — yes," answered Pedro, showing his white teeth in a friendly smile.

And, feeling that it was quite impossible to impress either law or theology on this new companion, Billy tried to shake off the somewhat troubled doubts that were beginning to rise in his mind, and followed Pedro to the big corral to see the horses.

(To be continued.)

Little Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark.

BY LUCILE KLING.

III.

There came a time when the boy's courage was put to the test,—a time when he must practise all the lessons of that wonderful night. It was just such a golden, blossomy afternoon as that before his First Communion day, when he had first heard himself called "Little Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark." Everything had gone quite as usual; he had been restless in class and had been scolded; he had made a good recitation and Father Ambrose had praised him. Really, there was nothing at all to mark this as different from other sunny afternoons, or even to hint of the coming struggle.

Lessons were over now, and the prince and his little brothers had wandered down to the farthest corner of the garden, in search of four-leaf clovers. They were very merry, for this one hour was free from all the restraints of the court. The prince had been running races with the smallest one, being careful to give the little fellow a good start, and coming up, with a great show of panting and excitement, just two seconds after his brother had reached the goal. He made a pretty picture in his silken doublet, cheeks

flushed with running, brown curls all tumbled,—so pretty it was really quite surprising the boy on the other side of the gate could scowl at him.

He must have been all of sixteen, this boy, who stood peering in between the bars with such an ugly frown on his face. He was ragged, unkempt, dirty; long black elflocks straggled into his eyes; his hands were so grimy you could hardly tell whether they were black or white. At his feet was crouching a girl quite as ragged and dirty as he, only the dust on her face was streaked through with tears, and her thin shoulders still shook piteously.

"Yes, you!" muttered the boy, as though concluding something he had said, and he shook his fist vindictively at the little prince. "It's you and the likes of you that keeps us hungry and cold,—you in your fine silks and velvets, with your hair all curls and a plume in your cap! And you ain't satisfied with that, but you must take away the only thing she had to play with! Oh, you're a fine little gentleman, you are, not fit for us to touch!" And he shook his fist again savagely, and glared at the prince and his brothers.

The little prince watched him a moment in amazement. He was quite sure he had done nothing to hurt the two. And, now that he had caught the child's attention, the boy on the other side of the gate only redoubled his angry complaints. The younger children drew back terrified, he looked so furious; but the little prince stood still, fighting hard for courage to do what he knew was right. What wonder if Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark had turned and gone quietly back to the castle with his brothers? Or even called the guardsman, loitering near, to send this troublesome fellow about his business? Indeed, the child was sorely tempted to do it. The beggar boy was very much larger than he; and, moreover, he had a knife thrust into his leathern girdle, that he fingered hungrily now and again. And yet—and yet—

An instant longer the little prince hesitated; then, taking his courage in both hands, he walked straight up to the gate.

"What is the matter?" he asked,—and who could blame him if his voice shook just a bit? "Can I do anything to help you?"

The other boy was so astounded that he could not speak at first. He had never dreamed the little prince would really notice him. When he did find his voice, his wrath flamed up again, and he poured out his story with fierce gestures and flashing eyes.

"She had a kitten, my little sister,—a scrawny bit of a half-blind kitten, so ugly we thought no one else would want it, so little it couldn't take care of itself. And the other day it got through the gate here into the King's gardens. The grooms frightened it. (Great, hulking brutes! If only I could get at them!) It ran down into the dungeons under the castle. It's shut in there now, starving; and they will not bring it out. It might scratch them, and it no bigger than my hand!" He choked over the words and went on desperately: "And my sister cries and cries. She has made herself ill with grief. It was all she had to love. And they won't even let me go for the kitten! No! I might soil the King's fine paths or his pink-and-white rosebushes, or perhaps meet his Highness the Prince and frighten him. And the kitten is starving! Oh, I hate them all!"

"I'll go and fetch it for you!" The child's voice rang with a resolution that surprised even himself. "And of course you may come in." He struggled for a moment with the rusty bolts, then the gate swung open, creaking as if in protest. "Come!" said the little prince. "I will answer for it to the King."

Straight to the royal stables he led the way, sure that he would find some one there whom he could send for the keys. Now that he had really made up his mind, he was no longer trembling or afraid. The blue eyes were flashing, the rosy

mouth resolute; there was an almost soldierly air about the little figure. You would scarcely have recognized the shy, quiet child of a month ago in this eager, determined lad.

Two of the grooms, throwing dice on a bench in the courtyard just outside the stable door, could hardly believe their eyes. Was this Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark, who could not be induced to go near a beggar, coming down the path with that disreputable pair? But they were destined to be even more bewildered when the boy came up to them, and, saluting in his most military fashion, just as he had seen his royal father do, repeated the story of the unfortunate kitten.

"And I will go and fetch it," he concluded, "if one of you will bring me the keys."

Both the men began to expostulate with him at that. It was cold and wet down there; why, there were pools of water standing on the floor! And dark—"oh, dark as a pocket!"—and full of bats and owls, and who knew what else? Besides, there were other kittens in the kingdom. One more or less would not cost the King his crown. There were a dozen perhaps in the stables this minute; they'd gladly give them all to the little girl.

But just here the beggar child broke in excitedly, her great eyes brilliant, her voice shaking with anger.

"No! no! no!" she cried. "I don't want any other kitten. I won't have any other! My poor little Whitey! Nobody else would want her. And, just because she's thin and ugly and half blind, I'm not going to leave her to die in that dreadful place. Oh, I'm not!—I'm not!" She began to sob again, covering her face with her ragged skirt; and her brother, with a black look at the two grooms, put a protecting arm around her.

The little prince watched them with kindling eyes and a queer, choky feeling in his throat. His resolution had been somewhat shaken by the terrors he had just heard recounted; but, after all,

there in the bright sunlight, the mere thought of the dungeons was not so very dreadful. He was sure he could do it, and it needed only the spur of the child's grief to rouse all his manliness. He longed to go to the weeping girl and comfort her as he did his own little sisters, but he hardly dared. Instead, he turned back to the grooms and dismissed them royally.

"Go bring me the keys," said he.

There was nothing to do but obey; so off went one of them to fetch the keys, reluctantly enough; and the other, as soon as he was out of sight, to find the Lord High Chamberlain, that he might put a stop to it; for such a risk for the heir to the crown was not to be thought of. But the Lord High Chamberlain could not be found at once; and when he finally was discovered, he would not go without the Prime Minister, so by the time the two of them arrived, attended by the whole train of courtiers, the little prince was gone.

"He sent me back," the first groom explained, trembling in his terror so that he could scarcely stand. "He ordered me out. He would go by himself, your lordship."

And, dear me! the confusion that followed! Everyone immediately began to blame everyone else; while the Lord Chamberlain stormed at the two beggar children, and the Prime Minister scolded the groom. If half the threats of imprisonment and death they made that day had been put into execution, there would have been neither groom nor guard nor courtiers the next morning. Perhaps the poor groom was most miserable of all; for it was he who had frightened the kitten and then had refused to be bothered with its rescue. He remembered his mocking laughter now, with a sinking heart; it was one thing to make a jest of a beggar's trouble and another to send the King's heir into danger.

As for the boy and his sister, whose "wretched little beast" had caused all the trouble, they were beginning to be

terrified. It hadn't occurred to them before that this gentle child, with the friendly eyes, could be his Royal Highness, the King's eldest son. And, now that they knew who was taking such a risk for them, they were doubly afraid some accident might happen.

"Oh," wailed the little girl as she clung to her brother, "I hope he don't get hurt! He was so kind!"

"And you may well hope he is not injured," declared the Lord Chamberlain, pompously; "for if so much as one hair of his head is hurt—one hair of his head, I say!—you will pay the penalty. Be sure of it!"

Then a silence fell on the anxious group in the courtyard, and they dared not look into one another's eyes as they waited. What if the kitten, crazed with its imprisonment, should fly at the child and hurt him? What if he should slip on those crumbling steps and fall? No use to send any one after him now. There were so many turnings to stair and corridors that one might search for hours and still not find him. If he were coming back in safety, surely it would not be long; for the kitten could not have gone very far down. And if anything went wrong—but they could not think of that.

Quite alone went the little prince, down and down on the narrow stairway, where broken stones tripped his feet every instant, and he must grope his way along his hands on the slimy wall. Every moment it grew darker; and when the final curve hid the faint square of light at the top, he stopped with a terrified gasp, quite panic-stricken. He did not know there was any real danger; but the shadows were so very much blacker than he had expected; walls and floor were so creepily slippery with moisture; and it was so still,—so still! Far off an owl's cry sounded, reverberating fearfully in the empty vaults? Close to him—how close he could not tell—something stirred and rustled softly. What might he not touch in that blackness that seemed filled with living things, all holding

their breath to watch him? He wanted to scream aloud, and he wished with all his might that he had let the groom go with him, or had never tried to go at all. He pressed his little hands against his breast and stood there trembling. He was afraid to go back, and even more afraid to go on.

And then—his cold fingers closed on the golden coin stamped with the Queen of Heaven's image, that he always wore at his throat. With the touch came the comforting thought of her and of God's blessed presence; and, almost as though that gentle hand had touched him, the remembrance of his Angel Guardian.

"O dear Angel," cried the little prince, "help me! Take care of me!"

Somehow he was not so frightened now. Whatever those gloom-enshrined cells might hide, it was one of God's creatures, like himself; perhaps it was even afraid of him. With renewed courage, the child began to grope his way on down, and presently even dared to call aloud, very softly, once or twice. Another arched doorway and he was in the corridors. He called again, and held his breath to listen, tremulously clasping the medal on his breast.

And then, faint and far ahead of him, he heard a weak little answer; the kitten was still alive! He never knew quite how he managed the rest of it; but presently, after what seemed an eternity of terrifying darkness, after more than one fall on the slimy stones, he found himself climbing the stairs again with the kitten in his arms. Such a very forlorn, helpless little kitten as it was; so tiny it seemed strange the rats had not attacked it. It cuddled down on the boy's shoulder, rubbing a furry head against his cheek, and even tried a faint purr or two.

It was rather a pale little boy who finally emerged into the warm afternoon sunlight,—a little boy whose wide eyes still held the memory of terror. His silk and velvet garments were all stained from the falls he had had; his plumed cap was

gone, and the brown curls that tumbled onto his forehead covered an ugly bruise. But he had the kitten, and it was worth it all when he put the little creature into its mistress' arms. Yes, I really believe the little prince would have gone through it all again just to see the look of joy in the beggar girl's hungry eyes, as she clasped her pet ecstatically, and laughed and cried in sheer relief.

As for the rest of them, can you picture the bewildered babble that greeted the child? His nurse—poor woman! she was almost in hysterics—flew at him, and felt him all over again and again, to be sure he had broken no bones; the first lady-in-waiting threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, much to his embarrassment; the Prime Minister patted his curly head, with tears in his old eyes; and the Lord High Chamberlain shook hands with everybody in his excitement, declaring he had known all the time that the little prince was as brave as he was good. They would have taken him to his father in triumph there and then, but the boy would not have it so.

"No," he said: "I want *them* to come with me." And he held out his hand to the beggar girl.

So the three of them went to the King together. The little prince repeated his story there, making light of his own part (for he certainly had been frightened, so he felt that he was not so very brave), and repeating indignantly the other boy's words about the royal gardens. But there were other people who did not agree with the little prince as to his cowardice, and the poor King was really quite bewildered before he got the affair straight in his mind. Then he drew the excited child down onto his knee and studied the eager little face for a moment in silence before he asked:

"What is it you want me to do, my son?"

"To open the gardens, father," begged the prince, "to let in the other children who have no place to play. They are my

brothers—you see they—they—maybe God and the angels love them better than us. It's not fair for me to have so much all to myself. Please, father!" and the little prince, all rosy with confusion, could go no further.

The King set a kiss between the brave blue eyes before he let the child go; and the boy turned away contentedly, sure that all would be right at last.

And that is the real reason why three days in the week the gardens of the castle are open to all the old men and women and all the little children of the city; and they may sit in the sun, or roll and tumble and romp on the grass, as much as they please. And it was only the beginning of all the kind, wise things the little prince did as he grew older; so that when he came to the throne people said that there had never been so good a king as he. But no one ever again called him "Prince Afraid-of-the-Dark"; and though people puzzled very much over it, no one ever knew just what had happened to bring the change about. And the little prince never told any one.

(The End.)

The Eyes of Flowers.

Strange as it may seem, many common garden and wild flowers—the nasturtium, begonia, clover, wood sorrel, and bluebell among others—possess eyes on their leaves. Furthermore, these eyes, in their principle of construction, resemble those of animals. They consist of minute protuberances filled with a transparent, gummy substance, which focuses the rays of light on a sensitive patch of tissue.

The nasturtium has thousands of such eyes on its leaves, and these form as many images of the surrounding objects. But, although plants have eyes, it does not follow that they see. It is not known whether or not the sense impressions are transmitted to some nerve centres corresponding to the brain of animals.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A "Catechism" of the things necessary to be known by little children before making their first Holy Communion is issued by Frederick Pustet & Co. It is a very small pamphlet of sixteen pages, large print, and can certainly be understood by the average child of seven years.

—The story which gives the title to "Our Lady's Lutenist," a new book by Father David Bearne, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a tale of the Ages of Faith, and is sure to win the heart of all young folk who love such narratives. The other stories are delightfully written, full of historical facts and dates, and make pleasant reading even for grown-up people whose fancy still revels in the ages of chivalry. Father Bearne has made his new book well worthy of a place in every Catholic library. There can not be too many of its kind.

—At a time when laymen's retreats are becoming gratifyingly popular there is special opportuneness in the publication of such a volume as "The Groundwork of Christian Perfection," by the Rev. Patrick Ryan (Benziger Brothers). The author emphasizes in his preface the point that his work is not (like that of Rodriguez, for instance) a book exclusively for religious. "It is not written for any special class of persons. . . The principles laid down in it are only those every good Christian, whether in religion or in the world, ought to know and live up to." While not a large volume, it is a surprisingly full one, and its readers will learn much of the spiritual life and of their duties in connection therewith. The book is printed in England and bears the *Imprimi Potest* of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin.

—Benziger Brothers publish "Memorabilia: Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books," with an introduction by Father Vincent McNabb, O. P. The gleanings constitute, as the Introduction informs us, a little volume of Father Bertrand Wilberforce's retreats, — although the book is "little" only in a relative sense, as it is a 16mo of some three hundred and forty pages. It is divided into three parts: Thoughts for Religious in Times of Retreat, Thoughts for Meditation on the Life and Passion of Our Lord, and Papers on Miscellaneous Subjects. The intrinsic value of these various thoughts, meditations, and notes consists in the palpable fact that they were not merely written or spoken, but, as Father McNabb declares, "they were thought, and above all

they were lived. . . . They are no mere literary product fashioned for sale in an hour of leisure, but real meditations woven and dyed in the loom and vat of a brave man's thinking and doing." As such they will appeal to all generous souls striving to attain to some degree at least of Christian perfection.

—"Mementos of the English Martyrs and Confessors," by Father Henry S. Bowden, of the Oratory (Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers), is a happily conceived and thoroughly well executed little work, — a new sort of year-book. It contains, for every day in the year, a selection from the life and times, or else from the writings, of some one English martyr or confessor of the Church. We have been much interested in looking through its 390 pages; and, in cordially recommending it to our readers, are pleased to be able to mention its index of names as well as a good index of subjects.

—In "The Happiness of Catholic Countries" (Australian C. T. S. pamphlet), Father MacInerney, O. P., utilizes the interesting paper which the Protestant Vicar of Gedney, the Rev. R. L. Gales, contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* some months ago, and from which we quoted a number of extracts at the time of its publication. Other testimonies are added to the Vicar's, among them this from Mr. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy":

Those countries in Europe which are still influenced by priests are exactly the countries where there are still singing and dancing and colored dresses, and art in the open air. Catholic doctrine and discipline may be walls, but they are the walls of a playground. Christianity is the only frame which has preserved the pleasure of paganism. We might fancy some children playing on the flat, grassy top of some tall island in the sea. So long as there was a wall round the cliff's edge, they could fling themselves into every frantic game and make the place the noisiest of nurseries. But the walls were knocked down, leaving the naked peril of the precipice. They did not fall over; but when their friends returned to them they were all huddled in terror in the centre of the island, and their song had ceased.

—It is to be regretted that the compiler and editor of "Converts to Rome," a new edition of which was published some time ago by Messrs. Sands & Co., did not take greater pains to secure accuracy; for his book is one of exceptional interest and no slight importance. Many of its defects, however, are immaterial, and the compiler certainly deserves praise for a great deal of industry. The work is described as "a biographical list of the more notable converts to the Church in the United Kingdom during the last sixty years"; it may also be called the English Convert's Who's Who.

Among those who have embraced the Faith, there are 572 clergymen of the Church of England, 23 from the Churches of Scotland, and 12 of the Church of Ireland. There are 432 members of the nobility, 64 naval officers, 306 army officers, 192 lawyers, 42 baronets and 25 baronets' wives; 92 medical men, 39 diplomatists, 35 artists, 53 musicians, and 14 members of the dramatic profession. The statistics also show that there are 29 peers and 53 peeresses, 21 knights and 34 knights' wives; though whether these and the baronets and baronets' wives mentioned above are included in the 432 members of the "nobility" one is left in doubt. Literature, including poets, authors, playwrights, and journalists, has contributed 470 converts; and, though Anglican clergymen head the list with 572, only 203 clergymen's wives are registered. Of Nonconformist ministers there are 13, of Oxford graduates 586, and Cambridge 346. Aberdeen University has yielded only 2; Glasgow, 5; St. Andrews, 4; Durham, 24; Edinburgh, 17; London, 25; and public schools, 425. Children or grandchildren of converts are given in the appendix.

It will be found by a cursory examination of this book that there is hardly an English noble family that has not given one or more of its members to the Mother Church. The publication of such a list speaks eloquently for her unfailing vitality, and can not fail to impress all fair-minded persons.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Converts to Rome." W. Gordon Gorman. \$1, net.

"Mementos of the English Martyrs and Confessors." Rev. Henry S. Bowden. 45 cts.

"The Groundwork of Christian Perfection." Rev. Patrick Ryan. 75 cts.

"Our Lady's Lutenist." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 65 cts.

"Memorabilia: Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books." \$1.10, net.

"The Centurion." A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.

"Life in the Shadow of Death." Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. \$1.

"Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars." 15 cts.

"Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P. 75 cts.

"The Turn of the Tide." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.

"War on the White Plague." Rev. John Tscholl. \$1.15.

"The Second Chance." Mrs. Nellie L. McClung. \$1.20.

"Commercial Geography." Edward Van Dyke Robinson. \$1.25.

"Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." Erich Wasmann, S. J. \$4 50, net.

"A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. \$6, net.

"Early Steps in the Fold." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.

"Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God." Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Bonacum, of the diocese of Lincoln; Rev. John Neafsey, diocese of Louisville; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Fitzgerald, diocese of Springfield; and Rev. Lawrence McCarthy, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister M. Hilda, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Secunda, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. de Sales, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. George Papin, Mr. Joseph Meyer, Miss Maria B. Tiernan, Mr. John Allen, Miss Mary Garinan, Mr. Joseph Storr, Mrs. Bridget O'Donohue, Mr. Angelo Ponte, Mr. Patrick Bell, Mrs. Catherine Harks, Miss Mary Healy, Mr. Louis Brinckwirth, Mrs. Anne Timpane, Mr. Henry Deppe, Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien, Mr. H. F. Diener, Mr. Charles Kane, Mr. Joseph Eads, Mrs. Mary McDonald, Mr. Philip Eck, Mrs. Ellen Halley, and Mr. Joseph Gerstner.

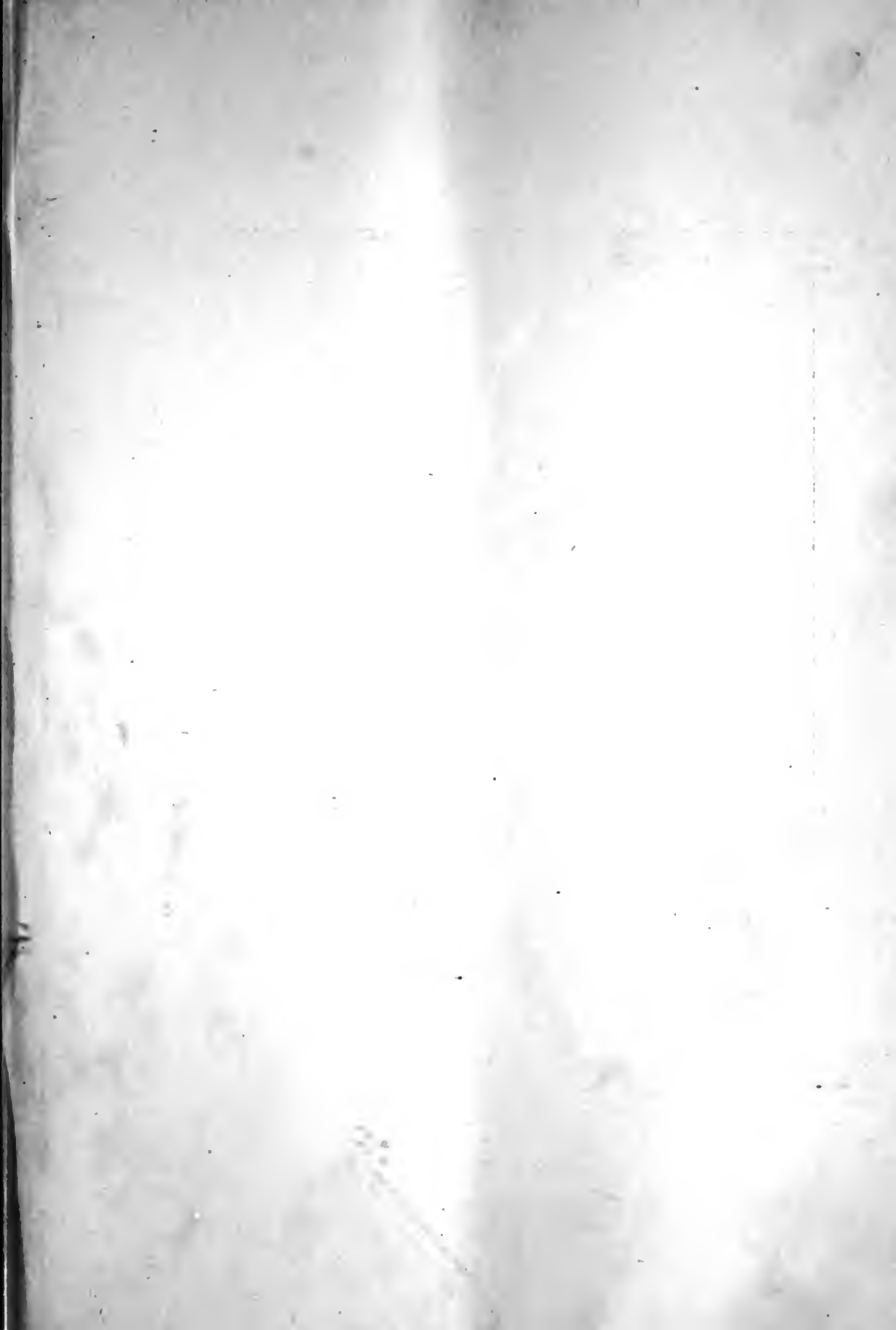
Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the persecuted Italian nuns:

J. M. C., \$1; Mother of a nun, \$1; T. B. R., \$2.





THE DEPOSITION
(Fra Bartolommeo.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 42.

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NO. 8

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Queen of Mercy.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

"**B**EHOLD thy Mother!" Words He might have said

At Bethlehem, from the Crib; for she was then
New Eve, and Mother of our Life; or when
He rose, the deathless first-fruits* of the dead;
Or forth to Bethany His loved ones led,†

To watch the heavens receive Him out of ken.
But no: He chose this hour, and caused the pen
Of him who *heard* to write what we have read.

Yes, dearest Lord! Our Mother was to be

By Thy gift doubly ours. And Thou didst wait
Till she had shared Thy Passion—seen Thee
prove

Thy love for us, and proved her own for Thee,
To last excess: *then* solemnly instate
The Queen of Mercy in her realm of love.

Lenten Thoughts.

(From the Missal and the Breviary.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great meditative minds of the Middle Ages, pondering long and well, saw into the very marrow of things; and, analyzing and dividing, made them more intelligible and agreeable to us. For instance, we all know and, it is to be hoped, repeat the pathetic and beautiful psalm *Miserere*,—"Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy!" The first few verses

strike the dullest of us; but when we get on in the psalm, the quickest of us is sometimes tempted to wander.

Now, the Schoolmen of the old days divide that psalm thus. In the first part, they say that David, the great model of penitents, prays for forgiveness; in the second, for the grace of persevering in penance; and in the third, declares his purpose of making satisfaction. They looked into this psalm, meditated on it, made it their own; then analyzed it, and so rendered it more intelligible to us. It need hardly be said that this psalm is the finest Act of Contrition that has ever been composed, for the simple reason that it has been directly inspired by Almighty God Himself.

We desire, with God's grace, to pass a good Lent. Of a certainty no one can guide us like the Church; and her directions are laid down in her two official books, the Missal and the Breviary. Like the thinking minds of "the days of old," however, we must look into the directions and advice which the Church gives us. We must meditate on them and analyze them, that so we may profitably use them. And at the outset there is a little difficulty, which I shall attempt to explain.

The Church, for every day during Lent, Sunday and weekday, does what it does at no other season of the year: it selects a special Gospel and prepares a special Mass. She must follow some design, we know; for we can not suppose that she opens the Testament at random and says, "This Gospel will be for Monday"; then

* I. Cor., xv, 20.

† St. Luke, xxiv, 30.

shuts it, opens it haphazard next day and says, "This Gospel will be for Tuesday." That is not the way the Church works. On the contrary, in the Missal there is for each day of the holy season of Lent a special and individual Introit, Collect, Epistle, Gradual, Gospel, Offertory, Secret, Communion and Post-Communion; and in the Breviary we have the corresponding prayers and Gospels, with the homilies of the Fathers thereon.

As it is said of the skies above, "Order is heaven's first law," so may it with equal truth be said of the Church, "Order is her first law." That being so, what order has she followed in selecting the Introits, Gospels, and other variable parts of the Mass, so as to make them special to each day? Who will give us the clue or thread to what, at first sight, seems to be an inextricable labyrinth? Before I answer let me bow down, and in the humblest reverence, but with the utmost conviction, declare that, excepting the Holy Bible, no such books as the Missal and the Breviary have ever been written or compiled.

The difficulty of the Missal, then, is answered by the Missal itself. If we look into the several Introits, Epistles, Gospels, and prayers, they will tell us. They will explain all the more fully and abundantly according as we bring a fuller share of the humble and meditative spirit of the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages to consider them. We shall, therefore, dwell some moments on the formation of the Roman Missal as we have it at present. We want to know when it took its present form, and by whose authority, and under what conditions.

The Roman Missal, as we have it now, comes from the time of the Council of Trent. There were previously various Missals and liturgies, many of them dating "from time immemorial." Any Missal or liturgy that could not prove an antiquity of at least two hundred years at the time of the Council, was at once discarded. The origin of Missals is inter-

esting. It will at once be seen that Our Lord, on so solemn an occasion as the institution of the Divine Eucharist on Holy Thursday night, made use of great solemnity; and so, as a matter of fact, it is told us in the Gospels. The Apostles were commanded to do as the Lord had done, 'in remembrance of Him.' They scattered over the earth; and in each place they gathered their disciples around them, when they "broke Bread from house to house,"—that is, when they consecrated the Sacred Species; and distributed Holy Communion to the faithful. The Apostles died. Their successors did what they saw them doing,—consecrated with the prayers and forms the Apostles had used, and distributed Holy Communion to the faithful of their time.

There was as yet no Missal—that is, no written or printed book such as we have. This was owing to a fear lest the book should fall into the hands of the Jews or the pagans. That action of the early Church is technically called "The Discipline of the Secret,"—meaning the order or system of the liturgy, that was kept secret from the outside world. All was done from memory. St. Peter's successors did from memory what they had seen him doing. St. James' successors did so likewise; and so on for all the rest. Moreover, when these gatherings took place, the bishop made it a point to instruct the people. If he could not do so personally, he did so by delegate or by letter. And these instructions, or the letters which a bishop in prison or in exile wrote to his flock, became embodied sometimes in the liturgy. Thus two things tended to bring about modification, and to cause different liturgies to arise in different places: (1) no written book's having been used for generations; (2) the embodying, in the liturgies, of letters and homilies and instructions of local bishops.

Later on, when the great Orders sprang up in the Church, a new source of modification arose with them. Besides minor

liturgies, or liturgies of minor importance, there were therefore at the time of the Council of Trent six great and recognized forms in the East,—namely, the liturgy of Jerusalem, of Antioch, of Alexandria, of Constantinople, and the Armenian and the Nestorian liturgies. In the West there were four: the Roman, the Ambrosian, the Mozarabic, and the Gallic. A commission to consider these different liturgies was ordered by the Council of Trent, and the present Roman Missal was the result of their labors.

When considering, then, the Roman Missal as a whole, or that portion of it pertaining to the season of Lent, to which we are going to confine our attention, we must always bear in mind these two purposes of the liturgy,—the first and principal being to invest the august Act of Sacrifice with a befitting ceremonial; and the second, to prepare, by instruction or devotion, the minds of the faithful to assist worthily thereat. The Preface and Canon of the Mass fulfil the first purpose; the Epistles, Gospels, and other prayers, satisfy the second. It will be necessary only to remind ourselves, for instance, that the catechumens were baptized on Easter Saturday, to have us at once recognize that teaching was an indispensable part of the Lenten liturgy, as we see in the Mass of the day and in the homilies of the Fathers.

From Ash-Wednesday to the First Sunday in Lent.

I.—PENANCE.

"Almighty and eternal God, spare the penitent, pity the suppliant!" cries out the Church in the blessing of the sacred ashes. Again: "O God, who willest not the death of the sinner, but that he do penance and live, mercifully remember the frailty of man's nature." Once again: "O God, who art moved by humility and appeased by penance, incline the ear of Thy mercy to the cry of our prayers!" And still once more: "O God, who didst hold out to the Ninivites the remedy of Thy patience, when they did penance in

sackcloth and ashes!..." Lest we should by any chance mistake it, the Church clothes her ministers in violet vestments, and continues to do so during Lent; that, whatsoever virtues she desires to put before us, the virtue of penance, symbolized by the violet vestments, is never to be forgotten.

During the services of Ash-Wednesday, the choir sings: "Let us change our garments, and put on sackcloth and ashes; let us fast and weep before the Lord." And again: "The priests, the ministers of the Lord, shall weep between the vestibule and the altar, and shall say: 'Spare, O Lord,—spare Thy people; and shut not the mouths of them that confess to Thee!'" All this time the priest is signing the forehead with the sacred ashes, saying as he does so: *Memento, homo,—* "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return." Could any sermon be more impressive?

"Have mercy on me, O God,—have mercy on me!" cries the Introit of that day.

The Epistle wails out from the Prophet Joel (ii, 12–19): "Be converted to Me with all your heart, in fasting and in weeping and in mourning. Rend your hearts, and not your garments; and turn to the Lord your God."

The Gospel, taken from St. Matthew (vi), opens with Our Lord's words: "When you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad.... But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not to men to fast, but to thy Father, who is in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

The Introit for Thursday appeals in the same way: "mercifully hear our prayer, O Lord; and despise not our petition...."

The Collect: "O God, who by sin art offended, and by repentance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of Thy people making supplication to Thee, and turn away the scourges of Thy wrath which we deserve for our sins."

The Epistle (Isa., xxxviii): "And King Ezechias was sick unto death." But "he wept before the Lord with a great cry. . . . And the word of the Lord came to Isaias, saying: Go and say to Ezechias: I have heard thy prayer, and I have seen thy tears; behold, I will add fifteen years more over and above to thy days, saith the Lord."

The Gradual (Ps. liv): "Cast the thought of thy heart upon the Lord, and He will nurse and cherish thee." The Gospel (St. Matt., viii) tells of the centurion who came to Our Lord, saying: "Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, and he is grievously tormented." And when Our Lord offered to go, we hear that humblest of cries: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. . . ."

The Introit of the Mass on Friday (Ps. xix): "The Lord hath heard, and hath pity on me."

The Epistle tells what kind of fasting is expected from us. "Cry out, and cease not," says the Lord to the Prophet Isaias. "Announce to this people their crimes, and their transgressions to the house of Jacob. Let them not fast, as up to this day they have done, if their cry is to be heard on high. . . . Break thy bread to the hungry; and the needy and the wanderer bring into thy house. When thou seest the naked, cover him, and despise not thine own flesh. . . . Then thou wilt call, and the Lord will hear; thou wilt cry out, and He shall say: Here I am; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, thy God."

No monuments that we may build, no honors that we may render, no eulogiums that we may utter, can reach into that far-off mysterious realm to which the spirit of the mighty dead has gone; but the living may be taught by great example, and ambition may be stirred in those who are to follow us by study of the lives of those who were truly great.—*J. C. S. Blackburn.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

INA congratulated herself upon the effect of her admonitions, when she saw the exemplary manner in which Maitland conducted himself after joining Madeleine in the Cathedral; and it did not occur to her that possibly the change in him was due less to those admonitions than to the influence of the great church which he had entered with so little thought, but which had, as it were, seized his spirit and compelled it to the reverence he was ready to forget. For the moment, at least, the passion of rebellion which possessed his soul died down, as the waves of stormy water were once stilled by the command of their Lord. No doubt those waves rose again, after the gracious and powerful Presence had passed from them; but at His voice they subsided and were calm. And it was the same voice, with the same unearthly accent of command, which now spoke to the tumult of Maitland's heart in the atmosphere of this old sanctuary of faith,—that wonderful atmosphere which, like the never-dying fragrance of incense, dwells in these ancient churches where for long ages the Holy Sacrifice has been offered, and where the very walls seem saturated with the unceasing prayer poured forth within them by myriads of pious souls.

It would have been impossible for Maitland to be altogether insensible to this influence, even though, like too many Catholics of his day and generation, and especially of his country, he knew little of the spiritual side of his religion. And if this seems a contradiction of terms, in speaking of a religion which is based wholly upon the spiritual, it is because there is no other way of describing the condition of those who, while holding all the truths necessary for salvation, are

yet strangely blind to supernatural values; and in whom the influence of a world absorbed in the pursuit of material things — which regards nothing else as worthy of effort, which accepts no religion other than a thinly-veiled humanitarianism, and cares for no charity save that which ministers to man's bodily needs — has done its work in a subtle and often deadly fashion.

For such people turn with an almost Protestant distaste from any note of high spirituality. They want only what is "practical" in religion, and that reduced to a minimum; they compound with the world, as far as they possibly can, in all its beliefs and practices; and when at last some great temptation assails them, they find no weapon with which to repel it in the faith they have attenuated to suit the demands of the society in which they live. Considering these things, one is often inclined to think that if, perhaps, there were less boasting over the growth of Catholicity in America, and more recognition of the danger which the dominant materialism of American life presents, it might be better in the end for the Church, which, however great her apparent prosperity, must inevitably suffer in her most vital point when her children forget how far the things of the spirit transcend in value the things of the material world.

This is a truth which was never more fully grasped than by the men of those ages which the world calls "dark," and we the Ages of Faith. No interests of life, no warring strife of the times, blinded their eyes to the great Vision of celestial things, of exalted ideals, of man's true end and destiny. Hence there blossomed forth such fair fruits of noble deeds, of heroic virtues, of a splendid, almost prodigal generosity toward God's Church and God's poor, as have never been surpassed, and are not likely ever to be equalled. And, human nature being what it is, we might possibly doubt the records which tell of these marvellous works, if there was not another record in the great monu-

ments of faith bequeathed to us by those ages, when man's genius seemed inspired by the creative power of God to rise to heights of achievement which it has never since attained. It rose to no greater height than in this glorious Cathedral of Chartres; and as we recall the exquisite and truly mediæval story of its building, of how "no man was so audacious as to lay hands on the materials belonging to the Virgin till he had made peace with his enemies and confessed his sins," we can not wonder that miracles of grace should still occur within its walls.

It is not, however, meant to be implied that such a miracle of grace occurred with Maitland. There was no flash of divine illumination to show him the nature of the peril in which he stood; only, as has been said, a powerful touch seemed laid upon his spirit. And, with a sense of quiet to which that spirit had been for many days a stranger, he found himself walking with Madeleine about the great church (for Nina soon carried Carruthers off to examine her picture), pausing to kneel at the different shrines, and at last following her to that most ancient and famous shrine in the crypt, of Notre Dame de Sous-Terre.

And if the upper church is full of memories, what can be said of this underground basilica, the history of which goes back to a past so dim that it is lost in the mists of legend? Yet on one point tradition has been through all the ages constant and clear: we are told that the Cathedral is built above a Druidical cave, which is the first place where the Virgin was venerated in France. "It goes back," writes Huysmans, "to Messianic times; for, long before Joachim's daughter was born, the Druids had erected, in the cave which has become our crypt, an altar to the Virgin who should bear a Child — *Virgini Paritura*. They, by a sort of grace, had intuitive foreknowledge of a Saviour whose Mother should be spotless; thus it would seem that at Chartres, above all places, there are very ancient bonds

of affection with Mary." He then goes on to relate the history—too long for insertion here—of the successive churches which, from the remote dawn of Christianity, have been built above this cave. Destroyed again and again by the warfare of men, and also by the lightning of heaven, the present Cathedral is the fifth erection over the ancient crypt. Built in the thirteenth century, by a spontaneous outpouring of love and generosity from the people, who came in multitudes to give to its erection not only their means but their personal labor as well, it is not alone the noblest expression of the faith of the age which built it, but there are, besides, a thousand hallowing memories associated with these walls, which, rising in the reign of Philippe Augustus, were consecrated in the presence of St. Louis in 1260.

"Really," cries Huysmans, "when you come to think of it, a cathedral is a superhuman thing! Starting in our lands from the old Roman crypt, from the vault, crushed like the soul by humility and fear, and bowed before the infinite Majesty whose praise they hardly dared to sing, the churches gradually waxed bolder; they gave an upward spring to the semicircular arch, lengthening it to an almond shape, leaping from the earth, uplifting roofs, heightening naves, breaking out into a thousand-sculptured forms all round the choir; and flinging heavenward, like prayers, their rapturous piles of stones. They symbolized the loving tenderness of orisons; they became more trusting, more playful, more daring in the sight of God."

No words could better describe the Cathedral of Chartres as it stands to-day,—the thirteenth century upper church 'flinging heavenward, like prayers, its rapturous piles of stones,' above the solemn crypt in which the Romanesque is seen in its earliest and most typical form. And again we may let the poet and mystic tell us what deep, strange things he saw and felt in this underground

sanctuary. "Overhead," he says, "the enormous curve of the vaulting hung heavy, and so low that a man could touch it by stretching an arm; it was as black as the mouth of a chimney, and scorched by the fires that had consumed the cathedrals built above it. . . . The cavern was crowded with memories. The coatings of these walls had been formed of the vapors of the soul, of the exhalations of accumulated desires and regrets, even more than of the smoke and tapers. An extraordinarily mild atmosphere prevailed, which was also full of a singular perfume, in which a musty odor of hot wax mingled with a suggestion of damp earth. But this was only the background—the canvas, so to speak—of the perfume, and was lost under the embroidery of fragrance which covered it: the faded gold, as it were, of oil in which long-kept aromatic herbs had been steeped, and old, old incense powder dissolved. It was a weird and mysterious vapor, as strange as the crypt itself, which, with its furtive lights and breadths of shadow, was at once penitential and soothing."

And then, as part of the description of early Mass in the crypt, he adds: "A sacristan came in through a little door opening into the other transept, and lighted the tapers on the high altar; then strings of silver-gilt hearts became visible in the semicircle all along the walls, reflecting the blaze of flames, and forming a glory for a statue of the Virgin sitting, stiff and dark, with a Child on her knees. This was the famous Virgin of the Cavern—or rather a copy of it; for the original was burned in 1793 in front of the great porch of the Cathedral, amid the delirious raving of *sans-culottes*."

No sacristan came out to light the candles when Madeleine and Maitland knelt before this ancient shrine, for the Masses of the day were long over; and as much light as ever enters into the underground basilica was filling the great spaces, showing the heavy vaulting, the massive pillars, the immense blocks of

smoke-blackened stone. The spot where Notre Dame de Sous-Terre sat was obscure, as became the name and origin of the famous image. But the stiff dark figure was clearly to be seen; and the gleam of the votive hearts which formed a background for it seemed visible symbols of the love and reverence which from earliest ages have here been paid to the stainless Mother of God.

It is not well to inquire too closely what prayers were said by the two who knelt side by side on the low chairs, in the dim light which came through distant, clouded windows. On Madeleine's part, it was probably a thanksgiving for the peace which seemed restored to her soul, and for the dream of an earthly but exalted happiness which had dawned on her; but it is doubtful if any articulate form of prayer rose in Maitland's mind. He was only conscious of the same powerful influence, strongly intensified, which had calmed the tumult of his spirit in the upper church. And although, with the crass materialism of his day, he would probably have scorned the mysticism of Huysmans had he known of it, nevertheless that "mysterious vapor" — that atmosphere which the ages have left here, and which the impressionable soul of the mystic found "at once penitential and soothing"—had its effect on him. In the deep silence of these low vaults, with their suggestion of the catacombs of Rome, the world seems to recede to an immeasurable distance, the sense of eternity to brood almost visibly; and, whether formulated or not, the prayer that rises most instinctively to the soul of man is the old, old cry, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

But, despite, or perhaps because of, the awe which this solemn and austere crypt inspires, there can be no doubt of the sense of relief with which Maitland left it. For in the background of his mind the purpose which had brought him so far remained unchanged; and the influence that for a time had bidden the stormy waves of passion be still, was an influence which

has never yet compelled the will of man—that proud and unique creation of God, which He has left free in order that there may be merit in its submission.

Nevertheless, Notre Dame de Sous-Terre had in some degree done her work; and it was a very subdued Maitland who again walked by Madeleine's side through the glories of the upper church, and came with her out to the statue-set porch, where they found Nina and Carruthers awaiting them.

"You've been so long that we had some thought of going in search of you!" the former cried as soon as she saw them. "But I knew where you were, and I can not bear that crypt. I feel as if the weight of all the earth and all the ages fell on my spirit when I enter it; and how Madeleine can like to go there, I am unable to imagine. Did *you* like it?" she asked abruptly, turning to Maitland.

He hesitated before answering; and it occurred to her that he would not have hesitated had the question been asked a little earlier—for instance, when they stood by the river and he declared so emphatically his liking for "things that belong to daylight," which the crypt of the Cathedral of Chartres most certainly does not.

"It is very interesting," he said at last; "but undoubtedly gloomy, and some people might even find it depressing."

"I'm one of the 'some people,'" Nina declared. ("And, if you expressed your true sentiments, you'd acknowledge that you are 'another!'" she added mentally.) "I'm not fond of gloomy or depressing things; and going into that crypt is like descending into a tomb to meditate on one's last end."

"A very useful exercise," said Madeleine.

"Perhaps so," Nina agreed; "but distinctly *not* cheerful, and I am for cheerfulness always. Which reminds me that the most cheerful thing I can think of just now is *déjeuner*, and we are all going to take it together. Dick and I have arranged everything. So *allons!*"

The others offering no objection, they

therefore took *déjeuner* together, as Nina and Carruthers had arranged while waiting; and each member of the little party contributed a sufficient quota of cheerfulness to make the occasion pleasant to all. Miss Percival's spirits were, in fact, high enough to warrant a suspicion that, despite her modernity, she was exhilarated in quite an old-fashioned way by the presence of the young artist from Paris; while Carruthers himself was one of those fortunate and popular persons who can invariably be relied on for good-fellowship,—a light-hearted comrade, who, up to the present time at least, had always taken the road of life singing blithely.

If the other two members of the quartette were not so gay as these, that was not remarkable. The consciousness of a strained situation, of vital and poignant issues hanging on decisions yet to be made, could not be banished altogether by either, though each endeavored to act as if the difficult feat had been accomplished. And indeed in great measure the strain was relaxed for Madeleine. To her, too, Notre Dame de Sous-Terre had spoken; and if she did not altogether understand the message which had come to her soul—a message of strength it seemed, though for what hard combat she did not guess,—it conveyed a sense of tranquillity as well as of power, which deepened the peace that had already brought its healing balm to her heart. How much this peace rested on a dream of etherealized human love—a pathetic attempt to compromise with the hard fate that barred her from the natural order of happiness—she did not yet understand, though it was soon to be made clear to her. For the present, however, the sweetness and magic of the dream was all about her, shining in her eyes and irradiating her whole expression, as happiness alone has power to do, until every one of the little group saw and recognized the change in her.

That the meaning of this change should have been misunderstood by each of them was only natural. Maitland's heart leaped

up with the hope that his suit, if not won, was at least near to success; for how else could he interpret the radiance which but once before—when he first spoke of his love on a day that now seemed long past—he had seen in Madeleine's look? Nina was as glad as she was surprised; for she had feared a much longer and harder struggle with "misplaced idealism"; and Carruthers was unable to keep his artist's gaze from dwelling persistently on the face, where the light of that emotion which, though it often chains the soul to earth can also give it wings to mount beyond the sun and stars, shone so transparently that he said to himself, "I should like to paint her as Psyche awakened by Eros."

He said as much also to Nina when, after their *déjeuner*, in the still beauty of the summer afternoon, they all again wandered down to the river flowing through the ancient moat, and, crossing it by one of its many bridges, went out into the country beyond. While the two artists paused now and then for slight sketching, Madeleine and Maitland gradually drew farther ahead, as they strolled along a road—one of the perfect roads of France—which led between cultivated lands across the wide plain of La Beauce.

"Yes," Nina agreed, in answer to Dick Carruthers' remark, "she looked absolutely lovely; and so irradiated by some inner feeling—and there's only one that can irradiate the human countenance in such fashion—that I don't wonder you felt that you would like to paint her. But if you did, you would certainly

paint her unaware

With a halo round her hair;

for didn't it strike you that she looked even more like a saint, exalted by some heavenly vision, than like a woman in love with an ordinary man?"

"No," Carruthers answered positively. "She didn't look at all like a saint to me; but, as I said, like Psyche awakened by Eros. Her eyes—what beautiful eyes she has!—seemed full of wonder as well

as of radiance, as if she were marvelling over the dawn of some new feeling, the birth of some new faculty. I'd give anything to be able to catch that expression!" (he made a gesture in the air, as if holding a brush.) "But I never could," he added, with a drop of voice and arm; "for it is in its nature too transitory."

"Now, what do you mean to imply by that?" Nina asked suspiciously.

"That no such exalted state of feeling ever lasts, whether it is the vision of a saint or the rapture of a woman in love with what you call scornfully 'an ordinary man,'" he replied. "We are so made, you know, that to remain on heights is impossible to us; neither the soul nor the body can breathe rarefied air for long."

"Dick, you've got a great deal more sense than one would be inclined to give you credit for," Nina remarked with uncomplimentary frankness. "That is quite true of the most of us; but let me tell you that Madeleine comes nearer to breathing the rarefied air of such heights all the time than any one else I ever knew."

"I've not the least doubt of that," he returned. "But it is true only in comparative degree — comparative, that is, with the low levels where the rest of us breathe most comfortably, — while what we have just seen was the outward sign of an emotion which, being superlative in its exaltation, can not last any more than the wonderful glow of dawn can last through the day."

"But the glow of dawn heralds the sunlight which *will* last through the day," Nina cried quickly; "and I believe that a happiness which may last, has indeed come into Madeleine's life. No one deserves it more."

"I am quite sure of that also," Carruthers said. "But—I don't wish to make unpleasant suggestions, yet the thought forces itself—do those who most deserve happiness generally find it? My observation of life tells me otherwise."

"So does mine," Nina admitted; "but 'generally' is not 'always.' Sometimes those who deserve happiness find it."

"Certainly," Carruthers agreed. "I can honestly describe myself as happy, and there's no doubt of my deserving to be so, I hope."

"Not the least doubt," Nina assured him, with a laugh. "And I'm happy, too, for that matter. But, O Dick, how different our kind of happiness from Madeleine's! It is because she is made of such superfine clay—like a vessel formed only for the highest and most exquisite uses—that I am afraid for her."

Carruthers nodded.

"You've cause to be," he said. "Vessels of such superfine clay don't, as a rule, find happiness in the common uses of life. But we are really dreadfully analytical, and our similes are becoming fearfully mixed; so let us simply hope, in commonplace language, that Mrs. Raynor will continue to be as happy as she looked at lunch; and that she and Maitland have satisfactorily 'hit it off,' as our English friends say."

"I hope so," Nina echoed, with an anxious glance at the two figures walking ahead. "Oh, I *do* hope so with all my heart!"

(To be continued.)

Ad Amicam.

BY B. ERYL.

DEAR friend who dwelleth in the magic West,
Where swells and falls the great Pacific sea,
What mighty barriers rise 'twixt thee and me!
The white Sierras soaring crest o'er crest,
Grim gorge and frowning cañon's rugged breast,
The Rockies springing skyward from the lea—
All bar me from communion sweet with thee,
Though keen the hunger of the heart oppressed.
But when before the altar shrine I kneel,
Where from the world Love's Prisoner dwells
apart,
Lo! in that trysting-place divine I feel
The absent near; then dies e'en sorrow's smart,
And, barriers vanishing that friends conceal,
I see thee, hear thee, fold thee to my heart!

Father Paul of Moll.

BY FRANCESCA M. STEELE.

THE little town of Moll, the birthplace of the holy Benedictine monk whose Cause of beatification is now before the Holy See, is in the province of Antwerp, in Belgium, three and a half miles from the better-known town of Gheel. Moll stands on the river Moll-Nethe, and contains tobacco manufactories and spinning factories, and does a large trade in butter and cattle. The surrounding country consists largely of heaths. And here, in this healthy locality, stood an ancient Premonstratensian monastery, founded in the fourteenth century, but suppressed in 1796. The buildings are now transformed into a chateau for the lord of the manor. There is in the town a school for vagrant boys; but the future celebrated Father Paul of Moll was sent, during his early years, to a primary school at Millighem-Moll. He was born on January 13, 1824, and was baptized under the name of Francis. He was the son of Vincent and Catherine Luyckx.

Most of the pupils at Millighem-Moll lived some distance from the school; so in fine weather one of the teachers used to come and meet them and give them instruction under a row of trees at a place still called *Rei Boomen*, or "Tree Row." After Francis had spent some years at this school, he was sent to the college at Gheel to finish his education. Gheel, a town of 13,000 inhabitants, is celebrated for its most humane method of treating the insane, who come there from all parts of Belgium to be boarded out among the inhabitants. They constitute quite a colony. The patients are given every opportunity of liberty, and are allowed to roam about the heath and breathe the pure, salubrious air; while some are employed in the fields or on the farms; but all the time a watchful eye is kept upon them.

Francis must have constantly met with some of these unhappy, afflicted ones on his daily walks to and from the College and his home. Originally a hospital for the insane founded at Gheel in the thirteenth century, housed these people, and was placed under the patronage of St. Dymphna the patronal saint of the district; but since the middle of the eighteenth century, the patients have been boarded out among the townspeople and inhabitants of the villas in the district.

St. Dymphna was a Saxon princess, who was secretly converted to Christianity in the seventh century, and retired with some companions to a place near Gheel, which was then a very solitary region, to lead the contemplative life there, but her pagan father discovered her and killed her, because she would not abjure her faith. Her relics are kept in the church at Gheel, and are still the object of frequent pilgrimages. She is considered the patroness of the insane, and many cures are attributed to her intercession.

In 1848 Francis entered the Benedictine monastery of Termonde, or Dendermonde, in East Flanders, as a postulant for the religious life, to which he had from his childhood felt a strong attraction. Two months later, on August 24, he received the habit of St. Benedict; and on September 29, the following year, he made his profession. Termonde is a fortified town of about 10,000 inhabitants. It occupies an important strategical position, standing as it does at the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Dender and the Escaut. The surrounding country is not rich, the soil being very sandy; but in the north it is well cultivated in many places. The large ditches bristling with rushes show that the earth has been conquered by human labor. "East! West! Home is best!" is the motto of the Flemish peasant; and the small, low cottages scattered about, often in straight lines, in the midst of trees, with a church in the centre, form the villages of the district, and present a quiet air of simple comfort,

which their interior confirms. If the life of the inmates is so monotonous as to border on stagnation, it is, nevertheless, calm, resigned, and congenial to the humble souls dwelling within these walls.

Among the people of Termonde Father Paul labored for upward of ten years; and from the beginning of his residence there, in 1859, it was recognized by the Flemish people that there had come to live among them a very holy man, gifted with extraordinary powers, of which they soon had abundant testimony. As the news of his miraculous gifts, his spiritual understanding, and his wisdom became known, he was visited by all classes—rich and poor, sick and well, sinful and saintly, old and young; and he never denied himself to any one at any hour of the day or even of the night. It is computed that at least a million people must at one time or another have consulted him at Termonde.

The list of miracles worked by Father Paul, given in a small French account published a few years ago by Edouard van Speybrouck, occupies more than a hundred pages,—all of which miracles have been submitted to the ecclesiastical authorities, who are engaged in promoting his Cause. These prodigies were wrought among all classes, but the poor were the special objects of Father Paul's charity. His usual means of curing the sick, besides prayer, was the use of St. Benedict's medal, to which he had a great devotion; and holy water, which he frequently prescribed. Many of these cures were wrought at Termonde; and in the abbey church were lately seen more than two hundred crutches, which had been left as votive offerings.

On one occasion, as Father Paul came into the abbey church at Termonde to say Mass, he noticed among the congregation a woman with a little son, a cripple, by her side. He went up to the child before going to the altar, and said: "At the Consecration in my Mass, take your crutches and come and put them on the Communion

rails." The child did so, and was cured. We give this account just as it is recorded among the list of reputed miracles.

As a rule, Father Paul prescribed a novena to St. Benedict, for he had great faith in novenas; and he was wont to say they were better made in the morning than in the evening. Sometimes he ordered that, while the novena was being made, holy water in which a medal of St. Benedict had been placed should be applied to the afflicted part; and in instances too numerous to mention cures were effected.

Military service being compulsory in Belgium, it is the custom to draw lots when the time of conscription comes round, and those who draw the highest numbers are exempted from service. Father Paul was constantly applied to while at Termonde to get the conscript a good number; that is, one high enough to exempt him from service. And it is said that it was never known that any one who fulfilled the conditions the Father imposed was disappointed. These conditions were very easy: generally the conscript was told to make a novena to St. Benedict, to wear a medal of the saint round his neck and another sewed inside the sleeve of his coat. Frequently Father Paul predicted the very number that would be drawn.

An apparent exception to the rule that Father Paul's prayers always obtained a number which exempted from service once occurred when a young man from Bruges called on him to beg his help in the drawing. The good priest told the youth not to fear, that everything would be all right. But, when the drawing took place, the applicant drew one of the lowest numbers. The bad news was announced to the son of St. Benedict, who said a few words about resignation to the will of God, assuring his listener that when we ask a favor of God in prayer, the result is always good; and he added, "You will see that this is true." The next day the young man went before

the medical authorities to be examined, but without looking at him the two doctors who at the moment were busy writing said impatiently, "Too weak, go away."

A special class of persons who often successfully applied to Father Paul for help was students for competitive examinations. He always promised to pray for them, with the most gratifying results. Sometimes more romantic cases were submitted to him. One day a gentleman from the Walloon country called to see him, and said he wanted to go to America to look out for a rich wife, but that his mother objected to his plan. Father Paul, who was not lacking in humor, replied: "Do not undertake the journey; you will find your American at home." The prospective husband took his advice, and shortly after met at a watering place a wealthy American girl whom he afterward married.

Numerous instances are given in M. Speybrouck's "Life of Father Paul" of his gift of predicting future events; and even when due allowance has been made for his natural penetration and quick insight, many of his prophecies could have been revealed to him only in some supernatural way. To give an example: one of his religious brethren begged him to go to see his⁷ aged father, who was very ill. Father Paul went; and when he returned he said to the monk: "Your father will not be cured, but your mother will live fourteen years longer." This prophecy was fulfilled in both cases.

A young monk at Steenbrugge, named Father Benedict, was suffering from consumption. He came to Father Paul while he was prior and begged permission to go on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The good priest refused the request, whereupon the monk appealed to the Abbot of Afflighem, who granted the permission. As he left the monastery, Father Paul declared he would not be cured, and the sequel proved he was right; for Father Benedict died in the church at Lourdes while Father Paul was saying Mass at Steenbrugge. After

his Mass, Father Paul told the monks that he had just seen in a vision Father Benedict's body being carried into the sacristy of the Basilica at Lourdes.

Not only could this remarkable man foretell the future, but he had so marvellous a gift of penetration and of reading the conscience that he often revealed to his visitors past sins and secrets, which he could not possibly have known by any natural means. Three nuns from a convent in Bruges went to see Father Paul when he was at Steenbrugge, to ask him to pray for the recovery of their Mother Superior, who was dangerously ill. At the close of the visit he said to one of the nuns, standing before her with his hands joined and his eyes raised to Heaven: "Five years ago you would have left your convent if St. Teresa had not held you back, and for the last three days you have abstained from Holy Communion out of fear." The nun was amazed and exclaimed: "But, Father, how could you possibly know that? Nobody knows it, not even those in the convent." Father Paul did not answer the question, but told her to go back and tell her superior that he said she was to receive Holy Communion nine days in succession.

Although Father Paul loved best the poor and humble among his own countrymen, he was the valued counsellor of many wealthy and noble persons from other lands. People from France, Austria, Italy, and even England, came to visit him. Not only did people flock to him, but he travelled through Belgium, preaching, hearing confessions, exhorting sinners, healing the sick, comforting the afflicted.

His austerities were terrible. He seemed to take delight in afflicting his innocent body. Among other penitential practices, he was accustomed to wear round his waist an iron chain "bristling with a hundred points." He allowed himself very little sleep, and that little was taken on a pallet with his head resting on a plank; or more frequently he slept in an

upright position, with his head leaning against the wall. He used laughingly to exhort others to try this method of repose, remarking how well one slept in this manner.

A Benedictine priest, who knew him well gave it as his opinion that there was never in the Order a monk more devoted to prayer and penance than Father Paul. It was not till after his death, however, that his religious brethren were aware of all the miraculous gifts he possessed; though they knew that numbers of people from all parts visited him. He was so humble that he rarely spoke of the cures he wrought, or of his other supernatural gifts. When the report of his wonderful works reached the Bishop of Ghent, the latter sent for him and asked sternly what powers he possessed. "My Lord, I am nothing and I know nothing," replied Father Paul, simply.

The Rule of the Cassinese Congregation, to which Father Paul belonged, is very strict: it has adopted few of the mitigations of the original Rule of St. Benedict that have been allowed to other Congregations of the Order. At Termonde, there is perpetual abstinence from meat except in case of illness. The long fasts, covering eight months of the year, are observed, with the exception of certain saint-days that occur outside of Lent and Advent. The monks rise every night at half-past one, for Matins at two; and they take only a short time for repose after Lauds, before they rise again for the day. These are the chief points on which the monks of the primitive observance differ from other Benedictine Congregations.

To the severity of the Rule, Father Paul added his own mortifications. He carried his love of poverty to such an extent that he was frequently seen wearing a tattered and faded habit, and a hat so dilapidated that his friends made it the occasion of a joke, in which he heartily joined. His ragged habit once led a lady of his acquaintance, when visiting him at Steenbrugge, to tear off a shred from his sleeve

as a relic, which she put into her purse. Father Paul reproved her, saying: "You should not do such a thing!"

The great work of the Benedictine monk is, of course, the recitation of the Divine Office, and this takes up several hours every day. But Father Paul managed to get through a prodigious amount of work in addition to the time he spent in prayer. Some days he was engaged in the confessional till eleven o'clock at night; he was often busy from morning until evening seeing people who came to consult him at the monastery, or in visiting the sick and others who had asked his help. Besides this, he had a very large correspondence with people in other countries: it is computed he wrote about thirty letters every day. He was also a poet, and composed charming verses in Flemish; these he would write on the backs of religious pictures or photographs and give away. The subject of his poetry was nearly always the love of God, with which he was overflowing. On this account he has been called the "Chanter of the Love of God."

After laboring at Termonde, for ten years, in 1869 he was entrusted by his superiors with the re-establishment of the ancient Abbey of Afflighem, in Brabant, near Alost. This Abbey originally belonged to the Congregation of Our Lady of Immolation, or of St. Placid, into which in 1627 the Reform of St. Vanne was introduced; but the Congregation, which included five monasteries, was again dissolved in 1654. A year after Father Paul left Termonde, the Abbey of Afflighem was reopened and given to the Congregation which was founded by Dom Muard of the Sacred Heart, who died in 1854.

Family life being one of the notes of the Benedictine Order, Father Paul, while living at Afflighem in obedience to his superiors, was still affiliated with the Termonde community. He looked upon that monastery as his home, the abbot as his father, and the monks as his

brethren. Trusting only in God, and with no human resources at his command, Father Paul succeeded in re-establishing this ancient Abbey of Afflighem, where he remained till 1879. Then it was in so flourishing a condition that he was able to found another monastery at Steenbrugge, about a mile and a half from Bruges. He was chosen prior of this new foundation, and held the office for seven years. Here he led the same kind of life as at Termonde. People from the neighboring villages, from Bruges, and often from distant places, came to visit him, either to consult him or to ask his prayers or his help in various troubles. And his help was always given readily and cheerfully. Geniality was one of the good monk's greatest charms; he was ever kind and reassuring, and occasionally his love of humor would assert itself in his dealings with his clients.

Father Paul had the gift of clairvoyance in a remarkable degree. He frequently told people, visiting him for the first time, who they were, and circumstances about themselves that they believed unknown to any one. Sometimes he would show this power even in trifles. One day he said to a woman: "Give me the Rosary in your pocket. It has come unstrung. I will mend it for you." The woman, who did not remember that she had her Rosary with her, found it was broken, and Father Paul mended it.

On another occasion a woman called at the monastery at Steenbrugge, and asked to see the Prior. When Father Paul came to her he found her in great grief, because her son had gone away from home, and had been absent a long time, and she and her husband did not know whether he was dead or alive. "You need not be anxious," said Father Paul. "Your son is not dead. He will return in three days, and will remain with you to be the support of his parents." Three days later the son, who was a farm-servant in a distant village, as he was about to begin his dinner, suddenly rose from the table,

rushed out of the house like a madman, and ran all the way to Steenbrugge, eight or nine miles distant. He burst in to his home like "a bolt from the blue," to find his parents calmly expecting him, since Father Paul had predicted his return. "What in the world has happened here?" said the son. "I suddenly felt myself obliged to return."—"Nothing amiss has happened. We are all in good health, thank God!" said his mother.—"Very well, mother. I shall never leave you again. Let us all work together for the future," replied the young man, and he kept his word.

While prior at Steenbrugge, Father Paul was dangerously ill. A false report of his death having reached Bruges, a friend came to the monastery to ask if it were true. Father Paul, who was better, met the visitor, and said laughingly, "Why, I would certainly come and tell you if I were dead." In fact, he predicted the date of his own death to a farmer nine years and a half before it actually occurred.

He remained at Steenbrugge a year after his term as prior had expired, and in 1887 he returned to his own monastery at Termonde. But before his departure he called upon the Bishop, the late Monsignor Faict, and, kneeling before him: said: "My Lord, I come to ask pardon for all the evil I have done during my stay in your diocese."—"Stand up," replied the Bishop. "I am not worthy that you should kneel before me. You have done nothing but good."

Nine years after his return to Termonde from Steenbrugge, after a long and painful illness, he died, on February 24, 1896, in his seventy-first year. He passed peacefully away to the great grief of his religious brethren, who loved him dearly; but it was not till after his death that they realized how much he was venerated by hundreds of people, whom he had either cured or helped in some trouble. He had carefully concealed, even from those who were daily associated with him,

his wonderful knowledge of the human heart, and the marvellous powers he possessed. He was followed to the grave by an enormous crowd of people all of whom he had in some way benefited.

The little book from which the foregoing details of Father Paul's life and work have been gleaned, is merely a record of his wonderful cures and extraordinary experiences. It was compiled by Edouard van Speybroeck from the various accounts given to him by the people, and in no way professes to be this holy man's biography, which yet remains to be written.

La Sombra.

BY JEAN CONNOR.

III.

THE brilliant stars of the tropic night looked down on La Sombra, as if striving vainly to pierce its shadows with a cheering ray. It was one of those wild dark spots where Nature, fierce, sullen, passionate, seems to veil herself in a tangle of growth and gloom, and to shut out Heaven's gaze. Even the pale gleams flickering from tent and *casa* seemed phosphoric lights, noxious breathings of the damps and the vapors of earth that lead astray.

Major Van Ness sat in his tent in no cheerful mood. He had found things sorely demoralized on his return. The two officers whom he had left in charge were stricken down with the fever; the men were restless and reckless under uncertain discipline. He had taken the reins with a strong hand and shut down upon the liberty that was growing into license. A crowd of loafers and adventurers that hung around the camp were summarily driven away; and the fiery Spanish rum, for which the soldiers were trading needful rations, was rigidly excluded. All this had not been accomplished without resistance, but the

comandante of La Sombra was an old-fashioned disciplinarian; and half a dozen soldiers, found drunk on smuggled *aguardiente*, had been put in an improvised guardhouse this afternoon.

The situation was not a pleasant one, and the Major's grizzled brows were knit rather formidably when Surgeon Elmer was announced.

"Come in, Doctor,—come in!" said the Major. "I was just contemplating a walk up to that old fortress of yours. What news of your sick to-night?"

"Nothing very good," was the answer. "Hawkins is gone."

"What! Dead? He has not been sick forty-eight hours!" exclaimed the Major.

"A hopeless case from the first," said the surgeon, briefly. "I don't think Dayton will last the night. Been firing up with that cursed *aguardiente* until his blood was at the boil before the fever caught him. It's a tough lookout." And Vance Elmer took the camp stool that the Major pushed toward him, and bit off the end of a cigar.

"—tough!" assented the old officer, forcibly.

"There's such a lot of them down now, and we have so little help," continued the Doctor. "If it were not for those nuns you brought, I believe I'd throw up my hands."

"Some good, are they?"

"Good!" echoed Elmer. "That isn't the word for it. They're grit straight through. They haven't rested day or night since they came; for the poor fellows actually cry for them. Talk about training! That old nun up there could command an army of nurses. She got her grip on things thoroughly before she had been here an hour. You should have seen her list for requisitions! And she got them, too. Sent off a special messenger to El Caney and had all that she wanted next day. And that sturdy Irish nun is a good second to her; she fairly radiates health and cheer. But the young one—" the speaker's voice sank into a more

thoughtful tone. "She is the greatest marvel of them all."

"She is?" said the Major, startled. "That slip of a girl? I wondered why in thunder they sent her with the rest."

"If you were up there with me, you wouldn't wonder long. She hasn't had much experience, I can see. It's something else,—a sort of intuition, inspiration. She is always there just where she is wanted, ready with the bandage, the lotion, the drink. Hawkins, poor fellow!—he was a brave soldier, but a pretty hard case, as we know. Well, at the last things came back to him, I suppose; and he talked pretty wild, in a way that women—and even men, for that matter—don't like to hear. I called up big Jim Travers to help us hold him; but Jim is just out of the woods himself with a close shave, and he couldn't stand it; nearly keeled over in a faint at Hawkins' side. And that little white-faced woman stood her ground through it all, soothing, comforting, praying—not the cut-and-dried prayers drawled out to order, but short, pleading little heart cries that seemed to reach heights and depths we can not see. And Hawkins—well, somehow he seemed to catch on, and he quieted down. He died with his hand clasped in hers, trying to echo her words with his last breath."

"Poor fellow!" said the Major, huskily. "It's a pity he couldn't have gone off at Santiago, with a Mauser bullet to do up the business short and quick for him."

"I am not so sure of that," said the Doctor, gravely. "There is the difference, after all, between the death of a dog and the death of a man."

"Not much, sir,—not much!" replied the Major, brusquely. "The quicker the better for both, is my motto, and life at the best isn't worth a long fight. Here are two-thirds of these fools around me to-night cursing me because I wouldn't let them kill themselves drinking that liquid fire Spanish rum. You got the four cases I sent up to you?"

"Yes," said the Doctor.

"Keep them for those who need them. I seized the whole lot from that snake-eyed old scoundrel, Pedro Beneverro, who swore to me by all that he held holy that he had not a drop of liquor in his dirty little shop,—'only a few bottles of *agua de melisa* that keeps off the fever.' But I had my doubts; and we stirred things up a bit, and found a whole canteen stock under a pile of straw—going back?" as the Doctor rose. "Well, I'll walk up part of the way with you. I can't sleep, somehow, in this infernal hole. There's a sort of shut-up feeling as if we were all steaming in a devil's stew."

Elmer cast a swift professional glance at the speaker, but the rugged bronze face of the old soldier told him nothing; and they walked out together into the darkness that seemed, as the Major said, heavy with cheerless gloom. Here and there a faint light glimmered in the scattered tents of the camp; but most of the men were stretched out under the interlacing boughs of the trees, that made dense sheltering shadows, through which came mutterings and whisperings of sullen discontent.

"The men are dull to-night," said Elmer, with a short laugh.

"Miss their Dutch courage," replied the Major. "I had to put an end to it, or let them go to the devil outright. We'll get ordered off in a day or two, I hope. Since we had to give the *casa* up to the sick, it has been pretty tough on the poor fellows here in the swamp. No wonder they took to old Pedro's rum—"

As they spoke they passed on into wilder wastes of jungle and chaparral, that had once been a tropic paradise. Here and there amid the almost impassable tangles some strange blossoming shrub or vine whispered fragrantly of the quaint garden paths of long ago, when La Sombra had been a home of wealth and pride, its wide-reaching acres yielding princely income to its lordly Spanish owners. But its fortunes had gone down under the

tides of time and change; and the great stone *casa* standing, fire and storm scathed, in the midst of its tropic jungle, had been a stronghold of the insurgents, until the close of the war left it under American rule. As it rose now grey and grim amid the shadows, the faint lights gleaming through its shattered windows, it seemed like a ghost of the pride and power of the past.

As the Major paused, leaning a heavy hand on Elmer's shoulder, the Doctor's trained ear noted that he was breathing short and quick.

"I won't go any farther," he said. "I must keep all right, you know, Elmer. I—I've got to hold a taut rein until we get out of this beastly hole. The men are ready to break loose; and no wonder,—lying there in the darkness, listening to those cursed land crabs scuttling through the grass to the new-made graves in the hollow, and wondering whose turn it will be to be eaten next."

"Tut! tut! You've got a touch of the horrors to-night yourself, Major," said Elmer, with forced lightness.

"It's Hawkins, I suppose," answered the Major. "I liked him. He was a fine, brave fellow. He was right at my side in Las Guasimas, gay as a boy in a football match; and, with the Mausers falling around him like hailstones, he hadn't a thought of fear. To think of his going out to-night clinging to a weak woman's hand! If I should break down like that, Elmer—but I can't, I won't! I'll fight it out to the last! George! it's cold! The damp of these devilish swamps has struck into the very marrow of my bones. I must sit down for a moment and rest."

And the sturdy old soldier, shaking from head to foot, sank down upon one of the flat stones of a ruined wall behind him.

"It has got you, Major, I'm afraid," said Elmer, gravely. "I thought as much when I saw you in your tent to-night. You had better come in to the house and give up."

"Give up!" echoed the Major, hoarsely. "My God, sir, I can't,—I can't! The whole camp will go to the devil if I drop the reins. Hawkins gone, Dayton down, no one to take my place! I've got to stand up, sir,—I've got to stand to my post. I've done it before in the face of death, and I can do it again. I must fight it off, Elmer,—fight it off! Fire me up! Give me some quinine, whiskey, brandy—anything! I must fight it off!"

"You can't, Major," answered Elmer. "You'll have to give up for to-night at least."

"I can't, sir,—I tell you I can't!" replied the Major, fiercely. "Good Lord! haven't I been fighting it off all day? My head has been spinning as if there were ten thousand fiery wheels in it. I've been a dangerous man to-day, and the boys knew it. If that snake-eyed old Pedro had a fang I should have felt it, I know; for I caught him by the throat and shook him until he squealed for mercy."

"But the men know old Jack Van Ness."

"I can hold them,—hold them even here in this devil's hole, with Death—the kind of death that soldiers fear—grinning at them; the kind that can make men like Dick Hawkins tremble and cling. I can hold them; but once let me slacken my grip and they'll break loose. So I'll have to stand up to it, Elmer, until—until" (the Major lifted a trembling hand to his head) "orders come in a day or two. I told the men that to-morrow perhaps we'll get away. Until then I must fight it off, sir,—fight it off." And, with a desperate effort, the Major rose to his feet, only to stagger back into Elmer's arms.

"It is no use, Major!" said his friend, cheerily. "We've got no guns for an enemy like this. It's only malaria, I hope; but, whatever it is, you'll have to give up to-night. I'll put you up here in my room; and then, if it will relieve your mind, I'll send a messenger to General Deane at Las Cruces—"

"No, Elmer,—no messenger! Don't let

it get out among the men that I am down. I'll—I'll be up to-morrow morning. No messenger! We—dare not trust one, Elmer."

"Then I will go myself," said Elmer, resolutely. "It will be only a couple of hours' ride to the telegraph station. If it had not been for the blasted mismanagement of things we should have had one closer at hand. I'll leave you in good Sister Alicia's care. She is equal to a whole corps of army surgeons. And I'll take the message myself. Come, Major! The fight is off. The doctor is in command now. You *must* go to bed."

As, leaning on Elmer's arm, the old soldier tottered forward to the hospital, a figure, that had been creeping stealthily through the long jungle grass, straightened itself and peered after them with fierce, malignant gaze. It was the snake-eyed old Pedro, who had followed the Major from the camp, and was watching for his return. He had not forgotten (the long, withered tendrils of his throat were still throbbing from the iron clutch of that strong hand) the *Americano* who had robbed him of his all, had throttled him as if he were but a snarling dog; the *Americano* who must soon return through the dark jungle alone.

For Pedro, stealing softly as a shadow behind the Major and his friend, understood no English, and was unaware of the sudden illness that had prostrated the hated *comandante*; so, seating himself by the darkened path that led back to the tents in the hollow, he waited as the sons of the tropics can wait, silently, patiently, with no cooling of the hot fierce blood,—waited to strike.

(To be continued.)

On Seeing a Copy of "The Light of the World."

THERE'S some one at my doorstep,—

Why throbs my weary heart so fast?

He's knocking for admittance:

O haste, my soul, lest He go past!

R. A.

Marvels of the Saints.

AMONG the most remarkable manifestations of the sanctity of the servants of God is undoubtedly the extraordinary power still possessed by their bones, their tombs, or merely the slab or stones which have sustained the weight of their bodies, of distilling an odoriferous oil, a miraculous manna, itself productive of most marvellous effects. At the close of the fourth century St. John Climacus, abbot of the monks of Mt. Sinai, relates in the Fourth Step of his "Ladder of Paradise" (*Klimax*, whence his name) that on visiting a monastery of Syria, shortly after the death of a holy monk named Mennas, he was witness to a great miracle. "Whilst we were celebrating the divine service," he writes, "for this venerable monk, on the third day after his death, the spot in which his remains had been entombed was suddenly penetrated with the most exquisite odor. The abbot permitted the coffin to be opened; and we perceived, flowing from the soles of his feet, as it were two streams of most sweet-smelling balm."

In the eighth century, from the tomb containing the body of St. John the Almoner, Patriarch of Alexandria, who died in the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, a miraculous oil distilled, which was used by the sick for the healing of their maladies. The biographer of this charitable prelate further relates that in his own time, in the Isle of Cyprus, the tombs or "confessions" of several saints were remarkable for a like prodigy. The body of St. Walburga, Abbess of Heidenheim, which since 1870 lies in the city of Eichstädt, still gives forth drops of an oleiferous liquid, which is collected in small vials. The supernatural power of the sainted Abbess is so well known throughout Germany, that in Christian imagery she is always represented holding in her hand a vial similar to that which pilgrims bear away with them from her tomb.

In 1087 took place the translation of the remains of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, from Lycia to the Port of Bari, in Apulia. Those who raised his body found it bathed in a limpid oil, which has never ceased, unto the present day, to flow from his tomb, whence it is still collected with the utmost veneration, and, under the name of the "Manna of St. Nicholas," is applied with great efficacy for the cure of diseases.

The body of St. Rose of Viterbo, who died in 1255, has since that time remained incorrupt; and throughout the lapse of years has emitted a whitish manna, which has been fruitful in miracles. When the tomb of St. Felix of Cantalice was opened, some time after his death, in 1587, the coffin containing his precious remains was found filled with a most odoriferous liquid. Twelve years after the death of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi (1607), a clear, perfumed oil escaped from the crevices of her marble sepulchre; whilst in the tomb of the Blessed Cardinal Joseph Maria Tomasi, of the Regular Clerks Theatines, deceased 1713, and buried in his titular church of S. Martino di Monti, was found a considerable quantity of the like oil, which is preserved untainted up to the present time.

The erudite and pious Görres, in his "Mystique Divine" (vol. i, 4), mentions a large number of saints and beatified or venerable servants of God, of both sexes, whose bones seem endowed with new life, thanks to the supernatural oil flowing therefrom, which renders their sepulchres glorious, and which, as in the case of St. Paschal Baylon, resists even the action of quicklime; the body of that saint being found eight months subsequent to his death, though embedded in lime, to be wholly intact, and swimming in oil.

The traditions of the Benedictine Order attribute a privilege of a like nature, and, if possible, still more extraordinary, not to the mortal remains of the Patriarch of the Monks of the West, but to the figure of his body, which is miraculously impressed

in the rock at Roiata—a small village in the Apennines, of some eight hundred inhabitants, not far from Subiaco; the first abode of St. Benedict, and, until the iniquitous suppression of monastic Orders at the hands of Italian revolutions, one of the sixteen towns and villages forming the appanage of that far-famed abbey. It is about fifty-six miles distant from Rome. To judge from some remains of walls, built of large, rectangular bricks, it seems to occupy the site of an ancient city, possibly an *oppidum* of the Hernici, and, as far back as 967 appears, under the name of *Luroiate*, in a diploma of Otho I. confirming the property of the Abbey of Subiaco; whilst in the chronicles of that monastery mention is made of one Rao de Roiata, who swears fealty to the abbot; and in 1183 the same chronicle records that a certain Casto and his son held, under similar terms, the tower, or stronghold of Roiata.

The Spanish historian, Prudentius of Sandoval, Abbot of Notre Dame de Najera (Navarre), writing toward the close of the sixteenth century, relates, on the authority of still more ancient authors, the circumstances of this marvellous prodigy, in his work on the monasteries of Castile. The compiler of the "Benedictina Susitana" reproduces the narrative, which is thus translated from the Portuguese:

"The holy Patriarch, repairing one day to the monastery where he dwelt, reached a place named Roiata, the inhabitants of which refused him hospitality, under plea of securing their village from the scourge of the plague then ravaging Italy. It being already late, the servant of God was constrained to sleep in the open air, and to repose on the naked rock. The spot whereon he stretched himself to rest took the figure of his body, which remained impressed in the yielding stone, even the print of the heel being clearly discernible. Yearly, on March 21, feast of the saint, from every pore of this rock issue minute drops, in the form of sweat, styled by the neighboring peasants 'Sweat of St.

Benedict' (*Sudore di San Benedetto*), which they collect in vials as a miraculous liquid, preserve with the utmost reverence, and utilize most devoutly for the cure of all maladies, especially for diseases of the eyes. Wonderful prodigies are related of this supernatural sweat."

The Sicilian monk, Tornamira, confirms this recital, assuring us that in his time—at the end of the seventeenth century—the miracle of Roiata was annually repeated. Finally, the learned Canon Janucelli, in his exhaustive work on the Abbey of Subiaco, states that this yearly prodigy continues to the present day, and relates the particulars of the miracle in almost the same terms as those used by Sandoval in the sixteenth century.

We do not know to what time in the life of St. Benedict to attribute the origin of this marvellous occurrence; possibly to that of his departure from Subiaco for Monte Cassino; or perhaps to the epoch of one of his journeys to Terracina, where, says St. Gregory, the servant of God had founded a monastery; or again to that of one of the excursions which his charity for his fellowmen, or the needs of the other twelve monasteries established in the vicinity of the Sacro-Speco, obliged him occasionally to make in the neighborhood of his solitude. Be that as it may, for more than three centuries several historians of the Benedictine Order testify to the reality of the continuance of this marvel, of which the little village of Roiata is the theatre, on March 21 of each year. An altar covers the miraculous stone, which is further secured from injury by a grated enclosure furnished with a key; the whole being within a small chapel, erected in honor of the saint shortly after the verification of the prodigy.

Dom Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes, had learned something of this miracle during one of his visits *ad limina Apostolorum*; but neither the authors he consulted nor the persons he questioned could indicate precisely the position of the spot, buried as it was in the Apennines; nor

did he gather the special details of the wonderful occurrence until some years later, when a monk of Solesmes, Dom Louis David, then resident in the Abbey of St. Paul-without-the-Walls (Rome), and having charge of the Benedictine *alumni* of that monastery, made in the autumn of 1860 an excursion to Roiata, where he saw and venerated the supernatural imprint made in the rock by the body of St. Benedict; and received from Dom Frederic Sala, chaplain of the little parish, a vial filled with the oil which had sweated *a saxo durissimo* on March 21 of the preceding year. On his return to Solesmes, Dom David consigned to the care of his abbot the precious "manna." Dom Guéranger could no longer doubt the truth of the miracle; but he sent one of his religious to Roiata, to be present there on March 21, the day on which flows the *Sudore di San Benedetto*, and who was thus enabled to testify, *de visu*, to the astounding nature of the phenomenon thus annually repeated.

A Highly Important Subject.

HOW to safeguard the interests of religion in remote country districts is the subject of a very important, though somewhat desultory, paper contributed a while ago to the *Australasian Catholic Record* by the Rev. P. M. Lynch, C. SS. R. It is to be feared that the title of this article ("The Apostolate of the Back-blocks") has caused it to be overlooked by many who would be deeply interested in what the writer has to say on a matter of general practicality. There are many places in the United States where churches are few and far between—where the celebration of Mass is infrequent and a sermon is even more seldom heard. As regards family devotions on Sunday or any other day, we venture to say that this practice was more common among Catholics in remote districts fifty years ago than it is at present.

The importance of sanctifying Sunday in some other way when it is impossible to hear Mass, and the necessity of teaching children to pray, and of setting them an example of prayerfulness, can not be exaggerated. Now that we have an excellent translation in full of the Missal, what plan could be better or easier than to assemble the family on Sunday, regularly at the usual hour of High Mass, for the recitation before a crucifix of the prayers at Mass and the reading of the Gospel and Epistle? As for night prayers in common—short, fervent night prayers,—there is no good reason for omitting them any more than for dispensing with the evening meal. If the members of a family eat together three times a day, why should they not pray together at least once? Lent, by the way, would be a good time to begin this practice, so fraught with blessings. Thus well begun, it would be easy to keep it up. The following passages of Father Lynch's article—its most salient ones perhaps—offer further suggestions:

The absence of frequent Mass and frequent Communion and frequent sermon and frequent public devotions proclaims the palmary importance of a strong, self-reliant, thoroughly religious spirit in the isolated Catholic home.... I once heard an Australian bishop tell a congregation of the success of the Rosary, when all other efforts had failed, in reuniting a disorganized family. "Give me a good, honest Rosary 'without trimmings' (additional prayers), some one used to say,—a short earnest Rosary, after tea, while all the family are together. It would do untold good in remote districts. I have seen excellent results obtained by asking heads of families at 'outback' missions to give in their names for the 'Rosary in the Home.' To be sure, a certain percentage fall away; but if 20 per cent, or even 10 per cent are faithful to promise, success is great, and each succeeding wave of effort writes 'success' in larger letters...." The faith of Christ is promoted and safeguarded by the recitation of the Rosary in the home.

Those who, on Sunday or at other times, wish additional evening prayer, have in the Litany of Loreto a favorite prayer, which should be loved by every native-born Australian. His Eminence Cardinal Moran, in an historical

paper, tells us that the first church in this land was dedicated to God under the title of Our Lady of Loreto. In that church the first Mass was celebrated in 1606, when Australia was a back-block of the world. Admiral de Quiros and his Spanish companions placed the newly discovered Continent under the protection of Her whom they too delighted to call "Help of Christians." *Viva la fe di Cristol* ("Long live the faith of Christ!") cried the first worshippers. The huzzas of joy have lingered in the centuries. They seem to have floated down the coast. On the heights of Manly they have found a congenial place of echo and magnificent repetition. "Long live the faith of Christ!" exclaim twenty thousand or more people at the yearly Eucharistic Festival.

The famous Abbé Moigno laid the loss of faith in France at the door of two sins of "cold blood"—*péchés de sang froid*—missing Mass on Sunday, and eating meat on Friday. Colonial history can supply heroic corrective to the older nations. I have heard an authentic case of a man in New Zealand who used to drive 26 miles every Sunday to Mass and 26 miles home again....

On a warship of the Imperial Navy a Catholic officer has organized a layman's morning service. The Catholic men assemble for their own devotion. The officer reads the beautiful prayers to be found in a Catholic Truth Society's prayer-book. The men heartily sing the well-selected hymns, and earnestly join in the responses and prayers. He reads a short instruction, taken usually from a well-known mission book. Kindness of shore friends enables him to circulate a large number of interesting books and pamphlets. For many afloat he has made Sunday a real "Day for God."

May we not, as stimulants of practical work, cluster around this story of the sea similar edifying stories of the land? Here is one from the Australian West: A resourceful nun gathered the children when the priest did not visit the settlement. With the aid of an English Missal, she went through the prayers of Mass. The devotions were attractive from the very start. Parents and friends came in increasing numbers with the little ones. Her simple services became popular.

The moral of these examples is obvious. Where there is real, vital religion in the heart, it will inevitably find fitting expression; and the ordinary layman who is genuinely religious may on occasion approximate the effectiveness of a zealous priest.

Notes and Remarks.

A salutary corrective of the modified spread-eagleism that is almost a national characteristic of Americans is to be found in these weighty words of Cardinal Gibbons. They occur in the course of a recent vigorous denunciation of divorce:

If Christianity is the highest type of civilization—and who can deny it?—then is it not true that we are retrograding instead of advancing on certain lines? We glory in our system of universal education, in our enormous wealth, and in our territorial expansion. But these advantages are not evidences of Christian progress. Two thousand years ago pagan Rome had all these temporal advantages. The wealth of the nations poured into her lap. Her empire extended over three continents. She far excelled us in the arts, in oratory, poetry, philosophy and literature, and in all the refinements of cultivated society. Her paintings and sculpture, her literary productions, are still our models. And yet, while she was in the zenith of her material and intellectual splendor, she was in a state of moral and political decay. In fact, she was lapsing into barbarism.

And, despite all the material prosperity, the mechanical triumphs and the world-wide prestige of our country, there is no guarantee to be discovered, either in history or in the nature of things, that a nation of religionless schools and overflowing divorce courts will not eventually lapse into the barbarism known as anarchy.

A venerable and beloved prelate of the Church in America has passed away in the person of the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia. He was widely known and greatly admired for his eloquence, which won him the title of "the Bossuet of the American Church"; by those who knew him intimately he was still more admired for his many Christian and sacerdotal virtues. He himself was an admirer of the early bishops of the United States, many of whom he venerated as saints, cherishing their spirit and emulating their example. A man of singular amiability, of ready

sympathy, and not less ready wit, public-spirited and patriotic, as good a citizen as he was a churchman, Archbishop Ryan will long be remembered among the most notable men of his generation. His eloquence will be praised, his good works glorified, the jokes that he joked and the stories that he told will be repeated for a long time to come. When his biography comes to be written, however, we shall learn more of his inner life—how pious and gentle and prudent he was, how single-hearted and self-sacrificing. Archbishop Ryan was what is called "a talented man," but his virtues were far greater than his gifts.

The next time any of our Catholic societies devote a little attention to the amendment of their constitutions and by-laws, we trust that they will give due deliberation to this practical suggestion of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne: "It would be a good plan if every member of a Catholic society would have to be a subscriber to a Catholic paper, as a condition of membership." Given the existing status of the Church in this country nowadays, the proposed condition scarcely implies more than is postulated by the phrase, "practical Catholic." A twentieth-century son of the Church who takes no Catholic journal whatever, is very certainly an *unpractical* Catholic. As Bishop Alerding well says: "An effective slogan for the Church in this city, and in all other cities, and in all rural districts, would be: "One Catholic paper, at least, in every Catholic family!"

One of the abuses the cessation of which it is the business of the American Federation of Catholic Societies to bring about is instanced in the following statement recently made by a priest of Denver:

I was surprised and grieved to find that the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of our new federal building has been given over to a secret society—the Freemasons. The post-office will belong to me and you and all of us; it is *our*

post-office, the post-office of every American citizen. It is no more the post-office of the Freemasons than it is the peculiar property of the Elks, or the Knights of Columbus. It is our building, whether we are Catholics or Protestants or Jews or infidels. Why is the ceremonial entrusted to a special body, a sect, a religion; for so the Catholic Church and some other churches and most Masons regard that body? . . . My protest may be insignificant, my voice very powerless, but I indignantly protest in the name of every Catholic of this city, in the name of their rights as citizens, against this slight that is put on us.

The protest is manly, timely, and judicious. As we remarked when the cornerstone of a new Congressional building at Washington was laid with Masonic rites, "the carrying out of such a project was a deliberate and an entirely unwarrantable insult to the whole Catholic body of this country." Masons have no more right to intrude their religious, or semi or anti religious, ceremonies into such an occasion than Protestant ministers have to conduct the closing exercises of public schools in Protestant churches; and it is full time to serve an injunction on both bodies when the occasion arises.

[Amusing lapses of controversialists are not uncommon. Two that fell under our notice the other day came from localities as far apart as Bombay and Quebec. The first was that of an English Protestant who, in quoting St. Thomas, mistook that theologian's statement of an objection for a statement of his belief. The second was a Canadian journalist's interpretation of the theological maxim *odiosa sunt restringenda*. "Odious things," quoth the sapient editor, "must be suppressed. Our contemporaries, X and Z, are odious. Therefore the Church should suppress them."

Some interesting information about the late Mgr. Sylveria Gomez Pimenta, Archbishop of Marianna, who is said to have been the first Negro bishop in the New World, and one for whom Brazil is still mourning, is supplied by the London

Tablet. He was born in the Brazilian State of Minas-Geraes, of slave parents, and, as a bright and pious schoolboy enduring extreme poverty, he attracted the attention of the Archbishop of Bahia, by whom he was educated for the priesthood. The Archbishop's discernment was rewarded; and his immediate successor in the See appointed the native priest, at the age of thirty, his Vicar-General. In 1890 came his consecration as Bishop-Auxiliary of the diocese; and when, seven years later, Leo XIII. restored the diocese of Marianna, on the borders of the Amazon, the Negro prelate was called to be its ruler, with a flock numbering two millions. Here he quickly increased the number of native clergy, reclaimed multitudes of the lapsed, rehabilitated a diocese which had fallen into ruins, and raised the religious and social tone of his people. Four years ago his See was raised to the metropolitan rank.

The spirit of penance and repentance is ever the same. It is related in the histories of the ascetics of the deserts of Egypt between A. D. 250 and A. D. 500 that "Abbâ Pachomius and Abbâ John lived together in the same religious house, possessing nothing whatsoever except the fear of God. Whatsoever they gained by the work of their hands they gave to those who were in need, and they kept for themselves only what was sufficient for bare necessities. And whensoever they wished to refresh their bodies by a little sleep after their long vigil and prayer, each of them would sit down in the middle of the cell, and, without leaning against a wall, would go to sleep. And they continued to do this for fifteen years, and many of the Fathers heard of them, and saw them living thus; and they also strove in like manner to humble their bodies for the redemption of their souls.

"A brother asked one of the old men: 'Is the repentance of sinners accepted by God?' And the old man said unto him: 'Tell me, O my beloved one,

if thy cloak were to be torn in rags, wouldst thou throw it away?' And he said unto him: 'No, but I would sew up the rents, and then I could use it again.' And the old man said unto him: 'If thou wouldst show pity upon thy garment, which hath no feeling, shall not God show pity on that which He hath fashioned and which is His work?'"

A communication to the New York *Sun* from Utica, N. Y., dated Feb. 12, gives the following account of a contemporary penitent:

Robert Caple died in his cabin at Clayville, ten miles south of here, to-day at the age of 70 years. In his young manhood he engaged in various businesses and acquired a fortune. He was a noted dealer in horses, always willing to swap, buy or bargain, and invariably sure to come out ahead in the transaction.

A score of years ago Mr. Caple joined the Roman Catholic Church. One of the first things he did after joining the Church was to set about to reimburse everybody he thought he had defrauded in a business way. He gave away thousands of dollars in doing this. He went from village to village, from town to town, and city to city seeking out the men with whom he had dealt. . . . This done as best he could, Mr. Caple set about giving the balance of his fortune to the poor. Families in Utica and all through the Sauquoit Valley were remembered in the distribution of goods and money until Mr. Caple was reduced to poverty. Friends in Clayville built a modest cabin for him, and here for the last fifteen years he lived, prayed and fasted, leaving his home each day to visit the sick, to carry food to the poor, and to beg his own meals and clothing.

The awarders of the Montyon "prizes for virtue" during the current year might do worse than select as one of the recipients the Bishop of Digne, in the Lower Alps Department of France. The clergy under this prelate's jurisdiction are in such straitened circumstances that he recently decided to make an appeal outside the diocese for funds to aid them. The anti-clericals seized the occasion to reproach him. He should, they said, first reduce his own expenditure. "How can I cut

down my household expenses?" replied the Bishop. "As everybody in Digne knows, all the work of my house is done by a single servant, who has been in my service fifty years. She discharges the domestic duties and mends my clothes, which, like my shoes, have often to be repaired. For our support and the entertainment of my guests the year's outlay has been £24. Do you think that too much? When I travel, I do so as a second-class passenger; and, instead of a cab, I use the omnibus and the tram-car."

The exchange from which we quote does not add, possibly because it thought the comment obvious, that for once in their lives, these Lower Alps anti-clericals, as they listened to the apostolic prelate, felt ashamed of themselves.

In an interesting paper contributed to the current *Ecclesiastical Review*, Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., pays the following tribute to the Church of France in the age of Louis XIV.,—a Church which in our day receives more of condemnation than appreciation even of the qualified sort:

As we turn over these pages [of the *Ritual of Toul*] filled with wise and common-sense precepts, regulating, always with dignity and propriety of phrase, the relation of the clergy and their flocks and extending to every detail of the spiritual life, it is impossible not to conceive a certain deep respect for that Gallican Church of which such men as Bossuet, Fénelon and Massillon were the ornaments. We need not sympathize with the erroneous principles which led them to claim a greater measure of autonomy for the ecclesiastical provinces which they represented than the Holy See was willing to concede; but when we find the orderly life of the Church of France in the age of Louis XIV. mirrored in these pages, it becomes easy to understand that a French ecclesiastic of that day could hardly be induced to believe that he needed to look outside his own country for instruction or good example in anything that concerned the worship of God. I know of nothing in the religious literature of Italy, Germany, or Spain of the same epoch, which produces in the reader the same impression of the beauty of the parochial ideal,—an ideal

which has now been so completely subverted by the restlessness which steam and electricity have introduced into the modern world. In those days when most men lived and died within earshot of the bells of the same parish church, the curé who baptized them, who prepared them for their First Communion, who married them and buried them, was indeed the Father of his flock.

There is much that is edifying and instructive in the extracts which Father Thurston makes from various old French rituals; and perhaps one's dominant sentiment in reading them is a species of surprise that so many of the instructions given in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are so applicable to the world of to-day.

The French airmen have chosen a patron—Notre Dame du Platin, to whom a pretty little church in the Department of Charente-Inférieure, is dedicated. Medals have been struck for the aviators to wear or to attach to their aeroplanes. One side shows the Protectress of aviators, with the motto, "Look upon her and take thy flight"; while the other side shows the little church at Platin. Louis Blériot is the possessor of the first of these medals. Santos-Dumont carries a medal of St. Benedict, set in a bracelet that never leaves his wrist.

Another notable Golden Jubilee of a religious has just been celebrated in a far-away English colony. Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, of the Sisters of Our Lady of Compassion, was the jubilarian; and "the grand old lady of New Zealand" is the title applied to her by the press of Wellington, in the town-hall of which city the crowning event of the celebration took place. The Governor of New Zealand, Lord Islington, said in the course of his speech on the occasion:

This public testimony to the Rev. Mother is representative of all classes, all creeds, and denominations. On behalf of the gathering, and of the many thousands elsewhere in New Zealand—for this audience represents not a

microcosm of the Rev. Mother's admirers,—I am asked to present a gift in token of respect and admiration for her services in the cause of philanthropy, and for a work which is a monument of sustained energy in the cause of human solicitude and disinterested devotion. Since 1860—a period almost synchronizing with the country's development—she has labored tirelessly with no discrimination of creed. In Wellington, Auckland, Wanganui, and Hawke's Bay she has established homes for incurables and foundlings. I wish you, Rev. Mother, many years of life wherein to extend and increase your philanthropic efforts and magnificent work. As an expression of the universal good-will and gratitude with which you are regarded, I now beg to hand you this cheque for over £2000.

The rather notable cheque is to be devoted, as might easily be surmised, to another good work, a "Jubilee Home" for convalescent children. On the whole, they do these things very well down in New Zealand.

Deploring the fact that of 487 families represented in a Protestant congregation of the metropolis, only 87 have children, and that the average of these is less than two to each family; and declaring that in "Roman Catholic centres there are plenty of children, who are diligently cared for and instructed,"—a sectarian contemporary predicts that fifty years from now this country will find itself face to face with a virile, strenuous Catholicity and a depleted and shrinking Protestantism. We have no hesitancy whatever in characterizing this as an eminently safe prediction.

There is a patent lesson for mothers—and their daughters—in this incident once related by Cardinal Newman. One day his sisters complained to their mother that their dresses were plain and homely, whilst other girls were always clad in the latest fashions. Said Mrs. Newman in reply: "If you are something, you do not need vain dresses; but if by vain dresses you want to be something, then you plainly prove that in truth you are nothing."



Good-Night!

BY X. Y. Z.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery stairs they climb,
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly,
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good-night! The tired heads are still
On pillows soft reposing;
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begin to creep,
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore—
"Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming."

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—JACK'S "FRIEND AND COMRADE."

"WELL, I've seen him!" Mr. Nicholson Brett stepped unceremoniously into the room where Jack was brushing his hair before the cracked mirror, and incidentally studying the hollows under his eyes. "I've seen the new arrival, Jack; and—" Mr. Brett dropped on the couch, that creaked beneath his two hundred pounds, and laughed softly.

"You mean Billy?" exclaimed Jack. "You've met him—already?" There was perceptible dismay in the speaker's tone. "Nick, I hope you haven't—you didn't."

"No, I haven't—I didn't," answered Mr. Brett, as his friend and comrade paused at the question. "After our first meeting, which was a little inopportune, he and that young Dago came stumbling over me in the hammock, and I greeted them with some vigorous English. After that first mistake, I caught on and was most correct in language and deportment. 'Mr. William Corby Dayton' (he gave me his whole patronymic) and I became quite friendly and confidential. We discussed family affairs freely. It seems your mother—"

"Stop right there, please!" Jack Dayton wheeled from the mirror and showed a white tense face new to his comrade. "We won't speak of my mother, Brett. Billy is out here for his health, and I—we must make the best of it. It is confoundedly awkward; I confess, just now. He is a perfect innocent, as you have seen; and I can't have him shocked and horrified by another night like the last. You'll have to get the fellows away somehow until—until—"

"Until when?" asked Mr. Brett, fixing a hard, keen gaze upon the speaker's face.

"Until I can do something with Billy," was the desperate answer,—“get him off to school or a sanitarium, or any place except Bar Cross Ranch. They don't guess at home how things are going on here; and I don't dare tell them, but Billy will."

Mr. Brett chuckled grimly under his sandy mustache.

"He is out for information on all points, as I can see. He is primed with a bulletin about your health now, Jack. Lookout that it doesn't go off to-night, and rouse home folks into anxiety about your rapid decline. He wanted to know how many attacks like this you have a week."

"And—and you told him?" again Jack turned white and fierce upon the speaker.

"Bah! I told him nothing. Do you take me for a fool? But" (the speaker's voice grew hard and cold again) "you're against a snag, Dayton, as I can see. Can't you ship the kid home again on some excuse? Say smallpox or scarlet fever, or something killing, has broken out on the Ranch."

"No, I can't," answered Jack, briefly. "I've lied enough, but not like that. If you ever had a home or—or a mother like mine, you wouldn't suggest such a thing. Billy has come West by the doctor's order, and must stay. I'll find some other place for him if I can. Meantime (it doesn't sound very civil) but you and the boys will have to clear out. Take them off to Rooker's or Lockwood's."

"Better go easy on that, my boy!" said Brett, with an unpleasant laugh. "Do you know how many I. O. U.'s you passed over the table last night?"

"No, I don't," answered Jack, shortly.

"Then you had better inquire before you break up this friendly little party, and let Chips 'vamoose' with the loot. It was his turn last night with a vengeance. To-night it will be yours or mine. You know what you told me yesterday. You've got to win before that next note falls due,—got to win or Bar Cross is lost. These fellows have the stuff, as you know—are loaded down with it,—and you are going to throw up your chances with them for this candy kid of a boy!"

"I tell you I won't have him hear or see the sort of thing we had last night," said Jack, with darkening brow and tightening lips,—“not for all that Bar Cross is worth."

"Then *don't* let him hear or see it. Leave him here and you can come with us. I tell you it's your chance, my boy,—the chance of your life! These fellows have the money to set you up, to square you forever. And if you break things up now—"

"I'll miss it." Jack's sunken eyes began to burn, his thin cheeks to flush feverishly. "I believe you're right, Nick,—I

believe you're right. Luck is bound to come, as you say. It always does if a fellow can hold his bluff long enough! I would be a fool to break up the game now. I'll leave Billy here and go with you to-night."

"Good!" said Mr. Brett, rising. "I thought we could find some way to settle this kid business. I'll fix it with the boys, and get them off quietly to Rooker's; you and I will follow later; and Billy shall sleep the sleep of innocence undisturbed to-night."

And Mr. Brett laughed the laugh Billy did not like, and turned from the room. He had gained his point, as he always did with "Rackety Jack"; and the light in his hard eyes was like the green gleam in a cat's when its paw is on a mouse.

Meantime Billy was making the rounds under Pedro's guidance. He had seen the horses, the dogs, the cow sheds, the water tanks; he had stopped for a friendly chat with old Daddy mending a stirrup strap in the sunshine; he had called on Bony Ben in his own especial shack on the rough-beaten track that led to the gulch; he had peeped at Chang stewing prairie fowls in his adobe kitchen. It was all "most interesting and instructive," as Miss van Doran had said; though there was much that Billy could not quite understand. The fences were down, and the water tanks empty and broken; the roof of the cow shed had fallen in; and the yard, that stretched down the slope of the hill, was choked with weeds, through which men as well as cattle had to beat their way.

Long years ago mamma had made a summer trip to Bar Cross Ranch, and had such pretty memories of it,—the flowers, the trees; the great mountains, with their changing lights and shadows; the porch, with its gay awnings and Navajo rugs; the old Spanish cook Martina, who made such wonderful "dulces." Doubtless in those days papa had everything arranged for a lady's pleasure; now there were no ladies here, and things were different. Men—"strong, splendid men" like Jack—

did not bother about such niceties. So Billy explained to himself the perplexing conditions at Bar Cross in these latter days, and in his loyal young heart absolved Jack from all blame.

And when, about two o'clock, Jack called him in to lunch, Billy was ready to do full justice to the prairie chicken and baked potatoes and crisp brown biscuit that Chang served, with salaams, on a battered lacquer tray, for there was neither tablecloth nor napkins. The red-faced man of the hammock was the only guest; and he laughed and talked a great deal, and was very friendly,—so friendly that Billy found himself quite forgetting his first prejudice against Jack's "friend and comrade," and chatting with him most pleasantly. Some one had to talk; for, after the two first mouthfuls, Jack pushed the prairie fowl away and sat moody and silent, while Mr. Brett and Billy kept up a cheerful conversation, about hunting and camping and mountain climbing, and all the novel delights that awaited youthful travellers in the untamed West. This new acquaintance had had wonderful experiences, that held his young listener breathless,—encounters with hostile Indians, hairbreadth escapes from bears and wild-cats; he had been caught in a cyclone, hemmed in by forest fires, lost in a blizzard; and had borne himself through all these mischances with a reckless courage that put in the shade all the heroes of Dick Fealy's bookshelf. Billy felt that if he could only go back to Holmhurst with some adventures like these, Dick Fealy and the other boys would stare indeed.

"Do these exciting things ever happen now?" asked Billy with interest. "I'd like something to happen while I am out here,—something real thrilling, that a fellow could remember always. Nothing ever happens at home—except Christmas and birthdays. Do you think if I stay out here six months—"

"That you will strike something exciting?" laughed Mr. Brett, casting an odd

glance at his moody host. "I think it rather likely you will. Here! you are drinking too much of that coyote water, my boy! Let me color it a little for you." And he poured something from the bottle beside him into Billy's glass.

"No!" thundered Jack, suddenly rising from his reverie, and sweeping the tumbler and its contents from the table with a strong fling of his arm. "Not a drop, Brett,—never a drop, Brett, while I've got hand or voice to stop it! That's the way you began with me. The coyote may run a little fishy, but stick to it, Billy! It won't hurt you like—like that. Don't try it on him, Brett! I won't have it!" And Jack's voice trembled strangely.

"Just as you please, of course," said Mr. Brett; and, though he laughed, the ugly gleam came into his eyes. "The coyote does not agree with everybody, as you know. But it really is none of my business." And the speaker pushed his chair from the table and rose. "I'll leave you to discuss family matters without me. You seem to be facing some knotty problems, I must say." And, laughing again rather unpleasantly, Mr. Brett lit a cigar and slowly sauntered from the room.

"You made him mad," said Billy,—
"real mad. Oh, I'm sorry, Jack!"

"Why?" asked Jack, lapsing into indifference again, as he leaned back in his chair and proceeded to roll a cigarette.

"Because—because he might hurt you somehow," said Billy, drawing a long breath. "He hurt Pedro,—cut his arm with a whip. And Pedro says people fight and shoot and kill each other out here."

"So Pedro has been enlightening you?" observed Jack, dryly. "I thought he was quite safe."

"Oh, he is!" answered Billy. "He took real good care of me, Jack,—wouldn't let me go near Black Selim or Dandy Jim or any of the dangerous horses. I like Pedro very much, though I can't understand him sometimes. I don't understand lots of things out here."

"Don't try," said his brother, briefly.

"There's no use bothering your little head about my business, Billy. I'll work out all right in a couple of months, and send mother a cheque that will buy her a new carriage and pair. Just now—well, just now I'm a little short, and Bar Cross isn't in very good shape; but I'll work out all right in a little while. I don't like to worry home folks with my troubles, especially women folks. They can't understand, you know, Billy."

"No," answered Billy. "If papa were alive it would be different."

"Very different!" assented Jack, with a grim, remorseful sense of the difference his honest, keen-eyed, strong-willed father would have made under the circumstances.

"I tell mamma everything," added Billy, thoughtfully. "She said she hoped I always would do so."

"That's all very well for a little boy," replied Jack, feeling somehow as if he were tramping with muddy feet the white-snow of untrodden paths. "But men can't and don't tell everything to their mothers, Billy, especially when they are thousands of miles away. So I hope you won't write home that I'm sick or look bad, or—or anything unpleasant that would only worry her."

Billy thought for a moment as if taking in this view of the subject.

"I won't," he answered gravely,—"I won't write mamma anything that will worry her. She worries a lot about you now. She thinks you are working yourself to death out here, and that it must be so lonely and dull. And Dolly wanted to go to the Sacred Heart in Paris with Helen Robbins and Cora Vane; but mamma said we could not afford it, and that we must be willing to do without things when you were sacrificing your life for us. And I guess you are; for you look awfully tired and worried, Jack. You ought to go to bed, and drink milk and chicken soup, and take a good rest."

"A rest!" repeated Jack, with a harsh laugh. "I don't know what rest means.

I haven't known for more than two years, Billy. Rest! Why, if I should try to rest I'd go mad. There!—don't open your big brown eyes at me like that. It will be all right in a little while, Billy; and Dolly will have her turn at the Sacred Heart with the other girls, and mother will have her carriage and pair, and there will be no more trouble or worry for any one. We'll set up old Bar Cross on new legs again, and make things hum. Just you wait and see, Billy,—just wait and see!"

Jack had filled his glass from the bottle Mr. Brett had left beside him, and tossed off the draught feverishly. As he filled it again, his good friend and comrade stalked into the room, and took up his hat and riding gloves from the chair where he had flung them before luncheon.

"What!" said Jack. "You're not going, Nick?"

"Yes," answered Brett, shortly. "I am rather one too many, it seems, just now."

"Not at all, my dear fellow,—not at all! Don't think of going without me. I'll be with you in a moment. Bony Ben will look out for Billy while I am gone. You won't mind my leaving you for to-night, Billy? I've got an engagement—a most important engagement—that I can't break. I'll be back soon, Billy; and we'll have great times together,—the grandest sort of times, Billy-Boy!"

And Jack slapped Billy on the shoulder in his own hearty style, and in another moment was hurrying off with his friend and comrade in the old, impulsive way.

In the old way? Ah, no! Billy felt instinctively that there was a difference he could not explain or understand. As he stood at the Ranch window watching Jack and his best friend and comrade cantering away under the cottonwoods, there was a strange uneasiness in his boyish heart; though he little guessed that there was sad need just now for Miss Carmel's Rosary, or that Jack was venturing among enemies as cruel and pitiless as those turbaned Turks of long ago.

About Some Famous Painters.

Alonzo Sanchez Coello, who died about the year 1590, was the first great portrait painter in Spain. He has left the best portrait extant of St. Ignatius Loyola, and his most famous pictures are found in the chapels of the Escorial. He was generous to the poor, and endowed a hospital at Valladolid. His pupil, Felipe de Liaño, excelled in portraiture, and from the beauty of his coloring has been called the Little Titian.

Juan Fernandez Navarrete (1526-1579), called, on account of being deaf and dumb, "El Mudo," studied under Fra Vincenta, a Brother in the convent of La Estrella. While still very young he was taken to Italy; and, after visiting Rome, Naples, and Florence, he settled at Venice and studied under Titian. His principal works are at the Escorial. In his picture of the Nativity he has overcome a singular difficulty. He has introduced three distinct lights into this picture,—one, the radiance that proceeds from the Holy Child; another which descends from the nimbus and permeates the whole picture; the third, from a torch held by St. Joseph. It is a singularly beautiful conception, worthy a Catholic artist. Navarrete has been called the Spanish Titian.

Fra Juan Ricci, born at Madrid, in 1595, entered the Benedictine Order in 1626. He first went to the College of St. Vincent at Salamanca to pursue his studies; but, being too poor to pay the hundred ducats entrance fee, was refused admission. He immediately set to work with palette and brush; in twenty-four hours he completed a picture which gained him the price of admission to the College; and during his studies there he supported himself by his art. His picture, *St. Scholastica Reading*, is the portrait of a young girl who afterward became a nun. His fame was so great and he was so much beloved that all the communities of his Order wished him to reside with them.

A Wall of Snow.

One bitter winter night the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the conduct of the lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place. In one large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother with her granddaughter and her grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in praying to God that He would "build a wall of defence round about them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn. Her grandson asked why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that should hide it, but she explained that her meaning only was that Almighty God should protect them.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard: the enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But, while most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to the old woman's door; at which her grandchildren were greatly, though happily, surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was entirely concealed. "There!" said the old woman, triumphantly. "God really did raise up a wall to protect us?"

A Hindoo's Answer.

It is doubtful if any reply ever surpassed in delicacy that of an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin. "What sort of luck did Lord So-and-So have?" the Viceroy asked the servant, who had attended the nobleman on a hunting trip.—"Oh," answered the extremely polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot wonderfully well; but Providence was very merciful to the birds!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In a review of the new collection of Francis Thompson's "Poems," the London *Bookman* refers to "The Hound of Heaven" as, "on the whole, the most wonderful lyric in the language."

—"Robert Kimberly," a new novel by Frank H. Spearman, to be published at the end of the month by Scribner's Sons, will have special interest for Catholic readers. It is a book that they will rejoice over and have pleasure in recommending to outsiders. More than 100,000 copies of one of Mr. Spearman's novels have been sold; "Robert Kimberly" should have even greater success. It is not what is known as a "purpose-novel"; nevertheless, it is a novel with a purpose—a very high one.

—The Rev. John McGuire, S. J., is the author of a pamphlet of 56 pages (inconvenient to handle because wire-stitched), containing thoughtful and suggestive essays entitled: A Word on Domestic Life; The Religion of the Times; and God's Creative Act Continued in Education. In the third of these essays the author makes a strong plea for the submission of the intellect to a systematic course of training which bears on it the approval of ages, and emphasizes the truth that the cultivation of the will is the highest element in education. Printed by the Mission Press, Working Boys' Home, Chicago.

—Rand McNally & Co. have issued, in their Canterbury Series for children, "A Dog of Flanders," by Louise de la Ramée (Ouida). Here are two quotations to be found on page 16:

He [Patrasche, the dog] had been fed on curses and baptized with blows. Why not? It was a Christian country, and Patrasche was but a dog. . . . To deal the tortures of hell on the animal creation is a way which the Christians have of showing their belief in it.

Now, it may possibly savor of super-sensitiveness and hypercriticism to say so, but we do not approve of having such flings at Christianity presented to the impressionable minds of children; and accordingly we would assuredly bar "A Dog of Flanders" from any library for young Catholics.

—If, as we believe is the case, "Melchior of Boston," by Michael Earls, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is this author's first venture into the field of short novels, or lengthy "short stories," he is to be cordially congratulated on having achieved a notable success. The theme is unhackneyed, well handled, and charmingly worked out. Experienced novel-readers will especially admire the artistic reticence of the narrative, more particularly in the concluding

chapters where an unskilled pen might easily have done to death both the play and the subsequent conversion of Melchior. A book worth adding to any library of Catholic fiction, and one whose successor many readers will look for with interest.

—The 1911 issue of the *Indian Sentinel* is an exceptionally interesting number, containing as it does a detailed and graphically illustrated account of the great Catholic Sioux Congress of 1910, held at Fort Yates, Standing Rock Reservation, North Dakota. Father Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, is deserving of warm congratulations on the success of both the Congress and this printed record thereof.

—"The Price of the Prairie," by Margaret Hill McCarter (A. C. McClurg & Co.), will be classed as historical romance, war story, or sublimated dime novel, according as one's literary culture and critical taste are unsophisticated or the reverse. Residents of Kansas, the scene of the main narrative and of most of its subsidiary incidents, will probably call it the epic of the prairies; for not a few of its four hundred and eighty-nine pages affect the epic strain; and idealization of the commonplace is one of the book's most marked characteristics. To be more specific, it is a story of Kansas in the early days of the State, when conflicts between Indian and whites were frequent and bloody, the period whose culminating horror was the Osage Massacre. There is all the adventure and thrill and savage cunning and Caucasian heroism that Beadle used to serve up to us when we were boys; and there is, too, of course, the inevitable love story, not very different from the usual narrative of frontier attachments. Harsh critics will possibly accuse the hero of being something of a prig; but a story told in the first person is obviously open to that insinuation; and Phil Baronet is a very decent sort of a hero, notwithstanding. Father Le Claire, who figures prominently in the book, is treated sympathetically; and the moral of the whole volume is rather wholesome than otherwise. There are five illustrations in color.

—"Stephen of Philadelphia" and "Peter of New Amsterdam," both by Mr. James Otis, are recent issues in the Supplementary Reading Series, published by the American Book Co. The first of these well-printed and well-illustrated volumes describes the beginnings of the Keystone State, for the instruction of young people

in the fourth and fifth year of school life. The narrative is vivid throughout. One can almost see Stephen and Jethro, as they work in their home-made nail factory, or strut about the young city of Baltimore, Stephen wearing proudly on his sleeve the knot of blue ribbon which the lovely little Amy of Maryland gave him. The book is a most interesting epitome of early Pennsylvania history, and will have the attraction of a romance for boys and girls who study United States History intelligently. "Peter of New Amsterdam" describes the home-life of the early Colonists,—a phase of our history too little studied. Peter tells, as a boy would tell it, how he came to sail from his comfortable home in Holland, to New Amsterdam in far-off America, and his part in the beginnings of that quaint Dutch town. The story of the wars with the Indians is particularly instructive, as illustrating the better policy pursued by William Penn, who sought to make peaceful treaties with the Indians, realizing that they had had all the right on their side. Peter's accounts are extremely readable, and, with the realistic illustrations, render the book most suitable for supplementary reading.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Melchior of Boston." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.
 "Converts to Rome." W. Gordon Gorman. \$1, net.
 "Mementos of the English Martyrs and Confessors." Rev. Henry S. Bowden. 45 cts.
 "The Groundwork of Christian Perfection." Rev. Patrick Ryan. 75 cts.
 "Our Lady's Lutenist." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Memorabilia: Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books." \$1.10, net.
 "The Centurion." A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.
 "Life in the Shadow of Death." Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. \$1.
 "Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars." 15 cts.

- "Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuw-barn, O. P. 75 cts.
 "The Turn of the Tide." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
 "War on the White Plague." Rev. John Tscholl. \$1.15.
 "The Second Chance." Mrs. Nellie L. McClung. \$1.20.
 "Commercial Geography." Edward Van Dyke Robinson. \$1.25.
 "Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." Erich Wasmann, S. J. \$4 50, net.
 "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. \$6, net.
 "Early Steps in the Fold." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.
 "Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God." Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.
 "The Hill o' Dreams." Helen Lanyon. \$1.05.
 "Feasts for the Faithful." 30 cts.
 "The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More." Vol. I. Father Augustine Baker, O. S. B. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Klocke, of the diocese of Bellville; and Rev. Edward Gannon, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Alexine, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Baptist, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Cornelia, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Benedicta, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Francis, Sister M. Margaret, and Sister M. Isadore, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. George Singleton, Mrs. Margaret Deane, Mr. Frank Flynn, Mrs. Nellie Zeiser, Mr. James Byrnes, Mr. John Ghesquier, Mr. James Hagerty, Mr. Andrew Kellett, Miss Margaret Sheehan, Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. James Mulcahey, Mr. Charles Mitchell, Ellen Donoghue, Mr. Leopold Wittlif, Mrs. Margaret McLaughlin, Mr. John Grundi, Mrs. Margaret Cahalan, and Mr. Henry Deloss.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the persecuted nuns of Italy:
 Subscriber, \$1; Friend (Alleghany, N. Y.), \$3.
 The Poor Clares of Assisi:
 C. M., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Weaver.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

OUT of the beam that greets mine eyes,
The blessed glow of day,
I weave a dream of paradise
To light my common way.
Out of the glance of rapture bright,
Out of the smile that cheers,
I weave a rainbow of delight
To bridge the dusty years.
Out of the daily task well done,
Out of the burdens borne,
I weave a garland like the sun
New-risen at the morn.
Out of the little fretful things,
Out of the narrow round,
I weave my spirit soaring wings
To leave the leaden ground.
I am the weaver of my fate:
Out of the things that flee
I shape with eager hands elate
The robes of destiny.

I PRAY you, do not make much account of certain trifles which some call wrongs and grievances; for we seem to manufacture these things out of straws, like children, with our points of honor. Truly, we ought to be ashamed to resent whatever is said or done against us; for it is the greatest shame in the world to see that our Creator bears so many insults and that we resent even a little word that is contradictory.—*St. Teresa.*

Our Lady of the Rocks.

BY THE REV. EDWIN BURTON, D. D.

EVEN the people who "go to see the National Gallery" are struck by Our Lady of the Rocks. If you—who, more wisely, go there to look at one picture or the pictures of one school,—take your seat before that wondrous painting wrought by Leonardo da Vinci four centuries ago, you will realize this. In half an hour's watch you will see for yourself how many of the sight-seers, who wander aimlessly through the galleries, not knowing what they want, and clearly never finding it, are brought to a pause before this picture, as though they realized in a dim, perplexed way that here was something different from all the other pictures. To me it is always the queen of all pictures here in London; though, in spite of knowing and loving it for twenty years and more, I do not think I can explain its fascination any more than the aimless sight-seers could.

Perhaps the secret is that here we find Our Lady in another world than this; and that she lets us remain with her in this new land, so unlike our own earth, and full of strange and blessed peace. She has crept away to an underworld, to be alone with her Son,—not an underworld of gloom and repression; for in the distance there is the sweet beauty of the upper air. It is a world of dark rocks and dark foliage, with a beautiful, un-

earthly light of its own. This calm, even radiance is one of the greatneses of the picture. It is strange, yet not unfamiliar; and we recognize it, though we have never seen it before.

In the background there is a way from the cave, where the green waters wind among the rocks until they fade, first into blue, and then into sheer light, where waters, rocks and skies take on the same tints, and are lost in the distance. It is a royal waterway, a way of dreams. Sometimes I think it is the way down into this world,—that we have come down that emerald-azure river, along the smooth waters of contemplation, until we have found her, the Virgin-Mother, and her Son, with her restricted court; and that we have here hidden behind rocks, and are watching their intercourse unobserved.

At other times it seems as if we had come up from dark depths of the earth into her sacred presence, and then the emerald waters are not for us. They are the way to the heavenly courts, the stairway down which she has paced to this hiding-place of love. Presently she will lift the Divine Child in her arms and will go back as she came,—drifting up into the beyond, thither where we may not pass; where Leonardo himself might not pass, even in the hour of inspiration when he saw this vision and recorded it for us.

She came here to be alone with her Son. But, even so, her love can not be bounded; so her two other families of children have crept in, and she lets them stay with her. The little St. John on her right and the sweet-faced angel on her left are there for the race of men and the race of angels. It is significant that her right hand rests in loving protection on the shoulder of the human child; while the angel, though within her sphere of love, has not this token of her maternal tenderness.

Note, too, that St. John is, as it were, untouched by her caress. He takes it for granted; and turns, absorbed in love, to

the Divine Infant on the ground. Just so our love of Mary blends into and becomes the love of Christ. Her tenderness itself comes to us from Him, and even in loving her we turn from her to thank Him for His gift. Notice, too, that this baby representative of all mankind kneels with folded hands outstretched toward the Christ, while he already bears the cross.—It is a slender golden cross—standard, not punishment,—almost a toy for the infant saint to sport with. But we feel that it will grow with his strength, and will become the rough and heavy wood of Calvary.

Turn to the Christ, and see how the painter preaches with all his genius the truth of the Incarnation,—that the Christ is true God and true man. For this Child is pure baby. The curves of the little body, the turn of the head, soft chubbiness of the hands and melting lines of cheeks and lips, are all alike delicately human. But, with all the grace of infancy—grace that finds its secret, if not in weakness, at least in signs of undeveloped strength,—there are in this child-figure a dignity, power and majesty that are not of this world. The tiny right hand is raised in blessing,—a gesture of authority, but rendered so simply and naturally that there seems no incongruity in this infant command. He blesses with the authority of God and yet remains a little child. *Parvulus enim natus est nobis, et filius datus est nobis.* Mark, too, the sweet, grave dignity of the mouth that is like an opening bud, and the calm, penetrating gaze of the dark eyes. It is the only upturned gaze in the picture. Our Lady and the angel look down upon St. John, and St. John looks down toward the Divine Infant. He, in turn, lifts the unflinching eyes that see and know everything, and blesses all mankind in the person of the kneeling boy.

Let us speak of the angel with the wan, tender face,—almost an Angel of the Agony. Here we have no bright-hued, azure-and-gold angelical, such as the painter of angels—"Angelico" himself—

was wont to draw; no flaming spirits like those that Benozzo Gozzoli saw in spirit; nor even one from that gay celestial orchestra that Matteo di Giovanni conceived. Our angel is sad-hued,—one who is entirely happy, but who has found happiness in past sorrow. The face has the sweet patience of one who has known suffering. This angel has some memory of past strife and vision of the future; but his sadness is for John, not for the Christ,—for the human race, not for the God-Man.

We have not spoken—because we can not speak—of the Virgin-Mother as here portrayed. Every name that love has given her is illustrated here. She is Mother of Christ,—Mother and Virgin and Queen. Here in the clear, subdued light of this strange grotto-world, so like and yet so unlike our own, the blessed company remains—God-Man, God's Mother, angel and man; and about them is an everlasting peace, the voiceless worship of Almighty God.

Hard by in the same room are two other pictures, presentments of the Madonna and Child, that may serve as contrasts. Look first at the "Vision of St. Jerome," by Parmigiano of the Parmese school. Half-close your eyes to recognize what is at once a harmony and a contrast of color,—a sensuous blaze of color. There is a certain splendor of conception here in the imperial pose of Mother and Son; yet how unlike the work of Leonardo is the elaborate self-consciousness of the treatment! We are forced to note, whether we will or no, that the painter has skill and can render muscles and the play of light on human flesh. So we are shown a sleeping saint, all asprawl in unreverend attitude, wanting in self-restraint and reverence; and a muscular St. John, with nothing particularly spiritual about his robust and almost blustering person.

Yet, despite this insincerity of treatment, the graceful child-figure which

dominates the picture is not without attractiveness, though there is no suggestion of divinity at all in the elfin grace and almost uncanny beauty of this boy. The half-arrogant turn of the head, the affected pose of the left arm curled up against his ear, and the dainty fingering of the open book on his right hand, show that we have here nothing more than an altogether human boy, whose mother is but a dignified queen. No question here of prayer or thoughts that move to prayer. We admire the painter's technical skill and pass on unmoved.

And immediately we come upon the little "Virgin and Child" that hails from Cremona, and is the work of one Francesco Tacconi, who was still working there in 1490; born and died no one knows where. If the Parmigiano Madonna is all artifice, this of Tacconi is all simplicity. We see just an almond-eyed mother bearing her red-haired baby-boy, with stiff little hand clutching his mother's veil, and with a left foot that is almost deformed. It is only human, pathetically and tranquilly human, yet with a direct and simple tenderness that makes itself felt as we gaze.

It would be easier to be at home with this Madonna than in presence of the secular splendor of Parmigiano's Queen-Mother; but something is wanting here too, and we hardly know what it is till we turn back to Our Lady of the Rocks. There, watching her, we learn again that her Son is more than human,—is in all verity the Word that was made flesh, "full of grace and truth." And so, almost without knowing it, we fall to prayer, till time and this world call us, and we have to leave the Grotto of Rocks and return to the Vale of Tears.

How good it is to be with the Crucifix! I wish to make there three tabernacles,—one in the hands, another in the feet, and a third in the wound of the Heart. There I wish to rest, there I wish to read, there I wish to speak.—*St. Bonaventure.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

CONDITIONS with the two in front were not, however, so idyllic as they appeared to the two in the rear. It had not been in accordance with Madeleine's desire that the little party separated in this manner; but, since chance brought it about, she was anxious that there should be no renewal of discussion on the point so vitally at issue between herself and Maitland. Nevertheless, that point, after the fashion of such points, persisted in obtruding itself,—as when Madeleine, having inquired about Mrs. Maitland, ventured timidly to hope that the latter had become Mrs. Wynne, her son's face clouded ominously.

"If she has changed her name or her condition," he said coldly, "I am not aware of the fact."

Madeleine turned a quick, startled glance on him.

"Oh, I hope that she has changed both!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "And how strange that you should be ignorant of anything concerning her, or speak in that tone of her!" she added, with wondering reproach. "To think of having such a mother and not valuing her!"

"No one could value a mother more than I have always valued mine," Maitland replied a little resentfully. "Indeed, I believe that it was because I have always valued her so highly—been, in fact, so devoted to her—that she thought she could interfere with impunity in my affairs, and, as far as lay in her power, destroy the happiness of my life."

"How can you be so unjust to her!" Madeleine cried, with the same note of reproach in her voice. "You know that her only object in interfering in your affairs was to save you from a great mistake, and that she felt bound in conscience to try to do this."

"She may have felt bound in conscience," he answered; "but I don't for a moment admit that she had on that account any right to act as she did, or that she saved me from a great mistake. How could I admit the last? Nothing would be a mistake which gave me your companionship for life."

She looked at him wistfully.

"But life is not all," she said. "And you would purchase the companionship at the price of great renunciations."

"I am ready to make them," he declared firmly.

"But I am not ready to accept them," she told him with equal firmness. "That was settled as soon as my eyes were opened to the true nature of the sacrifice you would have to make. I was altogether ignorant of this until your mother enlightened me. But when I understood, all I desired then was to go away—and endeavor to forget that the dream of an impossible happiness had ever dawned on me. So I went, in pursuit of a vision which had come to me as a revelation; and a new and different peace seemed settling upon my soul, when—when—"

"I came!"

"You were not the first." Her eyes looked at him now, dark with pain. "Others came, like evil emanations out of the dreadful past; and, as I had learned from your mother that I was not free to marry you unless I wished to do you the greatest possible injury, so I learned now that I was not free in any respect, but that in the sight of God I stand to-day as much fettered to the man whose voice filled my whole soul with loathing as when I first uttered the vows that bound me to him."

An angry flush surged over Maitland's face.

"It is not true!" he exclaimed violently. "You are not bound to him. It is sheer fanaticism to say so. And you must not believe it for a moment. The laws of your country have declared that you are free, and you *are* free."

"But the laws of God are above the laws of man, and the Catholic Church declares that marriage once entered into can not be dissolved except by death."

He frowned; and Nina's words recurred to him, as if some spirit of evil had whispered them into his ear: "You are a Catholic; you understand the teachings of the Church; and you can point out to her, with the authority of one who knows, where and how far she exaggerates their meaning and force." Almost, as it seemed, without his own volition, he found himself saying:

"That is true, so far as it goes; but what you are not aware of is that there are so many causes which, according to the laws of the Catholic Church, annul marriage—that is, declare it invalid from the first—that there is a strong chance that your divorce is good, because in the eyes of the Church your marriage was not valid."

"Ah, if that were only possible!" A light of hope shone for an instant on her face, and then died down. She shook her head. "But I'm sure that it is not," she said. "We were both free to marry. There was no obstacle of any kind."

"You can't tell," Maitland persisted. "There may have been some obstacle; it is a question for theologians. At least I am willing to take the risk; and, since you are not a Catholic, it doesn't concern you—"

"I have told you that in belief I am a Catholic."

"But that doesn't make the laws of the Church binding on you. You are perfectly free to marry me, and I beg you to do so. I beg you not only to make me happy, but to give me the chance to make you happy; and, above all, to put the barrier of a real marriage between yourself and the brute who has made you suffer in the past, so that you may never again feel as you did when you heard his voice yesterday."

She did not answer immediately, and his heart leaped with the hope that she

was yielding; for her eyes, as she gazed straight before her into the distance, seemed filled with the reflected radiance of the vision which his words had conjured up,—that vision of earthly happiness which has such power to allure our poor hearts, and the desire of which no disappointment is able to eradicate. To Madeleine's nature, so formed to love and to spend itself on things beloved, it was especially alluring; and like a picture it seemed spread before her: the dream of a happiness which should be secure and stable, built on love and trust and faithfulness; of the tender sanctities of home; of children's eyes and voices; of all the common human joys—common as sunlight, and, like sunlight, bringing something of heaven into the world—which God has given to sweeten human existence. For a moment she lost herself in dreaming of this happiness; and then, as if by a flash of lightning, the picture at which she was gazing was rent in twain, and a voice seemed saying to her soul, "That is not possible without the blessing of God. Grasp at happiness without His blessing, and you will find only misery for yourself and another."

The radiance died out of her eyes, she drew her breath in a long, deep sigh—the sigh which speaks more eloquently than words of renunciation—and turned toward Maitland.

"If you knew how much you tempt me, and how painful the temptation is, you would not try me so hardly," she said quietly. "For I can not yield. I can give you no other answer than I have given from the first—which is, that I will never make myself a barrier between you and your religion. I know that you have told me this is not my affair, and you are ready to tell me so again" (Maitland had indeed opened his lips angrily); "but there I differ with you. It is emphatically my affair; and if I had no more knowledge of, or belief in, the Catholic Faith than I had when your mother came to me, I should still feel it so. I will not

play the part you wish me to play. I will not let you make of me an influence to turn you from high ways into lower ones; to cut you off from the Church, to force you to live without the sacraments—"

"You force me to tell you, once for all, that you are interfering with things with which you have no concern!" he interrupted. "My soul is my own, and my relations with the Church are between myself and the ecclesiastical authorities. I have no fear that I can not arrange things satisfactorily, if you would only trust me."

"Does that mean if I would marry you?"

"Yes, it means just that. Marry me, and then we will lay the case of your first marriage before those who can decide on its validity."

There was something like compassion in her gaze as, turning it on him, she shook her head.

"My poor friend," she said gently, "how hard you try to deceive yourself—for I do not wish to believe that you are trying to deceive me! Yet it is clear that if you had any real hope that my marriage was invalid, you would settle that point before you asked me to marry you."

"You don't understand!" he cried impatiently. "These things are matters of time—often of immense time. They don't know what haste is in Rome! And I want you, Madeleine! I want to make your life happy and secure; and, above all, I want you—*you!*"

"Yes, I know." Again she sighed. "We want each other, and it is very sad that the desire of our hearts can not be gratified. If we could live our lives together with the blessing of God, it would be happiness greater than words can express. But since we can not do this—since there would be no real happiness possible for us under such circumstances—"

"There would be for me," he interposed obstinately.

"I think not," she told him, with the same quiet gentleness. "I think that you do yourself injustice in believing so. But if we can not join our lives in the ordinary

way, and make a home together," she went on, "it has come to me as a dream perhaps—but a very consoling dream—that we can find comfort and happiness in a spiritual friendship which may be very perfect and give us both much happiness. We can see each other often, we can be a source of consolation and inspiration to each other; and so life may be brightened and made beautiful by mutual love and help, even though we may never be able to be more than friends in the highest and deepest sense."

She gazed at him with the sweetness and high spirituality of the dream which had come to her shining eyes; but even before he spoke she saw that there was no response to such dreaming in him.

"That," he said uncompromisingly, "is like offering a man a snow-wreath when he asks for bread. Such fine-spun fancies are not for real human life. No, Madeleine, you can't make any such friend out of me. I am an ordinary man of flesh and blood; and I don't want spiritual aid and help and comfort; I want you yourself in my life, in my home, in my heart, and nothing less will content me."

"But if you can not have that?" she cried appealingly.

"Then I will have nothing," he answered roughly. "Put your mystical fancies away. They have no part to play between us. No compromise is possible in our situation. I have come to ask you to set all other considerations aside, and marry me; and if you refuse to do this, then I will go out of your life, and never trouble you again."

Then, brave as she was, a human, almost childlike cry broke from Madeleine.

"How can you talk of leaving me," she said, "when you know how lonely, how desolate I am?"

He was quick to see and press his advantage.

"I will never leave you, if you will let me stay," he replied; "but I can stay only if you will consent to marry me."

And there the matter ended for the

time, as at this moment Nina and Caruthers overtook and rejoined them. If the former had guessed in the least degree how fortunate, from her point of view, the intervention was which left Maitland's ultimatum unanswered, she would not have felt the regret she did for interrupting the conversation. But to avoid doing so was impossible; and the four soon turned around and took their way back to Chartres, where the great mass of the Cathedral dominated the city, its towers pointing heavenward like the prayer-joined hands of a Crusader in his last sleep.

It appeared that the two young men intended to return to Paris the next day; and as the party dined and spent the evening together, it was very soon clear to Nina's keen perceptions that nothing had been settled between Madeleine and the man who had come so far to seek her. Under the composure of each, uneasiness was evident,—so evident that when they finally separated for the night, and the two friends were alone in the apartment which they shared, Nina could not restrain her desire to learn how matters really stood.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to ask questions," she said abruptly to Madeleine, "but to wait until you are ready to tell me whatever you wish to tell. Yet I am so interested—and you know why I am interested—that I can't help asking if you have any good news for me?"

Madeleine looked at her with a faint, sad smile.

"No, dear Nina!" she answered. "I have no news that you would call good."

"You haven't" (the tone was almost threatening)—"you haven't *bad* news surely? Madeleine, you dare not tell me that you have rejected this man who is so devoted to you, who has come to offer himself, and to offer you such a chance to put the past behind you and be happy at last!"

"Nina," Madeleine said gravely, "have you forgotten that I asked you once before whether, in your knowledge of me, you

thought it possible that I could be happy if I made myself an influence of evil rather than good in a man's life?"

"I haven't forgotten; and I answer now as I answered then, that of course you couldn't be happy if you really believed such a thing. But I add now as I added then, that I don't see why you should believe it."

"No, I don't suppose you see why I should believe it," Madeleine said a little wearily; "and it is useless for me to try to make you see. So you must just believe that it is impossible for me to act otherwise than I have done, and that is all."

"Is it all? Are you really going to send away this man who cares so much for you?"

It seemed for a moment difficult for Madeleine to answer. Then—

"I have no choice but to do so," she said in a low voice.

"And yet" (Nina was looking at her keenly) "I could have sworn, when we were all at *déjeuner*, that you were happy in his presence, and that you saw hope of continued happiness in the future. What has changed you since then?"

"Nothing has changed *me*," Madeleine answered; "but I have found that the hope of happiness which you are right in thinking that I fancied I saw, was only a dream."

"What kind of a dream?"

"A very foolish one, no doubt. I seemed to have a sudden glimpse of what a lovely thing it would be if he and I could remain just friends, but friends in the closest and dearest sense; if his devotion could comfort my heart, and I might perhaps inspire and help him in his life's work, and—and so we might be almost as much to each other as if we were really married. It was a very beautiful fancy" (she sighed softly), "but I found it was nothing more."

"I should think not!" Nina's tone was almost contemptuously emphatic. "The idea of expecting any man to be content with such a compromise as that! O

Madeleine, what a dreamer of dreams you are! And did you tell him of this fancy of yours? And what did he say?"

"Just what you have said—that I am a foolish dreamer of dreams; and that, if I do not agree to marry him, he will go altogether out of my life."

"And will you let him go?"

The face which Madeleine turned toward her was full of piteous appeal. "How can I prevent it?" the great dark eyes seemed to ask, but the lips answered nothing; and a moment later she rose and went hastily away to bed.

But going to bed is one thing and going to sleep quite another; and during the long hours of the night sleep was never kind enough to visit Madeleine's tired eyes and mind and heart. All night long she lay staring at the barren past, or down the dull vista of the hopeless future. All light seemed to have left her soul; no vision of any kind came to solace its misery or give promise of healing for pain. It seemed as if the dream of human happiness had for the time entirely banished the vision of celestial things,—of peace which no storm of earth could disturb. And, although the former had vanished like a mirage, the other did not return; and the desert of life appeared to stretch before her, arid and desolate.

And then a great storm of temptation arose. "This is folly!" something seemed telling her with scorn. "Why not take what is offered you—the human love, the natural human life of happiness? What do you gain by making yourself and another wretched? What right have you to decide for him in a matter where he has a right to judge for himself; and with regard to the demands of his religion, which he must know better than you can? You are an idealist and a fool; and when you have sent him away beyond recall, you will spend your life in regretting what you have done. Your promise to his mother? You have tried to keep that, and it is not your fault that you are not able to do so. The coin of sacrifice? That

is merely a phrase, standing for a mystical idea which struck your fancy. There can be no such thing. Those are right who say that no one can pay for another: that sacrifices are useless and foolish. You have but one life to live: take what is offered to make it happy while you can do so. The chance will not come twice."

This was beyond bearing; for the inner voice grew more and more insistent, and all other voices were silent. It was as if in a great stillness the soul were left alone to battle with the temptation which assailed it. In desperation Madeleine rose and looked out of the window near her bed. Day was breaking in the eastern sky; but, in the obscurity which still lingered below, she saw a lantern in the hand of a dark figure moving across the place. Like a star it gleamed along the shadow-set ways until it finally vanished under the great portal of the Cathedral; and a sudden realization of what it meant rushed over her. Some one was going to the early Mass in the crypt,—that Mass so feelingly described by Huysmans; and, as a child who flies to its mother for help and protection against danger, her heart cried out that she, too, would go. She would fly to the feet of Notre Dame de Sous-Terre in her ancient shrine, and beg from her a sign of light and leading, to steady the soul so sore beset.

(To be continued.)

Passio Christi.

(A Prayer for Lent.)

BY MERCEDES.

PASSION blest, be my salvation!
 Blood of Christ, my reparation!
 Thorns of Jesus, teach me meekness!
 Nails of Jesus, hold my weakness!
 Purple robe, do thou enfold me!
 Spear of Christ, thy power hold me!
 Scourge of Jesus, stint my pleasure!
 Cross of Jesus, be my treasure!
 Nailed to thee, I'll cease all pining,
 On my Saviour's Breast reclining.

Lenten Thoughts.

(For the First Week in Lent.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

II.—GOOD WORKS.

COLLECT of Sunday: "O God, who purifiest Thy Church by the annual observance of Lent, grant to Thy family that what we endeavor by abstinence to obtain, we may truly attain to by good works. Through Christ our Lord."

St. Paul in the Epistle amplifies this advice and gives a list of "good works": "Brethren, we exhort you that you receive not the grace of God in vain. . . . But in all things exhibit yourselves as the servants of God, in patience, in tribulations, distresses, stripes, prisons, labors, watchings, fastings, . . . though sorrowful, always rejoicing; though needy, yet enriching many; having nothing, yet possessing all things." (II. Cor., vi.)

The Tract repeats the beautiful trust in God. (Ps. xc): "Over the serpent and basilisk he shall walk; he shall tread on the lion and the dragon. Because he hath hoped in Me, I will deliver him. I will protect him, because he hath known My name. He will call upon Me, and I will hear him; and I shall be with him in the hour of tribulation. I will save him and will glorify him, and with length of days I shall fill him, saith the Lord."

In the Gospel we read of Our Lord's being led by the Spirit into the desert. "By what spirit He was led into the desert," says Pope St. Gregory in his homily, "is doubted by some. . . . But of a certainty, and without any doubt whatsoever, we are to believe that it was by the Holy Spirit. He was led by the good Spirit to that place where by the evil spirit He was to be tempted." And, speaking on temptation, St. Gregory adds for our instruction: "We must remember that temptation is threefold: (1) suggestion, (2) pleasure [in the thought], (3) consent. And, when tempted, we easily

glide into pleasure of thought, and even into consent; for, being born in sin, we bear about with us, even in our own selves, those very things against which we have to do battle. But God, our Saviour, who was made flesh in the womb of the Virgin, was born into the world without sin, and therefore bore no rebellious desires in His flesh. By suggestion indeed He may be tempted, but no pleasure of sin could touch His mind; and therefore all temptation of the devil was from outside, none from within."

The Introit of Monday cries out: "As the eyes of servants are on the hands of their masters, so are our eyes turned to the Lord, our God, that He may have mercy on us. Have mercy on us, O Lord,—have mercy on us!"

And the Epistle seems to give the answer of the Lord: "Behold, I Myself will seek My sheep. . . . I will bring them to their own land, and will feed them on the mountains of Israel, . . . in the most fruitful pastures. There shall they rest on the green grass, and be fed on fat pastures. . . . I will seek that which was lost; and that which was driven away I will bring back again. I will bind up that which was broken; I will strengthen that which is weak; and that which was fat and strong, I will preserve. I will feed My sheep in judgment, saith the Lord."

The Gospel tells what will be the value of good works on the Judgment Day: "When the Son of Man shall come in His majesty, . . . and He shall separate the nations from one another. . . . Then shall the King say to those on His right: Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you. I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; thirsty, and you gave Me to drink. . . . Then shall He say to those on His left: I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat; thirsty, and you gave Me not to drink. . . . And they shall say: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry or thirsty. . . .? Then He shall answer them: As long as you did it not to one of these little ones, you did it not to Me."

(St. Matt., xxv.) On this St. Augustine writes: "If, then, although you do not observe the Commandments, you may, nevertheless, come to the life of grace by faith, which without good works is dead, how can that be true which He says to those placed on His left, 'Depart from Me into eternal fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels'? He does not condemn them for want of belief, for they did believe; but for not having done good works."

The same lesson is given in St. Bede's homily on the barren fig-tree, which is mentioned in the Gospel of Tuesday. The Lord, in cursing the fig tree, did it for a figure; for the tree committed no sin in not having fruit when the Lord, being hungry, approached it. Its time for having fruit was not yet come. . . . The Lord withered the tree by His curse; that men, seeing or hearing of it, might understand that they are much more to be condemned by the divine judgment if, without the fruit of good works, they allow themselves to be soothed by human applause,—that is, as it were, by the noise and shelter of the fig tree's leaves."

In the Mass for Wednesday we have several examples. God calls Moses up to Sinai: "Go up to the Mount, and be there." And when he ascended "a cloud covered him, and for six days he dwelt in the glory of the Lord." For these six days the cloud covered him; "but on the seventh God called him out of the darkness. And the appearances of the glory of the Lord was as a burning fire on the top of the mountain. . . . And he was there forty days and forty nights." (Exod., xxiv.) "Forty days and forty nights" was Moses on the Mount; and "Jesus fasted forty days and forty nights" in the desert.

In the Lesson we read that "the Prophet Elias came to Bersabee of Juda," and went from that into the desert. "His soul was sorrowful unto death"; and he prayed "for his soul, that he might die. It is enough, O Lord! Take my soul away. And he stretched himself on the ground

in the shade of a juniper tree." But an "angel touched him and said: Behold at thy head a cake baked on the embers and a cup of water. He ate and drank, and fell asleep. A second time the angel touched him and said: Arise and eat, for there is a long way before thee. He arose and ate and drank; and he walked in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, even into the mountain of God, Horeb." (III. Kings, xix.)

And in the Gospel Our Lord says: "The men of Ninive shall rise in judgment against this generation. They did penance at the preaching of Jonas, and behold a greater than Jonas here. The Queen of the South shall rise in judgment against this generation and condemn it. She came from the ends of the earth to hear Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon here." (St. Matt., xii.) The Church sums up all in the final prayer of the Missal for that day. Having first called upon the people to bow their heads before the Lord, it then cries out: "Enlighten our minds, O Lord, by the brightness of Thy splendor; that we may see what we ought to do, and do what is right. Through Christ our Lord."

In like manner the prayer of the Missal for Thursday: "Graciously direct the devotion of Thy people, we beseech Thee, O Lord; that we, who through abstinence are weakened in body, may be refreshed in mind by the fruit of good works. Through Christ our Lord."

The Epistle is pathetic and instructive: "Behold all souls are mine, saith the Lord. If a man be just, and do judgment and justice; if he hath not wronged any man, but hath restored the pledge to the debtor; hath taken nothing away by violence; hath given his bread to the hungry, and hath covered the naked with a garment, he shall live, saith the Lord."

The Gospel of the day has the beautiful story of the woman of Canaan interceding for her daughter: "And Jesus, having gone out [from Galilee], retired into the parts of Tyre and Sidon." "Leaving

behind Him," says St. Jerome, "the Scribes and Pharisees, her calumniators, He goes out into the parts of Tyre and Sidon, that He might cure the people of those places." "And behold a woman of Canaan cried out to Him: Have mercy on me, O Son of David! My daughter is tormented by a devil." "How did she know to call Him Son of David?" asks St. Jerome in the same homily. And he answers: "Because she had gone out from those regions, and had cast away from her the error of the people of Tyre and Sidon by the change of place and of faith." "His disciples came and besought Him, saying: Send her away, for she crieth after us. And He, answering, said: I was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. But she adored Him, saying: Lord, help me. And He, answering, said: It is not right to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs. But she said: Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. Then Jesus, answering, said to her: O woman, great is thy faith! Be it done to thee as thou wishest. And her daughter was cured from that hour."

The prayer in the Mass for Friday calls out: "Be propitious to Thy people, O Lord; and mercifully cherish in the protection of Thy power the souls that Thou hast united in devotion to Thee. Through Christ, Our Lord."

The Epistle gives beautiful hope for everyone to turn to good works: "If the impious shall repent him of the sins he hath committed, and shall keep My precepts, and do judgment and justice, living, he shall live, and shall not die. The iniquities that he hath done I will not remember; and in the justice he hath done he shall live." (Ezek., xviii.)

In this day's Gospel is told the pitying visits from time to time that an angel made to the pool of Bethsaida. In its "five porticoes lay a multitude of sick—of blind, of lame, and of withered." The first into the pool after the waters were moved was cured from whatsoever in-

firmity he labored under. A poor man was there for the long space of thirty-eight years. Alas! when from time to time during all those years he saw the waters being moved he made an attempt to go in. But he had no one to help him; and while he tried to go, another went in before him. Hope is beautiful! Hope in the good God when all seems dark is nothing short of angelic. The poor man hoped, continued to hope, never gave up hope; and after thirty-eight years, Jesus Himself came in person to him. And when Jesus saw him lying, and knew how long he had been there, He saith to him: "Dost thou wish to be cured?" The poor man thought Our Lord meant to ask if he desired to be cured. He answered with such a world of longing and hope that our Divine Saviour said to him: "Arise: take up thy bed and walk." And immediately the man was made whole, took up his bed, and walked out of the portico of sorrow.

La Sombra.

BY JEAN CONNOR.

IV.

NOR an hour the watcher waited motionless. Crouched almost double, his long, shrunken neck stretched forward, his eyes gleaming like sparks in the darkness, he seemed like some strange reptile deadly in its wakened wrath. The fires that burned in his breast to-night were the fires of youth, when his eyes were keen and his hand was strong. Now he must creep and hide, and strike in the darkness; for he was feeble and old,—more than sixty years old.

Sesenta anos! Ah, it was a long time to live,—a long, hard time! This morning he had been a dull *viejo*, dozing over his casks and his bottles,—an old man to whom all things were faded and dim. But the fires of passion lit his torpid brain to-night; thoughts and memories pressed upon him quick and clear; the shadows

of the past, half lifted in the red glow of his hate. *Sesenta anos!* He could look far back into their mists. He could see the old ruined *casa*, glad with light and life and laughter; the broad roadways stretching from its gates, where the great Valleros rode out like kings, their mules and horses twinkling with gold and silver; the dark-eyed señoritas, Mercedes and Carmelita, leaning on silken cushions, and smiling at little Pedro as they rolled by.

For he was a foster-child of the great house. His mother was *la nodriza* to the young Valleros. The great Señor himself was Pedro's *padrino*; and, as he passed, always flung his godson a piece of silver so bright and big that his mother took it from him and hid it away. And this had been a boasting memory of old Pedro for all time: that at the age of ten he had knelt beside the young señoritas when the great bishop had come to La Sombra to give Confirmation in the little chapel. When his own mother would have pushed him back, the Señora Madre had said: "No, no, Anita! All are God's children alike this blessed day." And the lights had blazed out on the altar till it shone like the sun; and they had all sung together—the *padrino*, the Señora Madre, and the señoritas, and even Anita and Pedro; but it was Mercedes' sweet voice that had led all the rest. What was it they had sung? Once Pedro knew the words well; but he had forgotten in the long, dark years, so full of sorrow and sin and pain,—the hard, cruel years, that had left him battered and broken like the grey walls rising before him to-night.

All had gone,—the old masters, the old life, the old home; even, it seemed to Pedro, the God, Señora Madre had told him dwelt upon the shining altar. And Pedro had been left to grow up like the jungle that closed around the gates of La Sombra, full of wild, poisonous things. He had burned with fever and shivered with cold and smarted with blows; he had hungered and thirsted and bled; he had lost wife and *ninos*, and had seen his

last bold son shot down under his very eyes only a year ago; he had starved until he had eaten the dried grass of the jungle for food. And now, when the chance had come to him to live again, when Manuel Romero had agreed to give him half the money if he would hide the cases of rum in his little hut, and sell to the strange soldiers, the cursed *comandante* had come and robbed him of all, and throttled him like a dog, until the light grew black before his eyes and the pang of death was in his breast.

And the smouldering fire blazed up in Pedro's bosom, and he ground out a fierce oath between his long, yellow teeth,—the oath he had already sworn twenty times to-day: the *comandante* should pay for this; and Pedro felt for the knife he had hidden in his ragged shirt. He would creep after this Americano in the darkness; and when the jungle shadows were thick about them, and there was no one near, he would strike swift and sure; and when, with a thud and a groan, the *comandante* should fall, he would fasten his fingers around his hated throat and press the life from him.

Suddenly there was a strange stir in the silence that broke up the vengeful picture. Some one was galloping away from the *casa*. Pedro started up. Was he to be robbed of his triumph, after all? Ah, no! It was the thin, wiry form of the doctor that, mounted on a strong bay, swept swiftly by his hiding-place. And even as he passed, Pedro, staring blankly through the shadows, saw the old Catalina, who worked all day scrubbing floors for the sick Americanos, come slowly down the narrow path that led to her little hut in the chaparral,—dull old Catalina, who, like himself, had outlived all love and hope and fear, and thought only of the silver the strangers could give.

"Ah, Catalina!" said Pedro, softly. "What news to-night, my friend?"

"The same," croaked the old woman, harshly,—*"the same: they are dying like*

rats. They brought in another to-night. The doctor had to hold him as he crossed the door; he could walk no more than a nursing babe."

"The old *comandante*!" gasped Pedro, breathlessly.

"*Quien sabe*," replied the old woman. "I can not tell. He was heavy and old and big, for I helped to lift him. 'Major' the doctor called him."

"It is himself!" cried Pedro, in a despairing tone. "And he will die."

"Perhaps; who can tell?" answered Catalina, indifferently. "They have put him there" (she nodded to the south wing of the *casa*), "that he may not take the *vomito* from the rest. They die like rats. But" (she clinked the silver in her yellow claw of a hand) "it is a *peso* every day."

And, with this philosophic conclusion, she kept on her slow way into the shadows; leaving Pedro staring with gleaming and baffled fury at the place she had pointed out to him.

He was there, the hated *comandante*,—there, behind those stone walls; safe from his vengeance; dying maybe, but in quiet and peace. And he, Pedro, must slink away like a beaten hound, and never know the wild triumph of revenge. The Major was safe from his knife, his death clutch! The long, lean hands knotted themselves together in fierce passion; the sunken eyes blazed; and then—then into the old man's mind there flashed a thought that only the devils that rule in such moments could have inspired.

"*Diablo!* I have it!" he cried; and the bent, withered form seemed to straighten itself with new power and purpose. "I have it! I had forgotten,—I had forgotten! Ah, *comandante*, you shall pay,—you shall pay even yet!" And, with a fierce oath, Pedro shook his clenched fist at the grey walls.

Sister Seraphine was pacing the long stone gallery that, with its broken balustrade and crumbling pillars, looked down into the old *patio* of La Sombra. The

beads of her Rosary were slipping slowly through her fingers, still icy and numb from the dying clasp that had held them to-night. Ah, that despairing death clasp! It seemed to have frozen her whole being, as the sin-laden soul, swaying over the awful abyss of eternity, had clung to her for hope and help. She felt as if she had been dragged down, down into depths of darkness, where she was stifling still. Pain with all its racking anguish, disease with all its repelling demands, death in all its chilling terrors,—these she had seen and faced bravely in the ten days she had passed at La Sombra; but to-night it had been sin that had confronted her in all its unveiled horror,—sin, of which she had never heard or thought or dreamed, that had shrieked its mad, despairing confession into her ear. Strength had been given her to stand white and calm, and to combat the demons of darkness with words of prayer, of hope, that the dying man seemed to catch and re-echo with a fervor that Infinite Mercy may have heard and pitied. But little Sister Seraphine was still faint with the struggle. She had crept away in the darkness to find strength and help.

Even the sweet Sorrowful Mysteries could not hold her thoughts to-night. A veil seemed to be between her and the thorn-crowned Head, the bleeding Heart. A horror was upon her as of one who had ventured into noisome, cavernous depths, and was still faint, blind, dulled from their tainted breath.

She paused in her walk and her prayers; and, clasping the rough balustrade with trembling hands, she looked up piteously to the stars. They were shining still with all their old tender light,—shining over the *patio* choked with rubbish and *débris*; over the old *casa*, grim and grey in its desolation; over the wild wastes of swamp and jungle, with their reptile life and poisonous bloom; over all the sin and sorrow and shame of this dark, strange world, even as they shone through the window of the convent chapel, where all was holiness, purity, silence, and peace,

And as the picture of that sweet sanctuary rose up before Sister Seraphine, tears dimmed her eyes,—tears that seemed to clear her blurred vision, to calm her trembling soul. She stilled the yearnings of her heart for the altar,—the Presence that had been the joy of her life. Not for her now were the wings of the dove on which she had so gladly fluttered all these blessed years. Her work was down in the darkened ways of sin and death; and she must not shrink from the terrors, but bear through the gloom the Light that had been kindled at her altar fire.

"Sister Seraphine!" Dr. Elmer's voice, quick and anxious, broke in upon her solitude. "Are you here, Sister Seraphine?"

"Yes, Doctor!" She stepped out of the darkness at his call.

"You are not ill?" he asked, casting a searching glance at her.

"Not at all," she replied calmly.

"Then I can trust you with an important charge for a few hours. Major Van Ness has been taken down suddenly with the fever, I fear in a very bad form. He has been fighting it off for some time, until he literally dropped at my side to-night. He is most anxious that the knowledge of his illness be kept from the men until to-morrow, when an officer will be here to take command and remove the camp to a place of greater safety. So, to relieve his mind, I must ride over to Las Cruces to-night and telegraph General Deane. As the other Sisters have their hands full, I will have to leave the Major in your care. He is in my quarters. I thought it better for him to be alone, as it is imperative that he be kept quiet."

It was the call of duty, and Sister Seraphine steadied herself to meet it.

"I will come at once," was the prompt reply. She followed where the Doctor led, through the stone hall, lit dimly by swinging iron lamps. Wide doorways opening on either side showed the fever wards,—stately, spacious rooms, that long ago had echoed with song and music and

laughter, with the tinkle of guitars and castanets; for, despite its gloomy name, Love and Joy had once held La Sombra as their own. Even yet the wreathed cupids could be dimly descried where the brush of the French artist had throned them on the high ceiling; and the cornices and lintels of rare wood were wrought with many quaint and rich designs. But now Death held grim court in these halls of Love and Beauty. Moans and cries and fevered ravings came from the dimly-lit rooms where Sister Alicia stood bathing poor Dayton's dying brow, and Sister Mary Catherine moved from cot to cot with cooling draughts and cheering words.

Dr. Elmer kept on past the fever wards; past quieter rooms, where the convalecents lay weak and helpless as little children after the fierce fight for life; past another chamber, dark and still save for the pale light from the open window, that showed something stark and stiff, covered with a sheet, waiting for its hurried burial on the morrow; and then into another room, which Sister Seraphine had never seen, high and vaulted, with long windows choked with tangles of vines that stretched their branches and tendrils even to the inner walls, telling of long abandonment and neglect.

One end of the room was stored with such supplies as Dr. Elmer had been able to gather at this forlorn outpost; while in a recess at the other end was his cot, which, with a chair, table, and a few toilet appurtenances, constituted the brave army surgeon's headquarters.

Stretched on the cot now was the stalwart form of the old Major, in a heavy but restless sleep.

"I have given him an opiate," said the Doctor. "He was very nervous. I will leave the draught here on the table. If he awakens, you can give him a wineglass full; but I hope he will sleep until my return."

He turned away quickly as he spoke; and, seated in the camp chair beside her patient, Sister Seraphine began her watch,

Piety in a Prison.

STRAYED SHEEP THAT ARE NOT SOUGHT AFTER.

BY A PRISONER.

IT has often been said in secular papers that over the gates of the penal institutions of America might be written, "Those who enter here leave all hope behind." In many places and to many unfortunate men these words have a stern and fearful reality. "Leave all hope behind!" And this in a civilized land and a so-called Christian country!

In somewhat peculiar contrast with the picture of the convicted transgressor of the law entering the grim portals, with nothing before him but misery, sorrow, and despair, is the relieving spectacle which could have been seen in the Missouri State Penitentiary last New Year's morning, when over 150 Catholic inmates stood before the altar in the prison chapel, and, with their eyes fixed on the crucifix, repeated aloud the renewal of their baptismal vows, and afterward listened for almost an hour to the reading, by one of themselves, of Father Durward's "Short Discourses in Catholic Doctrine." So attentive was the audience that, as the saying is, a pin could be heard drop.

Until about a year ago, the visits of a Catholic priest to the above-named institution were indeed few and far between; and when he did come, not many of the inmates heard of it or were interested. The result was that only a few faithful adherents of the Faith, who watched anxiously for a priest, composed his congregation. It was a sad condition. Hope had surely been left behind; God was forgotten; obscene and profane language was the general violation of the rule of silence; prayer was ridiculed; there was no Catholic reading; no religious pictures could be seen in a cell; and the only thought of a hereafter for the Catholic inmate was when, to relieve the monotony

of confinement, he attended the non-Catholic service conducted by the regular prison chaplain on Sunday mornings.

That there were Catholics in the Penitentiary, it would be silly to deny; that there were many, it took but an investigation to prove. They were there not because of their Faith, but because of their neglect to practise it. THE AVE MARIA has already exploded the false notions of critics on this unfortunate circumstance. Let us be honest with ourselves, and always meet, openly and squarely, the difficulties that confront us. The Church can not suffer but will be benefited by such a stand.

Many of the Catholics in the Missouri Penitentiary are wofully ignorant; their early training was neglected, and their ideas of right and wrong are fearfully distorted. Some of them will tell you, for instance, it is no harm to rob or steal if you relieve poverty with the proceeds. They know little of the truths of their religion, and all the information they can give you is: "I was baptized a Catholic, but I have not gone to church much, and know little about it." Some are fairly well-informed, and an examination shows that very often their crime was one of impulse rather than wilful wrongdoing; many are guilty only of technical crimes; while a few are undoubtedly innocent. Some of these men stick faithfully to their prayers, read their prayer-book, say the Rosary even, and wear the Scapular.

Here I would like to dispel an illusion which seems very generally entertained: that there are a lot of clever, shrewd, brainy criminals in the Penitentiary. Whatever may be the circumstances elsewhere, this is not true of Jefferson City. I can count on my fingers all the "men of brains"—of even an elementary education—in the total population of 2300 odd souls. I do not think that the majority of them are really *bad* men. I firmly believe they will do right when they leave here.

Last summer some of the inmates corre-

sponded with noted Catholic priests and laymen; and at the same time an energetic young priest, the Rev. L. C. Melies, arrived in Jefferson City. He took in the requirements of the institution at a glance; and realized that, with the burden of his other church duties, he could not do justice to the inmates. But he promised to do his best until better provision could be made. Meantime Mr. Colborne, president of the Anti-Profanity League of Brooklyn, N. Y., flooded the Penitentiary with anti-profanity tickets and Holy Name pamphlets; and sent Catholic papers from time to time. Dr. Coakley, of Pittsburg Cathedral, also sent a large number of appropriate books, pamphlets, and papers. Mr. Anthony Matre, of the Federation of Catholic Societies, sent papers, and, together with Mr. J. L. Hornsby, president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Louis, took up, with their societies, the question of securing a Catholic chaplain for the prison. Father McDonald, of the *Church Progress*, the editor of *THE AVE MARIA*, and others, increased the supply of Catholic papers and periodicals.

Archbishop Glennon visited the institution in October, and confirmed a class of thirty-one. Father Melies baptized five prisoners. Father Gillfillan, of St. Mary's Hospital (who has also a mission in Fulton), volunteered his services on three occasions to hear confessions and say Mass. Father Melies offered the Holy Sacrifice several times. Father Hoelting, of Chamois, gave a mission during Christmas week, and brought back many a hardened sinner to the practice of his Faith. In the past three months over 180 confessions have been heard, a class of fifteen has been under instructions, about fifty names have been enrolled in the Holy Name Society, and a Catholic choir formed. When it is impossible to hear Mass, devotions and instructions are held every Sunday morning by the men themselves, before breakfast; and the good spirit reached its fitting climax on

New Year's morning, when, on their own initiative, they publicly renewed their baptismal vows.

I have no intention to exaggerate,—it is not necessary. To say that a marvellous change for the better has taken place is putting it mildly. From a disciplinary standpoint, the inmates have shown a marked improvement. The two guards (Catholics) who attend the services can freely participate in the devotions (something very unusual with guards in places of this kind) without much distraction; for the men enter fully into the solemnity and significance of their worship, and conduct themselves admirably. All who attend know they are present for only one purpose—to pray and worship. It has been noticed that men who were inclined to be refractory have become entirely submissive.

The religious spirit among Catholics in this penitentiary has become strong indeed. The program for the past few months has been a strenuous one; and it was freely predicted the men would not hold out,—that they were infatuated with the novelty of the change. But the attendance and the fervor actually increased. What might not a zealous priest effect with such a flock! I hope the Federation of Catholic Societies, which has taken up the appointment of a Catholic chaplain, will soon succeed in its efforts.

The Holy Name pamphlets and the little anti-profanity tickets sent by Mr. Colborne were scattered broadcast through the institution, and even sent home by prisoners to their friends. They were looked upon at first as a joke, but the "joke" has been the means of suppressing many a profane word. During the holidays, when nothing could be procured in the way of cards or calendars but the trashy stuff one sees in the ordinary stationery shop, some one suggested securing some religious ones. The men bought them up "like hot cakes." Even non-Catholics asked for them. Now almost every Catholic has his prayer-book, his Beads, his

Scapular; and several cells show the picture of the "thorn-crowned Head" or the Virgin Mother in the place of honor on their little table. The papers sent to us have many readers, and the few books we possess are in constant circulation. "Fabiola" is very popular, and the men frequently comment on this beautiful story. Of THE AVE MARIA, I can say that it has brought hours of pleasant enjoyment and consolation to many a lonely cell.

It can scarcely be said that any one was particularly to blame that this good work was heretofore neglected. Our conditions are peculiar, and of course no one ever dreamed that a whole institution could be so worked up in a short space of time. Perhaps the men confined here at present are better than the average convict; but, be that as it may, I have felt, from a serious study of the whole matter, that there should be an awakening of the Catholic public to the fact that great work can be done in penal institutions all over the country. Surely the subject is worth earnest consideration. I have been informed that while some prisons have regular Catholic chaplains, others have none; and that the visits of priests to them are rare, especially in the West.

I trust that the publication of this humble article may be the means of directing the attention of zealous Catholics to the prisons nearest to their place of residence. Just visit them, see if there are any Catholics, and inquire how their spiritual welfare is looked after. See that they are provided with some Catholic reading. (Oh, that people could fully realize the advantages and results of good Catholic reading!) Send them any good books you can spare, and your papers when you are done with them. Men and women in prison have so much time for reading and reflection, and they read almost anything they can get hold of. No matter how bad a Catholic may have become, under such circumstances he will read a Catholic paper; and prefer it

to those irreligious, Socialistic rags that find their way into every prison, working irreparable injury to the inmates.

There is hope for the man in prison; and that hope lies in religion, which brings a joy that no man, nor law of man, can take away. You can not preach high spirituality to an ignorant person and in ten minutes effect his conversion; but a man will yield in the end to good example. And where that can not be shown, a substitute is provided in the biographies and stories of saintly lives. Take the book, I have mentioned—"Fabiola,"—who could read it without feeling better and wishing he were numbered among true Christians?

When one realizes that the prayer of a child may go as far as that of a Pope, that an humble and contrite heart will not be despised, that sins red as scarlet can be washed whiter than snow, consolation is afforded, hope is revived. You must begin with religion if you want to reform men. When Catholics passively allow members of their creed to live in forgetfulness of religion because the moral law has been violated, they are losing sight of a great responsibility, from which they can not escape. They are losing sight of the high aim and object of every true Catholic—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let us not spend all our time dancing attendance on the ninety-nine just: let us give a thought once in a while to the one that goes astray.

Men in prison have plenty of time for study and reflection, and they are more or less susceptible of religious persuasion. Give them plenty of food for reflection, and they will become religious. Their braggadocio will disappear, their wickedness will cease, their hearts will become softened, and hope will be revived in them. When they find that our Blessed Lord deigns to visit them even in prison, a new day will dawn for them. You may not reclaim all, but you will save more than enough to justify your efforts. It may not be at once, but sooner or later the good seed will fructify. It is in your

power at least to make famished souls taste of Heaven's sweetness.

"The Catholic Church," says the great English Cardinal, "would rather save the soul of a single wild bandit of Calabria or whining beggar of Palermo than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform, in its fullest details, in every city of Sicily,—except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them. Such is the Church, O ye men of the world! And now you know her." With these eloquent and significant words let me close.

Ideals in Religion and Education.

A PAPER of unusual importance and suggestiveness is Mr. Meyrick Booth's "The Decay of Fixed Ideals," contributed to the current number of the *Dublin Review*. It is a thoughtful and illuminating study based on some half dozen works of the German thinker, Friedrich W. Foerster, who, brought up quite without religious influences, was for a time strongly Socialistic in his sympathies; perceived the impotence of Socialism to uplift the people, and attached himself to the International Union of Ethical Societies; was driven to believe that the problem of character-building could not be solved without the aid of something more than a secular view of life; and "during the last few years has come to take up a very orthodox Christian position."

Mr. Booth rightly remarks that Foerster's writings are peculiarly interesting, because they reveal the gradual process by which a man, educated, living, and working in a non-religious environment, has been led, entirely by his own observation and studies, to rediscover the truths of Christianity. Of Christianity itself, this German philosopher says:

It simplifies all the involved problems of life by referring them back to a deep fundamental truth—the re-birth of the human spirit. It

calls men back from all that is transitory and superficial to the central question, which means life or death in all things. It leads from the periphery to the centre, and educates mankind to see everything and work at everything from the vantage-ground of a great central position. To find and maintain this central position is the whole salvation of man, and all social work is without foundation if it be not inspired and directed from thence.

On this statement, Mr. Booth comments: "The great difficulty to-day is that the Christian view of life no longer really directs civilization: it is accepted, even in theory, by only a section of the community. The spiritual forces of to-day are paralyzed by hopeless division; and this division is not only in the community: it exists also in the mind of the individual, and prevents him from being really whole-hearted in his religion (of whatever kind it is)."

Discussing Foerster's deep conviction that the whole of our modern civilization is in real danger of falling into a state of complete disintegration and futile anarchy, owing to its inability to settle on a central unifying purpose to give meaning and direction to all its separate activities, the *Review* writer says:

We are in this respect in a much worse position than were the men of the Middle Ages. Humanity had then certain fixed ideals, and workers in every sphere of life had a goal and inspiration. Carlyle truly says: "Action in those old days was easy, was voluntary; for the divine worth of human things lay acknowledged; . . . loyalty still hallowed obedience and made rule noble; there was still something to be loyal to. . . [Then of his own day] Heroic action is paralyzed; for what worth now remains unquestionable? . . ."

This last sentence certainly expresses the position of the majority of civilized mankind in the twentieth century. In connection with this saying of Carlyle's, let us consider for a moment the deplorable effect of this state of spiritual uncertainty in the educational world. Those large sections of society that have more or less completely rejected any definite religious basis for education and are now rejoicing in their freedom, seem to have forgotten the enormous moral value of a definite belief and ethic, capable of inspiring the educational activity of whole nations. They are incredibly blind to the

fact that no boy or young man is likely to make great efforts to rise to any moral standard at all unless under the deepest conviction of its validity. But the educational world of to-day is permeated by doubt. Very often the teachers themselves do not know where they stand; and when they do, they differ from the parents. What kind of an effect is this going to have on the children? With the reduction of truth to a mere matter of personal opinion, it is bound, in thus becoming hypothetical, to lose all educational value. As Foerster says: "Nobody is going to sacrifice himself for hypotheses."...

We see some people absorbed in a frantic and unbalanced devotion to sport; others can think of nothing but piling sovereign upon sovereign; numbers cultivate "art for art's sake," — an art divorced from wisdom and strength; bands of monomaniacs are absorbed solely in the cult of the erotic; other fanatics are those who have some special recipe which alone can save society, — Socialism, Vegetarianism, Christian Science, or whatever it may be. And then there are the hosts of intellectualists, also extremists, — men who have simply fallen victims to their own one-sided development. Modern civilization is, in the absolutely literal sense of the phrase, "going to pieces."

As society feels less and less restrained by the Christian tradition, what will come out of this extraordinary chaos, what new manners and customs will be developed? Already, in Germany and Austria, well-known men, prominent in the academic world, are agitating for the reintroduction of polygamy; highly educated and refined women all over Europe are advocating the "right to motherhood" of the unmarried woman; the Swedish authoress, Ellen Key, a lady of undoubted ability and purity of intention, in works which have had a very large circulation on the Continent and have been translated into English, earnestly argues for "free marriage," husband and wife to be at liberty to remarry at will, or even to contract another sexual relationship without separation!

Apropos of Foerster's dictum that the real problem of freedom is "How shall I be free from myself?" Mr. Booth declares:

A moment's reflection will show that there can be no consistent and reliable action without limitation of individual freedom. To cry out for freedom is pure folly unless that freedom is to be defined and limited by reference to a definite ethical standard. The whole trouble to-day is that we are losing sight of our standards. . . .

Professor William James has drawn a very forcible picture of the wretched condition of the man who has no fixed habits, whose meals

are not taken at regular times, who begins to work when he likes and leaves off when he likes, and so on; for whom every little act of daily life is an act of deliberate decision. His nervous system becomes quite unsettled by the multitude of petty decisions thrown upon it. His powers of work are seriously diminished. His physical health suffers. Such are the effects of complete individual freedom in daily life. Can any one suppose that, in the larger world of morality, the effect of substituting individual freedom for an authoritative ethic would be less disastrous?

One of the chief cares of a nerve doctor is to make his patient's life regular; the latter is given no personal freedom of decision whatever, but must do exactly what the doctor says. This freedom from decision is well known to exercise a soothing and steadying effect on the patient's nerves. Moreover, having to get up at a fixed time, eat at a fixed time, etc., provides a wholesome daily exercise for the weakened will power, and is a strong suggestive influence. Now, a definite religion, with its standard of right and wrong, is, in a spiritual sense, the doctor of the whole community; and never was it more needed than to-day. Dr. Saleeby, certainly no reactionary, says in his book, "Worry," that a decrease in dogmatic belief has been followed by an increase in worry, and uses the words: "Worry is a mental fact, and is to be dealt with . . . by dogmas rather than drugs." Again, in another place, he writes: "Many lives are blighted by doubt or sorrow or fear for which, five hundred years ago, the Church would have provided a remedy."

As an apt commentary on this last assertion, our author recalls Mr. Whetham's important statement, that among the educated people of England, Catholics alone show a high enough birth-rate to secure survival. We have left ourselves room only to cite the concluding paragraph of this very notable paper:

I can not do better than close this article by making a further reference to the positive side of Foerster's teaching. He believes that when the attention of humanity is once thoroughly directed toward the problem of character, we shall then be led back, as he was himself, to the fundamental truths of religion. In his own words: "True insight into our spiritual nature can not be obtained by the methods of science and the study of the outer world, but only by self-knowledge and self-perfection." If the twentieth century makes the education of personal character its first aim, then all will be well.

Notes and Remarks.

The Mother of Jesus,—“Is this a startling subject for an editorial or a sermon in a Protestant newspaper or pulpit?” asks the editor of the *United Presbyterian*, in an article on the Blessed Virgin appearing in that paper a short time ago. Yes, brother, it certainly is startling, especially so as regards Presbyterians; and we venture to say that no Presbyterian person in reading your editorial was more startled than ourselves. To us it was like hearing the rattle of dry bones; for we well remember to have seen some years ago, in a Presbyterian catechism, a reference to the Mother of Our Lord so horribly opprobrious as to excite wonder how any ordinarily decent person could have penned it. But—thank God!—times have changed, and Presbyterians have changed with them. Witness these passages of the editorial in question:

... We set before ourselves for examples the virtues of other Bible characters. We study the character and extol the virtues of the disciples, prophets, saints, and early Christians. Sermons are filled with references to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary (the mother of Zebedee's children), Simon's wife's mother, and many other women; but the Mother of Jesus is almost ignored in more than one Protestant pulpit. ... Surely there is no reason why we should refuse or neglect to honor her who was and is “blessed among women.”

That which makes her character great is her faith, shown in her meekness, humility, quietness, fidelity, obedience, and love. ... All these things, and His death itself, did not triumph over her faith. We find her in the upper room, with those who trusted Him, just after His Ascension. She must have heard Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, and witnessed the wonderful ingathering that followed; and that must have gone far to heal the hurt in her heart. She was the incarnation of all that is pure and sweet in womanhood and motherhood. “Blessed is she that believed!” Blessed also are ye that believe.

There is more of the article that might be quoted, but it would be commonplace to Catholic readers. We congratulate the editor of the *United Presbyterian* on his

courage in publishing such an article; and we hope that as the years go by he and all his brethren will “grow in grace and the knowledge of Our Lord and Saviour,” and in veneration for His Virgin Mother, who prophesied of herself: “Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.”

An agent of the dairy and food bureau of the Pennsylvania agricultural department is reported to have discovered that a large number of delicatessen and other stores in Philadelphia have been selling “dyed” fish as a substitute for smoked fish,—a commodity which at this season is always in great demand. Dyed fruit—unripe fruit subjected to an acid bath to give it the appearance of ripeness—is perhaps common enough; but dyed fish is something new, at least to consumers. The reason for the coloring process is said to be that in smoking fish there is a loss of fifteen pounds to every hundred, while in dyeing there is no loss at all. The infamy of this form of imposition is beyond characterization. We should be in favor of life imprisonment, with hard labor, for any one convicted of putting dyed fish on the market.

“Education without moral training is simply a diabolical misfortune.” Such is the deliberate statement of—no, *not* a reactionary clerical of France or any other Latin country, nor of a bigoted American Catholic whose meticulous conscience forbids his entrusting his children to the public school; but of an ex-Unitarian minister, Mr. Price Collier. Writing in *Scribner's Magazine*, he says:

... I am unorthodox, I might even be dubbed a heretic by the narrow, but I am bound to confess if ever a nation suffered from physical and moral dry-rot, as a direct result of secular education, it is France. ... In France reverence has been knocked on the head, and faith smothered in ridicule; and she has produced a school-bred Hooligan (in Paris, at any rate) whose lack of the human traits, decency, hon-

esty, gentleness, and manliness are unequalled outside of a menagerie. . . . Education without moral training is simply a diabolical misfortune. But the fallacy remains, and with it a terrible waste of human material, and an increase of that uneasy unhappiness which is the curse of modern society.

As the years go on and the great mass of the American people come to be grandchildren and great-grandchildren of religionless public-school graduates, the fallacy in question will become appallingly manifest. The morality that obtains among contemporary products of these schools obtains in spite of the training received therein, and because of the traditional religiousness of many of the teachers; but the logical outcome of the system is, and can not be anything else than, possible intellectual efficiency and certain moral bankruptcy.

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Apropos of the dictum that "poetry is not religion, but religion is truly and essentially poetic," a writer in the new *Catholic Book Bulletin*, Dublin, cites this instance: "We are told of a foundress of a religious Order that, during her visits to one of her convents, her favorite walk was by the seashore. Her biographer relates that on one occasion, after silently gazing for some minutes on the ocean, she turned to the Sister who accompanied her, and exclaimed with emotion: 'Come, let us kneel down and recite the *Magnificat!*'" Who shall say that the impulse inspiring the remark was not as truly poetic as that which prompted Byron's—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!

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The fact that the number of homicides in New York city during the year 1910 was 185, nearly double the record for 1909, has impressed many with the necessity of more closely restricting the sale of deadly weapons. Given the cosmopolitan character of New York's citizens, it certainly should not be as easy within its boundaries "to buy a revolver as a glass of soda water." "A London policeman

may not carry a revolver," says the *World*; "but in New York any gang member or crank may do so with only the contingent penalty of being found out after the murder has been committed. . . . Every man with a loaded revolver on his person is a potential criminal; and if he could be sent to jail for an adequate term, some progress might be made in checking the evil and in reducing the number of homicides. But it can never be really ended while it is possible for a boy or man to buy at any pawnbroker's or at a hundred retail shops the weapon with which in a moment of passion or for a fancied grievance he can take the life of some other human being."

Sumptuary laws in general may be open to objection, but the necessary prevention of crime is a paramount consideration; and few sane Americans would object to a law making the sale of fire-arms as difficult as that of poisons.

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In the annual report, for the Archdiocese of New York, of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the net contribution for the year 1910 is given as something over one hundred thousand dollars. Commenting on the amount, the editor of the report remarks:

The present offering of the diocese to the missions may appear a very large sum. Comparatively speaking, it is. Very likely this will be the largest sum collected by any diocese in the Catholic world for the purpose; but it represents, after all, less than one cent per annum for each Catholic in New York. It has been truly said that if each Catholic of the United States were to give five cents a year, there would be sufficient money to support all home and foreign missions. If every Catholic in New York would contribute two cents a year, the total would be double the figures of the past year. And who would feel the giving, or what parish interest would be the sufferer thereby?

For that matter, who among the fairly well-to-do Catholics of any parish, in New York or elsewhere, "would feel the giving" if they saw to it that the contributions from their parish would amount to at

least two cents a year for every member of the parish? An extra dime from one parishioner would offset the failure of five to contribute; an extra dollar, the failure of fifty. An organized effort on the part of the exemplary members of any Catholic parish in the United States would in all probability result in their being able to contribute to the Propagation of the Faith at least twice as many cents as their particular parish counts communicants.

Even at the risk of suggesting to our readers Dryden's "Thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain," we quote yet another instance of the absence of Catholic intolerance in Ireland. Says the *Universe and Catholic Weekly*:

If any practical disclaimer were needed of the supposed rancorous relations existing between Catholics and their Protestant neighbors in Ireland, no better one could be cited than the meeting held in Armagh last Friday. The gathering was convened for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Miss Alexander, the popular daughter of the retired Protestant Primate, on the occasion of her leaving Armagh. The speech of the evening was made by his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, who not only supported the resolution most cordially, but paid a striking tribute to the esteem and affection Miss Alexander had won among all classes of the people during her residence in Armagh. He emphasized in particular the leading part taken by Miss Alexander in promoting the Nursing Association—a body which has done much admirable work among the poor.

We agree with our London contemporary that it will be well if the bigoted and fanatical faction at present stirring up strife in Ulster will take a leaf out of the book of those whom they are judging with such uncharitable bitterness.

The average educated non-Catholic must frequently be struck by the sanity of authoritative Catholic teaching on such matters as theatre-going, betting, temperance, and the like, as distinguished from the extremism of leading sectarian moralists, some of whom do not scruple to place

even so indifferent an act as smoking in the category of deadly sins. An instance of this Catholic moderation and absence of ultraism is afforded in the following extract from a paper contributed to the *Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. H. G. Hughes. Apropos of a socialistic question, he writes:

To finish in due form by an opinion upon the theory of Fromondus, that the taking of *all* the profit by the capitalist is defrauding the laborer of part of his just wages, I would say that, provided an ample living wage be paid according to the free contract entered into, provided there be no sweating, and no taking advantage of the necessitous or unprotected condition of the workmen, we can not say that the capitalist sins against *justitia* in the strict sense of the word by doing no more for his employees. But a sin he does commit: he is guilty of grave neglect of a moral duty as administrator for God of the wealth at his command. The only thing we can say is that he is not bound by the divine law to distribute so much, in such and such definite quantities. Conscience will tell him what to do, and the opinions of grave Christian men, and the teaching of the Church. He may not forget, at the peril of his soul, that he is a steward of his goods, and must use them for his fellows, and above all for those who co-operate with him in their production.

The Catholic capitalist can readily discover whether or not he is acting in such matters conformably to the moral law and the mind of theologians—or, better, the mind of the Church as interpreted in various Encyclicals on Capital and Labor. It may be well, notwithstanding, for all employers to remind themselves occasionally that their moral duty often binds them to more than do their legal obligations.

The announcement made last month at the Société de Biologie, by M. Billard, of the discovery in the liver of the pig of a substance which completely destroys within two hours the fatal properties of the cobra poison, is referred to by the *Athenæum* as a biological event of importance,—“a striking confirmation of the view held even in classical times that pigs can not be injured by poisonous snakes.” A view, it might also have been added,

that has been ridiculed by some modern scientists. How many lessons in humility they are now being taught!

It has struck Father Plater, S. J., that in the Catholic Boys' Brigade there is a powerful means of forwarding the interests of the Catholic press from which English Catholics should not be slow to profit. At Leeds these boys of the "C. B. B." sold copies of Catholic papers with excellent results; and Father Plater suggests that by such aid the Apostolate of the Press might be largely and actively recruited. Of the Brigade itself he says: "These newsboys were so bright, smart, and well-mannered no one could help buying their papers."

Readers of our recent article on "La Bonne Presse" and its methods will remember that this plan just now being essayed in England has for some years past been tried with excellent results in France.

The Vancouver *Western Catholic* quotes a distinguished English specialist in mental and nervous diseases who made use of the following deliberate words in a recent address to the British Association:

As an alienist, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the habit of prayer.

Our contemporary's comment is not less noteworthy than the statement of the alienist:

It would be interesting to inquire how prayer has this curative effect; but the important thing is to know the fact and what the fact implies. For one thing, it implies that whoever neglects prayer has sacrificed the higher side of his nature in favor of some lower form of activity.

An interesting contribution to ecclesiology by the Byzantine Exploration Fund consists of a work by several experts dealing with the Church of Our Lady at Bethlehem, which turns out to be, not Byzantine at all, but early Christian,—

showing the type of basilica common both to East and West before the later Eastern style of architecture was evolved. Though now subdivided, and disfigured by adjoining buildings, it is still substantially the same church which Constantine the Great founded; and it is thus the oldest Christian edifice in Palestine. The Church of the Sepulchre has been destroyed and rebuilt three times at least since the reign of Constantine; the church at Bethlehem has escaped destruction,—mainly, no doubt, on account of Moslem reverence for the Blessed Virgin. There is a tradition that the outside wall of the Church of Our Lady—or of the Nativity, as it is also called—originally bore a fresco of the Adoration of the Magi, a model of which is preserved in the British Museum. Every scrap of decoration still extant is carefully described in the book referred to.

The following noble passage occurs in the sermon preached by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, at the funeral of the late Archbishop Ryan:

I believe there is a cumulative quality in a nation's history. I believe that from generation to generation a nation hands down her traditions, repeats her beatitudes, and recites again the story of her rights and wrongs, her triumphs and her defeats. She tells again the good she would do, but may not; the goal she would achieve, but must still defer. Her ideals as a mantle she gathers around her, and, though she walk through fire, yet will she gather more closely this mantle, an heirloom and a protection. Furthermore, I believe that this cumulation rises at times as with a tidal wave in the souls of her favored sons, carrying them to the heights, and crowning them as her prophets and her kings. And so, from out the very soul of her, has Ireland cast to the high summit of transfiguration her child, her well-beloved son, Patrick John Ryan.

All that is beautiful and great in her history—the learning of her Druids and schoolmen, the devotion of her priests, the faith of her people, the Celtic heart of fire and blood, the gleam of mysticism, the yearning for liberty, the love of home and friends, the sanctity of the fireside, the childlike faith in God,—all these we see crystallized in the great soul of your deceased Archbishop.

Notable New Books.

New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year.

By the Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D., Bishop of Cremona. Translated by the Rt. Rev. T. S. Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Nashville. Vols. I, II, III, IV. Benziger Brothers.

Justifying the publication of yet another series of homilies, although many such series already exist, the author of the present collection says in his preface: "It is well at a sumptuous banquet to have many dishes, and to have side by side with those that are costly others that are common and even coarse. The tastes of men are so numerous and so diverse that what is insipid to some may be relished by others." A somewhat critical examination of these volumes prompts the statement that no apology is needed for their appearance: they may confidently stand upon their merits, and appeal to the ordinary pastor with a certainty of being appreciated when known.

The discourses number in all one hundred and twenty-four,—twenty-six to each volume. As will be seen, this allows two homilies for each Sunday of the ecclesiastical year; and it will gratify the preacher who makes use of sermon-books at all to learn that there is a homily on each Epistle as well as on each Gospel throughout the Sundays of the year. In view of the loose sense attached to the word "homily" in present-day usage, it may be well to state that Bishop Bonomelli employs the term in its early Christian signification. "I have thought it well," he writes, "to give at the beginning of each homily a faithful version of the Gospel and Epistle, and then to take up each and explain it verse by verse."

An appendix to the first volume deals with "Brief Hints on Sacred Hermeneutics." Twenty pages of this volume are given up to a dictionary for understanding the New Testament. While each volume is supplied with an index, there is not, as we think there should be, at the close of the last one, a general index for all four. The publishers have given the work clear type and neat binding.

The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church. By Dr. J. P. Kirsch. Translated, with the Author's Permission, by John R. McKee, of the Oratory. B. Herder.

This study in the history of dogma comprises three parts: the evidence for the doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the first age of the Church; the development of the doctrine until the beginning of the fourth century; and the fully developed doctrine in the fourth and

fifth centuries. It is a thoroughly satisfactory treatise, the author's views being abundantly corroborated by copious extracts from the early Fathers and other authorities. The timeliness of this English translation of a work written ten years ago is evident when it is remembered that such writers as Saint-Yves and Reinach attempt to trace the beliefs and practices connected with the Communion of Saints to a pagan origin. Dr. Kirsch's restatement of the Church's faith in the doctrine is a triumphant refutation of any such theory.

The translator's preface, which occupies a score of pages, contains an interesting summary of the history of the doctrine in England, its condemnation by the early Reformers, the modification in Protestant views brought about by the Tractarian Movement, and the steady progress thenceforward, in the Anglican Church, of religious veneration of the saints.

The author states in his preface that, "considering how narrowly the subject is limited, and that the authorities quoted supply the inquiry with a simple arrangement, I did not think it necessary to add an *index rerum*."

The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church.

By the Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. - The Times Art Press, Troy, N. Y.

A handsome post-octavo volume of five hundred and forty pages, Monsignor Walsh's work is liturgical, doctrinal, historical, and archæological. A somewhat exhaustive examination of its scope, method, style, and completeness in the matter of recent decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, warrants the assertion that it will be found to be perhaps the most generally satisfactory book (in English) dealing with its specific subjects. Its author speaks of his work as an attempt to meet the demand of the hurried laity, and even of the busy clergy, who may wish to refresh the knowledge once imbibed from authoritative sources no longer available; and it is the merest justice to declare that the attempt is eminently successful. The chapter on sacrifice and its essential traits, and the detailed analysis of the fruits and efficacy of the Mass, will be welcomed by discriminating readers as material not readily to be found elsewhere, at least in our vernacular.

An advantage which average readers will not be slow to recognize is the catechetical form, of question and answer, in which the author has thrown his abundant material. Whether or not his hope of seeing the book adopted as a class-book for advanced pupils in Catholic schools be realized, there can scarcely be a question that its utility is considerably

enhanced by the categorical definiteness which the method chosen secures for the knowledge imparted. Numerous well-executed illustrations add to the interest of the volume, particularly that portion of it which deals with vestments. A good table of contents, with a fairly adequate index, completes what we do not hesitate to characterize as a thoroughly useful and meritorious volume.

Robert Kimberly. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It will be no surprise to us should the general verdict be that this is the best of Mr. Spearman's books. Though not, as we have elsewhere observed, what is known as a purpose novel, it is nevertheless a novel with a purpose,—a noble purpose, which no discriminating reader will fail to discern. It belongs to that class of stories which are read with keen interest rather than great pleasure. Robert Kimberly is a character that must be taken very seriously, as men of his stamp invariably are taken. Alice MacBirney is a typical American society woman, but less worldly than she seems,—one who neglects the service of God, yet shrinks from that of Mammon. Their love story is unique,—a story so powerful and pitiful, so real and so absorbing, and withal so admirably told, that the reading of it has the same effect as passing before life-size portraits of persons with whose soul-struggles one is familiar. The influence of religion in preventing the woman from sinking to lower levels, and in raising the man to spiritual heights, is shown as only a master could show it,—the power of the Church to console as well as to crush, to uphold all good as well as to withstand all evil. "Robert Kimberly" appeals strongly to the Catholic public. It is a strikingly original novel, select as to materials, exquisite as to art; and is inspired throughout with an intensity of conviction and a loftiness of moral purpose, of which, we feel sure, all right-minded readers will in some measure be appreciative.

The Mass in the Infant Church. By the Rev. Garrett Pierse. M. H. Gill & Son.

A volume of two hundred pages, containing a thesis presented to the theological faculty of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, for the Degree of Doctor of Divinity. The particular period of the infant Church to which the author has limited his investigation is, roughly speaking, from 150 to 250 A. D.,—a century that contains a series of notable names, from St. Justin Martyr to St. Cyprian. And in that period he sets out to discover whether there existed the Mass, essentially the same as known to us,—

the Mass as defined by the Council of Trent; that is, not merely a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, not simply a bare commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross, but the offering of the real body and blood of Christ under the external appearances of bread and wine.

The work, which is both scholarly and, so far as is compatible with the subject, popular, is divided into two sections. The first deals with documentary evidence; the second, with the evidence from monuments and liturgy. The concluding paragraph of Father (now, presumably, Doctor) Pierse's excellent study sums up the result of his inquiry:

If the Mass, then, is with the early Fathers, who have more reliability, these or their critics? Irenæus, the second writer of our period, writes about a half century after the death of the last Apostle; Cyprian, the last witness, writes a century and a half after the same point of time. Both are strictly conservative writers; Cyprian becomes solemn and impressive, tracing the Eucharistic doctrine from the remotest source. They do not teach their own thoughts, but the early, even the divine tradition. Irenæus says that the Church received the oblation from the Apostles; Cyprian testifies that the Lord is its Teacher. Concerning the purity of the tradition, these are strong words. Are we not to prefer the Fathers of the second and third centuries, as guides concerning the earliest and purest doctrine, to critics of the far-off twentieth?

Mezzogiorno. By John Ayscough. B. Herder.

If this book is inferior to the best of the author's other novels—which we question,—it is so very superior in essential qualities to most fiction declared to be first class that it is safe to assert few readers will express disappointment over "Mezzogiorno." Its faults are trivial in comparison with its excellences,—a strong and original plot cleverly worked out, lifelike characters admirably portrayed, dramatic force, picturesque description, brilliant dialogue, refinement, humor that always provokes a smile but never a laugh,—everything, in fact, that discriminating readers now demand in their fiction. Though not what is called a religious novel, "Mezzogiorno" has much of religion in it; the most exacting critics, however, will not say that religion is anywhere "lugged in." If the book has a special purpose, it is to show in how many wondrous ways souls may be awakened to spiritual perceptions. "The perfect may rise to the Divine Idea perfectly; the imperfect, by a crooked ladder, oddly fashioned of an incongruous tree." In delineating such experiences, and in depicting the scenes of them, our author is always at his best.

"Mezzogiorno" may be described as one of those distinctly superior books from which even the least serious reader must derive profit as well as pleasure. It alone would entitle John Ayscough, as the author prefers to be called, to high rank among contemporary writers of fiction.



A Little Girl's Prayer.

BY T. E. B.

ARE all the glistening stars, dear Lord,
That in the blue I see,
The precious souls Thou dost reward
Of little girls like me?

If it be so, dear God, take me
Where other children are;
That mother in the night may see
Her little girl, a star.

A Story of My Schooldays.

BY E. LEGOUVÉ.*

WHEN I was a lad of ten, I attended a boarding-school. Every Monday morning, after a Sunday passed at home, I brought back with me the magnificent sum of fifteen sous (about fifteen cents), with which I was expected to purchase my breakfasts for the week, the school furnishing only un buttered bread for that meal.

One Monday, on returning, I found one of my schoolmates (I even remember his name, which was Couture) in possession of a large turkey claw,—I say "claw," but it was really the whole drumstick, with the claw attached. As soon as he saw me, the boy called out:

"Come here, and see what I have!"

Of course I ran to see. He covered the top of the leg with both his hands; and when he moved his right hand, the four fingers of the claw opened and shut like the fingers of a human hand. I was overcome with wonder. How could a dead claw be made to move like that? I was absolutely dazed as I watched the marvellous performance, which was repeated again and again.

Couture was older and more worldly-wise than I; and when he had worked my enthusiasm up to its greatest height, he coolly put the claw in his pocket and walked away. I went away, too; but the marvel haunted me, and I thought:

"If I only had the claw I could learn how to work it myself. Couture is no wizard. And what fun I should have with it!"

Finally my desire broke all bounds, and I ran after the owner of the fascinating claw.

"Give me that claw! Please do!" I pleaded.

"What! Give you a claw like that? Well, I think not!" was the scornful reply.

This refusal only whetted my desire.

"Then sell it to me."

"How much will you give me for it?"

I began to finger my money in the bottom of my pocket.

"Five sous," I answered.

"Five sous for a wonder like that! Are you making fun of me?"

Then, taking the precious object from his pocket, he began to manipulate it before my covetous eyes; and at each performance my desire for its possession increased.

"I'll give you ten sous," I finally decided.

"Ten sous!" repeated Couture, contemptuously. "Why, look!"

And the fingers opened and closed again as if they were alive.

"How much do you want for it?" I asked in a trembling tone.

"Forty sous, or nothing at all."

"Forty sous!" I exclaimed. "Almost three weeks' breakfasts! The idea!"

"As you please," said my tormentor, indifferently. The claw disappeared in his pocket and he walked away again.

Again I ran after him.

"Fifteen sous!" I ventured.

"Forty," was the firm reply.*

"Twenty."

"Forty."

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

"Twenty-five."

"Forty."

Oh, that Couture! How well fitted he was to make his way in the world! How he understood the human heart, even at that early age! Every time that inexorable "forty" fell upon my ears, my resistance weakened. Finally, I could stand it no longer.

"Well, then, forty!" I cried. "Now give it to me."

"Give me the money first," was the reply.

I handed over my fifteen sous, and was compelled to sign a promise for the remaining twenty-five. The shrewd fellow would consent to nothing else. Then, taking the claw from his pocket, he said:

"Here it is!"

I received it eagerly; and in a few moments, as I had foreseen, I could pull the tendon which operated the claws as well as Couture himself.

For two minutes it gave me the greatest pleasure; after three minutes it amused me less; and by the end of four, not at all. I kept on working it, however, because I wanted to get the worth of my money; but I was disenchanted. Sadness followed, then regret, then the perspective of three weeks of dry bread, then the full realization of my folly. All these sensations gradually merged into bitterness, which in turn became anger. I hated the object for which I had paid so dearly; and, going up to the wall I tossed it over, so as to be sure of never seeing it again.

The memory of that schoolboy experience has always remained with me; and I may say that it has often restrained me when I was about to yield to some foolish impulse, or to purchase something I should be sure to discard as soon as the novelty had worn off. The faults of childhood are sure to exist in the grown man. The best way to combat them is to be made aware of their existence, and my boyhood transaction with Couture impressed at least one of my faults indelibly upon my memory.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—BILLY'S LETTERS.

Miss Carmel had been busy all day,—so busy that Grey Eagle had been left in his stable to munch his oats, in comfortable wonder why he was not taking his usual brisk canter over the breezy hills, where Mr. Page Ellis was riding alone in no very good humor. Piety is a very pretty thing in a woman, thought Mr. Ellis; but to spend a glorious afternoon like this dressing an altar in that poor little "Romish" church was carrying it too far.

But Father Tom was to have the Forty Hours' at St. Monica's; and the "poor little church" had to be at its best; so Miss Carmel, who, with half a dozen of the Sunday-school class, formed the Sanctuary Society, had her pretty hands full of work. It was lovely at last, as they all agreed when they stood off in breathless delight to contemplate their finished work. Miss Carmel had gently and very tactfully put aside the red and yellow chrysanthemums that had been heaped upon her from the village gardens; and the new altar, with its snowy blossoms and waxen tapers, stood fair and spotless in the sunset splendor streaming through the "memorial" window, that showed the patient mother-saint pleading for her wandering son.

Miss Carmel knelt for a moment and whispered a little prayer of her own; and then, as her young assistants scattered at the church door to books or games, she took the road that led under the great elms of Holmhurst, to ask for news of Billy, who had now been gone more than ten days.

The old house (Holmhurst had been built by the great-grandfather in State House Square) seemed very strange and quiet this evening, with no Billy to bound out on the pillared porch and shout a welcome. The tennis court was deserted; even the piano was still. There was only

Miss van Doran on the porch, with a large pair of shears in her hands, nipping the tender shoots of the climbing roses.

Miss van Doran was good, but neither young nor beautiful; and, swathed this evening in a grey ulster and muffled in a black veil (for the malarial season was on), she did not add any cheer to the situation.

"Good-evening, my dear Miss Carmel,—good-evening! Mrs. Dayton and Dorothea are at Colonel Woodville's. He wanted them to see his Japanese chrysanthemums in perfect bloom. I did not dare to venture, for they will be out until after dark. Come in. It gets a little too chilly for me at sunset. I only slipped out for a moment to prune these young shoots before the frost catches them. It always nips the fresh young shoots first; the old wood can stand the winter through."

"Has Billy's mother heard from him yet?" asked Miss Carmel, as she followed Miss van Doran into the house, where pictures of the Revolutionary Colonel and the great-grandfather seemed to stand in stately guard in the wide hall; and Jack, on his first pony, held the big panel over the fireplace.

"Heard from Billy?" Miss van Doran's malarial countenance broke into smiling wrinkles. "My dear, yes, this morning! Such a very nice letter! I am proud of it. As I told his mother, I never saw a better production from a boy of his age. So well expressed, and not a word misspelled. Really, it is most creditable. Would you like to see it?"

"Very much, if Mrs. Dayton would not object," said Miss Carmel; and as she sank into the rocker by the sitting-room fire, old Towser rose from the bearskin rug and laid his nose on her knee.

"Object? Not at all, my dear,—not at all!" answered Miss van Doran. "It is the sort of letter that a mother is proud to show. Here it is, in the secretary. I want you to observe the date and margin, and even the punctuation. How *perfectly* correct! You would really suppose that his old teacher was at his elbow. Billy,

though a dear, good boy, was a little heedless at times, as you know, and would spatter his ink; but there is not a blot, as you see."

Not a blot, indeed! Miss Carmel felt that she would have liked it better with a little smudge of the boyish hand. The vertical writing, so laboriously taught by Miss van Doran, was so painfully rigid and correct,—every *i* dotted and every *t* crossed.

BAR CROSS RANCH, Colorado, Sept. 28.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I arrived here safely on September twenty-fourth, after a very pleasant trip on the cars. Ben Morris, who is Jack's foreman, met me at Buckston's, where we had supper and stayed all night; then we rode to Bar Cross next morning. It is a fine place, and I think the air from the mountains will expand my lungs, as the doctor said. I am feeling very well, and have a good appetite for my meals, and take a long ride every day on a pretty pony named Marquita.

Jack has gone away on special business, but will be back soon. He says do not worry, for everything will be all right; and Dolly can go to Paris to school, and you will have a new carriage next year. I was a little homesick at first, but am better now.

Give my love and affectionate respects to everyone I know. I pray God to bless you every night. I have put on my heavy flannels, for it is getting cold out here; and my cowboy shirts fit fine. So I hope you will not worry or feel sad, but trust in Heaven that we shall meet again. And believe me, ever,

Your devoted son,

WILLIAM CORBY DAYTON.

Miss Carmel read this missive twice over, with a queer little tremor about her lips; while good old Miss van Doran questioned in proud satisfaction:

"Now really, my dear, don't you think that is quite a remarkable letter for a boy of his age?"

"Very remarkable," answered Miss Carmel. "It does not sound like Billy at all. But I suppose boys' letters seldom do. I am glad to hear from him even like this. Now I must hurry home; for it is getting late, and I have been gone all day. Give my love to dear Mrs. Dayton and Dolly. Tell them I miss Billy-Boy almost as much as they do."

And, with a cheery good-bye to Miss van Doran, Miss Carmel patted Towser's head and turned homeward through the fading sunset, an odd, unspoken pain in her tender heart because in this remarkable letter there had been no message for her. Had Billy-Boy forgotten already, — forgotten like the rest of his race and kind? The shadows of the old elms seemed to fall heavy upon her at the thought, — the old elms, under whose leafy boughs she had spent so many gay, happy girlish hours in the young years gone by, — the old elms whose dead leaves were drifting sere and yellow about her homeward way.

Suddenly there came a rustle and slow patter behind her and old Towser stalked to her side. Stiff and rheumatic as he was, he knew that his duty, as the dog of a gentleman and a Dayton, was to see this dear young lady safe home.

"Ah, Towser, — good old Towser!" And Miss Carmel broke into a soft, sad little laugh as she patted her gallant old friend's grey head. "Faithful Towser! You at least don't forget. Go back, — go back to your hearth-rug, Towser! I can take care of myself."

But Towser refused to be dismissed; and together the two old friends walked on through the gathering shadows, until they reached the gates of Harrington Hall, where, after a good-night pat from his gentle young lady, Towser consented to stalk back to his bearskin rug again.

And, somewhat cheered by this little incident, Miss Carmel tripped up the steps, to be cheered even more; for the mail that had been accumulating all day lay in full view on the hall table; and there, among the invitations to teas

and dinners and bridge parties, lay a rough-scrawled envelope, which she caught up with an exclamation of surprise and delight.

"Billy! This can't be from Billy, too!"

But it was, as Miss Carmel saw, with dancing eyes, when she tore off the envelope, and glanced at the long pencil-scribbled page. No margin, no dates, no proper "epistolary correspondence" here! This was the sort of letter she wanted. This was from the *real* Billy she knew.

Dropping into the big carved chair under the swinging lamp, Miss Carmel read, with a returning glow in her chilled heart:

DEER, DEER MISS CARMEL—I've just done my letter to mama, and it took all morning. I had to look in the dickshonary so many times to spell rite and to put all the stops in place, for Jack says mothers ought not to be worried about anything when boys are so far away from home. So after I coppied that letter over five times, I couldn't rite real good any more, but you said you didnt mind spelling or nuthing, and you dont worry like mothers; so I have just brought my pencil and pad out under the cottonwoods, to rite to you like I promised, and tell you everything about everybody out here.

It is a nice place, only the porch is broke down, and the fences shaky, and the cowshed roof is falling in; and mother would most faint if she saw the dust and spider webs, I know. There is no women to scrub or sweep; only Chang the cook, who wears a long pigtail, and spits on my collars when he irons them, which I do not like. Besides there is Ben Morris, that they call Bony Ben because he is so big and bony; and Pedro, who is Mexican and cant talk much English; and Daddy, who is to old to do anything but mend straps and plate lariats; and three other men who ride the range and swear dredful when they come home.

I had to wait a long time at Buckston, for Jack could not meet me. He had company at Bar Cross—galoots Ben called

them—that staid all night; so he sent Ben for me, and Ben broke open a store and cooked supper for me that was fine. And you must not tell mama, for I promised Jack I wouldnt rite to her about it. But Jack was real sick when I got to Bar Cross. He was so weak and shaky he couldnt stand up. And, O Miss Carmel, he looks bad! You mustnt tell mama, but his cheeks are almost as thin as Miss van Dorans, and his eyes have big sunks under them, and his mouth dont laugh at all. Its malaria he says,—not second day like Miss van Dorans, but its next morning malaria, they have out here. He takes soda water for it, which I do not think is as good as pills. But though he looks so sick, he is deer and good the same still. And he asked about everybody, and whether you were dead or married, and I said no, never; though you would look butiful in a vale and wreth like Molly Fealy's I know; but I hope you will not be dead or married till I get back home.

Jack is away on speshul business, he went with Mr. Bret who is his friend and comrade. But Mr. Bret cut Pedros arm with a whip, which was cruel I think. Pedro says some day he will kill him, which I told him was a grate sin, but he did not understand. I do not think people understand about sin out here. They have no church or Sunday-school or anything to make them good. I wisht you were here to teach them, Miss Carmel; for you teach fine. I found your beeds that you put in my pocket, and I say them as you told us the peeple did when the Turks were coming. I hope you will rite to me soon again, deer Miss Carmel.

I have lots more to tell about Pancha and Wichita who are Pedro's sisters, and who make drawn-work handkerchiifs, which I will buy for you and mama if I have enuff money before I come home. And Daddy can make indian baskets that are grate. But I must close my letter, for Ben is waiting to take it with the other that I rote to mama. Give my love to everybody, Father Tom and Dick Fealy

and Joe Slevin and all the boys, and Leo and Towser too. I hope Towser hasn't had any more fights with Mr. Ellis big Spot. Bulldogs dont fight fair, and Towser aint onto their mean tricks. I forgot to tell you to watch out for Spot, or he will tear Towser up some day, sure. Ben cant wait any longer now, he says; so good-bye, deer Miss Carmel. I am

Affecshonately your trew friend,

BILLY.

Miss Carmel read this letter twice; and then, going up to her own pretty room, she closed and locked the door and read it again. Then—then she knelt down beside her bed, and, burying her face upon the snowy pillows, sobbed and wept as if her tender heart would break.

Billy's letter had told her far more than the young writer out at Bar Cross had dreamed. No "spelling or punctuashun" could have made it clearer to Miss Carmel that all she had feared for the dear friend and playmate of happy days gone by was true,—that Jack, with his "next morning malaria," his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, his new friends and comrades, was swiftly going the downward path that leads to ruin and destruction; and only Billy—innocent, unconscious Billy—was near to help and to save.

(To be continued.)

Proverbs of Scotland.

Buy what you dinna want and ye'll sell what you canna spare.

Feather by feather the goose is plucked.

By doing naething we learn to do ill.

Fortune favors the hardy.

He that canna do as he would, maun (must) do as he may.

He that ill does never gude weens. (He that is in the habit of ill-doing himself always has a bad opinion of others.)

Maidens should be mild and meek, quick to hear and slow to speak.

He that says what he likes will hear what he doesna like.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—At a recent sale of engravings, drawings, etc., in London, an etching by Rembrandt, "Christ Preaching," fetched £260.

—The Memoirs of that distinguished writer and soldier, Sir William Butler, are to be published shortly by Messrs. Constable.

—Messrs. George Bell & Sons announce a new catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, with full particulars as to forthcoming additions. This famous series already includes nearly 750 volumes in all departments of literature.

—We have received from P. J. Kenedy & Sons "Jesus All Great," by the Rev. Alexander Gallerani, S. J., the translation being by F. Loughnan. Well printed and tastefully bound, the book is a companion volume to the author's well-known "Jesus All Good," and is equally deserving of commendation.

—The Rev. Arthur T. Coughlan, C. SS. R., has written, and St. Mary's College, Northeast, Penn., has published, "The Prophecy," a play of the days of persecution under Henry VIII. of England. It is a four-act drama, for male characters only. The cast contains seventeen speaking rôles, with supplementary groups of monks, soldiers, peasants, etc. A good reading-play is not always a good-acting one; so, while "The Prophecy" reads very well, we can not guarantee that its presentation will prove equally successful.

—"A Romance of Old Jerusalem," by Florence Gilmore (B. Herder), is a tale—of Our Lord's time, told in a sweet, romantic way—of two children, a Jewish youth and a Roman maiden, who were attracted to the Boy-Christ by His restoration to life of their little pet dog. The story follows their lives and is interwoven with many incidents of the Scripture. The account of the Crucifixion is given, and the conversion of both hero and heroine at the foot of the Cross. There are many pathetic touches in the little narrative, and it will be interesting reading for the young as well as their elders. Would that there were many more books of its kind!

—From Sands & Co., through B. Herder, comes "Historic Nuns," a new impression of an old book by Bessie R. Belloc, who, it may interest some of our readers to learn, is the octogenarian mother of the English Catholic litterateur, Hilaire Belloc. The volume (a 12mo of 223 pages) is made up of most interesting and charmingly written sketches of Mary Aiken-

head, Catherine McAulay, Madame Duchesne, and Mother Seton; with an "American Post-script," dealing with the Californian mission of the Sisters of Mercy. It need scarcely be added that the book makes excellent Catholic reading, and deserves to have many more readers than it has yet won on either side of the Atlantic.

—"Tyburn Speaks," a pamphlet of 22 pages, contains thirteen lyrical compositions besides the title poem. The proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to Tyburn Convent Appeal; and it may be procured from the Sisters at that Convent, 6 Hyde Park Place, London, W. There is much of virility, as well as not a little melody, in most of these verses, of which this stanza may serve as a sample:

For ages twain I claimed of you no toll,
Ye heirs of Campion—sons of martyr sires,—
Nor bade ye, faithful, play the hero's rôle,
Whose voice in song to mighty deeds aspires,
I, 'neath whose shade your fathers earned their palms!
But, lo! again to-day I ask of you—an alms.

—While "Pat," a tale of school and university life, by Harold Wilson (Sands & Co., B. Herder), is an interesting enough boys' story, it is only fair to our readers to inform them that the presumption afforded by the names of the publishers—i. e., that the tale is a Catholic one—is incorrect. The school is an English public school, and the university is Cambridge. From a religious point of view, the story is quite colorless; and, from Young America's viewpoint, cricket and the English variety of football will probably be found less absorbingly attractive than their substitutes in the United States. This much being said, let us add that the book is an enjoyable one.

—General readers as well as lovers of music will be interested in a new book by Mr. Redfern Mason, dealing with "The Song Lore of Ireland." (Wessels & Bissell Co.) The record goes back to a period long before the Christian era, and the claims which are made for Erin's priority in many forms of musical invention and construction are of curious interest. Although he is not a native son of Ireland, no Irishman could be more enthusiastic than Mr. Mason over his subject. Witness this passage:

Irish song is the expression of Celtic genius in music and verse, in everyday life and history. . . . Gerald Barry, the Welsh monk and historian, hater of the Irish though he was, declares that Erin's harpers surpass all others. That was in the twelfth century. Ireland's musical skill had won for her fame long ages before that, however; when the wife of Pepin of France wanted choristers for her new Abbey of Nivelles, it was not to Italy, to Germany, or to England, that she sent, but to Ireland. That was in

the seventh century. In Elizabethan days the songs of Ireland won praise even from her enemy and traducer, Edmund Spenser. Shakespearian enigmas, long insoluble, become plain in the light of the poet's acquaintance with Celtic lore. Bacon of Verulam declared that of all instruments the Irish harp had the sweetest note, and the most prolonged. Irish airs found their way into the virginal books of Tudor and Jacobean days. Byrde and Purcell wrote variations on Irish tunes. As in peace, so it was in war. England's battles have been fought and won to Irish music. The United States won its freedom to the strains of "All the Way to Galway," known all over the world as "Yankee Doodle"; and while the English marched out of Yorktown, the pipes squealed the tune of "The World Turned Upside Down." Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Berlioz, all confess the beauty of Irish melody.

—The International Truth Society of Brooklyn, publishes, in neat pamphlet form, "The Shame of It," an appeal addressed by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, son of Richard Malcolm Johnston, to the sense of decency of Southern Protestants. It was high time that a protest should be made against the bigotry and ribaldry of the *Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine*; and we are pleased to see that Father Johnston has not minced matters in his rebuke to the non-Catholics of the South who make the publication of such a periodical possible. Well-to-do Southern Catholics—or some of them—might well expend \$2.50 in buying a hundred copies of this pamphlet and mailing them to Protestant friends and acquaintances.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Historic Nuns." Bessie R. Belloc. 75 cts.

"Jesus All Great." Rev. Alexander Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.

"A Romance of Old Jerusalem." Florence Gilmore. 50 cts.

"Mezzogiorno." John Ayscough. \$1.50.

"New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year." Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. Translated by the Rt. Rev. T. S. Byrne, D. D. Four vols. \$5, net.

"The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church." Dr. J. P. Kirsch. \$1.35.

"The Mass in the Infant Church." Rev. Garrett Pierse. \$1.15, net.

"Robert Kimberly." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.30.

"Converts to Rome." W. Gordon Gorman. \$1, net.

"The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$2, net.

"Melchior of Boston." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.

"Mementos of the English Martyrs and Confessors." Rev. Henry S. Bowden. 45 cts.

"The Groundwork of Christian Perfection." Rev. Patrick Ryan. 75 cts.

"Our Lady's Lutenist." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 65 cts.

"Memorabilia: Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books." \$1.10, net.

"The Centurion." A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.

"Life in the Shadow of Death." Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. \$1.

"Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars." 15 cts.

"Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P. 75 cts.

"The Turn of the Tide." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.

"War on the White Plague." Rev. John Tscholl. \$1.15.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Thomas Heslin, Bishop of Natchez; Very Rev. George W. Waterton, of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle; Rev. Thomas Galignan, archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister M. Felicitas, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Chrysostom, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. William Orton, Mr. John Handiboe, Mr. Peter A. Fox, Mrs. Henry Willard, Mrs. Patrick Kehoe, Mr. George Lawrence, Mrs. Elizabeth Joyce, Mr. C. Poetz, Mr. Thomas Callaghan, Mr. Charles J. Sehry, Mrs. Edward Conselyca, Mr. Jacob Jochum, Mrs. Rose Reilly, Mr. Frederick Rosch, Miss Mercedes Power, Mr. James Purcell, Mr. Edward Emling, Mrs. Cyril Grégoire, Mr. Paul Heyde, Mr. John Conway, Ellen Conway, Mr. Orin Bradford, Miss Mary G. O'Sullivan, Mr. Louis Siegel, Miss Mary Hauk, Mr. Daniel Dunn, Mr. Charles Zielenger, Mrs. Margaret Zielenger, Mr. Edward McCauley, Mr. Michael Sheridan, and Mrs. Barbara Klamfoot.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 11, 1911.

NO. 10

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A Prayer.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

MOTHER benign
With thy beauty divine,

In pity look down on these children of thine!
Queen of the Angels,
And Star of the Sea,
Lady of Sorrows,
Their comforter be!

Thou who hast held the dear Christ on thy breast,
Hear our petition, O Mother most blest!
We are the mothers who sorrow like thee;
Guide thou our children, O Star of the Sea!

Ancient Crosses in Ireland and England.

BY M. N.

BESIDE a broad river—a river clear and pure as only a spring bursting from a rock can be—stand the ruins of what was once, perchance, the most famous abbey of the West of Ireland. In the year A. D. 624, Domnall MacHugh is said to have founded the ancient and celebrated monastery of Cong, for St. Fechin, its first abbot. It is placed on a neck of limestone country about four miles broad, enclosed in an angle between the wide, translucent river just mentioned, and a smaller stream not less limpid. In 1010, we are told, "it was one of the five Sees of the Province of Connaught." In 1114, the abbey was burned, but

rebuilt during the same century for the Order of Augustinians.

The surroundings, as in the case of so many venerable abbeys in England as well as Ireland, are singularly beautiful. Indeed, it has been said that Cong is almost as charmingly situated as Killarney; though it is impossible to believe that any place could compare with that favored spot where there is a magic, a witchery of fascination no pen can write or words can say. Cong, however, has a very wild and bold and impressive environment; and nowhere are the vestiges of a prehistoric past more traceable than about its pretty little village.

A reliable authority informs us that "the most ancient memorial of the past to be found at Cong is the dismantled cross, whose shaft lies in the abbey; but its base, with a plainly cut modern shaft and cross, stands in the village street; and on this base are recorded the names of two abbots, Niahol and Gillibard O'Duffy." The ancient cross of Cong is a masterpiece. It can not be better described than in the words of Sir William Wilde, who says:

"It consists of an oaken cross, covered with plates of bronze and silver, washed in many places with a thick layer of gold, and having interspersed golden filigree work of most minute character around its front centre. All the front and back plates are elaborately carved with that intertwined pattern, or strapwork, with grotesque animals, which is specially characteristic of Irish ornamentation. The outer corners of each compartment were

originally studded with precious stones, glass, or figured enamel paste, in white and dark blue colors. Supported upon a raised boss, decorated with niello in the centre, there is a large polished crystal, under which was placed originally the relic sent from Rome to King Turloch O'Connor, in 1123. . . . Around its sides are a series of Latin and Irish inscriptions, both in the Irish character; the letters are punched into the silver plate, apparently by dyes or types. . . . The foot of the cross springs from a highly decorated dog's head, which rises out of a globe; the ornamentations of which, in detail, are a marvel of workmanship of its own, or any other period. Beneath that wall is a decorated socket, into which was inserted the staff, or pole, with which the cross was carried."

The main inscription, twice repeated, is a Latin verse, which, when translated, runs thus: "In this cross is the Cross enclosed on which the Founder of the world suffered." From the Irish inscriptions, which for us are the chief point of interest, we learn who were the patrons of this extraordinary work of ancient art, and what was its purpose. These inscriptions ask the prayers of faithful Christians "for the repose of Turloch O'Connor, King of Erin, for whom this shrine was made, to hold a remnant of the True Cross which he had procured"; also for the soul of the Archbishop of Connaught, who has been described (by the Four Masters) as "Chief Senior of all Ireland in wisdom, in chastity, in the bestowal of jewels and food"; and who was at Cong when called to his eternal reward on May 16, 1150. Again, prayers are asked "for Flannacan Duffy, under whose superintendence the shrine was made"; and lastly "for Maelisu Mac-Braddan O'Echan, who made this shrine."

This oaken cross—an indubitable proof of Irish skill—is now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy; while the famous Augustinian Priory of Cong, which suffered the usual fate of monasteries in

1538, is only a picturesque ruin, instead of a centre of learning and the arts.

Two other celebrated Celtic crosses are those of Monasterboice, — huge structures of richly sculptured stone. Some idea of their size may be gathered from the fact that the larger of them is twenty-seven feet in height, and three stones form the whole of it. One of these stones, which constitutes "the cap of the cross," represents in itself a church of the ancient Irish type, with high pitched roof, such as we may still see at Kells or Killaloe. The arms of the cross, and the ring which embraces them in true Celtic fashion, are sculptured in panels; as is also the long, slender shaft, — each panel depicting some scene in Scripture history. Mutilation, and exposure to the storms of centuries, have somewhat defaced the carving; but the extreme richness of the embossed stonework remains; whilst in the case of the smaller cross of Muiredach, the elaborate tracery, and its representation of man and beast, are practically unimpaired. It bears the inscription: "Pray for Muiredach, by whom this cross was made." And it is safe to infer that it dates from either the ninth or the tenth century, seeing that the Annals of Monasterboice record the names of only two abbots called Muiredach, — one of whom died in 844, and the other in 924.

The compartments of this cross, and also the figures, are large; and the interesting point for us is that they form a complete historical document, representing Irish priests and Irish warriors in the habit of their time; whilst the panels that depict such subjects as the expulsion of our First Parents from the Garden of Eden possess a simple dramatic force which has called forth the praise of experts. Indeed, it has been well said that "here sculpture seems far advanced on its way to a free artistic treatment of the figure. Here we find the Irish genius displaying itself, not only in the formal perfection of interlaced design, but in the nobler effort to render life and movement."

Monasterboice was one of the chief seats of purely Irish learning, as well as one of the most ancient (it was founded in the sixth century by St. Boetius) and typical of Celtic abbeys. Here the delighted archæologist will find a big bell-tower, — "one of the hundred," we are told, "scattered through Ireland, so strongly built that many of them still remain almost intact, though ten centuries may have gone by since their erection." This one at Monasterboice rises to a height of 110 feet, but its top has been shattered. Authorities on the subject believe that it has so remained ever since a disastrous fire which took place sometime during the year 1097, when many books and other treasures were destroyed.

We know that in those early days forts were of earth or loose stone; houses, of wattle and plaster or of timber. Nevertheless, it must not for a moment be imagined that the mason's and stoneworker's art had not yet been discovered. The round towers alone are sufficient proof of the rare skill of their builders; not to speak of Cormac's famous chapel at Cashel, than which hardly anything more impressive can be found, affording as it does unmistakable demonstration of the point to which Irish culture had attained before the Norman Conquest. It is, in truth, the one decorated building of a prior epoch that has come down to us intact, and represents the final architectural developments carried out by Irish workmen and Irish designers, on absolutely Irish lines; at a time, moreover, when Cashel, the royal residence of the kings of Munster, was "granted to the religious, and made the home of piety, learning, and the arts."

As at Kells, Monasterboice, Clonmacnoise, and elsewhere, a slender round tower, in perfect preservation, stands at Cashel; and it may be mentioned in passing that, "except in ecclesiastical centres, these marvellous belfries were not erected."

The architecture of Mellifont, called "Honey Fountain," that celebrated abbey, the earliest of the forty-two monasteries built by the Cistercians in Ireland, shows that Irish craftsmen, under competent direction, were capable of almost anything. Ruined though it be, a wonderful story in stone is told in the cruciform church of this famous house, containing a semicircular chapel in each transept; in its cloisters, chapter-house, solid gate-tower, and exquisite octagon baptistery. The subtle, the extreme exactitude and reverent patience shown in the rich elaborateness of detail speak in voiceless language of "a hidden spirit that we may or may not understand," — the spirit of faith and of piety and of prayer, — the spirit that animated the loving carvers of old.

But how came that skilful architect, Brother Robert, to find his way to the fair valley in which he founded Mellifont? Briefly, the story is this. St. Malachy O'Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh, when journeying to Rome in 1139, rested on the way at the monastery of Clairvaux. Naturally, he made the acquaintance of St. Bernard, "then probably the greatest religious force in Europe," not only on account of his own extraordinary personality, but also through his influence, as it manifested itself in the wonderful Cistercian Order then springing into power and prominence. The two saints became intimate friends, and Malachy "left certain of his followers to be trained in the Cistercian rule." If proof were needed of the friendship between Bernard and Malachy, we have only to refer to the writings of the former in order to discover more than sufficient testimony. But the point for us is that the Irishmen left by Malachy returned to their native land in the course of five years, accompanied by some foreign monks, amongst whom was the aforementioned Brother Robert. Thus it was that they came to the Boyne valley; and, with the founding of Mellifont, they inaugurated also "a stricter

ecclesiastical discipline and a more developed civilization than had existed in Ireland before."

It was not merely the Continental style of architecture which the Cistercian colony brought to Mellifont, but "something less insular, more cosmopolitan than the old centres of Irish religion had been,"—something which tended to draw the Island of Saints into fuller harmony with Rome, the heart of Christendom; at the same time not destroying the old, but rather becoming amalgamated with it. The more carefully we study ancient Celtic crosses, the more completely are we convinced of the really marvellous skill of these early Irish artificers, whose work in metal can stand comparison with that of any age or country; indeed, it has been well and truly said that "what the monkish illuminator did with pencil and colours in the Book of Kells, another monk in the West [at Cong] did with infinitely fine tracery of drawn metal, and with inlay of precious stones."

In England also crosses were constantly found,—roadside crosses, market crosses (such as that at Chichester), and the like. One old rhyme, about the famous Sir Hugh Bigod, refers to a market cross in Suffolk. It runs thus:

When the Bailey had ridden to Bramfield oak,
Sir Hugh was in Ilkshall bower;
When the Bailey had ridden to Halesworth Cross,
He was singing in Bungay tower.

Of the old churchyard crosses, few naturally survive; the so-called Reformation having swept away all such sacred relics, with the celebrated roods and images. In the churchyard of Somersby, Lincolnshire, of which the father of the late Lord Tennyson was rector, there stands (or did stand till quite recently) a very ancient cross, fourteen feet high, including the base. Its shaft is octagonal, and one side of the cross shows Our Lord crucified; whilst on the other there is an image of our Blessed Lady with her Divine Son.

The crosses raised by Edward I., as memorials of love and sorrow, at every

spot where his wife's bier had rested, were for years a striking evidence of the faith and piety of one in whom a strange tenderness and sensitiveness to affection was concealed beneath a stern imperiousness of outer bearing. "I loved her tenderly in her lifetime," this typical representative of his race wrote to Eleanor's friend, the Abbot of Clugny; "I do not cease to love her now that she is dead."

We are well accustomed to the sight of wayside crosses in Bavaria, Belgium, Catholic Switzerland, and the Catholic parts of Germany; but if we turn to Chaucer's works, we shall find that similar wayside roods and images were quite as frequent in Merrie England of old. It is also evident that it was customary to teach the schoolchildren reverently to salute the same; for we are told that "a widow's son, a litel clergion, that seven year was of age," when he saw the image of Christ's Holy Mother, was wont to "kneel adown and say an *Ave Maria*" ere he went on his way. Very often, too, the lines of St. Bonaventure, which are quoted in the "Sarum Prymer," would be written or painted beneath these roadside statues, as in the corner of the big stone wall, a mile in circuit, built in 1484 round the gardens and orchards of the Cluniac Abbey at Paisley.

We read that, in the third year of the reign of King Henry VI. (1424-5), "a tenant of the Abbot of St. Albans, by name William, being at Marford, and afflicted with blindness, in a spirit of devotion caused a wooden cross to be erected by the road leading to Codicote, and near it to be placed an image of Our Lady, in alabaster." There was also, within the area of Merton College, Oxford, "a stately marble cross of the most perfect workmanship, having on one side the figure of Christ Crucified, and on the other the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary with our Saviour in her arms."

Again, in the churchyard of Dundry, North Somerset, is an extremely handsome old cross, with a tall shaft having an

ornamented head, nearly perfect, fixed on a high pedestal, on five rows of steps. Near it used to stand an immense stone, "of about five feet cubic measure," which has since been removed to the south side of the church. It was called the money-stone; and on it, according to one historian, the poor were paid from time immemorial. At Cheddar, too, there is a very ancient hexagonal market cross; and there used to be one at Banwell, as at many other places in Somersetshire. Such instances indeed might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

How very general these crosses were is still further proved by the fact that, about the year 1389, the Wycliffites "preached openly against pilgrimages to the roode [rood] of the north dore,"—that is, the celebrated rood at the north door of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which was held in the greatest veneration, and to which numerous offerings were made. For example, in the accounts of Elizabeth of York, dated December 24, 1502, we read: "Item, for the offering of the Queen to the roode at the north dore of Polles, iii. shillings, viii. pence." This, it will be remarked, was a Christmas offering. The heretical author continues: "Wherefore it is vain waste to trot to Walsingham rather than to each other place in which an image of Marie is; and to the roode of the north dore at London, rather than to each [any] other roode in whatever place he be."

Such sophisms as these, however, revealed themselves later on at their true worth; for when pilgrimages to the holy roods and to Our Lady ceased, when churches were destroyed and shrines sacrilegiously pillaged, the people found that those who had been bidden "to leave pilgrimages, and do their pilgrimages to their poor neighbours," were the first to avail themselves of the spoils so sinfully obtained; whilst in the suppression of the monasteries, one of the chief means of piety, of tenderness of heart, of true charity and compassion, had been forever destroyed.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

MADELEINE felt as if she were in truth following in the footsteps of Durtal—that prototype of his author—when she closed the door of the house softly behind her, and started across the *place*, where darkness still lingered, though dawn was growing brighter in the east. She had no light; but just as she stepped to the pavement, another lantern-bearing figure came around the corner of one of the streets opening into the square, and she followed close behind him—for that it was a priest the flapping soutane and broad-brimmed hat indicated,—until, like Durtal, she felt the warm, scented air, so different from the daylight chill outside, strike on her face as she followed her guide into "the solemn gloom of the sheltering forest" of enormous pillars within the Cathedral, and thence down the stairs which led to the mysterious region of the crypt.

Mysterious indeed it seemed at this hour, the vast underground world, so dimly lighted, so full of shadows, and fuller yet of memories of its far-reaching past. Had Madeleine been thinking of such things, she might have remembered the vast army of spirits of those who once worshipped here in the flesh, that might have seemed lurking in the faintly illuminated darkness under the smoke-blackened vaults. From the ancient Druids who honored in anticipation the Virgin whom primeval tradition foretold, down the long line of kings and queens of once Catholic France, with all the great multitude of the faithful of all ages, they might well have been fancied here again, in the gloom which surrounded the sanctuary, where the light of wax-tapers shone on the stiffly seated figure of her whom all generations have declared blessed among women.

At another time these recollections would have thronged upon Madeleine; but now she hardly thought of them, for her attention was centred on the battle still raging within herself. As she knelt on one of the low chairs—provided as a concession to modern weakness in Continental churches, and surely better than the un-Catholic pews of England and America—she herself made a picture which might have fascinated the eyes of an artist. Had Carruthers seen her then, he surely would have painted her

unaware

With a halo round her hair;

for she would have looked to him less like Psyche wakened by Eros than like some young Christian of the early Church preparing for martyrdom. The low, dark vaults and pillars about her were suggestive of the Roman Catacombs; and all the passion of a life-and-death struggle between the forces of earth and heaven was expressed in the dark, dilated eyes, which gazed so fixedly at the altar, and at the image of her who sat enthroned behind it. But there was no one who observed her. The groups that came and went as one Mass followed another were all absorbed in their own devotions, and paid no attention whatever to the slender figure kneeling so motionlessly, until at last exhaustion overpowered her, and she sank back in the chair behind that on which she had knelt.

Roused now from her absorption, she saw that daylight had entered even this subterranean basilica; and the deep shadows, with the ghosts they sheltered, had mostly fled. A sacristan was putting out the candles: there would be no more Masses to-day at this altar. So rising, with a look of faint reproach at Notre Dame de Sous-Terre—for her soul was still dry as dust,—she slowly made her way to the upper world.

The sound of a clock striking the hour, as she reached the Cathedral porch, told her that it was even later than she imagined; and that Nina would be

impatiently waiting her return, that they might take their *petit déjeuner* together as usual. But, notwithstanding this fact, she felt an intense reluctance to leave the church,—a reluctance more intense than she ever remembered to have felt before. If she had remembered the mediæval law of sanctuary, she might have fancied herself one of those who for some real or imputed crime had taken refuge within the consecrated building, and dared not cross its threshold for fear of foes lurking without.

She had certainly a sense of dangers awaiting her, against which she felt no longer strength to contend. If she met Maitland again, she was sure that she would not be able to bid him leave her; and, although she knew that it was impossible to avoid meeting him—that if she did not go out he would come to seek her,—she felt that, if the final struggle must come, there were forces here which might rouse themselves to help her—if she stayed within the sheltering walls. But not if she went away. Of that she was quite sure. "Stay!" an imperative voice seemed bidding her: no more than that; but, like a child clinging to its mother's robe, she obeyed the instinct. She turned abruptly from the entrance, re-entered the great church, with its forest of soaring columns; and, going to a well-known spot, cast herself down at the feet of Our Lady of the Pillar.

"Mother of Mercy, here I am!" she said. "Help me, for I can no longer help myself."

It is hardly likely that such a cry of human faith and feebleness ever went unanswered. Certainly it was not unanswered now, although the answer came in a form such as Madeleine in her wildest dreams could never have imagined. And, as a matter of fact, it came almost immediately; for some one had seen and recognized her, as she stood irresolutely in the porch. She had not observed this person, who was in a "fiacre" which at that moment entered the *place*, driving

from the railway station toward a hotel; but when she turned and vanished into the church, the "fiacre" was abruptly halted by its occupant, and its course directed to the Cathedral door.

Ten minutes after it drew up there, a hand was laid on Madeleine's shoulder as she knelt at the feet of Our Lady of the Pillar; and when she looked up, expecting to see Nina, she found herself gazing into a face which she had never thought to see again, but which was branded on her memory,—the face of the woman with whom she had talked in this Cathedral only three days before, and whom the world and the law called Mrs. George Raynor.

"I'm sure you are surprised," the latter said, as Madeleine rose in speechless amazement to her feet. "Of course you were not thinking of seeing me, and I can well understand that you have no desire to see me. But I have come back to Chartres simply to see *you*; and you won't refuse to exchange a few words with me, I hope."

"Do you know who I am?" Madeleine asked. In her immense astonishment, it seemed all that she was capable of saying.

The other nodded assent.

"Yes," she said, "I know; and that's what has brought me back. I found out who you were after we parted. It seems that my—er—husband ran across your most intimate friend at the door of the church here; and when I began to talk of you and wonder who you were, and why you refused to tell me your name, he laughed in his sneering fashion and said he could enlighten me, and perhaps I wouldn't be so interested when I knew. Well" (the speaker caught her breath), "he was mistaken there. I was more interested when I knew,—I'll tell you why presently. And when something happened which I've long expected I determined to come back and tell you about it."

Madeleine put out her hand to steady herself by the pillar on which Our Lady

stands; for all this sounded almost incredible.

"I can not imagine," she said with gentle coldness, "why you should wish to see me again, or what you can possibly have to tell that would concern or interest me."

"No, I don't suppose you can imagine," the other answered. "But if it doesn't exactly concern, I think it will be tolerably certain to interest you." Then she glanced at some kneeling women near by, who had paused in their devotions to stare at the two who were holding this unseemly conversation in audible tones at the very feet of Our Lady of the Pillar. "Can't we find some place where we may talk without being the centre of attraction?" she asked impatiently.

The question roused Madeleine to a sense of the distraction they were causing, and the irreverence in which she seemed to have a share.

"Yes," she replied hastily—so anxious to draw her companion away that she forgot for an instant that, in her opinion, there could be nothing possible for them to talk about,—"*we can go elsewhere. We should certainly not be talking here.*"

"These women evidently think that we shouldn't," the other said scornfully; "though they seem vastly more interested in what we are saying than in their stupid prayers."

"I fancy they are only wondering at our bad manners and want of reverence," Madeleine replied, with increased coldness of tone, as she led the way toward the south porch; and there, drawing to one side under the great statue-set portal, she turned to the woman who had followed her. "We can speak here for a few minutes, if there is really any reason why we should do so," she said. "But, as I have already told you, I am altogether unable to conceive that there is such a reason."

The other regarded her keenly for a moment, before she answered.

"You don't look as serene as you did the other day," she said abruptly, in a curiously disappointed tone. "It was that which first attracted me, and made me want to speak to you, — the look you had of being at peace, of having found the secret of happiness; and it was that which, when I heard who you were, interested me, and made me want to see you again. But you either didn't have it to the degree I fancied, or you have lost it since then. *Have* you lost it?" she asked quickly. "And was our coming the cause?"

"Yes, I have lost it," Madeleine replied. "But your coming was not the cause—or, at least, only partly the cause. Of course it made me realize—remember painful things."

"I should have thought it would have been just the other way," the other said. "I should have thought you would be glad to know—for I told you pretty plainly—how miserable I was, how little I had gained of happiness or satisfaction by taking your husband from you. For of course you know that I *did* take him,—that, bad as he is, he would not have behaved toward you as he did but for me."

"Yes, I know," Madeleine answered calmly. "You were the immediate cause of his worst conduct; but the end would have been the same in any event. He was tired of me, and determined to force me to divorce him. It seemed *then* the only thing for me to do."

"Of course it was the only thing for you to do. No woman with any self-respect could have continued to endure him. The strange thing was that I could have fancied that he would be different with me. I did fancy it, however. I wanted him—God only knows why! And, as I had always taken whatever I wanted in my life, at any cost to anybody, why, I simply took him. And I thought perhaps you'd like to know that I've been punished. I have never been so wretched in my life as since I married him; and I'm

not used to endure wretchedness, so I've made up my mind to end it."

"Yes," Madeleine said, regarding her in turn with steady intentness; "it is quite plain that you are not used to enduring any pain from which it is possible to fly. But you know there must come some pain at last from which it will be impossible to fly; so wouldn't it be well to try to learn a little patience?"

"No, thank you!" the other answered, with a short, hard laugh. "No patience for me as long as I can escape from what is disagreeable. I marvel at myself that I've borne my life with George Raynor as long as I have. He's a mixture of brute and devil—you know that."

"If I do," Madeleine said, "there is nothing to be gained by talking of it."

"There's this to be gained," her companion returned bluntly: "that his conduct gives me the right—the legal right, I mean—to leave him. And I've done so. I told him last night that I will have no more to do with him; and I am now on my way to America, to begin suit at once for divorce. I've stopped only to see you and tell you the news, because—well, because I felt as if I owed it to you to let you know that, whether divorce is right or wrong, in my case at least the taking of stolen goods hasn't prospered."

"I hardly think that it ever prospers," Madeleine answered; "and if it seems to do so—why, so much the worse for those to whom the prosperity comes. It is better to suffer as you have done."

"Is it?" (The tone was dry and cold.) "I can't agree with you there; but of course I recognize that it is natural enough for you to think so."

"I am not thinking of any harm you have done me," Madeleine said hastily. "I meant for your own sake—that you might learn just what you have acknowledged: that there is nothing, but misery to be gained by snatching at that which God denies. It is a lesson which we all

need," she added, with a sudden thought of her own temptation and perplexity.

"I can't imagine that you have much need of it," the other said. "You look as if patience and renunciation, and all those impossible virtues which the faith represented here" (she cast a glance of mingled dislike and unwilling respect around her) "preaches, would be easy enough to you."

"Ah, how mistaken you are,—how mistaken!"

"Am I? Well, it really doesn't matter, only in that case you might have a little sympathy for me. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*, you know."

"I am quite willing to pardon any wrong you have done me," Madeleine said gently; "for you have done yourself a far greater wrong. I was sorry for you when we met before, and I am sorry now. You don't mind my saying so?"

"No, I don't mind it at all; in fact, it's extremely good of you," the other replied. "But, however much I was a fit subject for compassion the other day, I'm not so now. I am on my way to freedom; and I'm going to cast all memory of past mistakes behind me, and begin life afresh."

It was on Madeleine's lips to ask, "Is that possible?" But some instinct of the uselessness of the question made her pause before speaking. Nevertheless, she could not refrain from gazing, with a wonder far deeper than the other had exhibited toward her, at this woman who spoke so lightly of putting such "mistakes" behind her and beginning life afresh. Had she, indeed, no sense of anything else being required of her? Was there no atonement to be made to God or to human society for sin and wrong and scandal? Had what is known as "the modern mind" absolutely lost all idea of any necessity for contrition or repentance? Was everything supposed to be ended when "mistakes" were put behind one? Did they not remain, to face once more those who had committed them, when repentance

or contrition would be too late? These questions surged through Madeleine's mind, though she recognized how vain it would be to utter them; and were reflected in her dark, marvelling eyes so plainly that the woman at whom she gazed asked sharply:

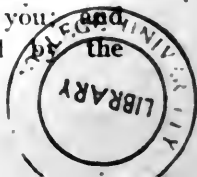
"What have I said so surprising that you should stare at me in such a manner? I shall not have the least difficulty in getting a divorce, and after that I never intend to think of George Raynor again. I don't imagine you will either; but I just thought I'd let you know how matters stand, since it may be a gratification to you to learn that if I gave you a bad time once, I've had a pretty bad one myself to make up for it. And now—well, that's all; for I suppose you wouldn't care to shake hands and wish me good luck? Yet I really did you more of a good turn than a bad one when I gave you the chance to set yourself free from such a man."

"I would rather not discuss that," Madeleine said; "but I don't object to shaking hands with you nor to wishing you good luck, though what constitutes good luck is perhaps not the same in your mind and in mine."

"There's not much doubt of that," the woman agreed. "But I know exactly what I mean when I wish *you* good luck. It's finding somebody to make you happy, and never seeing or hearing of me or of George Raynor again. So good-bye!"

A moment later they had shaken hands; and Madeleine stood alone, watching with a sense of bewilderment the tall, fashionably dressed figure as it walked away. She almost felt inclined to wonder if she were awake or dreaming, when a high, clear voice speaking behind her effectually settled the point.

"Madeleine!" Nina cried. "Where on earth have you been, and what have you been doing all the morning? I waited for you until I could wait no longer, and then I came over here to look for you; and I've looked everywhere until



merest chance I stepped out here. Who was that you were talking to?"

"She does not look very much like a messenger sent by Heaven," Madeleine answered, with a faint smile; "but I believe she was. At all events, she brought me the answer to a question which I came here to ask."

Nina glanced at her friend somewhat suspiciously.

"I don't like riddles," she said a trifle crossly: "and I haven't time to consider them now. Mr. Maitland and Dick Caruthers are going back to Paris this morning, and they want to say good-bye to you—at least Dick does. I believe it depends on you whether the other poor fellow says good-bye or not. Madeleine, I beg of you once more to be careful what you do! Have you his answer ready for him?"

"Yes," Madeleine replied, without an instant's hesitation. "I have it ready, so let us go."

"But" (startled by this prompt acquiescence, Nina caught her arm and held her still) "is it the right answer? Tell me what you are going to say."

Madeleine met her anxious gaze with strangely shining eyes. Her composure seemed perfect, as that of one uplifted above doubt or fear.

"I am going to say what I know now that I was kept here to learn," she answered; "what I spoke of to you a moment ago, and you said you did not care for riddles. But this is not a riddle: it is very plain; for it is simply this: *that there is nothing to be gained by snatching at that which God denies us.*"

(To be continued.)

CONSIDER every occasion of self-denial as a gift which God bestows on you, that you may be able to merit greater glory in another life; and remember that what can be done to-day can not be performed to-morrow.

—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

To Father.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHENEVER Home has been the poet's theme,
Through ages past as in our modern day,
In rondeau, sonnet, song, or virelay
One figure in his lines has loomed supreme—
The Mother: yet full well it may beseem
Discerning children tribute fond to pay
To home's provider, guardian, and stay;
Not slight his rôle in Heaven's ordered scheme.

A Father's love! Who knows how wide and deep
Its noiseless currents flow, save Him alone,
The great Good Shepherd, mindful of His sheep,
Who chose the name "Our Father" as His own?
Not even she to whom we owe our birth
Supplies God's place as Father does on earth.

The "Little Saint" of Lisieux.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

ONE day last summer, when travelling from Bayeux to Paris, it was our good fortune to meet a prelate well known in ecclesiastical circles, Mgr. de Teil. It was owing to his researches and to his unwearied labors that the Cause of the martyred Carmelites of Compiègne was laid before the Roman tribunals some years ago, with the happy result that the sixteen nuns were beatified by Pope Pius X. in 1906. At the present moment Mgr. de Teil, who has been made a Canon of Notre Dame, is vice-postulator of the Cause of the French priests who were murdered at the prison Les Carmes on September 2, 1792; and who, having preferred death to apostasy, may also claim to be considered as martyrs. But when we met him last summer he had been, in addition to these different Causes, asked to investigate that of a young Carmelite nun who died at Lisieux, in Normandy, in 1897, at the early age of twenty-four. Her life has been published and has been translated into seven languages, and her

beatification seems to be only a question of time.

As vice-postulator of this Cause, Mgr. de Teil is thoroughly informed on the subject. All the reports and testimonies that concern it pass through his hands; the miracles attributed to the "little saint's" intercession are carefully sifted by him; and he is well qualified to fulfil so delicate a task as that of reducing the reported prodigies to their right proportions, without losing sight of the supernatural element that all Catholics must admit. When we had the pleasure of travelling in his company, he had just been present at the meeting of the ecclesiastical tribunal that assembled at Caen, in August, 1910, under the presidency of the Bishop of Bayeux, in whose diocese Lisieux is situated. Upon the reports drawn up by this tribunal are based the discussions and judgments of the Roman tribunals, before whom the case is laid *only* when it has been conscientiously examined in the diocese to which the candidate for beatification belonged.

There is a striking contrast between the short, apparently uneventful life of the little nun and the tragic story of her martyred Sisters, the Carmelites of Compiègne. But, in Mgr. de Teil's estimation, Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus, called by her English biographers the "little Flower of Jesus," was an unusually favored soul, and is a bright example of the spiritual value of simplicity, trust, and filial love of God.

During her lifetime, she was noted as a very perfect religious, singularly sweet and bright in temper, the example and delight of her community. But she had *neither* visions nor ecstasies; and, except for the childlike love of God that found expression in her words and writings, she might have passed unnoticed among her Sisters. Since her death, fourteen years ago, her name has become celebrated, and not a day passes without the nuns of Lisieux receiving letters from all parts of the world, either to ask for prayers or

to inform them of the graces and favors that have been obtained through the intercession of "the little Teresa," as she is affectionately styled by her clients.

Mary Frances Teresa Martin was born at Alençon on January 2, 1873. Her parents were devout and practical Catholics, belonging to the middle class. Out of their nine children, four died in their babyhood; their five surviving daughters all became nuns. Teresa was their youngest child. She was only four years old when, in 1877, her mother died,—an event that she perfectly remembered, and that, during many months, cast a cloud over her natural gayety. Yet, so far as a mother's place can be supplied, Madame Martin was replaced by her elder daughters; and, as the youngest of the family, Teresa came in for much tender care and attention. Her father, who, after his wife's death, left Alençon to settle at Lisieux, was devoted to his "little queen"; and in his company she soon developed a comprehension of subjects that, at first sight, appeared beyond her years. This thoughtfulness, that in little Teresa was combined with much natural cheerfulness, may possibly have been increased by a severe illness which lasted many months, and from which she recovered through the intercession of Our Lady.

The entrance of her sister Pauline into the Carmelite Order seems to have first turned Teresa's thoughts toward the vocation that she was to embrace a few years later. She made her First Communion with all the fervor of an innocent heart; but at the age of thirteen her enjoyment of all things holy was embittered by an attack of scruples that lasted some months. With a sense of the supernatural rare in one so young, Teresa sought for light and strength in fervent prayer; and in the story of her life she tells how on Christmas Day, 1886, her fears and depression disappeared forever. Our Lord Himself seems to have been her guide and teacher; for, although her confessor was sufficiently acquainted with her extreme purity of heart

to permit her to communicate several times a week, she tells us that the path along which she was led was "so straight and so bright that she did not feel the necessity of any guide except Our Lord."

About this time another of her sisters became a Carmelite; and Teresa, although only fourteen and a half, longed to follow her example. With many tears, for she feared to give him pain, she told her father of her heart's wish. He did not oppose it, but simply observed that she was still very young to take so important a step. The ecclesiastical superior of the convent of Lisieux, when applied to, was still more decided in his views, and informed the nuns that he could not think of allowing them to receive Teresa as a postulant until she had reached her twenty-first year. He added, however: "I am only the Bishop's representative. If he judges fit to make an exception, I can but accept his decision."

On October 31, 1887, little Teresa and her father went to Bayeux, where the Bishop resided. To her great confusion, the child was told to explain the origin of her vocation. She did so. The superior of the Carmelites, was present, and he seemed to discourage the idea of so little a girl's being allowed to enter so severe an Order; and Teresa owns that she ended by crying bitterly. Her father generously supported her view; but the Bishop gave no answer, and the two returned to Lisieux. Teresa was at peace in spite of her disappointment, "because," she tells us, "I sought only the will of God."

A few days afterward she and her father started for Rome with the diocesan pilgrimage. The sanctuaries of the Eternal City delighted one who had never left her native province. St. Agnes and St. Cecilia seemed to her like dear friends, so familiar was she with their dramatic story. On November 20 the pilgrims had an audience with Leo XIII.; and, though orders had been given that they were not to address the Pope, Teresa ventured to ask his leave to enter the Carmel convent

at the age of fifteen. The dialogue between the Pontiff and the young petitioner was a short one; it ended by the Holy Father's kindly words: "Well, you will enter if it is God's will." And so it came to pass. The Bishop, moved by the child's perseverance, gave the required permission; and on April 9, 1888, accompanied by her father, Teresa made her way to the Carmelite convent of Lisieux. When its doors closed behind her, a great feeling of peace seems to have come over her, in spite of the pain of leaving her family. "With what deep joy I said to myself: 'Now I am here forever!'"

The conviction that she was at the post where God wished her to be never left Teresa; though, in other ways, she was not exempted from the trials that await aspirants to religious life. In order to test the reality of her vocation, her superiors treated her with some severity, and carefully avoided allowing her to be made the pet of the community. She took the religious habit on January 10, 1889; and, according to custom, was for the last time dressed in secular garments. Her father himself had chosen the bridal robes which his favorite child was on that day to exchange for the rough, woollen habit of the daughters of Carmel. Teresa was dressed entirely in white velvet, trimmed with swan's-down and Alençon lace; and a wreath of lilies crowned her fair, flowing curls.

Shortly after the ceremony that sealed the vocation of his youngest daughter, M. Martin had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never completely recovered. All his five daughters had elected to give themselves to God; for the last one who remained with him, Celina, had resolved to embrace the religious life when her filial task was accomplished. On the 20th of July, 1894, her devoted father died. He had become infirm; his speech and memory were affected, but his thoughts were ever turned heavenward. Three months later Celina joined her little sister at the Carmelite convent of Lisieux.

On September 8, 1890, Teresa made her profession. She was perfectly happy in her vocation, satisfied that the life she had chosen was the one that was to lead her to perfection. But she seems to have experienced none of those spiritual joys that, to one so young, might have proved a delusion and a snare. Her life as a nun was a very simple one, filled with acts of devotedness and obedience, prompted by the childlike, fearless love of God that was her chief characteristic.

In an interesting account written in compliance with the command of her prioress, Teresa gives us some insight into her spiritual life. St. John of the Cross was her favorite author when she first became a religious. "When I was seventeen and eighteen," she says, "I had no other food." Later on, she became an assiduous reader of the Gospel. "I find there all that my poor little soul needs. I continually discover new lights, new and mysterious meanings. . . . Jesus does not need books or doctors to instruct souls: He, the Doctor of doctors, teaches them without words. I have never heard Him speak, but I know that He is within me. At every instant He guides and inspires me, . . . not only during the hours devoted to prayer, but in the midst of my daily occupations."

Toward her Sisters, Teresa was always indulgent and charitable. "Jesus alone acts within me," she writes. "The more closely I am united to Him, the more I love all my Sisters." In spite of her youth, she was so wise, gentle, amiable and good, that the prioress appointed her to be the assistant of the mistress of novices, and her influence over her young charges was remarkable. They imagined that she possessed the gift of reading their souls like an open book, and their confidence in her was unlimited. Her simplicity breaks out at every page of the manuscript to which we have alluded. "I am only a very little soul," she says, "and can offer God only very little things." But when she speaks of the love of God that filled

her soul to overflowing, the young Sister becomes eloquent; and, in the opinion of those who are best able to judge, her outpourings have a ring of true and pure mysticism. There was no vain sentimentality or self-complacency about this straightforward, simple, truthful, and self-denying soul.

Although so young when she became a nun, Teresa followed the rule strictly; and even when her health began to fail she continued to observe it with scrupulous care. Her uncomplaining courage must have deceived the prioress; for, even after spitting blood and when shaking with fever, she was allowed to take part in the different exercises of the Community, even in the night Office. At times, especially during the last months of her life, temptations against the Faith became one of her worst sufferings, and a sense of desolation oppressed her soul. But this trial did not shake her absolute confidence in God's love. "I can not really suffer," she used to say, "because suffering is sweet to me. . . . My heart is full of the will of Jesus. . . . I do not wish either to live or to die. If God gave me the choice, I should choose nothing. I want only to do what He wills. . . . I own I have been long in reaching this degree of trust; now the Lord has taken and put me there."

In July, 1897, her condition became serious, and she was removed from her little cell to the infirmary. Her continual sickness prevented her from receiving Holy Communion from the 16th of August to the 30th of September; and this was a severe trial to one who, whatever her physical sufferings may have been, considered that her daily Communion made up for all. On July 30 she received Extreme Unction, and she joyfully observed: "The door of my dark prison is ajar." The convent chaplain asked her if she was resigned to die. "Oh," she answered, "resignation is necessary only to accept life! I rejoice at the thought of death."

Her sufferings were so intense that the doctor who attended her assured the nuns that he had never seen them equalled. But, in spite of her agony, she tried to smile when the Sisters spoke to her. Only a few minutes before the end, on September 30, she asked the prioress: "Is this my agony? Am I going to die?"—"Yes, my child."—"Well, then, I do not wish to suffer less." Looking at her crucifix, she said: "I love it! My God, I love Thee!" And with these words her soul winged its flight to heaven.

Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus once said: "When I am in heaven I will spend my time in doing good upon earth." And, since the hour of her happy departure, these words have been fulfilled in a truly wonderful way. This young religious, whose obscure life was spent in the seclusion of the cloister, has suddenly become celebrated; and, only fourteen years after her death, her future Beatification is confidently spoken of. In January, 1909, a Carmelite Father, residing in Rome, and Mgr. de Teil, of whom we have spoken, were named respectively postulator and vice-postulator of the Cause of Sister Teresa; and the same year, all her writings were placed in the hands of the Congregation of Rites, to be examined. On August 3, 1910, the Bishop of Bayeux following the instructions he had received from Rome, presided over the meetings of the ecclesiastical tribunal that was appointed to collect all possible evidence bearing upon the subject. On September 6, he was in the cemetery of Lisieux when the young Sister's remains were reverently transferred into another grave, after they had been duly recognized, and placed in a coffin which was closed in presence of the Bishop, of Mgr. de Teil, and other ecclesiastics.

Among the countless graces that have been obtained through the intercession of "the little Teresa," there are a great number of cures and several striking conversions. Before the Church has given its decision in the matter, it would be

premature and indiscreet to apply the word "miracle" to these facts; although, in many instances, they seem to belong to the category of supernatural occurrences. Such was the case of a little girl of Lisieux who lost her sight in 1906. For nearly two years every possible remedy was tried in vain, and the doctors who attended the child held out small hopes of her ever recovering her sight. The little sufferer's mother began a novena to Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus, and devoutly prayed at her tomb. On May 26, 1906, she went to early Mass, leaving Reine to the care of her elder sister. When the mother returned home, she was told that during her absence the child had had a sharp attack of suffering. "Yes," added the latter; "but now I can see as well as you do." The inflammation that disfigured her eyes an hour before had disappeared; and the large, wide-open orbs were perfectly healthy. The child's sister related how, after a severe crisis of suffering, little Reine suddenly looked straight at some invisible object; then, smiling, made a sign with her hand to her unknown visitor. To her sister's questions, she answered: "I have seen 'little Teresa.' She was there, close to my bed. She took my hand. She was laughing; she was beautiful. She had a veil on, and all round her head was light." Next day the child was taken to the Carmelites, to whom she showed her eyes, that were now perfectly cured, and repeated her tale. "And how was the Sister dressed?" asked the nuns.—"Like you are," the child answered.

Reine's account is confirmed by her parents, by the doctor who attended her, and by the neighbors. All certify that, till the morning of May 26, the little girl was blind, that her eyes were pitiable to look at, and that in a moment's time the inflammation disappeared and sight was restored.

Other cures, no less sudden and no less wonderful, are reported from different parts of France, also from Florence, from

India, Spain, England, Scotland, Switzerland, Brazil, and the United States. The "little saint's" grave in the cemetery of Lisieux is fast becoming a place of pilgrimage; and the Carmelite nuns of that town daily receive letters begging for pictures or relics of Sister Teresa. Several apparitions are also reported; but as regards these supernatural occurrences, whether miracles or visions, we can not do better than refer to the opinion of those who, like the vice-postulator of the Cause, have made it their special study. Mgr. de Teil is convinced that, although each reported miracle may not deserve the name, there are serious grounds for believing that many supernatural cures have been obtained through the intercession of the young Carmelite. Her simple life is a striking exemplification of the Gospel sayings, promising the Kingdom of God to those who are childlike, pure, innocent, and loving. In an age of exaggerated intellectualism, the lesson has its meaning; and it may teach many souls that it is not so much *what* we do as *how* we do it that brings us closer to God. Sister Teresa was essentially a "cheerful giver." She belonged to that class of privileged souls who love God with a love so familiar, so entire, so full of trustful confidence, that it comes almost as a surprise to our narrow formalism.

Let us add that if the Cause of the young Carmelite is favorably received by the Roman tribunals, and if she is beatified within a few years, there will probably be many persons yet living who have known her. The priest who baptized her is still alive. Her sisters are living. One is a Visitation nun at Caen; the others are Carmelites at Lisieux, where "the little Teresa," with her large dark eyes and fair hair, is still remembered by many inhabitants of the quaint Norman city.

La Sombra.

BY JEAN CONNOR.

V.

A FLICKERING candle was the only light of Sister Seraphine's vigil. Lamps, as well as all other necessities, were scarce at La Sombra; and Dr. Elmer had taken a box of tallow "dips" from the supplies for his own use. As the flame flared in the breeze from the window, Sister Seraphine rose to screen it, and saw that the candle had been thrust into an iron sconce fastened to the wall. All around the room, at regular intervals, were other sconces into which the Doctor had hurriedly put candles at his need. And the ironwork of each was wrought into a cross. Fourteen, Sister Seraphine counted, lifting the pale light above her head; and the dim tracery of the ceiling suddenly took shape and meaning. The chalice, the wheat, the grapes, the dove on outstretched wings,—she was in the chapel of the old Spanish home.

Picture, holy image, holy vessel,—everything that rapacious and desecrating hands could tear away from the sacred shrine was gone. All was ruin and desolation. But the fourteen darkened sconces still marked the Way of the Cross; the chain of the sanctuary lamp swung from the arched recess; and there, behind the Doctor's cot, laden with boxes and bottles, arose the old stone altar, dim and shapeless in the gloom.

Sister Seraphine stood, with the uplifted light, gazing about her, while her soul was shaken with contending emotions. Wrecked and ravaged as was this spot, it was holy still; no impious hand could profane its consecrated memories. Here the sanctuary lamp had burned, and the sanctuary angels had kept guard; here had been the throne of God, the gate of heaven.

THERE is nothing that edifies so much as charitable good nature. In it, as in the oil of the lamp, burns the flame of good example.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Like a bird that, storm-beaten and bewildered, flutters back in the darkness

to its broken nest, Sister Seraphine sank down upon her knees before the ruined altar, and the stifling shadows were lifted from heart and soul. She could breathe; she could pray, as she had never prayed before, for those in sin, in sorrow, in darkness, in peril, in temptation, in remorse and despair. For the veil of the temple had been rent: Sister Seraphine could see beyond its blessed portals into the fallen world, which Gethsemane and Calvary alone could redeem and uplift. Long and fervently she prayed, while her patient, with a strength that defied the Doctor's potion, moved uneasily in restless dreams of struggle and battle and stern command in camp and field.

Then slowly the stirring pictures faded into darkness,—darkness illumined by a pale spectral ray, that showed him wider reaches of darkness stretching around; above him darkness that seemed pressing on him like a palpable weight, holding him helplessly inert. Where was he? Into what horrible depths had he been cast? He was buried perhaps,—buried in this hideous place alone. An icy fear struck him to the heart,—the brave heart that had never before known fear; for the darkness was not silent: there was sound in it,—not the bold clash and clamor of death that he had so often faced, but something creeping, skulking like the noisome things he had heard to-night scuttling toward the new-made graves. With a mighty effort, the Major burst the spell that was holding him; he rose from his pillow, crying out fiercely, only to fall back again, the sweat starting in great beads on his brow, his brain whirling in dizzy bewilderment.

Was it real, the face that started out of the darkness before him? Were the soft touch upon his damp brow, the low soothing voice in his ear, only parts of this death dream? Yet face and touch and voice seemed blent with some meaning of light, fragrance, music. Ah, it was the vision of the convent chapel he saw again,—the girl-martyr facing death with

the raptured smile! She was holding a cooling draught to his lips; she was whispering that he must be quiet and sleep again.

"Sleep? No, no!" he gasped desperately. "Let me wake! Light, light,—for God's sake, light! I am stifling in this darkness—light."

With a new sympathy, Sister Seraphine heard the strong man's cry. She, too, had stifled in the darkness. Softly she moved from sconce to sconce, touching the Doctor's half-burned candles into a cheerful glow.

"That is better, is it not?" said Sister Seraphine; and again the face of the picture smiled down upon him. "Now you will shut your eyes and go to sleep."

"I can not,—I dare not!" he panted. "I hear them still, creeping, skulking, waiting,—the horrible things that wait by graves. I hear them! They—they frighten me! Sing," he added in a hoarse whisper; "sing like you did before. It will drive them away."

And Sister Seraphine, who had to-night learned the secrets of sin and fear and despair, took the strong old hand that, with uplifted sword, had led the charge over fields of carnage and death, and began to sing; while the lights flared in the night wind that swept through the shattered windows, and the aisles and arches of the old chapel re-echoed with the blessed chants of long ago.

"*Veni, Creator Spiritus,*" she sang, in tender appeal for the life and light so sorely needed in this "uncomprehending darkness." And the sweet notes of the old hymn floated through the wide stone corridors into the sick rooms, where feeble men, faint with their fight for life, dreamed of altar and fireside; into the fever wards, where the wild ravings of delirium were hushed, and patients tossing in restless pain listened wonderingly; and poor Dayton's livid face brightened into a dying smile as he heard the "angels sing." Out into the deeper darkness swelled the rich young voice, piercing

with its clear, sweet notes the heavy shadows that blackened the foundation walls of La Sombra, that had been laid in stone and cement to endure for all time. But the trembling grasp of an old man held the power to lay those walls in dust to-night.

Paper, straw, dry grass, all combustibles that could be gathered together were heaped with deadly purpose in one of the vaulted openings; and Pedro crouched near by, a coil of oil-soaked rope in his shaking hand. But the demon guiding that trembling hand had fled. Down upon his knees in the darkness, the old man lifted his affrighted gaze to the chapel windows that, for the first time in two-score years, were illumined with the light of old; while clear and sweet through the midnight silence—through the heavy shadows, through the mists of darkness, the sin, the sorrows, the despair of the long years—rose the unforgotten music, "*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*"

Ah, it was the same old hymn Pedro had sung kneeling by the señorita's side before the shining altar! It was the same, the same, he remembered with a wild leaping of the heart, half terror, half joy. The blessed ones had come back,—the *padrino*, the *señora madre*, the sweet Mercedes. They had come back to save their home, their altar; to save wretched Pedro from sin and hell. And the *sesenta años*,—the long, long ago years with their bitterness and despair vanished; and old Pedro was a child again, singing before the shining altar. Flinging himself face downward in the darkness, all the fires of passion in the old man's heart were quenched in a saving flood of tears.

Dr. Elmer Vance had lost no time in his journey. He had found a telegram awaiting delivery at Las Palmas, an inert station where even official telegrams had to wait. The message ran: "Move camp and hospital to the hills of Laguerra as soon as possible. Until sick can be transferred, use every precaution. Have just learned that the vaults beneath La Sombra

are heavily stored with ammunition."

The vaults beneath his hospital! Dr. Elmer thought of the lamps and candles flaring in the wind, the careless smokers about the windows and doorway; nay, worse, the sullen fire smouldering in the breasts of many around the camp. He put spurs to his horse with a new fear, that leaped into alarm as from a neighboring hill he caught a glimpse of a strange light in the chapel windows. Like a whirlwind he swept down through thicket and jungle grass. Suddenly his horse reared back from something in its way, and the Doctor sprang to the ground and caught a crouching, moaning figure in his iron grip.

"Mercy, Señor,—mercy, mercy!" came the trembling prayer, as old Pedro lifted his livid face in piteous appeal.

"You villain, you devil! What are you doing here?" cried Dr. Elmer, in quick suspicion.

"Mercy, Señor,—mercy! I will confess,—I will confess to the good God, to the blessed ones, to you, Señor! They have come back, and I have done no harm; they have come back to save me. I came to kill the *comandante*. I came with the fire burning in my heart, but it is out, Señor; it is dead, it is cold, it has done no harm."

A fierce oath burst from the Doctor's lips as he caught the deadly meaning of this half-muttered speech. It was no time for words. What Pedro had done he dared not think. He flung the trembling old man roughly from him; and, after making a swift circuit of the house, he called out half a dozen of the able-bodied inmates to make a more searching investigation.

There was no sign of an accomplice, but Pedro had made his deadly plans craftily and well. A train of combustibles had been laid to the chapel vaults, whose hidden opening, veiled by the tangles of vine and undergrowth, the old man knew. Stored within were powder, cartridges, ammunition of all kinds, that

had been concealed in this secret stronghold for years.

"The fire went out in my heart at the music, Señor," the old man muttered again and again, when, with no very gentle hands, he was lifted into the house; for some stroke following the wild passion of the evening had left him helpless at his captor's mercy. "The fire went out when the blessed ones sang before the shining altar where old Pedro had knelt long, long ago. The fire went out in my heart when the angels sang."

An hour later Dr. Elmer, shaken still from his horror at the tragedy that had been so near, re-entered his patient's room to relieve Sister Seraphine's watch. The candles still burned in the iron sconces; the faded traceries of angel and saint stood out dimly on the mouldering ceiling. The Major was sleeping quietly on his narrow cot. Sister Seraphine, unconscious of his approach, knelt before the ruined altar, a look upon her uplifted face that made the intruder drop his eyes and turn away noiselessly from the vision not for his sight.

VI.

It was three years after his first visit that Major (now Colonel) Van Ness, bronzed to a deeper hue by service in the East, found himself again in the convent parlor. All was unchanged—the bare polished floor, the scant stiff furniture, the cold white walls. It was a vase of lilies that now stood before the ivory crucifix,—lilies that recalled to him a pale pure face. But to-day the Colonel looked around the dim, austere room, with a warm softening of the heart that was in strong contrast to the awkward impatience of old.

"You remember me, I hope, Mother?" he said, advancing to meet the superioress.

"Assuredly!" she answered. "It is Major—or, I understand, now Colonel—Van Ness."

Mother Loreto's face was a little worn, there were deeper lines graven about the kind eyes, the firm lips. Even spiritual

motherhood has its travail of heart and soul which leaves trace.

"I could not pass through your town without calling," the visitor continued. "I am just home after two years in the Philippines, and this is my first opportunity to express, not my gratitude (for that I have no words), but to tender you personally an apology, Madam, for the brusque speech, which I have recalled many times with deep regret."

"I do not remember anything that requires such a harsh mention, Colonel," said Mother Loreto. "You spoke with soldierly frankness, which I quite understood."

"Thank you, Madam! I believe you did. It seems a part of your life business to understand. I thought then it was not; I thought you held yourselves apart, cold and strange and unnatural, from the world which God has put us to live in. I have learned since something of what you meant by special service, something of special consecration, and feel only reverence for those who have chosen to be pitying angels in this world of sorrow and sin. And, after all that has passed, I should not like you to remember me as the ungracious brute I must have seemed three years ago. The truth is, I was very near the breaking-down point even then, and was stricken with the fever almost as soon as I reached La Sombra."

"Yes, I heard about it," said Mother Loreto, with a faint smile.

"Luckily for me, it did not prove to be the genuine 'yellow jack'; so I was whisked away by Elmer (the fellow is my son-in-law now, and was looking after me, as I learned later, with an especial view to that situation). Well, as I say, I was whisked off on a transport before I had my wits in working order, and taken home to Mrs. Van Ness. Then she and the girls took command, and I was put out to grass, to fatten up. They mounted guard day and night, and wouldn't let me even look at an army button. It was six months afterward, when Elmer came courting, that I learned from him what

I had escaped. I suppose you heard it all—how that snake-eyed old devil Pedro tried to blow up the hospital and everybody in it, to settle his grudge with me. It was well the scoundrel worked himself off the earth in a fit of apoplexy, or I would have scoured the whole wretched country to give him what he deserved."

"He did you no harm, remember," observed Mother Loreto, gently.

"But think of what he *meant* to do, Madam!" said the Colonel. "Think of the hellish malice of his plan! Think of what might have been if—if—"

"If God had not been merciful,—if the poor, passion-blinded soul had not been roused by holy memories of the past," Mother Loreto went on gravely.

"If the angel guarding my bedside had not sung," said the Colonel. "Ah, that wonderful voice! It still comes back to me in my dreams. It pierced the hideous discord around me, banished pain and fear,—aye, fear, Madam. Old soldier that I am, with a pretty fair record of nearly forty years, that night at La Sombra I knew what it was to *fear*. And that pale little girl watching me understood. If it is not against your rules, Madam, I would like to see her. I would like to see all the good nurses I took away from here three years ago. I would like to thank them in person for all they did for us in that wretched pest hole."

The shadowy lines deepened on the good Mother's face.

"They are not here," she answered in a low voice. "Our dear Sister Mary Catherine took the fever after you left and died at her post; Sister Alicia has been made superioress of our convent and hospital at B.; and—"

"And Sister Seraphine?"

There was a moment's pause, and Mother Loreto seemed to steady her voice as she answered:

"She left us about six months ago for Molokai."

"Not—not the leper settlement?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes. There was a call for nurses, and she begged to go."

"Good God!" he murmured breathlessly, and then he paused like one who recoils from a new-made grave; for he saw the good Mother's eyes were full of tears, and he dumbly realized that even in these angel paths human hearts must ache and bleed.

"It was hard to give her up," said Mother Loreto. "But Sisters were needed, and she longed to go. She is well fitted for the work. At La Sombra she learned so much—there is the Benediction bell! Will you come to our chapel again, Colonel?"

And, still dumb with shock and grief, the Colonel once more followed Mother Loreto into the chapel, where the radiant altar recalled the awful night when death had been so near, and only the memory of such a holy hour as this had stayed old Pedro's hand. Again the sweet, solemn chant of the veiled choir seemed to rise in triumph over earth's joys and sorrows; again the fair face of the girl-martyr shone from the sunset window, her eyes fixed on the thorn-crowned Vision smiling from the misty heights. La Sombra! Molokai! What were their shadows, their perils, to that uplifted gaze! And, dimly, vaguely, like one who catches a beam of light in the "uncomprehending darkness," the Colonel understood Sister Seraphine.

(The End.)

A March Evening.

BY C. L. O'D.

§AIL from the field the shouts of play,
While twilight falls like snow,
And overhead on their westering way
The silent swallows go.

But songs are brooding in the hush,
And green sleeps in the sod,—
To-morrow you shall hear the rush
Of life, come fresh from God.

Lenten Thoughts.

(For the Second Week in Lent.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—THE GREAT REWARD.

IN the early ages of the Church, Mass was celebrated in the evening. That still colors and explains many things in the Mass, for instance, of vigils and Saturdays and other like days. There is a looking forward rather than a looking backward, or a looking even at the present moment. The Church arranging with almost supernatural wisdom, you get glimpses of the feast to come. Thus on the Saturday preceding the second Sunday in Lent we have all the promises made by God to the Twelve Tribes, related in the Book of Deuteronomy (xxvi). Now the fair land promised to the Israelites is but a type of the eternal land promised to all who serve God:

"Moses spoke to the people: Thus shalt thou speak in the sight of the Lord thy God: I have obeyed the voice of the Lord my God; and have done all things as Thou hast commanded me. Look down, O Lord, from Thy sanctuary and from Thy high dwelling-place in the heavens, and bless Thy people, Israel, and the land Thou gavest us, as Thou didst swear to our fathers,—a land flowing with milk and honey."

And again (xi): "Moses spoke to the children of Israel: If thou wilt keep the commands which I command you, and love thy God and walk in all His ways, the Lord thy God will scatter the nations before Thy face. Every place thy foot shall touch shall be thine; from the desert to Libanus, from the great river Euphrates to the western sea, thy boundaries. Nothing shall withstand thee. The terror and fear He shall put on all the land on which thou shalt tread, as the Lord hath said to thee."

The whole of that day's beautiful Mass is filled with wonders and prayers and blessings. But we turn over to the fol-

lowing day's Mass, that of the second Sunday in Lent. Here we have the fulfilment of what was but a type in the case of the Jews—the transfiguration of our Divine Lord; for this is a foretaste of heaven. "Jesus took Peter and James and John, and led them into a high mountain apart." And now mark what takes place. Behold how the natural is changed into the supernatural, the mortal putting on immortality. "His face did shine as the sun; and His garments became white as snow."

"Jesus took Peter and James and his brother John," says Pope St. Leo in his homily on this day's Gospel; "and, having gone up with them a high hill apart, He manifested to them His glory; for though they recognized that the majesty of the divinity was in Him, yet they were ignorant of the qualities of that body itself by which the divinity was concealed. And, therefore, it was with especial propriety and significance He declared that some of His disciples would not taste death till they had seen the Son of Man coming in His kingdom,—that is, in the kingly splendor which, spiritually pertaining to His assumed humanity, He desired to make visible to those three men. For that ineffable and inapproachable vision of the Deity, which is reserved for the clean of heart in eternal life, could by no means be made manifest to mortals clothed with passible flesh; for man shall not see God and live."

St. Matthew gives this vision in chapter xvii; but it is well to read also St. Mark, chapter ix: "And Peter, answering, said to Jesus: Rabbi, it is good for us to be here. . . . He knew not what he said, for they were struck with fear."* The "great reward" is thus set before us. But if we want to reach it, we must not take our road at haphazard: we must take the way that leads to it. Therefore in the Epistle of the second Sunday we hear

* St. Mark was the disciple of St. Peter, and had from his lips the whole narrative of the events; and, most likely, had it frequently.

St. Paul crying: "Brethren, we beseech you; and we entreat you in the Lord Jesus, that, since you have learned from us how it befits you to walk and to please God, you so walk that you may abound the more." We abound in the grace of God; but if we attain to the "great reward," we will then, indeed, abound the more. Therefore it is said in the Offertory of the Mass: "I will meditate on Thy commands, which I have loved; and I will raise my hands to Thy law which I have desired."

And in the Introit of Monday: "Deliver me, O Lord, and have mercy on me; for my foot hath stood in the right way . . . judge me, O Lord; for, hoping in Thee, I have walked in my innocence."

In Monday's Gospel, Our Lord warns us that we must follow the right road. He said "to the multitude of the Jews,"—not to His disciples who believed in Him, but "to the multitude of Jews" who did not believe in Him: "Where I go you can not come." And He gives the reason: "You are from beneath, I am from above. You are of this world, I am not of this world."

The contrast is presented to us in the Offertory: "I will bless the Lord, who gave me understanding; I kept God always in my sight; and because He is on my right hand, I shall not be moved."

The Collect of the Mass on Tuesday has the same lesson: "Mercifully accomplish in us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the help that we have obtained from holy observance; that, as through Thee we have known the things that ought to be done, so by Thy help we may be enabled to fulfil them. Through Christ our Lord."

The Epistle (III. Kings, xvii) tells the beautiful story of the widow of Sarephta and the reward of charitable works. The word of the Lord came to Elias: "Arise and go into Sarephta of the Sidonians, and there thou wilt stay; for I have ordered a widow woman there to feed thee." The prophet said to the woman: "Bring me, I beseech thee, a small morsel of bread in thy hands." She replied sorrowfully: "As the Lord liveth, I have

no bread, but only a grain of flour and a drop of oil to make a slender meal for me and my son, that we may eat it and die." It was a time of famine; and the prophet, inspired by God, cries: "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said. But of that same flour make one hearth-cake first, and bring it to me; then shalt thou make for thyself and thy son." Feed God's poor first; and behold what happens: "She went and did according to the word of Elias. And he ate, and she, and all her house. And from that day the measure of flour did not fail, nor was the portion of oil diminished, according to the word which the Lord had spoken in the hand of Elias."

In the Gospel of the day (St. Matt., xxiii) Our Lord says to the crowds and to His disciples: "The Scribes and the Pharisees have sitten in the Chair of Moses. All things, therefore, which they have commended you, observe ye and do." And, to lift their minds toward heaven, He says: "Call no one your father on earth; for One is your Father, and He is in heaven. Nor be ye desirous to be called masters. One is your Master, Christ. He who is high among you, shall be the servant. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The Secret of the Mass conveys the same idea: "Be appeased, O Lord, by these mysteries [of the Holy Mass], to work in us Thy sanctification, which cleanses from earthly failings and leads to eternal rewards. Through Christ our Lord."

In the Epistle for Wednesday, Mardochoai prays to the Lord: "And now, O Lord, King, God of Abraham, spare Thy people, and despise not the portion Thou didst redeem to Thyself out of Egypt. Hear our prayers; turn our grief into joy, and shut not the mouths of them that confess to Thee; that, living, we may bless Thy name, O Lord our God!"

The Gospel (St. Matt., xx) tells of the mother of the sons of Zebedee, adoring Our Lord, and asking of Him the reward

that these her two sons should sit, one on His right hand and one on His left in His kingdom.

At the Post-Communion the priest prays: "By the reception of these holy sacraments may we make progress, we beseech Thee, O Lord, to our eternal salvation. Through Christ our Lord."

In the Epistle of the Mass for Thursday, the prophet contrasts two men: "Accursed is the man that trusts in men, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. . . . Blessed is the man that trusts in God, and the Lord shall be his stay. He shall be as a tree planted by the waters. It spreads out its roots toward moisture, and fears not when the heat comes. The leaf thereof shall be green. In time of drought it shall not be anxious; neither shall it cease to bring forth fruit." (Jer., xvii.)

The Gospel contains the most striking rewards of the good and the bad. "And it happened that the poor man died, and he was borne by angels to Abraham's bosom. But the rich man died, and he was buried in hell." (St. Luke, xvi.)

In the Introit of Friday the just man declares with the Psalmist: "But I with justice shall appear in Thy sight; I shall be filled when Thy glory is manifested to me."

And the Gospel (St. Matt., xxi) shows the fate of the evil husbandmen: "What, then, shall the Lord of the vineyard do with these? They say: The evil men shall He destroy, and His vineyard He shall let to other husbandmen, who will give Him fruit in due season." St. Ambrose says: "Who but God planted this vineyard? He it was, therefore, who let it to the husbandmen; and He Himself went away, — not that God goes from place to place, for He is everywhere present; but that He is near to those that love Him, more distant to those that neglect Him. He is absent a long time, that His demand may not seem over-hasty; for by how much the greater His liberality, by so much the more inexcusable their perversity."

A Parable for Lent.

THE learned non-Catholic translator (from the Syriac) of "The Paradise of the Holy Fathers" (A. D. 250-400), from which the following beautiful parable is selected, informs us that the word "paradise" means "garden"; "and there is no doubt," he says, "that Palladius [the author] intended to suggest to his readers that his work resembled a spiritual garden, the flowers of which were the histories of the famous monks which he had collected therein."

**

On one occasion a certain excellent man, who feared God in his life and works, and who was living in the world, went to Abba Poemen; and some of the brethren, who were also with the old man, were asking him questions [wishing] to hear a word from him. Then Abba Poemen said to the man who was in the world: "Speak a word to the brethren." But he entreated him, saying: "Excuse me, Father! For I came to learn." And the old man pressed him [to speak]; and, as the force of the urging increased, he said: "I am a man living in the world, and I sell vegetables; and because I do not know how to speak from a book, listen ye to a parable. There was a certain man who had three friends, and he said to the first: 'Since I desire to see the Emperor, come with me.' And the friend said unto him: 'I will come with thee half the way.' And the man said to the second friend: 'Come, go with me to the Emperor's presence.' And the friend said unto him: 'I will come with thee as far as his palace, but I can not go with thee inside.' And the man said the same unto his third friend, who answered and said: 'I will come with thee, and I will go inside the palace with thee, and I will even stand up before the Emperor and speak on thy behalf.'" Then the brethren questioned him, wishing to learn from him the strength of the riddle (or dark

saying), and he answered and said unto them: "The first friend is abstinence, which leadeth as far as one half of the way; and the second friend is purity and holiness, which lead to heaven; and the third friend is loving-kindness, which stablisheth a man before God, and speaketh on his behalf with great boldness."

This story goes to show how well the early ascetics of the Church understood Christian perfection. Not he who could fast the most rigorously, rest and sleep the least, pray the largest number of prayers, keep the longest vigils, work the hardest, endure best the blazing heat of the day and the bitter cold of the night, and who could reduce his body to the most complete state of impassibility, was considered the greatest among them; but he who was the most humble and charitable. It is related of a monk "who performed many ascetic labors" that he once visited an ancient Father "who was full of loving-kindness and endless goodness to all the children of men," and asked him what more he should do to attain unto salvation,—should he go farther into the desert, eat only once in every two days,—increase all his austerities; and the old man said unto him: "Eat a little food each day, and let there be in thy heart always those words of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

St. Pachomius, though the kindest and gentlest of men, was nevertheless most severe in his dealings with the vainglorious and uncharitable. In illustration, a story is told of one who for two months neglected his duly appointed work of cooking vegetables for the brethren, and devoted his time to plaiting mats,—a work which he performed vaingloriously. The saint having ordered all the mats which the cook had made to be brought to him, he threw them into the fire; in order that the brethren might be warned against what we should call advertising themselves and neglecting the duties of brotherly love, "in which consists the highest spiritual excellence."

Notes and Remarks.

ON the occasion of the Brussels Exposition, the Belgian Medical Temperance Society held a solemn consultation on the subject of alcohol. Thereafter a circular was sent to every doctor in the country. About one thousand physicians have thus far reported to this effect:

I agree with the Belgian Medical Temperance Society in these conclusions: That it is a mistake to believe that alcoholic beverages give strength, nourishment, or heat to the human body; that it is quite possible to have excellent health and to do one's work without using either alcohol or alcoholic drinks; that the use of alcoholic drinks predisposes to sickness and aggravates it; and that pure water is the most hygienic of beverages.

As the well-weighed conclusion, not of "teetotal cranks" or "total-abstinence fanatics," but a body of professional experts, the foregoing statements are surely worthy of attentive consideration. Apropos of alcohol and health, a point too little insisted upon is that not only does temperance promote health, but health promotes temperance. The more perfect is a man's general physical condition, the freer he is from the pains and aches, the indispositions and depressed spirits that crave a factitious stimulant or tonic. As powerful aids to either the prevention or the cure of inebriety, perfect health and the hygienic regime that insures it are worthy of far more consideration than they generally receive.

The following incident is related in a letter received from a friend in Paris:

A French lady, the mother of two little boys, aged respectively six and eight years, recently made a visit to Rome with her children, anticipating for the elder the privilege of receiving his First Communion at the hands of the Holy Father. On the eve of the "great day," as it is appropriately called by French children, Madame N. and her little boys were admitted to a private audience. On presenting her children to the Pope to receive his blessing, the mother said, pointing to Louis, the elder: "This little boy, your Holiness, hopes to make

his First Communion at your Mass to-morrow morning."—"And what about this little fellow?" asked Pius X., laying his hand in blessing on the head of "Petit Jean."—"Oh, he, your Holiness, is too young as yet to aspire to that great privilege!" The Pope seemed not to heed her words; but, drawing the little fellow gently to his side, he said to him: "Who is it, my child, that dwells behind the little golden door of the Tabernacle and that comes to us in Holy Communion?"—"Le Bon Dieu," came the answer from the childish lips. The Pope asked a few other questions, all of which must have been answered to his entire satisfaction; for his kind face beamed with pleasure as he said: "You, too, my dear child, will make your First Communion at my Mass to-morrow morning, with your brother."



The band of Protestant preachers who lately visited Isleworth, England, are now wiser if not better men. They have learned a thing or two, and in a way calculated to impress the lesson given them,—that there are many places nowadays where non-Catholics resent misrepresentation of the doctrines and practices of the Church, and are ready to protest against the vilification of Catholic fellow-citizens. The advent of the missionaries, as they called themselves, was heralded by the distribution of anti-Catholic tracts, and elaborate plans were laid for a vigorous campaign "against Rome." On the eve of the first onslaught, however, the only non-Catholic clergyman whose name appeared on the roll call of co-operators withdrew his support in a manly letter to the public, in which he denounced the methods of the missionaries; and at the opening lecture it was made plain to them by numerous other non-Catholics that their campaign was likely to end in defeat. It was accordingly abandoned, never to be renewed; and the campaigners took their departure "amid a storm of booing," which was followed by cheers for the victory won.

It is pleasant to learn that violence was not resorted to on the occasion; and that not even the leader of the missionaries was in the least injured, except in

his feelings. Their departure was unhastened by stones or the kind of eggs that expresses disapproval. We praise the forbearance of the men—and boys—of Isleworth; and it was particularly gratifying to read the following handbill, which was circulated everywhere when the excitement was at the highest:

Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, writes ("Letters on the Church," page 53): "Free discussion is necessary for the attainment and maintenance of truth. Not so with ridicule and insult: to forbid these can be no violation of religious liberty, since no man can be bound in conscience to employ such weapons; and this applies with equal force to the persons of every religious denomination. All these, though they must be prepared to encounter fair argument, should be protected from insult, libel, and mockery." In Isleworth men of all denominations have lived for years in mutual charity and peace; heartily co-operating together in charitable work for the poor, and respecting each other's religious convictions. Mr. Kensit, in introducing a campaign of discord, misrepresentation, ridicule, and mockery of the religious beliefs and practices of others, is doing an un-Christian and evil work, against which all honorable men should protest.



The venerable Archbishop Colgan, of Madras, whose death at the age of eighty-six is announced, was for years past the sole survivor of the little band of missionaries from Ireland that, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, embarked for the Far East in the autumn of 1843. Their labors have been wondrously blessed. In 1844 the limits of the Madras Vicariate extended from the Godavery on the north to the Palar on the south, and the Western Ghauts and the Bay of Bengal on the west and east. The number of priests, native and European, to minister to the spiritual wants of that vast mission was only twelve. Within the same district, in the year of Archbishop Colgan's Diamond Jubilee, there was one archbishop, four bishops, and one hundred and thirty priests, Europeans and natives,—not counting the bishop and clergy of the Mylapore diocese. The Catholic population of the Madras Vicariate in 1844 was 20,000:

in 1904 it was estimated at 90,000.

Among the numerous congratulatory greetings to Mgr. Colgan on the occasion of his Jubilee was an address by a Hindu, Mr. Parthasarathy Naidu, who attached to the prelate's name a significance that must have amused the listeners, particularly the venerable jubilarian. "His Grace's name, Colgan," observed the humorous Hindu, "is not a call-bell but a call-gun,—a gun not to be used endangering human lives, but against the vices of the world, which endanger human beings and render them unfit for society and Church. Possessing therefore, as his Grace does, a name significant of such a charm, there can be no two opinions as to his Grace's devoted services, extended even beyond his own communion."

Archbishop Colgan was the oldest prelate in the British Empire, and one of the most deservedly esteemed members of the hierarchy in the whole Catholic world. *R. I. P.*

We find in the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* a brief sketch of an unusually interesting personality, Violante, or Violet, a wealthy Malay heiress, wife of the commander of the Fort of Mozambique in the sixteenth century. She was one of the first great benefactors of the Church in the Dark Continent, and is spoken of as "a kind of Carnegie in a brown skin with a gaudy pocket-handkerchief over her head." In 1577, two Dominican friars bound for India were prevailed upon to remain in Mozambique and erect a convent for the care of travellers on their way from Portugal to India. "This was in 1577. Two years later the Malay, Violet, ceded to the friars a large palm grove, which was her property, in order that their pious work might have greater scope. But this was not the end of her benefactions. She supplied the Dominicans with all the necessities of life, 'as if she had been the mother of each one of them.' As long as she lived they were able to draw on a bank without limit

of credit. It would be strange," adds the writer, "if the friars left no record of their firm friend. In the Portuguese 'History of the Dominicans' a long paragraph enshrines her memory. The chronicler of the deeds of Dominicans on the East Coast ends his account of the Malay lady thus: 'The good Violet was known by no other name than that of the Mother of the Friars. As a duty of gratitude, we make mention of her here.'"

The Rev. T. H. Passmore, M. A. (Anglican), hit the nail on the head and drove it home when he said, presumably on a recent occasion: "The Catholic Church does not accept, as apostles to the heathen, breezy curates inspired with a fancy for adventure. A dedicated life, long instruction, physical adaptation, arduous probation, are her terms. Her bishops *in partibus* do not, in the course of a home-holiday, combine business with pleasure, by throwing the easy lasso of a hearty and graphic sermon or two round the necks of half a dozen clerical youths raw from the universities, and haling them back to civilize the untutored savage with tracts. Nor does she baptize on sight, and upon bribe of trousers and waistcoats, the astute child of Ham." Mr. Passmore declared further that if the methods of the Mother Church were emulated by the emissaries of the sects in pagan lands, there would be less truth in the saying, proverbial in more than one quarter of heathendom, "as bad as a Christian."

All the world knows how contemptuously Carlyle was wont to speak of Darwin's theory of evolution; but it is pleasant to learn from Mr. Frank Harris, writing in the *English Review*, that the Sage of Chelsea, near the close of his life, accorded Darwin some credit, after all. "I saw in him then qualities I had hardly done justice to before," he said in recounting to Mr. Harris a chance interview,— "a patient clear-mindedness, fairness, too; and above all an allegiance to facts, just

as facts, which was most pathetic to me. It was so instinctive, determined, even desperate, a sort of belief in its way—an English belief—that the facts must lead you right if you only followed them honestly; a poor, groping, blind faith—all that seems possible to us in these days of flatulent unbelief and piggish unconcern for everything except swill and straw." But a little later Carlyle broke out: "The theory, man! The theory is as old as the everlasting hills." (Impatient contempt in his voice as he spoke.) "There's naething in it,—naething; it leads nowhither; all sound and noise signifying naething, naething!"

Apropos of a subject occasionally touched upon in these columns, the civic rehabilitation of discharged convicts, we note that the English Government is instituting a reform. A new central agency, consisting of representatives of the authorities and of the prisoners' aid societies, has been established,—the Central Association for the Aid of Discharged Convicts. The various denominational and other aid societies are now to work in union with one another instead of independently. Police supervision will be suspended, and, save in the case of refractory prisoners, the ticket-of-leave will be abolished. "The experiment, which will begin with prisoners discharged from penal servitude on and after the 1st of April next, is a bold one," says the *London Catholic Times*; "but it can hardly fail. It will not make good citizens of all ex-convicts in these countries; but it must increase the number of those who, when they have left prison, renounce the folly of the past."

According to the Berlin correspondent of an English journal, the ranks of the German Protestant clergy are thinning for want of recruits. Thus, in Saxony, the list of candidates for the ministry had sunk in 1907 from an average of 190 to 113,—a number barely sufficient to

fill vacancies; in 1911 there are no candidates at all. Various explanations are put forward. Some say that Liberal theology is making acceptance of the traditional formularies impossible; others, that the course of training is too long and the salaries of clergymen too small. Professor Richter bluntly remarks that the service of the church no longer attracts young men; and that the feeling grows more and more pronounced among the youth of Germany that it is unworthy of an educated man—something indeed to be ashamed of—to enter the church.

Back of the whole situation, of course, is the lack of definite doctrinal teaching,—a definiteness secured by the ever-present watchfulness of an infallible judge. Private judgment was originally, and has ever continued to be, a disintegrating force; and the bankruptcy of Protestantism is merely the inevitable effect of an operating cause.

Dr. F. W. Grey, with whose literary work our readers are not unfamiliar, contributes to the *University of Ottawa Review* a thoughtful discussion of "The Influence of Catholicism on English Literature." We have room to quote only the inference with which the writer closes his study:

That inference is that, since the English Bible is, beyond all cavil, the Church's gift to the English people, non-Catholic no less than Catholic, and the English Book of Common Prayer, as an unauthorized adaptation of the Breviary and Missal, no less due to her, it is for us, to whom all that is best in both belongs by divine right, to reclaim in both the heritage which the English Catholic laity have neglected or ignored for the last three centuries. The sheep are no less sheep, as St. Gregory reminds us, because the wolves sometimes "come to us in sheep's clothing." The Bible and the essential parts of the Prayer-Book are not less Catholic because they have fallen into the use and possession of those who deny both their literary and spiritual debt to the Church, even as, or because, they deny her God-given authority.

The whole paper from which we have taken the foregoing extract is a most interesting contribution to a subject that can never become quite trite or untimely.



A Rule in Rhyme.

OUR young folk will find the following rule for spelling by Mr. Tudor Jenks well worth remembering. But there are *three* instead of *two* exceptions. He forgot the little word "weird." To express the omission in rhyme:

But Mr. Jenks, 'tis sadly feared,
Has quite forgotten this one, "weird."

"When *ei* and *ie* both spell *e*,
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here is a rule you may believe,
That never, never will deceive,
And all such troubles will relieve,—
A simpler rule you can't conceive.
It is not made of many pieces,
To puzzle daughters, sons or nieces,
Yet with all the trouble ceases.
After *c* an *e* apply;
After other letters, *i*.
Thus a general in a siege
Writes a letter to his liege;
Or an army holds its field,
And will never deign to yield
While a soldier holds a shield,
Or has strength his arm to wield.
Two exceptions we must note,
Which all scholars learn by rote:
'Leisure' is the first of these,
For the second we have 'seize.'
Now you know the simple rule;
Learn it quick, and off to school!"

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—THE NEW HOME.

SOMEHOW, it was growing a little dull at Bar Cross Ranch. Jack had been absent "on business" fully ten days. Billy had investigated everything within reach, and found much that was interesting. He had explored the banks of the Coyote Creek, threaded the shadowy depths of La Noche Cañon, scrambled up the rugged sides of Windy Mountain under

Pedro's skilful guidance; he had been over the hill (as slope and range and peak were impartially called by Bony Ben), mounted on Marquita, to whose sure and dainty feet heights and depths were as safe as level ground; he had followed the trail into purple cloudlands, that grew into forests of green and banks of blossoms at his approach. He had spent a pleasant morning around the low adobe hut that was Pedro's home, watching the half-clad little *niños* frolicking, and the deft fingers of Pancha and Wichita busy with the beautiful Mexican drawn-work; while in the shed behind the house old Grandmother Martina, brown and withered as a dry walnut, bent over her loom, from which came blankets of quaint pattern and wonderful rainbow hues.

It was old Martina who had cooked at Bar Cross long ago, and made the wonderful dulces which Billy's mamma still held in sweet memory. She had been a wise woman in her time, so Pedro confided to Billy; though she was old now—"ah, so old!" And Pedro shook his ten brown digits in the air repeatedly in his efforts to convey the old grandmother's inexpressible age to Billy's mind. But, despite her uncountable years, old Martina's sunken eyes were still bright and keen; the wits behind them were perhaps sharper than the younger wits around her; and she dyed her wools and wove her blankets by ways of her own that she had learned in the Padre's mission long, long ago.

Quite as entertaining in another way was old Daddy. What Daddy's real name was no one knew, and, according to the polite custom of the wild West, no one had ever ventured to inquire. He had drifted into Bar Cross about a dozen years before; and, finding it a rather sheltered eddy in the stormy sea of life, decided to stay there indefinitely.

Daddy's accomplishments were without number. In his young days he could do anything, from setting a broken leg to carving a signet ring out of a peach stone. Now that his sight had somewhat failed and the rheumatics had stiffened his "jints," his activities were necessarily limited. But he could still mend straps and stirrups to be good as new; he could patch leather breeches and boots; he could plait lassos and lariats such as no rope-maker could twist and no money could buy. He could make pipes of clay and wood, also pouches and leggings. He could weave baskets; and, last but not least, he could play the jew's-harp,—aye, he could play at the same time two, three, a whole orchestra of jew's-harps of his own construction, softening the twanging notes into strange, sweet melody. When Daddy sat out under the cottonwoods at nightfall and played his jew's-harps, it seemed as if all the buzzing, droning, twittering things of the forest were blending in twilight song.

"My, I'd give a lot to play the jew's-harp like that!" said Billy, as, the second day after Jack's departure, he listened admiringly to Daddy's spirited rendition of "The Arkansas Traveller." "Do you think you could ever teach me?"

Daddy removed his orchestra from his mouth and shook his grizzled head.

"I'm feard I couldn't, sonny. I'd like to fust-rate, but I jest nachelly can't. You see, the jew's-harp ain't like nothing else. The music comes from somewhere in folk's innards, and can't be taught. Sort of like katydids and crickets, and you can't larn that."

"How did *you* learn, please?" asked Billy, who was seated on the stump of an old cottonwood, hugging his knees, while his brown eyes studied the old man's weather-beaten face.

"How did *I* larn?" chuckled Daddy. "Blamed, if I know, sonny. When you're pitched out in the world to sink or swim, you sort of catch on to most anything that comes your way."

"And were you pitched out in the world?" asked Billy, sympathetically.

"Well, rather," replied Daddy. "My folks was crossing the Divide in a prairie schooner, and run into a band of Injus, and they rizzed the har of the whole outfit."

The past perusal of Dick Fealy's books enabled Billy to apprehend something of Daddy's meaning.

"Raised their hair! You mean the Indians killed and scalped everyone?" gasped the young listener.

"Most everyone," answered Daddy, calmly. "My mother crawled off into the sagebrush with me (so I've hearn: I was too little to know). At any rate, that's whar they found her dead, and me squealing like a steam whistle beside her. It was a half-breed hunter who got me and took me to his squaw."

"And—and then?" asked Billy, breathlessly, as Daddy, who was not given to autobiography, paused.

"Well, I tumbled around their cabin for a year or two, I reckon; and then they took the trail farther West, and they didn't want to bother with no strays; so they dropped me with an old French Padre who was out there to christianize them red devils."

"A priest you mean," asked Billy,—
"a Catholic priest?"

"Yes," answered Daddy. "Thar warn't no other kind of sky pilots pushing over the border then, you bet! Too risky. Pretty nigh the fust thing I remember clearly is old Père Jean teaching me to read out of a book with red letters in it. Them red letters took my fancy sure."

"And did you stay long?" asked Billy, as Daddy came to another stop in his narrative.

"Must have been quite a piece of time," answered the old man, reflectively. "For an eight-year-old, I learned a lot—spelling and reading and praying. And Père Jean christened me, and gave me the name of his own liking—Etienne. Most too heavy and furrin to hold to, so

I dropped it later on. But sometimes now," when I'm dozing over my pipe, seems as if I heard old Père Jean's voice calling like he used to call through the pine woods: 'Etienne! Etienne! It is growing dark; the night is falling. Come home to your old father, Etienne!' He was good to me sure. It's a long time back to remember, but Père Jean was good to me. He'd have sent me off East to school and made something respectable of me; but them blamed redskins that he was trying to make into decent Christians got into a row with another tribe. They had dug up the tomahawk, and was dancing the war dance; and I woke up one night to find the hull place ablaze, and the air full of war whoops; and Père Jean was lying dead, with his cross in his hands, whar he had gone out among the red devils to make peace."

"And then—and then?" Billy was now fairly athrill with excitement. "What happened then? Golly, you tell fine stories! Good as any book! Why, Père Jean was a martyr! I never knew anybody before who had been acquainted with a real martyr. People ought to know about him. I'll get pencil and paper to-morrow and write it all down, so I won't forget."

"No, you don't," said Daddy in alarm,— "no, you don't, sonny! I don't talk for no writing down. Fust thing I know thar'd be trouble on my trail. I didn't know you was the writing kind, or I wouldn't hev talked at all."

"Oh, you're not going to stop your story!" said Billy, in dismay. "Why you haven't half finished your experiences, Daddy! You've only got up to when you were eight years old."

"That's far enough," answered Daddy, grimly,— "plenty far enough. After that it's best to forgit things,—a heap best to forgit. And it's getting late, and the chill sinks into my old bones after sundown, so we best go in, sonny,—we best go in."

And not another story could Billy draw from old Daddy that night.

But, of all the friends he was making

in his new home, Billy felt that Bony Ben was alike his first and best. After Jack's departure, Ben had left his own shack, where he had everything to his rough simple fancy; and camped watchfully at the big house every night, to "keep an eye on the kid." No persuasions from Dick, Dan or Toby, no rumors of a barbecue at Weaver's, or a shooting match at Dingley's corner, not even the regular monthly meeting of the Range Riders, could lure him from his post. And even through the busy day Billy was conscious that Ben was keeping an "eye" upon him.

"Don't let that Dago take you too far down the Gulch. Toby seen a wild cat thar yesterday. Best keep away from that new camp 'cross Windy Mountain. It's a lot of lungers. Their cough is ketching, and town folks won't take them in. If I was you, I wouldn't hang around the stables too much. Dan and Toby does a lot of rough talking that them home folks of yourn wouldn't like you to hear."

And on the bright days when, mounted on Marquita, Billy rode with Ben over the hills, there was always a strong hand ready at the steep rough places, to grasp Marquita's bridle or turn her into safer ways.

So four, five, six, ten days passed and still Jack did not return. "He said he wouldn't stay very long," observed Billy, as he and Ben sat before the big fire that the chilling nights demanded. "But he can't help it, I suppose. There's a lot of business to do when your father is dead and you are head of the family, like Jack. And running a ranch takes a lot of money; don't it, Ben?"

"Rather considerable," assented Ben, as he puffed at his pipe.

"It took a lot last year, I know," continued Billy. "Mamma sat up one night with Miss van Doran doing sums about it. Mamma isn't much on doing sums by herself; she always liked music better than arithmetic at school. But Miss van Doran went far as trigonometry, and can do sums fine. And she went over all

the accounts and bills and papers with mamma, and added and subtracted, and said she couldn't make things work out clear even with algebra, which works out with letters when figures won't go right at all. And mamma got a headache and cried, and said it was a dreadful thing to be a widow. But Jack was doing all right, she knew; and she couldn't worry him. She would sell the south lot to Colonel Woodville and pay all the bills next day."

"Hasn't your mother got no men folks with good hard sense around?" asked Ben, gruffly.

"No," answered Billy,—“only Uncle Martin; and he doesn't live at our house, but teaches Greek and Latin in a college in town. The only man in our family is Jack. But I'm growing up fast. I'll be thirteen in May. I'll be a man pretty soon; and then I'll help Jack run this place, and between us we'll strike the old Curado lead that will make us billionaires.”

"The Curado lead!" Ben took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at the young speaker. "What do you know about the Curado lead? It dropped down into worse than nothing twenty years ago. Your father lost a lot of money on it."

"I know," said Billy. "We've got maps about it at home. Dolly and I used to play geography with them up in the garret. There is a whole box of them that some one sent to mamma two years ago, and said he had cheated papa, and was making restitution. I suppose he had been to confession. When you go to confession you have to make restitution, even if it's only a box of old paper maps. But poor papa had been dead three years when the box of maps came. Mamma had no use for them, so Dolly and I used to play geography games with them. That's how I know all about the Curado lead. It was a big red-inked line on all of them,—bigger than anything on the map. It broke off on one side of Coyote Creek, and then started again in a line right through Bar Cross."

"It did?" said Ben, excitedly. "And right across the Southwest Ridge? I'll bet my bottom dollar that's what old Daddy's been a saying all this time, and everybody thought he was daffy. The Southwest Ridge! Laws, it takes a soft-eyed tenderfoot to strike things straight! It's the Southwest Ridge that them sharps Sandy Nick has in hand is trying to gull your brother into selling them for a sanitarium! A sanitarium, with the Curado lead brimming with pay dirt below it! Any other papers boxed up with them maps, sonny?"

"Yes," answered Billy; "but they were in Spanish, so nobody at home could read them."

"And can you git them?" asked Bony Ben, breathlessly. "Anybody at home with gumption enough to send them to you?"

"Why, yes!" answered Billy. "Dolly would roll them up and send them, I'm sure. What do you want with them?"

"Never you mind that, sonny. Keep your mouth shet tight about them maps till I tell you to open it. But send for them right now. Git pen and paper and tell your folks you want them papers, and the maps most perticler. And we'll play a little geography game out here," concluded Bony Ben, with his grim chuckle. "I sort of think, sonny, that you and me have the cards to beat Sandy Nick and his sharpeners yet."

(To be continued.)

A Wonderful Sight.

Every year a wonderful sight may be seen in Central America. This is the migration of the butterflies. Toward the end of June they cross the Isthmus of Panama, and for a week or more, in untold millions, they put out to sea, looking like a dazzling cloud of blue and green between the sky and water. In their train are birds, eating them by the hundreds when they can catch them.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A third volume of the "Pioneer Priests of North America," by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., is announced by the *America* Press. The work is a valuable contribution to the early history of the Church in Canada and the United States.

—Musical readers will be delighted with an estimate of Elgar in the current number of the *Dublin Review*,—an exceptionally interesting one, by the way. We have already directed attention to another of its important articles,—*"The Decay of Fixed Ideals."*

—"A Sheaf of Stories," by Joseph Carmichael (English Catholic Truth Society), is a well-printed and neatly-bound volume of 280 pages, containing twenty-two short stories that have already appeared at different dates in various Catholic magazines, our own among the number. They will all bear rereading as excellent, enjoyable, and wholesome Catholic fiction.

—"Izamal," by Joseph J. Wynne (The Angelus Publishing Co.), is a much better story than we were led to anticipate from its somewhat bizarre title. It is an interesting narrative of a young English nobleman's unusual experience in seeking and finding his real place in the world. The bulk of the action occurs in America, and much of the characterization is as realistic as it is enjoyable.

—A welcome addition to hagiographical literature comes to us from Benziger Brothers—"The Life of the Venerable Gonçalo da Silveira, of the Society of Jesus," by the Rev. Hubert Chadwick, S. J. Father Silveira was a pioneer missionary and the protomartyr of South Africa. Born at Almeirim, Portugal, in 1526, he was done to death by Kafir agents of the Mohammedan *Caciz* in 1561. His life is one of unusual interest and edification.

—The man on the street is apt to agree with the old Scotchman who, in reply to the question, What is metaphysics? declared: "When the listener doesn't know what the speaker is talking about, and the speaker doesn't know what he is talking about himself,—that's metaphysics." Only the first part of the definition can have any application to "Certitude," by the Rev. A. Rother, S. J. (B. Herder); for, while the unphilosophical reader may experience difficulty in understanding some portions of the book, its author very certainly knows what he is talking about; and, moreover, talks

about it extremely well. The little work (94 pages, 16mo) is a study in philosophy, being an exposition of certitude according to the teaching of the Scholastics. Students will find it interesting and adequate.

—The Rev. J. T. Durward has written a small catechism for the use of non-Catholics who contemplate marriage with Catholics. It is called a "Short Course in Catholic Doctrine" (Benziger Brothers), and is an admirable summary of what every non-Catholic man or woman should know concerning the religion of his or her prospective partner in wedlock.

—"Something to Speak," by Carola Milanis, O. S. D. (Catholic School Journal Co.), is intended not only for programs, but as supplementary reading for 7th, 8th, and High School grades, also as an exercise book for "rhetoricals or elementary elocution classes." Not being a teacher, we can not judge of the usefulness of this publication. Of its literary merits also we will let teachers speak.

—It is gratifying to notice that the English edition (R. & T. Washbourne) of Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert's important work, "The Supreme Problem," is free from many typographical errors which disfigure the original American edition. As we reviewed this important work at some length on its first appearance, it will now suffice to state that it is a very remarkable book, and deserving of a place in the library of every priest and educated layman. It is well described in the sub-title as "an examination of historical Christianity from the standpoint of human life and experience, and in the light of psychical phenomena."

—From B. Herder, comes a translation, by H. L. B., of "History of Dogmas," Vol. I., by J. Tixeront. This first volume deals with the ante-Nicene Theology, and carries the history to 325 A. D. Originally, the author intended to confine his work to a single volume; but the abundance of material forced him to write a second, which he promised would bring his study up to the time of Charlemagne. As a matter of fact, however, the second volume, published in French in 1909, deals only with the period from the age of St. Athanasius to that of St. Augustine, and yet a third volume will be needed to bring the reader up to the time of Charlemagne. The present portion of the work is well done, although there will be a difference of opinion as to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the author's

synthetic method. His Introduction is especially interesting. The paucity of works of this kind in English, even if Newman's "Development of Christian Doctrine" be considered some sort of a history of dogmas, is a sufficient justification for rendering the book into English. The translation is from the fifth French edition, and is a creditable, rather than a distinguished, piece of literary work.

—Although "Rosemary; or, Life and Death," by J. Vincent Huntington (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), bears nothing on its title-page, or elsewhere, to indicate that it is not a new book, middle-aged readers will recognize it as a new edition of an old one. It belongs to the oldtime, leisurely-written, three-volume novel school, its 530 pages containing some two hundred thousand words; and, accordingly, however fascinating it may prove to its readers, it will hardly be read through at a sitting. A good Catholic story, it will excite less criticism to-day than when, on its original publication, Mr. Huntington's position as a converted Protestant minister caused some portions of the narrative, we remember, to be looked at a little askance.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Sheaf of Stories." Joseph Carmichael. 80 cts.
 "History of Dogmas." Vol. I. J. Tixeront. \$1.50.

"The Life of the Ven. da Silveria." Rev. Hubert Chadwick, S. J. 80 cts.

"Certitude." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.

"Izamal." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.10.

"Historic Nuns." Bessie R. Belloc. 75 cts.

"Jesus All Great." Rev. Alexander Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.

"A Romance of Old Jerusalem." Florence Gilmore. 50 cts.

"New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year." Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. Translated by the Rt. Rev. T. S. Byrne, D. D. Four vols. \$5, net.

"Mezzogiorno." John Ayscough. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church." Dr. J. P. Kirsch. \$1.35.

"The Mass in the Infant Church." Rev. Garrett Pierse. \$1.15, net.

"Converts to Rome." W. Gordon Gorman. \$1, net.

"Robert Kimberly." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.30.

"The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$2, net.

"Melchior of Boston." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.

"Mementos of the English Martyrs and Confessors." Rev. Henry S. Bowden. 45 cts.

"The Groundwork of Christian Perfection." Rev. Patrick Ryan. 75 cts.

"Our Lady's Lutenist." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 65 cts.

"Memorabilia: Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books." \$1.10, net.

"The Centurion." A. B. Routhier. \$1.50.

"Life in the Shadow of Death." Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. \$1.

"Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars." 15 cts.

"Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P. 75 cts.

"The Turn of the Tide." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEN., xliii, 3.

Rev. John Decker, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. William Quilty, diocese of Sioux Falls.

Sister Mary Stephen, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Rachel, O. S. D.; and Sister Claire Marie, Sisters of the Assumption.

Mr. Thomas Koch, Mrs. Mary Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nowlan, Mr. John Green, Mr. James Conlan, Mrs. Elizabeth Foote, Mr. Michael Walsh, Mrs. Mary Calvin, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Mr. Otto Biter, Mrs. Catherine Moynihan, Miss Mary Hauk, Mr. Timothy Murphy, Mr. John R. Cooke, Mr. Denis Fletcher, Miss Minnie McMillan, Mrs. Mary Galvin, Mr. John Dalton, Mr. Thomas Murray, Mrs. James Purcell, Mr. Denis W. O'Leary, Mrs. Elizabeth Kaag, Mr. James E. Lynch, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Mrs. Mary Cuniffe, Mrs. G. W. Yattan, Mr. William Duttman, Miss Alice C. Clarke, and Mrs. Catherine Miller.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

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NO. 11

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The Soul of the Shamrock.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

PLUCKED from her earth at the brink of day,
Every leaf a-drip with the mountain dew,
What vine can match that emerald hue?
What rose is half so sweet as you?
Plucked out of Ireland's heart away,
Green Shamrock!

Beyond the seas by a trembling hand,
The leaves are upgathered one by one:
The green of their mountain home is gone,
And the dew the sunbeams flashed upon,—
Is your soul fled home to your own dear land,
Brown Shamrock?

Yes, your soul is fled home to your Inis Fail,
Athirst for the dew of her morning sky!
Fled home where the thrush sings wild and
high,
Where daisies like stars on June fields lie,
To roam with the fairies through grove and dale,
Sweet Shamrock!

Symbol of Erin, 'tis many the one
Will be glad to-day at sight of you!
Will muse on the hills their childhood knew,
Will kiss your dead leaves for Ireland, too!
And their love will go back where your soul is
gone,
Dead Shamrock!

The Necessity of Religious Knowledge.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP HEDLEY.



IT is difficult to speak too strongly of the necessity, for Catholics of all ages, all ranks and all conditions, of adequate instruction in their holy religion. There never has been a time when religious instruction has not been necessary, or when it has not been pressed upon young and old by the solicitude of the Church. But our own times are distinguished by a vast increase and a rapid circulation of every sort of information. Religious knowledge has to compete with knowledge of every kind, for a place and position in limited human minds. There have been times when it was either religious information or emptiness; religion, and things connected with religion, were almost all that multitudes of simple people could ever be in the way of learning. Now knowledge is everywhere; history, politics, social science, physics, mechanics, games, stories, and gossip,—there is an overflowing supply every morning and evening; much of it weak, washy, and demoralizing; but, all the same, fairly satisfying to the indolent minds of the multitude.

WHOSOEVER does not behold his neighbor in the Heart of Jesus runs the risk of loving him neither purely nor constantly; but in the Sacred Heart who would not love him, and who would not bear with him?—*St. Francis de Sales.*

This is a serious peril for religion. You can not know your religion unless you take pains with it; and there is little inclination to use mental application when the mind is constantly interested and amused with worldly things. Yet religion

must be studied, or it will disappear. In the words of the Holy Spirit, blessed are those who "search" the testimonies of the Lord, and who "meditate" on His holy law. "Teach me," cries out the servant of God in the ancient Law; "open Thou my eyes,—give me understanding." "Thy justifications I will never forget; for by them Thou hast given me life." (Ps. cxviii.)

It is certain that the pulse of Catholic life beats more feebly all through the Church of the present day by reason of the want of religious knowledge. We see proofs and evidences of this in every sphere of faith and practice. What is it that makes so many Catholics fail to love Almighty God as a Father and a Friend? It is because they know little of the real Catholic teaching about God, and are more or less influenced by the agnosticism, the pantheism, the heathenism, and the indifference which they see and hear on every side. Why are their prayers, all through their lives, hardly more than vocal formulas, without a spark of that divine communion which is meant to lift up the soul of every child of God? Why is mental prayer so unusual and so strange? It is because Christians do not study Almighty God and learn what He truly is.

One of the most disturbing features of Catholic life in these days is the difficulty so many seem to have in realizing that there is only one Church, and in understanding the sinfulness and the misfortune of heresy and schism. It is because their instruction is so shallow. In their approach to the Sacraments, they follow custom, convention, worldly convenience, and not unfrequently the dictates of human respect, because the great doctrines of grace are vaguely known and quite unfamiliar. The life of Our Lord, with the deep mysteries which it presupposes, is outside of their thought and reading; and they are more or less strangers to Bethlehem, to Nazareth, and to Calvary. The impressive liturgy of the Church is to them almost a sealed book; the Christian Year passes by, and

has little significance, except so far as the names of its feasts and seasons are made use of by the world. The august worship and ritual of the Church is too often as mysterious to them as it is to Protestants; they have never learned to understand it.

All these uncomfortable features of our Catholic life are in a great measure the result of a blameworthy ignorance. And there is another, which is perhaps the worst of all. When Catholics in these days give up or deny their religion, it is, as a rule, far more because they are ignorant than because they are impious or irreligious. It is a fact that we often find Catholics, in fairly good positions, well-disposed to their Church and their priest, and not neglectful of the practice of their faith, suddenly, when a worldly temptation faces them, simply giving in, because they do not think that it matters. Mixed marriages, marriage before non-Catholic ministers, the joining in non-Catholic worship, co-operation which is against our faith or dangerous to faith, sending children to non-Catholic schools, allowing them to be brought up Protestants,—these are a few of the ways in which too many Catholics deny or endanger their faith; and all their piety, good-will, and love of their religion fail to keep them straight, because they really do not believe that on such points as these there can be any grave duty to stand out against their Protestant friends, and to put themselves to any inconvenience.

If they had been well-grounded in the study of faith, obedience, and self-denial, it is certain that they would have acted in a very different way. In order to feel with the Church, to be sensitive to Catholic life, and to be penetrated with the Catholic spirit, one must have been carefully imbued with Catholic teaching, either from childhood or afterward. A mere smattering of Catholicism is not sufficient to penetrate the complex fabric of the human heart, and to protect the mysterious structure which we call human nature from the noxious atmosphere

and the adverse influences which it has to encounter in the world where its lot is cast.

Religious instruction and formation should begin with the earliest years of childhood. Long before reason is attained, and the child becomes a fully responsible agent, there are feelings tinged with the intelligence that is still below the horizon; aspirations that could rise only in an immortal spirit; good and bad tendencies, more or less under control; the awakening of a sense of duty, and intermittent breathings of piety toward a dimly-known Father above. From the beginning, before a child can really know, its feelings and its actions should be trained to the good and the right. From the beginning, by earthly analogies and gentle persistence, its intelligence, still folded in the bud, should be directed to a heavenly Father and Friend. From the beginning, the life of Jesus should be held up in pictures to the child's wonder-gaze; for that sacred name, and all that happened in that holy career, will leave impressions on the heart which will sweetly facilitate the work of conscious reason in the years to come. In very early years, a gentle and strictly reasonable pressure should prevent evil tendencies from gaining strength, and loving encouragement should help the growth of all that is noble, pious and kind. As the age of discretion manifests itself, the rudiments of the Christian Kingdom should be imparted; God, Jesus Christ, His redemption, His Church, and His sacraments. For these things are the only safe foundation; they are the elements out of which the book of life will have to be written; they are the entrance to the only right way.

One never knows how much a child takes in, if, by skilful repetition and exhibition, he is kept to the simple essentials of the Christian view; and if his unresting, though immature, mind is thus led to work out for itself relations and consequences which at first will be dark and confused, like the troubled waters

of a flooded stream, but will every day run clearer. These childish exercises will be all the more powerful in the formation of character because they are the mind's own work. And if, at this momentous period of a child's life, it can be protected from evil impression, from bad example, and from foolish and ignorant parents and nurses, the first teachings of sacred Christian truth will expand daily, and the heart will bloom like the "garden of the Lord."

It is at this time that the elementary instruction on confession and Communion is given to the child, to enable it to fulfil its obligations as a Catholic. These instructions include two great movements of the heart: sorrow for having offended so good a Father, and that special and beautiful response of human nature to divine beneficence which is called forth by the greatest of gifts—the Blessed Sacrament. Only in the rarest cases will there be any difficulty in inspiring the young candidate with repentance, good resolution, piety and gratitude. The powerful infused virtues of faith and charity always produce a marked result where there are no obstacles. Thus the instructor of infancy, whether parent, priest or teacher, should persistently and confidently give attention to young children, carefully selecting the points of instruction, patiently instilling the simple lesson, watching the rise of pious and religious feeling, and losing no opportunity of preoccupying the young imagination and the developing sensitive faculties with a discipline which will hereafter be a powerful ally to the efforts of intelligence.

After infancy and the first approach to the Sacraments, there comes a time, which we may reckon to be of from four to six years, when the whole of the Catechism is being gradually imparted to the growing boy or girl. We have now to deal with reason, with discernment, with responsibility. Candidates can be made to understand the seriousness and gravity of life. They can apprehend the august majesty of God, the Creator, the last end, the

Judge of the living and the dead. They can be made to appreciate the difference between the broad way and the narrow. They can be effectively shown that this life is a preparation for an eternal life to come, and that future happiness depends upon present effort. It will soon be clear to them how Jesus Christ came from heaven to redeem them, and to stand by them in every step of life; and how He has left His Spirit in His place here below, moving and acting in a visible Kingdom, called the Church; and taking hold of men and women in a most direct and tangible way in the dispensation which we call the Sacraments, of which the most mighty is the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. They can be made to enter into their own nature, to understand its noble capabilities and aspirations, its depravities and shortcomings, and the grand healing and repairing forces of the grace of Jesus Christ.

All these subjects are handled by the instructor during these years of adolescence, in the text of the Catechism, in the lessons of Sacred History, and in the official and specially blessed utterances of the consecrated priest from the steps of the sanctuary. And the pastors of souls are well aware that every effort must be made during these critical years to secure steady and continuous catechetical training; and that if a boy or girl, by the fault of parents, by the want of a Catholic school, or by any other misfortune, is hindered from receiving instruction during these years, or if the instruction be merely intermittent and fragmentary, it is almost a certainty that such a child will sink into the condition of an outsider and a stranger to Catholicism, and will, at the first opportunity, turn his back upon his Faith.

It is not necessary, at this moment, to enter into the details of the Catechism. There is, for all our missions and schools, a carefully considered syllabus of religious instruction, which, if it is faithfully followed, will secure a good training in his or her religion for any child that

remains a suitable time at school. But we may dwell on one or two features that ought to mark the catechetical training of children of the age we are considering. For example, it is then that the faculty of *attention* begins to show itself. As all teachers know, attention is a faculty on which the mind in great measure depends both for enrichment and for cultivation. Without attention, information and experience leave only faint impressions, and reasoning is inert for want of premisses. Moreover, it is a faculty which can be cherished and stimulated by a good teacher, or which can remain undeveloped and unused when there is no one to arouse and guide it.

The Kingdom of Christ upon earth—that is, our holy religion in all its amplitude of existence and of statement—is definite, solid and striking in the highest degree. Vague or misty religion is not Christianity. The Kingdom of God rests on a set of hard facts, and every stone in the building of it can be handled and measured. The Catechism, therefore, clamors for attention. The Catholic instructor has not to make suggestions, to sketch out dreamy tendencies, or to steer between half-affirmations and hesitating negations. There is plenty of this in what passes for religion in the world we live in. In Catholicism the mind has to deal with persons, historical events, unseen but most real powers, and matters that affect the world and its inhabitants and the souls and bodies of men, much more powerfully than the laws of the natural world, the revolutions of the planets, or the storms and tempests of the earth.

It is very important that the mind of Christians should quickly learn to grasp the facts of this marvellous universe, which is nowhere described in the textbooks of science, and which the modern spirit would fain keep out of the pages of history. The fresh and untired attention of a boy or girl meets here with just the satisfaction that draws and attracts it. Only let the tale be told skilfully, the

points put clearly, and the essential doctrines made definite enough; and the young mind never altogether loses its hold thereon, even when other knowledge pours in and other interests make their demands on the human powers.

Another powerful effect which may be, and ought to be, produced on the Catholic boy and girl by the Catechism is the sentiment of Catholic citizenship, or, as it may be expressed, the pride and joy of belonging to the Catholic family. Let us call it a sentiment; though it is more than a sentiment, for it is grounded on human nature and divine sanction. In human things, it is natural that sons and daughters who grow up in the bosom of a happy family, with noble traditions, in peace and in safety, should feel that their inheritance is precious. But the family or Kingdom of Christ, in whom we are all one with a unity transcending flesh and blood, far surpasses, in nobility, glory, and security, anything else that there is upon earth. It is a very wide Kingdom, with its King in heaven and its members all through the heavens and the earth. Its King reaches to every soul, and to the soul's deepest essence, leading it with unfaltering providence all through time and all through eternity. He is the Friend and Father of every soul; and in Jesus Christ there is nothing He would not do, were it necessary, for each soul's salvation.

This spiritual Kingdom, which is the family of God and of Jesus, has been made visible and effectual by a visible Kingdom on earth. It has had on earth a long and glorious history. Jesus Christ began it; the Apostles laid its foundation; the martyrs, the confessors, the pontiffs, and the saints, have carried it on in every age. Kings and peoples have made it their chief glory, and it has covered the earth. It has fought and suffered and triumphed, and fought and suffered again. At this day, with its Pontiff, its bishops, its priests, its altars, and its millions of children, it is as great and august, and as

living and real, as at any time of its history. A boy or girl, it would seem, could easily learn to feel that to be a Catholic is to belong to a proud stock. The reality of the Father in heaven, of the Redeemer upon earth, of the spirit actually working, of the faith, the peace, and the security of men and women within this habitation of divine love, should easily preoccupy the heart, and should be so completely assimilated that it would never afterward be lost. When a youth has once said in his very heart, "The Catholic religion is *my* religion," he will probably never cease to cling to it as he would to his own family. But he will with difficulty learn to say this unless he learns it during the days of his Catechism.

If the instruction of a Catholic soul has been carried out with regularity and good results during the time of childhood and of youth, then there remains the equally important work of carrying on that instruction from youth to maturity and old age. What is it that generally happens? It is that the large majority of our people practically forget their Catechism three or four years after they have finished it. This is true not merely of those who have to work with their hands: it happens also with those who have an education which should make it easy for them to keep up a certain cultivation of mind, and who have time to read. With the working class, it is either because they seldom read anything, or because the only things they do read are the frivolities and stupidities of the hour. With the more leisured classes, it is because they have so much pressed upon them in the shape of business, gossip, and fiction that they never make time to attend to religion. An additional reason is that they do not attend sermons and instructions in church, and do not know—because they do not trouble to find out—suitable Catholic books and periodicals. All classes of Catholics ought to recognize that it is an inexorable mental law that acquired knowledge rapidly fades out of the mind unless

it is renewed. It can be renewed only by bringing the mental faculties to bear upon it afresh; by reviewing it in efforts of memory; by adding fresh knowledge which, by means of comparison and extension, revives the old; by correcting and analyzing; by deducing consequences and relations.

When the knowledge acquired in youth is not subjected to processes of this kind, either a man remains intellectually a child all his life, or else he drops even the equipments of a child. He learns, for example, in his Catechism that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was made man. All the words of this sentence are intelligible to him, even as a child. But how much is there in that short sentence that is still to be learned!—the full meaning of the words "Jesus" and "Christ," the significance of "Son of God," the light thrown upon the great conception of God by the Incarnation, the meaning of His being made man, His personality, and the attributes of His double nature, and much besides. It is not meant that every Catholic should enter deeply into studies like these, which have stirred up the learned and the saintly to write great volumes. But it is certain that a man must either go on learning a little more every month of his life, or else the knowledge he has dries up and disappears.

Now, it must be clearly understood that everyone without exception is capable of thus keeping up his religious knowledge. All he has to do is to listen, to read, and to think. There are plenty of instructive sermons, there are plenty of useful books, and there is no man or woman who should not find the time to devote to religious instruction. This is a duty which we all owe to God and our immortal souls. Perhaps we learned our Catechism well when we were children. But we are children no longer. Our faculties have strengthened, our understanding has deepened, our minds have enlarged, and the gift of holy faith that we rejoice to possess has more and more, by the help of prayer

and the Sacraments, penetrated our natural powers. That being so, every year should see us better able to appreciate our holy religion; and if we refuse to give ourselves the chance of reading, listening, and thinking, we refuse to attend to God Himself, and we gradually become strangers to Him, with the consequences which have already been described.

There is, moreover, a special reason at the present time to keep up the study of our religion. Our religion is exposed to attack. What does this mean? It means that the religious treasure of every individual soul is in danger; for attacks on religion are not affairs of books or of speculation: they touch the souls of the living. It is of no use for any of us to say that we do not read books against the faith, or listen to the arguments of Protestants. The poison of the books is in the air you breathe; the arguments, under all sorts of forms and disguises, are in all your penny and halfpenny papers. A man whose knowledge of his religion is only that of a child can never be safe against religious attacks which are made by mature and reflecting men. Even if the form of the attack is only insinuation, sneers, human respect, or joking, an ignorant Catholic who can not form clear ideas of his holy religion is made unhappy, or very probably comes to feel ashamed of the convictions of his childhood, is shaken in his simple faith, and weakened in his allegiance to the Kingdom of Christ. This is especially likely to happen when there are direct attacks on the Church.

The great contest of the present day is Church against No-Church. Nearly all the intellect of this country is on the side of No-Church. The man in the street or the works re-echoes the lesson he has learned, and is convinced that it is irrational to believe in one visible, teaching, and governing Church. And unless a Catholic can grasp, in outline at least, the meaning of the Church and its evidences, he is rightly miserable and stricken with shame when he hears the talk that goes on against it.

Therefore, religious instruction must be kept up all through life. That is the reason why pastors take such pains to state, explain and develop Catholic truth in their sermons and instructions. That is the reason why they can not excuse those who never come to a sermon, but content themselves on Sunday with simply hearing Mass. That is the reason why they are so deeply saddened at the negligence of so many of our people, who never come to church at all. And that is the reason why the bishop is so anxious about the hundreds of Catholic families who have found work at a distance from a church or school, and who never hear their religion spoken of except to be contradicted. No wonder that scores of good Catholic names are added every year to the hosts of those who do not believe.

Let us conclude by making a good resolution to mark this Lenten season by seriously taking up religious instruction. Let the clergy, whose Sunday work is so arduous, utilize every point of their ministry where a word of instruction can be put in. Let them enlist not only the Sisters and the teachers, whose labor is so praiseworthy and effective, but all, whether men or women, who can be usefully employed in imparting instruction.... Let our instructed Catholics make it a duty to read Catholic books, such as those which develop doctrine and explain the spiritual life, as well as history and the Lives of the Saints. And, indeed, there is no household which should not have its Catholic books and leaflets, such as are on sale at the lowest prices by the Catholic Truth Society. Let no Catholic think it beneath him to attend in church when the Catechism is being taught to children. This is a most fruitful means of keeping up the knowledge of our religion. And let the Sunday sermons be dutifully followed, that the "Word of the Lord" may produce in all our hearts that light and piety which will sanctify our lives and prepare us for the judgment to come.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

THE crisp days of autumn, melting into the soft melancholy of the "Summer of All Saints" (as the Catholic lands of Europe call the season we know as Indian Summer), had passed, and the short, dark days of winter were settling over Paris, when Mrs. Raynor and Miss Percival found themselves at last comfortably domiciled in a pleasant apartment on the left bank of the Seine, overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens.

Their return to Paris had been delayed by what could hardly be described as an illness, yet was a sudden and complete failure of physical strength on Madeleine's part, accompanied by the intense mental lassitude which often follows mental conflict and suffering. The condition had so alarmed her friend that she insisted upon carrying her off to a quiet fishing village on the coast of Brittany, where days spent in the restfulness of perfect peace, sitting on the sands, watching the tide in its mysterious ebb and flow, and the boats putting out to sea, or coming in with their freight from the great deep, had finally restored her health of mind and body.

They remained here so long that the Feast of All Saints came; and the *Jour des Morts*, with the many tender and beautiful customs with which popular devotion has surrounded the Church's commemoration of All Souls, charmed Madeleine, both in its devotional and poetic aspect. As she lingered that day among the picturesque crowd of men and women in the churchyard, where the quiet dead lay under the shadow of the great crucifix which dominated the scene, with the soft sunshine falling over all, and the sea spread like a sheet of blue silver, her heart was stirred, as it had hardly been stirred even within the glorious walls

of the Cathedral of Chartres, by faith and longing,—longing for the safe anchorage amid the storms and trials of life, which those around her had always known, and were so happy as to prize. For there was no echo of infidel France in this throng of devout Bretons, who knelt amid the graves of their kindred, and answered in a deep murmur the prayers, begging for them eternal light and rest and peace, which the *curé*, as he, too, knelt on the stone pedestal of the Calvary, recited aloud.

Then and there Madeleine registered a vow that she would delay no longer in taking whatever steps were required to admit her also into the household of Faith; and later in the day she went to the *curé*, with whom she had already made friends, and asked him what she must do. He was an old man, of the best type of those country *curés* whose lives of recent years have been rendered so hard to them by the ruthless persecution of the godless State; and he smiled a little as he looked at her,—a very kindly smile; for, like everyone else, he had speedily yielded to the appealing charm of her gentle and lovely personality.

"You ask what you must do?" he said. "Well, the first thing, in the words of our Blessed Lord, is to become as a little child. There are those who find that difficult."

"I am not one of them," Madeleine answered very sincerely. "I am quite willing, indeed anxious, to be instructed like a child; for I suppose that is what you mean. Only tell me how I shall begin."

"Just as the child begins," he replied,— "with learning and believing the truths necessary for salvation. They are not very many, and I could easily instruct you in those. But as you went on you would want much more knowledge; for I can see that you have an eager mind, and a thirst for spiritual truth. And it is, therefore, best that you should go to a priest who speaks your own tongue.

You are returning to Paris soon, are you not?"

"It has been our intention to go there in a few days," she replied. "But if you wish me to remain here, there is no reason why I should not do so."

"I do not wish you to remain, although I shall be sorry to see you leave," he said. "As I told you a moment ago, it is better for you to find some one who can instruct you in your own language; and if you return to Paris, that can easily be arranged. Do you know the English Passionists, whose house is in the Avenue Hoche? You have been to their church?"

"No," she told him. "I know only the great churches of Paris—Notre Dame, the Madeleine, and the like. But I can easily find the church of which you speak in the Avenue Hoche."

"Yes, it is easily found," he said; "for it is much attended by English-speaking Catholics. I would advise you to go there; to make yourself known to one of the Fathers—"

"Do you know any of them?" she interrupted him to ask eagerly. "If so, would you give me a note of introduction,—that is, if it is not asking too much?"

"I have no personal acquaintance with any of them," he answered; "but I will give you a letter which you can present to the superior, and he will know best under what priest to place you."

"Oh, how kind you are, — how kind!" Madeleine said. "I could wish nothing better than that. Surely Heaven must have sent me here."

"Heaven," he said with his gentle smile, "directs all things for us, if we put no obstacle of self-will in the way. I am grateful that you were sent here, that I might have even a little share in helping you over the threshold of the Church. It frightens outsiders a little, that threshold; but believe me when you are once safely within you will feel yourself in your father's house."

"I am already sure of that," she replied earnestly.

And so it came about that the first visit which Madeleine paid after her return to Paris was to the house of the English Passionists in the Avenue Hoche,—that house, with its church, so long and well known to English-speaking Catholics in the French capital. She presented the *curé's* letter to the superior, who looked at her keenly, asked a few direct questions, which she answered with equal directness and simplicity; and then turned her over to a priest, behind whose extremely English reserve of manner and speech she soon found the apostolic spirit of a true son of St. Paul of the Cross.

On the history of the next few weeks it is not necessary to linger. Diverse as human nature itself are the roads by which souls are led from the City of Confusion to the Church of God. But when they once reach the door of that Church, there is only one way for them to follow—the way, as the Breton *curé* said, of a little child asking for instruction in the truths of divine faith, and for the cleansing and healing grace of the Sacraments. It was without exception the happiest time Madeleine had ever known, these days of quiet preparation, in which the luminous and logical plan of salvation was unfolded to a mind that was eager to apprehend, and a spirit thirsting for assured truth.

And then at last the priest—who had become very much interested in this convert, who received instruction like a flower opening its petals to the soft rain from heaven, and was at once so intelligent and so humble,—arranged for her to make a short retreat of two or three days in a convent (for this was before unhappy France had cast out the religious Orders) as an immediate preparation for her reception into the Church. That reception took place in the convent chapel, and there her First Communion was made. Later in the day, when the time came for her to leave this sanctuary of cloistered lives and happy souls, in which she would have asked nothing better than to remain instead of immediately returning home,

she went to the Passionist church, where she had already been so often, to return thanks to God for His great mercy toward her.

And then there occurred one of those things which we call coincidences, but for which no doubt Divine Providence has frequently another name. As she dropped to her knees on one of the low chairs in the almost empty chapel, she observed kneeling before her, side by side, the figures of a man and a lady, about each of whom there was something vaguely familiar. In a momentary glance she received this impression, but was not interested in it; and, in her own immediate concern with the Presence in the tabernacle, forgot that she had received it, until presently the two rose, genuflected to the altar, and turned toward the door. Then, roused from her abstraction, Madeleine glanced up, to find herself looking into a face she could never forget,—the face of the lady whom she had known as Mrs. Maitland. The recognition was mutual. One paused, with a slight start; the other rose involuntarily to her feet; their hands met by a simultaneous impulse; and, the elder leading the younger as a mother might lead a child, they passed together to the vestibule, where they turned face to face, and, with another mutual impulse, kissed each other.

"I am so glad to meet you,—so glad!" she who had been Mrs. Maitland exclaimed eagerly, as she still held Madeleine's hands and gazed into her face. "And I was about to say very foolishly that it is strange I should meet you here, when it is really not strange at all; for ever since I reached Paris I have been praying that I might find you. I went to Chartres in search of you, but you were gone."

"Did you indeed go to Chartres in search of me?" Madeleine asked wonderingly. "That was good of you,—very good. I should be sorry that you had the trouble, only that it gave you an opportunity to see the Cathedral."

"Yes, I saw the Cathedral," the other answered, with a smile; "and I found many who remembered the foreign lady who loved it so well that she haunted it at all hours and times. But even the Cathedral did not repay me for not finding you. I came back to Paris very much disheartened; and, since no one whom I knew had any knowledge of you, I have simply gone to Our Lord and begged Him to allow me to meet you again, that I might tell you how grateful I am to you. And see how He has answered me!"

"It is for me to express gratitude," Madeleine said in a fervent tone. "But even before I do so let me tell you something you will be glad to hear. I have been received into the Church."

"Have you? I am not surprised but truly rejoiced to hear it. When were you received?"

"Only yesterday. I made my First Communion this morning."

"Ah, thank God!" Like the mother whom the girl (for she was little more) had always missed, the elder woman stooped and kissed her again. "From my inmost heart I congratulate you!" she cried softly, and then she looked toward the man who was standing in the outer door awaiting her. "I don't know whether you remember Mr. Wynne," she said. "But you must meet him, for he is now my husband; and he, too, will be rejoiced at this news."

"Oh, yes, I remember Mr. Wynne very well!" Madeleine answered; while the tall masculine figure turned at sound of his name. "The question is whether he will remember me," she added with a smile, as she held out her hand.

"No one who ever had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Raynor could possibly forget her," Mr. Wynne replied, with the most evident sincerity, as he took the slender hand in the strong, cordial clasp of his own. "I recognized you as soon as Helen did," he said; "and I was only waiting to recall myself to your recollection. I am very happy to meet you again."

"And you will be still more happy when you hear the news she has just given me," his wife told him. "She has been received into the Church, and made her First Communion this morning."

In the strong, fine face looking at her, Madeleine read an expression of deeply moved sympathy, together with the spiritual joy which any Catholic worthy of the name feels at such news as this.

"Let me offer my warmest congratulations," Mr. Wynne said; "not only on the great grace which has been given to you, but on the manner in which you have responded to it."

"Do you know to whom I believe I owe the grace?" Madeleine asked. She turned her dark, gentle gaze from one face to the other. "It is to Mrs. Maitland,—I beg pardon! I should say Mrs. Wynne. And that reminds me that my congratulations have not yet been offered to both of you. Believe me your news has made this happy day even happier to me."

"Then come and spend the remainder of it with us," Mrs. Wynne suggested eagerly. "We will go now and get a cup of tea, over which we will open our hearts to each other; then later we will dine together quietly, and then—"

"You are very kind," Madeleine interposed; "but I have a friend, with whom I live, who is waiting for me, and whom I can not disappoint."

"But can't you see your friend, and then come to us?" Mrs. Wynne insisted. "Our meeting has been so providential that I can not let you escape."

"I have not the least desire to escape," Madeleine assured her. "I shall be glad to see as much of you as you will allow me to see, as long as you are in Paris. But now I must go home for the reason I have given; and, once there, I think I would rather not go out again,—not even to dine with you. Perhaps you will understand this."

"Yes, I understand. I should be very dull if I did not. But to-morrow,—you will come to me to-morrow, will you not?"

"With the greatest pleasure. But for to-day an idea has just occurred to me. You spoke a moment ago of tea, and I know that Nina—that is, my friend Miss Percival—is at this moment waiting to give me some. Will you not come and share it with me,—you and Mr. Wynne?"

"I should like to do so very much, if you are sure we shall not incommode your friend."

"Oh, no, no! At this hour we are always ready to receive our friends, who often drop in informally. But Nina will not be likely to have any one with her this afternoon. She knows that I would not wish it. The only guest for whom I should care to-day would be the one—I mean the two—whom Heaven has sent me."

"You mean exactly what you have said—the *one*," Mr. Wynne here interposed. "And if you had not said it, I could hardly be so obtuse as not to know that you felt it. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you when you come to us to-morrow, and I hope on many other occasions, but to-day belongs exclusively to Mrs. Wynne. So let me put you both in the cab which is waiting, and I will have the agreeable exercise of a stroll down the Champs-Élysées."

Madeleine demurred a little at this, but Mrs. Wynne drew her toward the indicated vehicle.

"Come!" she said. "He is quite right. A wise man knows that there are occasions when it is well for him to efface himself—and this, 'though I say it who shouldn't,' is a very wise man. Besides, exercise is good for his health. Now give the cabman your address."

Madeleine gave the address; and, as in a dream, found herself alone with the woman whom of all in the world she had most desired to know, but the thought of whom she had put away into the realm of unattainable things when she recognized the barrier dividing her from that woman's son. Yet now she suddenly realized that no knowledge which they could have had of each other, if no such

barrier existed, and she had in the natural course of things become John Maitland's wife, would have been comparable to that which they now possessed. The sacrifice which divided had at the same time united them in the deepest sense. Each had learned by that crucial test a knowledge of the other which years of ordinary intercourse might not have given; for it remains true that the only friendship worth calling friendship is that in which soul is revealed to soul, when, like bells in unison, the stroke of life is answered by the same clear note from each.

Probably this thought was in the minds of both of those who had been so unexpectedly brought together; for they were silent for several minutes after they drove away from the door of the Passionist church. Then Mrs. Wynne turned and laid her hand on the hands which were lightly clasped together in Madeleine's lap.

"My dear," she said, "I simply can not tell you how happy it makes me to have found you, to be with you, and to know what you have told me about yourself."

Madeleine looked up, with all her heart in the eyes which were at once radiant and pathetic.

"You are more than good to feel so," she said; "for, if you do not remember, I can not forget how much sorrow and anxiety you owe to me."

"To you? Never!" the other replied quickly. "All that I owe to you is a debt of gratitude which I have no possible means of paying. Think how wretched I should be, and where my poor son would be, if you had been like so many women brought up as you were,—thinking only of the world and the world's laws, clamoring for happiness, demanding the gratification of your own desires as a right, and ignoring utterly all rights and claims which opposed those desires! Can I ever forget the amazing result of that visit to you, which I undertook in a spirit close to despair? I felt that I *must* appeal to you, *must* warn you; but I had no hope

of your heeding either appeal or warning. And then, at a word, a hint, you rose to the full height of the occasion; you grasped the idea of sacrifice, which is hardest of all for a Protestant to grasp; you took the situation in your own hand; you went away; and it was not your fault that my headstrong son followed you."

"No, it was not my fault," Madeleine said. "But it must have made you very unhappy; for necessarily you doubted, feared—"

"Not you!" Mrs. Wynne declared. "I was as sure of you as of myself. I did not believe that the strength which had nerved you once would fail you under a fresh trial."

"Ah, but it almost did!" Madeleine cried. "You don't know how near I was to yielding before I sent him away."

The other shook her head.

"You may think so," she said; "but I am certain that the temptation to yield was only on the surface, — that in its depths your soul stood firm; the proof of which is that you did send him away; and that he told me, when at last pride and anger yielded, and he once more spoke freely to me, that he found you as immovable as a rock. 'But that is not strange,' he added; 'for she is a Catholic in belief, and will no doubt soon enter the Church.' That was why I said I was not surprised when you told me you had entered it."

"There was another reason, if you had known it, why you should not have been surprised," Madeleine said; "and that was that I owed the impulse which has carried me into the Church to your visit and your words. Do you remember how you spoke of the 'coin of sacrifice'?"

"How could I forget it, when in the letter you left you thanked me 'for teaching you that word,' and said that no one should pay such coin for you; but that you gladly paid it for John, for me, and for yourself, that 'perhaps you might purchase some things of the value of which

you were then only dimly aware, but which you felt to be beyond all price'? Don't be surprised that I can quote your words so exactly; for that letter has been graven on my heart. It was a revelation of yourself, which made me weep with regret to think of the barrier that divided us. But what fools we are, what utter fools, not to trust God! You see He had something better in store for you than the happiness I regretted."

"To-day I feel that," Madeleine said. "To-day I have seemed to realize the things beyond all price of which I had a faint vision when I wrote to you. But I am told that I must not expect this exaltation of feeling to last, and that often God sends graces to prepare us for greater trials."

"You have had your trials," Mrs. Wynne said almost sharply. "Of course as long as we are in the world we must expect to be tried more or less; but I believe that there is a time of tranquillity and happiness, such as you have never known, before you now."

Madeleine glanced at her wistfully.

"It seems as if it were a beginning of it, to have met you in this wonderful way," she said, "and to have the prospect of being with you for a time at least. But here we are!" — as the cab suddenly stopped. "And there is Nina's face at the window of our apartment, looking out for me."

(To be continued.)

HE that has a "spirit of detail" will do better in life than many who figured beyond him in the university. Such a one is minute and particular. He adjusts trifles, and these trifles compose most of the business and happiness of life. Great events happen seldom and affect few; trifles happen every moment to everybody; and though one occurrence of them adds little to the happiness or misery of life, yet the sum total of their continual repetition is of the highest consequence.

—Daniel Webster.

St. Joseph.

BY M. E. L'ESTRANGE.

DISPENSER of the King's vast store,
 In heart and spirit undefiled;
 As Spouse and Father, evermore
 He guards the Lily and the Child.
 An exile in far Egypt's land,
 He heeded not men's shrinking pride;
 For One caressed his toil-worn hand
 Whose love sufficed for all beside.
 Already had his heaven begun
 Those wondrous nights in Galilee,
 When Mary's fingers deftly spun,
 And Jesus rested on his knee.
 Death came not as a form of dread:
 How sweet that sinking into rest,
 When Jesus gave the snow-crowned head
 A pillow on His sacred Breast!
 Afar, where Light Eternal gleams
 Upon the "everlasting hills,"
 The Son of God, to me it seems,
 Is heedful still of what he wills.
 But where the Gospel words unfold
 His earthly deeds—a record mild—
 The secret sanctity is told:
 He loved the Lily and the Child.

The Healing of Queen Alicia.

BY EDITH TATUM.

IT was growing late. The hour of mystery and dreams, the twilight hour, was close at hand; but there still lingered in the quaint old room one last ray of mellow, golden light, stealing soft-footed from the gleaming west through the high narrow windows, to fall lovingly upon the opposite wall, lighting up with indescribable beauty all the objects it touched. It brought into startling relief a portrait set in the central panel of the wall; the black velvet curtain had been drawn aside, and the face of a young man glowed lifelike in the subdued radiance of the lingering sunbeam. The full-length

figure clad in rich robes was noble and commanding; and the countenance was full of eager youth,—a beautiful, lovable face, every line and curve portraying exaltation and strength of character.

The white-swathed form of a woman crouching in a great carved chair in the centre of the room swayed forward slightly, clutching the arms of the chair convulsively. The wide-open eyes of the portrait—eyes as blue as gentians—seemed to be looking straight into hers with an intent, questioning gaze. For an instant she gave look for look, squarely; then her lids wavered and she cowered back, covering her face with her long, slim hands. For a space she remained motionless, her quick, labored breathing breaking the intense stillness of the place. The sun sank behind a bank of purple cloud in the west, and the golden ray vanished suddenly, leaving in its place a host of shadows that crept up stealthily from far corners.

With a shuddering sigh, the white figure in the carved chair sat more erect, clasped her fingers tightly in her lap, and looked again. The portrait had been engulfed in the gathering gloom. Queen Alicia could no longer see the gentian eyes; and slowly her tense muscles relaxed, her breath came more easily, and she felt as one might who has been released from a spell.

"Hélion,—ah, Hélion!" she whispered to the shadowy portrait. "I wonder wilt thou ever love me?"

It had been just one year since Queen Alicia's wedding-day,—a year full of painful awakening and the agony of an unreturned love; and she had crept here to this dim old room to sit and drink in the beauty of her husband's face.

Some months before her marriage, Queen Alicia's kingdom of Herausant had been at war with the neighboring kingdom of Enguerrard; and, owing to her great wealth and the immense armies she could at any moment put into the field, Herausant had been victorious at every point. In spite of the prodigies of valor performed by the lords of Enguerrard, and

the chivalrous bravery of young Prince Hélión, defeat overwhelmed them wherever they turned. Ruin, desolation, ignominy stared them in the face. Fearfully, hopelessly, poor old King René sued for peace; knowing all the while that he would of necessity be forced to accept whatever terms the stony-hearted Queen might be pleased to dictate.

Then, while the Death Angel flapped his wings over Enguerrard, while the women mourned in empty castles, and Prince Hélión ate his heart out in shame and helpless misery, and King René sat bowed over on his throne an old man, there had come a herald with men-at-arms and the Lord Alcantra of Herausant, bearing the terms of peace vouchsafed by her Majesty Queen Alicia. And the summing up of the whole had been that Queen Alicia, in her graciousness, would grant peace for evermore within the borders of Enguerrard—peace and plenty, and the throne secure to King René and his heirs,—all upon one condition: that Prince Hélión should marry her Majesty Queen Alicia of Herausant.

It seemed gracious, indeed,—an easy and fitting solution of such dire calamities. But it brought consternation to Enguerrard; and Prince Hélión, with pale face and darkened eyes, besought King René for a week in which to decide the matter,—a week's grace! For all who had ever seen the Queen of Herausant spoke of her ever after with wonderment.

In her childhood, Queen Alicia had given promise of surpassing beauty, grace and nobleness; and the people of Herausant had looked forward with eager pleasure to the times when she should be old enough to govern them herself. But, as months went by, a strange malady had attacked the girl-queen,—a subtle, insidious disease, that developed so slowly and stealthily as to be almost imperceptible. As time passed, it grew stronger; and when at last the lords of Herausant began to realize their Queen's condition it was too late.

All the physicians of the kingdom and of the neighboring countries studied her case and essayed to heal her, but all in vain. And now, at nineteen, when she should have been in the dewy morning-glory beauty of her youth, she was instead a hideous, repulsive woman. Her tall, slim form was bent and twisted; her great brown eyes were deep-sunken, and behind them there seemed to glow and burn a smouldering fire; her straight black brows drew together across her white forehead in a repellent frown; her mouth—red as heart's blood and as cruel—drew down at the corners; and her skin, as soft and fine as white rose petals, was seamed and lined like an old crone's. In all the kingdom of Herausant there was not one soul nor any living thing that loved the Queen Alicia.

Knowing all these things, Prince Hélión found it hard to sacrifice himself and all his dreams of youth and love; but there was no other way: naught else could save King René and Enguerrard. So within the month he had married her, and the heart in his breast became a dead thing. But Queen Alicia loved Prince Hélión, and it was the first time in all her life that love had touched her with its strange magic,—for the first time in all her life she longed for love and hated her deformity.

As week after week of their first married year went by, the Queen's misery grew deeper and more unbearable; for her young husband seemed an image cut from stone. More and more often she came alone to this far room where hung the Prince's portrait. Hour after hour she would sit before it, dreaming dreams of herself restored to beauty and health, and Prince Hélión loving her as she would be loved. Then once, when her anguished spirit sought some way of escape from a burden too heavy to be borne, there had come to her suddenly a thought: she would summon to the palace from far and near all the wise men and sages of her kingdom and from every land, and show herself to them and see if they could heal

her. The wise men might succeed where the physicians had failed.

Hope sprang to life again in the Queen's tortured breast, and she sent out heralds bearing her proclamation far and wide; and there was the offer of a great reward, honors and riches to him who could heal the Queen of Herausant. And to-day—this first return of her marriage day—there were gathered together at the royal palace of Herausant wise men from far and near; and the Queen had appointed the first hour after sunset for the conclave.

Twilight was fast melting into darkness when the Lady Gisèle, softly entering the apartment, announced to the Queen that the assembled sages awaited the honor of her presence in the council hall. Queen Alicia started at the sound of the gentle voice.

"Lights!" she whispered. "Order lights! And bring the wise men here, Gisèle!"

There came soon the sound of footsteps, a low murmuring of voices; the vast apartment grew brighter, and slowly filled with a great company. The attendants, with torches, came first; then followed the Lord High Chancellor Alcantra, the greatest noble of Herausant; and behind him the wise men—gray-bearded men, with snowy hair; some bowed by age and infirmities, some tall, like the mighty pines that reached heavenward on the mountains of Enguerrard. All were clad in the sombre robes of their calling; many ragged and torn, while the garb of others betokened the favor of some great prince. Then came the Lady Gisèle and the ladies-in-waiting, with the lords of the court; and behind them all the palace guard.

As their eyes fell upon the motionless white-robed figure of the Queen, half crouching in the carved chair near the centre of the room, a silence like a sea-mist, unearthly, magical, crept upon them and enveloped them, and some unseen force seemed to halt each man where he stood. For a long space they remained thus; then slowly Queen Alicia raised her head, and motioned with one slim white

hand for the Lord Alcantra to approach. After a low-toned conference, he returned to where the nobles silently waited, and delivered to them a message from the Queen. When he had finished speaking, they melted quietly away in twos and threes, until none remained save her Majesty, the Lady Gisèle, and the wise men.

At the lower end of the dim old room there had been for ages a massive table hewn from the great trees in the forests of Herausant, and around this Queen Alicia bade them seat themselves. Then, tremblingly, like a young willow swayed by the fierce gusts of the east wind, she came down and stood among them, and told them of her malady. They listened intently, each man as was his wont,—some with knowing heads upon one side, others with pudgy fingers clasped across fat stomachs, while many sat with chins sunk thoughtfully upon troubled breasts.

On the far side of the table opposite the Queen's unsteady form, was a very old man clad in a ragged cassock girt at the waist with rope; his face was strong and tender, and as he listened to Queen Alicia his large blue eyes were full of an exceeding pity. He was a holy man from the far desert of Elcataza.

When the Queen had finished speaking, a throbbing silence fell upon them. Her brilliant eyes sought one face after another, but the wise men looked away and would not meet her gaze. First one and then another moved uneasily, and many shook their heads in a puzzled way. Some whispered among themselves, but none dared speak aloud.

"Well, sirs," cried the Queen, after a space of waiting, "have you naught to say? I would hear, some evidence of a much-vaunted wisdom."

The aged hermit from the desert tottered slowly to his feet, and, leaning on his staff, stood regarding her with deep compassion.

"Your Majesty," he said in quivering tones, "your malady is a grievous one; but, thanks be to God, you can be healed!"

With a little cry Queen Alicia clasped

her hands upon her breast as if to still the beating of her heart; and the attending sages started forward, all embarrassment forgotten.

"Somewhere in this great world," the holy man continued, "there is a wondrous diamond star with five points. The centre glows as with sacred fire, and each point hath a different color. The legend saith when the holy Child Jesus came to earth He held this jewel clasped in His tiny hand. And growing somewhere in this vast earth-garden is a violet, pink in color and with six petals; it sprang up, 'tis said, where the Blessed Mother knelt to hear the Angel Gabriel's message. Now, if your Majesty can find the diamond star and the pink violet, and place the diamond on your brow and lay the violet on your breast, your Majesty will be healed. You will then become what the good God intended you should be—beautiful of soul and body and well beloved."

Queen Alicia heard the words of the old man from the desert as one dreaming. A few hours later, just before the cold, gray dawning of the day, a small army of heralds and messengers rode through the palace gates, to scatter far and wide over the land the royal proclamation that to any one bringing to the Queen of Herausant the diamond star with the five points and the pink violet with six petals would be given great honors and untold riches.

But Queen Alicia could not be content with this: a fierce spirit of unrest seized upon her, and a wild longing to go herself and search. Prince Hélión was away in a neighboring kingdom, carrying on a war for the old King René, his father; so there was no one to gainsay her.

Every morning, just after the first opening of the dawn, disguised and unattended, she left the palace to traverse throughout the day some lonely, dusty road leading away from the city; returning long after dark, footsore, weary and heavy-hearted, but with hope still strong within her breast.

One morning, after long deliberation,

she chose for her day's journey an old highway that led reluctantly from the chief city of Herausant, wound over the mountains, and found its way with much difficulty into the heart of Enguerrard. It was a rough, stony road, and Queen Alicia soon grew weary and sat down to rest for a space. The morning was bleak and dismal, with a white mist creeping down from the mountains to shroud the world in its winding sheet. Queen Alicia felt the chill of it to her very soul, and the hope that had so long buoyed her up grew faint.

Suddenly the sound of murmuring voices where before a weird stillness had reigned came to her ears; and for an instant she paused to listen. Then, walking on slowly a little way, a sharp turn in the road brought her within sight of a wayside shrine of the Blessed Virgin set high among the rocks. Before it knelt a mother, with a baby in her arms, and a pitifully crippled child by her side, praying aloud for the welfare of her little ones, for a safe journey to the city, and work to do when there. The father, a dark-browed mountaineer, knelt near by, with bowed head and hands clasped reverently.

Queen Alicia stood motionless, her glittering eyes fixed in wonder on the woman's upturned, prayerful face. She could hear and understand the words of the simple, earnest petition; and wondrous, long-sleeping thoughts and emotions began to stir within her breast. She saw the group arise, and, with backward glances, slowly move away,—the father carrying the crippled lad in his arms.

As they passed the Queen, all bent and somberly enwrapped, they drew closer together and gazed at her half-fearfully; but she, yielding to an impulse born of her awakening soul, took from her belt a purse full of gold pieces, and gave it to the little cripple. Scarce realizing the magnitude of the gift, with murmured thanks and blessings the family went on their way.

Half unconsciously, Queen Alicia felt for the purse. Never before in all her life had she done such a thing. A mirthless

smile distorted her face for an instant, then faded as her eyes sought again the Blessed Virgin's shrine. The words of the woman's prayer came back to her, and with them a wonderful new thought: she would herself pray. Why not? The mountain woman had believed; perhaps her own prayer might also be answered. All her life she had been half-scoffingly indifferent to prayer and all matters of religion; but out here, alone in this desolate place, with agony in her heart and the uplifted, imploring face of the woman still vivid before her eyes, it seemed more natural, almost an easy thing to do.

Drawing nearer to the shrine, she sank upon her knees, and, lifting clasped hands, began to pray brokenly, hesitatingly, in unaccustomed words. And as she prayed, telling the Blessed Mother in halting sentences of her affliction, her desire to be healed, and her yearning to gain the love of Prince Hélon, there stole up from her innermost being a something she had never felt before,—a peace, a harmony like a wind from Heaven breathing through the harp-strings of her soul, and drawing from it most exquisite melody. Tears gathered in her haunting eyes, dimming the smouldering fire of them; and her cruel mouth relaxed into a childlike smile.

Slowly she rose from her knees—then with a sharp cry sank back again, her hands pressed against her breast to still the sudden leaping of her heart; for there, underneath the shrine, lay a blazingewel—the wondrous diamond star with its points of gorgeous color.

When Queen Alicia turned her face again toward the city, she held the jewel clasped to her breast; and the way seemed not long nor the road rough, for joy was in her heart. She forgot her tired limbs and bruised feet, and remembered only that there remained but to find the violet, and she would be healed and Prince Hélon would love her. Now that she possessed the diamond, hope, strong and dominant, filled her whole being with gladness.

Day was fast waning when at last she

reached the city gates, and she hurried through them ere they should be closed for the night. It was just beyond the gates, in a narrow little street leading toward the palace, that she came suddenly upon the group of mountain people she had met upon the road that morning. They seemed waiting for some one; and at sight of the Queen's darkly-veiled figure the woman started forward with a little cry; then catching up the little crippled boy from where he sat huddled at her feet, she came and stood before Queen Alicia, her face quivering with eagerness.

"Ah, your Majesty," she cried, "my husband has just heard! We did not guess that it was you we met, nor that you searched for aught. We did not know what riches you bestowed upon our son until we reached the city. O your Majesty, your Majesty," she sobbed, "the Blessed Mother has been good! See! The darling had it in his little hand all the while."

At his mother's bidding, the child shyly extended his hand to the Queen; and, slowly opening his moist fingers, showed in his tiny palm the pink violet with six petals, fresh as if just plucked from some rain-washed, mossy bank.

"He found it on the way this morning," continued the woman; "and, seeing it did not fade, I thought belike there might be magic in it. And now my husband has just heard. Take it, your Majesty, and may God's blessing go with it!"

In an exalted waking dream, Queen Alicia entered the palace gardens. Her veil thrown back, the diamond star gleamed in the masses of her hair; on her breast lay the pink violet, and she moved like a strain of music floating on the air. Her eyes shone softly luminous; the rose-color came and went in the clear dark skin; her mouth curved in tender sweetness. Life, youth, love, womanliness breathed from her as perfume from some rare flower, and every movement of her tall form expressed a new nobility.

Over in the west the clouds and mist

had lifted, and the sun was sinking in a wondrous blaze of glory. The afterglow softly enfolded the palace garden, and touched with rosy magic the Queen's slim form. Suddenly a dark figure, half-hidden by a laurel bush, stepped out into the golden light.

"Hélion, — Prince Hélion!" cried the Queen, starting back with a little tremulous, joyous cry. "I knew not thou hadst come!"

Hélion did not answer, but drew closer, and looked down wonderingly into her face. It glowed with the reflected radiance of the setting sun, and its beauty was a miracle.

Seeing the wonder of his look, she flung wide her arms and laughed aloud.

"Ah, see how good is God!" she thrilled. "I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin, and I have been healed!"

Slowly Hélion sank upon his knee before her and hid his face in the hem of her robe.

Lenten Thoughts.

(For the Third Week in Lent.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IV.—PERSEVERANCE.

ON Ash-Wednesday, the Church began by reminding us of death, in order that we might be moved to repentance: "Remember, man, that thou art dust." On the first Sunday, it desired to inculcate good works; and for that purpose introduced the last judgment, at which Our Lord calls the just to 'the kingdom prepared for them; because He was hungry and they gave Him to eat.' On the second Sunday, lest, on account of mortification and fast and rigor, we should grow despondent, it points to the great reward; and for that purpose brings before us the Transfiguration of Our Lord, when "His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow." In the third week it would preach perseverance, and therefore tells us how warily we ought to walk:

"Brethren," observes St. Paul, "be ye

imitators of God as most loving sons." We know how a loving son admires the ways of a good father, and imitates them. "Walk ye in love, even as Christ loved us, and offered Himself up both as a sacrifice for us and an oblation to His Father unto the odor of sweetness [love]. . . . Let no one seduce you [from that way] by empty words. Have no share with such persons. At one time you were darkness, but now walking in the Lord you are light. Walk therefore [in such way] that you may be the sons of light. But the fruit of the light is to be found in all goodness and justice and truth." (Ephes., v.)

Thereupon the Tract of the Mass cries out: "To Thee have I raised my eyes who dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants are on the hands of their masters, as the eyes of the handmaid are on the hands of her mistress, so are our eyes unto the Lord our God, until He have mercy upon us. Have mercy on us, O Lord,—have mercy on us!" (Ps. cxxii.)

This lesson of the Church is immediately emphasized by the striking parable of the Gospel, in which the Lord tells of the evil spirit: "When the unclean spirit has gone out of a man, he walks through parched lands, seeking rest. . . . He returns to his house, and finds it swept and adorned. Then he takes seven other spirits worse than himself; and [if the man allows them to enter] the last state of that man is worse than the first."

In that same Mass of the third Sunday, the Offertory exclaims: "The justices of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; . . . His judgments sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. Therefore doth His servant observe them." (Ib., xviii.)

"Mercifully pour forth Thy grace, O Lord, on our hearts!" is the Collect for Monday; "that as we abstain from carnal meats, we may likewise restrain our minds from all sinful excesses. Through Christ our Lord."

The Epistle tells how good it is to follow the advice of those who are set on high

to direct us. Naaman, the leper of Syria, came to Eliseus, the prophet of Israel, to be cured by him. "Go, wash seven times in the Jordan," was the message sent to the great man, who stood at his door with horses and chariots. Naaman left, indignant. Why did not the prophet come out and put his hand on the place of the leprosy, and call upon his God, and cure him? No, but to send a contemptible message: "Go, wash seven times in the Jordan." Are not the Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel in which to wash and be cleansed? "But, father," said his attendants, "if he told you a hard thing, you would do it; and why not much more so now, when he only says, 'Wash and be cleansed'?" Naaman took their advice. He went down to the low valley of the Jordan, and washed, according to the word of the prophet, seven times. He was healed, and his flesh was restored as the flesh of a newborn child. He returned full of joy and gratitude to the prophet, and cried out: "Truly I know that there is not another god in all the earth but only [the God that is] in Israel." (IV. Kings, v.)

Perseverance can not, according to the theologians, be directly merited. We may hope for it; we can never do too much before God to induce Him to grant it to us. But Our Lord's words stand: "He that persevereth to the end shall be saved,"—and no one else. Now, the Jews could not be persuaded that they, the Children of the Promise, could be lost, or that any could be saved except themselves. Therefore was St. John the Baptist forced to cry out to them: "Say not to Jerusalem that you are the children of Abraham; for I say to you that of these stones [which were scattered in the desert where he was preaching] God can raise up children to Abraham." And Our Lord tells us: "They shall come from the east and the west and sit down in the kingdom, but the children shall be cast into exterior darkness."

The same does He urge in this day's Gospel, both for His hearers' sakes and for our own. He takes this very miracle of Naaman and says: "There were many lepers in Israel under Eliseus the prophet, and none of them were cleansed but Naaman the Syrian." (St. Luke, iv.) God can give final perseverance to whom He wills. "There were many widows in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heavens were shut up for three years and six months;... and to none of these was Elias sent but to a widow at Sarephta of Sidon."

The antiphon at *Communion* once more repeats the lesson: "Who will give salvation to Israel out of Sion? When the Lord hath turned away the captivity of His people, Jacob shall exult, and Israel rejoice." (Ps. xliii.)

The Introit of Tuesday has this beautiful prayer: "Guard me, O Lord, as the apple of Thine eye; protect me under the shadow of Thy wings." (Ib., xvi.)

The Epistle of that day suggests, under the symbol of oil, the rich grace of perseverance. A woman, deep in debt and pressed by her creditor, came to Eliseus the prophet. "Thy servant my husband is dead. Thou knowest thy servant hath feared God. Behold, his creditor is come to enslave his two sons." The prophet tells her to borrow as many empty vessels as she can from her neighbors. "Pour into them the oil, thou and thy two sons." The woman went and borrowed the vessels. Her sons offered the empty vessels to her, and she poured in the oil. When all had been filled, she said to her son: "Give me one vessel more." But he answered: "I have it not." She came and told the man of God, but he said: "Go sell, and give to thy creditor; but thou and thy sons live evermore."

And in the Gospel of that same day Our Lord says: "Again I say to you that if two of you shall agree upon earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done for them by My Father who is in heaven. For wheresoever two or three are gathered together in My

name, there am I in the midst of them." (St. Matt., xviii.) This warns us that we ought to pray for the supreme grace of perseverance for one another.

In the antiphon after Communion we read: "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest in Thy holy mountain? He who enters without stain, and works justice." (Ps. xiv.)

In the Epistle for Wednesday, the Lord tells the Jewish people on Sinai what they are to do. They are to honor father and mother; they must not kill, . . . that they 'may be long-lived in the land, which the Lord their God will give them.' And, in order that this may be impressed on their minds, "all the people saw the voices and the lightnings and the sound of the trumpet, and the whole mountain on fire, and they were frightened, and struck with fear." (Exod., xx.)

In the Epistle for Thursday, the prophet Jeremias cries aloud: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: If you direct your ways and your thoughts, and if you will not confide in a lie, I will dwell with you in this place from generation to generation, saith the Lord omnipotent." (Jer., vii.)

On Friday we have the singularly beautiful Gospel of the Samaritan woman: "Jesus, being weary from His journey, sat thus on the well." And when His disciples, who had gone to buy bread in the city, came to Him, saying, "Master, eat," we have the sweet answer: "I have a bread to eat which you know not. My food is to do the will of Him that sent me." (St. John, iv.)

His beautiful words are repeated in the antiphon of Communion: "Whosoever drinks the water I shall give, saith the Lord, there shall arise in him a fountain of living water, springing up unto life everlasting." And the whole is summed up in the antiphon which the Church, day after day during Lent, repeats from the Psalmist: "Say not it is vain to rise before day; for God has promised crowns to all who watch."

Inept Criticism.

IN a masterly *critique* of an article in the "Encyclopædia Biblica" impugning the doctrine of the Resurrection—that doctrine the preaching of which reformed the world,—Dr. Thomas James Thorburn traverses certain canons of modern criticism, and primarily that *petitio principii* involved in the assumption of "the impossibility, therefore the utter unreality, of the (so-called) supernatural." As he justly observes, "if there be no 'supernatural,' what need for any discussion of such matters? In such a case we admit the necessary inference at once: *questio cadit*, and religion is an empty dream." It was Huxley who said: "I am unaware of anything that has a right to the title of an 'impossibility,' except a contradiction in terms." But some of the German and other negative critics start with a syllogism after this sort: The Resurrection story involves the supernatural: there is no supernatural; *ergo*, it must be hallucination. Next, with great ingenuity and painful industry, they seek out every discrepancy that can be found in the various contemporary narratives. Schmiedel has "improved" upon Reimarus by discovering twenty to ten of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments." Dr. Thorburn shows that the majority of these, so far from being insurmountable, are valuable in themselves as evidence against that sort of collusion on the part of witnesses which belongs to a too carefully prepared accuracy.

In considering the theory of Hallucination, Dr. Thorburn discusses at some length the probable conditions of mind of the Apostles consequent upon the catastrophe of the Crucifixion, which he believes were "certainly not conditions favorable to that receptivity of mind, that ecstatic state, which is so fruitful in visions, and other creations of the 'subjective' mind. In short, we can see none of the conditions which might favor such

an hypothesis. There is panic and confusion and doubt and anxiety,—the only certainty being (apparently) that the cause was lost; but no signs of even unconscious preparation for a complete system of self-delusion, and the reconstruction under new conditions of a shattered ideal."

"To our thinking," writes a reviewer, in the *Academy*, of Dr. Thorburn's work ("The Resurrection Narratives and Modern Criticism"), "the differences among critics themselves are highly significant. They are ever shifting their ground. Some attack each other even more caustically than they impeach the Evangelists." More significant still is the fact that certain of the theories of the modern critics are destructive of each other.

When will general readers learn to take the theories and contentions of scholars with a grain of salt? Surely current history affords examples enough of learned men whose prejudices have led them into grossest errors. About a generation ago, for instance, several scholars of eminence arrived at the conclusion that no such person as Palladius ever existed, and that the writings attributed to him were neither more nor less than fiction,—a "pious fraud" perpetrated by a writer who had never been in Egypt or seen the people whom he described and whose knowledge of the "true history" of the period was incomplete and inaccurate. It has since been shown that there are the strongest reasons for believing that Palladius did exist, that his book rests on a historical framework, and that a great portion of his history has come down to us substantially in the form in which he wrote it. As the learned Dr. Budge remarks, the eminent scholars referred to had never read the documents which excavators have unearthed since 1885, and knew nothing of the investigations which travellers have made in Egypt and Mesopotamia in recent years. So it goes all the time in this crooked world of ours.

Notes and Remarks.

From the appeal in behalf of the Negro and Indian missions in the United States, a document that bears the signature of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Farley, and the late Archbishop Ryan, we reproduce this paragraph:

So, too, a Catholic layman who has no desire to help others to obtain the Faith proves that he does not appreciate the value of his Faith. If we realize at all the priceless blessings of the Christian religion, which brings us in this life moral strength and holiness, peace and consolation, as well as the sure hope of eternal happiness, we can not help desiring, unless our hearts are deadened, to have all men share in these same divine favors. Every true Catholic is at heart a missionary; for he is certain of the true religion, knows its divine power by his own experience, and has the charity to desire for his neighbor the same blessings he possesses himself. Brethren, we will say a grave thing. If to any the spread of the Catholic religion is a matter of no joy and no concern, then let such Catholics know that the charity of God has died out in their hearts; perhaps even, which would be worse still, the True Faith has grown feeble in their souls, or altogether perished.

A grave thing, no doubt; but who will deny that it is a true thing as well? Some measure at least of zeal for the glory of God and the extension upon earth of God's Church must be the accompaniment of faith that is vivid and practical. Where there exists no such zeal, there can be nothing more than an empty profession of Catholicity, and its professor is but a nominal Catholic.

Apropos of our recent comment on laws regulating the sale of fire-arms, the opinion of Sir Robert Anderson, late Assistant-Commissioner of London's police, is of interest. Writing, in the *Nineteenth Century*, of "The Problem of the Criminal Alien," he says:

Our proper course should be, not to arm the police, but to disarm the criminals. My *projet de loi* is that carrying a revolver without a magisterial license should be made a criminal offence. And none but the criminals themselves

would object to such a law. The population of the Metropolitan Police District exceeds seven millions, and not more than a score of them perhaps (of course I do not reckon the Anarchists or the burglars) are in the habit of carrying revolvers. And if there be a score, most of them are probably cranks to whom any competent magistrate would refuse a license. . . .

Apart from the Anarchist scare, a measure such as I propose would be of value and importance in the interests of the public. It was in their rôle of burglars that the Anarchists murdered the police at Houndsditch; and the armed burglar has been in evidence of late. The humanitarians plead that criminals should have credit for their good intentions; let us credit them also with their bad intentions; and a burglar with a loaded revolver is in intention a murderer. Were he to point a loaded revolver at us, he would be liable to a life sentence; let him have a life sentence for carrying it. And I would make it a fixed sentence: not from want of confidence in the judges, but to protect them from the attacks made on them by the humanitarians whenever they deal out adequate penalties to such criminals.

Sir Robert's proposed law may appear somewhat drastic; but, after all, the lives and fortunes of inoffensive citizens merit more consideration than do the freedom and comfort of the burglar and the murderer.

English-speaking Catholics everywhere will be happy to learn that, by Apostolic Letters dated February 2, Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Father has granted a petition for the extension of the work of the Arch-confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion to "all the peoples who use the English speech as their mother tongue." The object of this association, which was founded at St. Sulpice, Paris, in 1897, is to promote by prayers and good works the return of all the English-speaking nations of the world to the unity of the Catholic Faith and to allegiance to the Holy See. "It has been with singular joy," writes the Holy Father, "that we have had laid before us by the superior of the Sulpician Congregation at Paris and president of the Archsodality of

prayers and good works for the return of Great Britain to the unity of the Faith, petitions fully in harmony with the desires of our own heart, addressed to us by two Cardinals, and a number of bishops who were present at the Eucharistic Congress recently held in Canada.

"As often as we recall the prayers offered by Christ to the Eternal Father, and recorded by St. John the Apostle in the seventeenth chapter of his Gospel, we are deeply moved by an ardent longing to behold the multitudes of believers animated with that fulness of charity which will make them once more to have 'but one heart and one soul.' (Acts, iv, 32.) How dear this bond of brotherly union was to the heart of our Divine Master is made plain first of all by the prayer which He poured forth for His Apostles. 'Holy Father, keep them in My name, whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as we also are.' And then, not less clearly, the words which follow show that this unity was to bind together not merely the College of the Apostles, but all the followers of Christ. 'And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who, through their word, shall believe in Me, that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' Finally, the closeness of this bond is declared in the burning words: 'I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.'"

The Rev. J. M. Robinson, a Protestant minister, is the author of a new book on Ireland that deserves a welcome from Irishmen and all "lovers of Erin" the world over. If the anti-Irish could be induced to read this work—it wouldn't take them long,—their eyes would be opened. Mr. Robinson is not without his little prejudices; but he is a kindly soul, and he appreciates the virtues of the people among whom his lot is cast.

The warmth with which he refutes calumnies against them will astonish his coreligionists of the Orange stripe. Indeed, "Facts from Ireland" (Sealy, Bryers & Walker, Dublin) will be a surprise, in one way or another, to most of its readers. The chapters on Old Age Pensions and on landlords and agents are particularly interesting and informing. The book is enlivened with anecdotes all good, though not all new.

Non-Catholic praise of Catholic Sisters is, fortunately, of too frequent occurrence to merit chronicle as mere news; but the *Catholic Sentinel* records an instance of praise translated into dollars and cents which is rather interesting:

Mrs. Mary Chambers, a Presbyterian, and a member of the faculty of Rockford College, has, it seems, undertaken to raise \$1000 for a community of Canadian nuns. When asked how she, a non-Catholic, was led to interest herself in these Catholic nuns, she replied: "No one who has witnessed their work amid the greatest privations could do otherwise. I visited Chicoutimi twice—last summer and the summer before,—and I was so impressed with the work of these noble women that I then and there determined that, if the good Lord spared me, I would never rest until I had in some measure helped them in carrying on the Christlike work in which they are engaged. . . . Such charity is indeed rare; and, as a Christian woman, I could not fold my hands and feel at ease, knowing that these women, in the face of every privation, were daily giving to the world an example of silent heroism such as only great souls are capable of; and all without any thought of recompense save that one thought of a brighter crown when they shall have finished their task."

Mrs. Chambers' pastor and the elders of her church may possibly frown on the particular purpose of her charity; but, we take it, she will be amply rewarded by the gratitude of the Sisters, as she will undoubtedly be benefited by their fervent prayers for her welfare.

Writes a clerical contributor in a recent issue of the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Conn.:

My friend, the mayor, and I had a long talk the evening before coming down the Bay. He

is a type of Catholic that makes Catholicity grow. When I returned to get a raincoat left in the salon, I discovered him pacing the deck. I humorously suggested something about outdoor treatment. He smiled, then drew me near to the light as it struggled to shine on the deck through its misty glass, and, holding up his Beads, said: "This is the fresh-air treatment I never fail to take every day of my life." I had come out of a week's retreat, but the preacher never drove a nail as hard as the mayor's Beads drove me—to think. Thereafter I was not surprised that he was serving a third term as mayor. Are you?

As the best Catholics make the best Americans, with or without office, and as a tender devotion to Our Lady is the hallmark of the worthiest Catholics all the world over, we answer the question in the negative.

It is safe to assert that the chapters of a future history of the Church in the United States devoted to the work of the Benedictines in the South will be read with no less wonder than edification,—the story of the Abbey of Mary Help, at Belmont, N. C.; how during the first twenty-five years of its existence—1885–1910—it grew from a log cabin in a semi-wilderness to a magnificent pile of monastic buildings, and became not only the centre of Catholicity in North Carolina, but a mainstay for South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, and Virginia. God surely blessed the choice of the venerable Abbot Wimmer when in 1876, of two propositions made to him for new foundations of his Order, he accepted the less advantageous, humanly speaking, and the one sure to be attended with greater hardships and privations. The mission was blessed from its inception, as it could not fail of being, undertaken and carried on in such a spirit of self-sacrifice. Yet other marks of Heaven's favor were shown in the selection of Father Leo Haid, now Abbot-Bishop Haid, as the first Abbot of Belmont, and his appointment three years afterward as Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Holy and zealous priests had labored in that large vineyard and done

all in their power to spread the Faith. But they were few and widely separated. Bishop Haid found only 6 priests, and 10 or 12 churches. Now there are in the vicariate: 45 churches, 3 hospitals, 2 orphan asylums, 10 Catholic schools, 2 academies for young ladies; besides St. Mary's College and Seminary, from which have gone out hundreds of young men—priests, professional men, merchants, and so on,—whose influence for good makes itself felt wherever they live.

Future historians of the Church in the United States will not fail to mention that Belmont, the site of Mary Help Abbey, formerly called Garibaldi, was the chief slave mart of the South in the early years of the nineteenth century; and that the very block of granite on which the Negro to be sold to the highest bidder was placed for inspection, served Bishop Haid as a pulpit when he was enabled to announce the glad tidings of the new monastic foundation. That he may live to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Abbey which he has ruled so well is the hope and the prayer of all who appreciate his services and admire his spirit, which has ever been that of his illustrious Order.

Concluding a plea for the reform of industrial and social evils, Mr. George Milligan (a writer recently quoted at length in these pages) has these stirring and memorable words:

Many good and holy men, knowing not the awful despairs and temptations of struggling, hopeless poverty, see in the movement for reform nothing but danger to religion. There is danger, grave danger, if that movement be left to, and dominated by, those who have no regard for the soul, or those who dream only of a State Utopia. But shall the cause of the poor be left to such? We hope not, we trust not, we pray not. The labor world is the Palestine of to-day, and we need new crusaders in it to fight for the preservation of the holy places.

Mr. Milligan is a wage-earner (a laborer at the docks in Liverpool), who has suffered much without becoming in the

least embittered, and struggled long without ever losing hope for the restoration of a better order of things.

Correcting false views of non-Catholic journalists concerning men and things in the Eternal City is, of course, a well-understood duty of *Rome*; but it must be confessed that the following paragraph discloses some facts upon which our contemporary should never have been called upon to comment:

We print below a letter which was published in the — [a Catholic weekly] of London, England, in its issue of February 3 last. It is worth reading carefully, not only for the collection of misstatements and false deductions it embodies, but as a fairly accurate summary of the exact opposite of the true state of the case. Indeed, if the letter had appeared in one of the Italian papers, which are insidiously spreading anti-clerical views by false reports, thinly disguised under a veneer of truth, concerning the Vatican, it would have been recognized as a rather clever, if unscrupulous, piece of journalism. It is written, on the other hand, by a Catholic, and published in a Catholic paper; and there seems to be nothing to do but regret the completely false views of the writer, and correct his mistakes.

The principal false view in question is that good Catholics may congruously take any part in promoting the Exhibition to be held this year in Rome.

Our French contemporary, *Le Croix du Dimanche*, of Port Louis, reproduces from a journal of Natal this interesting statement concerning the status of the Church in Mauritius (Isle of France):

The Catholic religion enjoys in Mauritius a preponderating rank as compared with other creeds. It is the religion of the overwhelming majority of the population; and, moreover, its ministers are paid by the State. After the annexation of the island by England, Letters Royal were promulgated establishing the Anglican Church in Mauritius; but the Crown speedily recognized its error. The Letters were revoked, and the exceptional condition of the Church on the island was admitted. The budget of public worship is fixed by law, and the annual grants are: for the Catholic Church, £11,157; the Anglican Church, £3,458; the Church of Scotland, £658.



The School-Teacher's Story.

BY MARY E. MANNIX

MISS PAGE had been teaching Hanton village school for several months. Both children and parents liked her, and there had been no complaints of any kind. There was only one thing, the Hantonites thought, in which Miss Page might be improved: she was stout—exceedingly stout. It did not seem, however, to give Miss Page herself the least worry or regret; she went on her way rejoicing, from busy day to busy day.

One morning during recess (it was a rainy day) she said:

"Take your seats, children,—all of you. There are still fifteen minutes left of recess. I will use them to tell you a story."

The boys and girls promptly took their places. A story, especially on a rainy day, is always pleasant. When they were all quietly seated Miss Page began:

"My story will be about myself. First, I want to tell you that I have several times heard some among you, as well as your elders, commenting upon my unfortunate bulk and uncouth figure. I have not resented these comments, for I knew they were not meant unkindly, but in sympathy. For myself, of course, while I should prefer not to be burdened with so much flesh, I have grown accustomed to it. It does not encumber me a great deal; it has not affected my energy nor my quickness of movement, as you have all seen. And I may as well add that I'm not nearly so stout as I was three years ago. I take a great deal of exercise and am gradually losing weight. Perhaps if I remain long at Hanton, your uphill and down-dale country will have the desired effect. For an affliction like mine (I suppose it is an

affliction), there is nothing better than climbing, if one has good lungs."

As the children gazed into the pleasant, smiling face of Miss Page, they could not but forget her stoutness. They leaned forward, also smiling, eager and receptive; and Miss Page continued:

"One more remark before I begin. If I had not been stout, it is probable that I should to-day be a nursemaid or perhaps a laundry-worker instead of having the education I always craved. I should not be teaching here in this delightful village, able to enjoy and appreciate all that is beautiful in book, in life, in scenery."

"My father and mother died when I was six years old. From that time until I reached the age of fourteen I had no settled home, but went from house to house, a few months here, a few months there; taking care of children or filling the place vacated between the departure of one servant and the coming of another; working in the harvest fields; doing anything that I could do,—sometimes for my clothes and food, sometimes for very small wages. I had little or no opportunity to learn anything. Still, I taught myself to read, devouring every book that came in my way. When I was twelve I became a member of a grocer's family, whose house was next door to the shop. The people were not unkind to me, though I had to work very hard for a child of my age. Often, during the dinner hour, if the boy was absent, the grocer would send me to mind the shop while he ate his meal.

"One day as I stepped from the house across the threshold of the shop, I thought I heard the jingle of coin. There seemed to be no one in the shop but myself, yet that sound was convincing. I hastened forward, to find a man on his knees before the till, in the act of pouring the contents into a large blue handkerchief. He saw

me and started to run. I ran after him! The village street was almost deserted at that hour. I had not the sense to call, 'Stop, thief!' or people at dinner, hearing me, would have come out at my call. But I followed him and was gaining on him,—though, I must confess, with no defined purpose in my mind; for I could not have taken the money from him if I had overreached him.

"They were building a bridge across the little river that divided the town. Near one of the piers stood a large tool chest. Why he did so foolish a thing I can not say, but he suddenly lifted the lid and jumped in. He did not realize, perhaps, that I was so near. In a few moments I had reached the box and sat down upon it, shutting it tight. Presently the man tried to lift the lid, and partially succeeded in doing so; but I was *so stout* that it was soon lowered again,—not, however, before he had shouted at the top of his voice: 'Let me out! Let me out!' Then I began to shout myself. My cries reached the ears of some workmen who were eating their lunch not far away. They came quickly and asked what was the matter. I soon told them. They captured the thief and he was sent to jail, after giving me the money to return to the grocer.

"I thought nothing at all of the matter, though my employer was very thankful, and everybody said I was a brave girl. A few days afterward a lady came into the shop and asked to see 'the stout girl' who had captured the thief by sitting on the box in which he had hidden himself. I was called, and soon learned that she was the mistress of a large house in the vicinity. She had come to live there for a time during the summer. 'Have you received any reward?' she asked me.—Surprised, I answered: 'No,' adding that I had expected none.—'What would you like best to have?' she inquired.—'An education,' I answered. This seemed to please her. 'Then you shall have one,' she said. She at once went to the grocer,

arranged with him that she would take me into her service and allow me to go regularly to school.

"Then a happy life began for me. I had very little work to do in that house. I went to school every day, accompanied her to the city when she returned, and kept up regularly with the classes until I was graduated. After that I attended normal school, and have been teaching ever since. Occasionally I pay a visit to the kind lady who educated me. I feel that I have always a home under her roof. So you see, children, that what most people would call an affliction has brought me good fortune. I am stout, to be sure; but I am healthy, happy and strong. I would not change places with the daintiest, fairylike creature you could name, if by doing so I should forfeit my education, with the independence, happiness, and comfort it has brought me. Don't you think I am right?"

"Yes, yes!" was the spontaneous and general reply.

"I have a few words more to say," remarked Miss Page. "It is about the thief, and it is very curious that it should have happened. One day, two years ago, I was spending my vacation with the lady of whom I have told you. I was in the act of drawing a pail of water from the deep, cold well in the yard when a man accosted me. I had not seen him come up from behind, and I suppose I looked startled.

"'I won't hurt you, lady,' he said. 'I'd only like a drink of water.'

"'You shall have it,' I replied, and poured him a drink from the tin cup which always stood on the well ledge for the use of passers-by. While he drank I observed him with pity. He looked ill and old. When he had finished he said:

"'Thank you, Miss! I think I have seen you before. Are you not the girl who caught the thief at Merrington years ago, by sitting on the lid of the box where he had hidden himself?'

"'Yes, I am the girl,' I answered. 'Were you there that day?'

"'I was the thief,' he said calmly. 'I've often thought what a brave girl you were. You haven't changed much, except that you are stouter.'

"I was so astonished and confused that I did not know what to say.

"'That was a good thing for me,' he went on. 'They put me in jail, and I learned the brush-making trade. I had never been of any use before. I was quick at it, and they treated me like a man. When I came out I followed the trade for some years, and led an honest life. I've been straight ever since, Miss.'

"Then I told him my story, and how it had been a good thing for me as well. The poor fellow's health had broken down. He was then on his way to the County Infirmary, to which he had obtained a permit. Before he left he put his hand in his vest pocket and took out an old Egyptian coin, which he handed me.

"'Brighten this up, Miss, and keep it,' he said. 'I got it from a fellow that had been long in Egypt. He told me there was a superstition that if you wore it upside down it would bring you good luck. I had a hole bored, but never got as far as a watch-chain to hang it on. Here it is for you—I see you have a watch-chain,—and good luck be yours forever!'

"So saying he left me. Poor fellow! I suppose he is long since dead. Would you like to examine my charm?"

The children pressed forward. Miss Page took up her watch from the table and showed them the peculiar diamond-shaped coin, carved with mysterious characters that neither she nor they could understand.

"Some day when I go to the city I intend to visit the museum," she said. "Perhaps then I may discover another coin like it, and be able to have it deciphered. But now we have exceeded our recess time. We must go to work again."

She touched the bell. The children, well-trained, willing and obedient, went at once to their places. And that night Miss Page's story was retold in many a household.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—AN EXCITING DAY.

The letter to Dolly was written and addressed in Billy's best handwriting, and Ben was over the hills next morning to mail it before the young writer was up. This good friend and guardian had said he would be absent all day. Purchases of food and fodder and other supplies for the ranch had to be made monthly; for the neglected acres of Bar Cross, in these latter years, furnished no sustenance for either man or beast. Ben was doing his best; but Ben was neither farmer nor builder, and Daddy's busy days were done. So once a month Ben made the round of more thrifty ranches, and, with a shrewd eye for bargains, "stocked up."

It was a bright October day, snappy and breezy; and the bracing air of the mountain made Billy long for a canter on Marquita over the sunkissed hills. Already he felt the pulse of new life in his tingling veins, a growing strength in muscle and sinew; his cheeks were beginning to round and flush, his shoulders to straighten vigorously. Dr. MacVeigh's tonic stood untouched on the mantel: it was no longer needed.

Billy was just in the mood for something exciting this morning, when, straying aimlessly toward the corral, he came upon Pedro transformed. Pedro's usual garb was as sober and scanty as propriety would permit,—a pair of jean trousers of no particular fit or fashion; a loose shirt, with many a rent in bosom and sleeve; a shapeless hat with a broken brim. But to-day Billy could only pause and stare in amazement at the figure that confronted him; for Pedro was in holiday attire, indeed,—an attire that, old and faded as it was, glittered with tinsel and buttons and tassels. Velvet breeches encased Pedro's slender legs; a velvet jacket, cut in numberless points, set off

his slim figure; a red silk scarf was knotted around his waist, a red handkerchief tied about his throat; his hat was turned up on the side with a paste buckle that held a turkey feather.

"Golly!" exclaimed Billy, as soon as he could find voice. "Who dressed you up like that?"

Though the two friends still found their Spanish-American conversation somewhat confusing, they had begun to understand each other better. The friendly comradeship of the little señor was an ever-growing delight to Pedro.

He nodded and smiled now, in evident pride at Billy's amazement.

"I dress fine? Yes, yes, little señor! It is that I go to Las Rocas to-day to *la fiesta*—what you call it? Ze good time,—great good time at Las Rocas to-day, at ze dance, ze race, ze eat, ze drink, ze market, what you call it? Everyting fine, bully, great!" concluded Pedro, waving his hands gleefully.

"A market?" repeated Billy. "I guess you mean a fair?"

"*Si, señor*: fair, very fair! Ze tepees, ze horse-races,—all very fair. I go to sell ze blanket, ze lacework, ze baskets. I get big money, little señor!"

And, by dint of much nodding and gesticulation, Pedro at last made Billy understand that once a year, when the summer was past, and the grain and fruit had ripened, and the moon was round and yellow, there was a festive gathering at the little village of Las Rocas, across the hills,—a gathering that dated back to the time when Americanos had no place or right in the land of the Indian and the *conquistador*.

As well as Billy could gather from Pedro's broken but voluble narration, the feast at Las Rocas was a primitive combination of Thanksgiving and country fair. The natives gathered from miles around. There were shooting matches and racing and other games. There was a lottery, in which were drawn prizes as high as ten pesos. There was much

cooking and feasting; and camp fires blazed out at night; and the old braves, wrapped in their blankets, told stories of wars and buffalo hunts of long ago.

All this had been at Las Rocas in the past, but now there was much more. In the "tepees," that once had been only for shelter, the women sold blankets and rugs and beadwork and drawn-work: moccasins, pouches, belts, baskets, and pottery,—all the Indian handiwork that drew dollars from the pockets of the Americanos who came to see and buy. And because no one, in all the Coyote county, could weave blankets so gay and wonderful as old Grandmother Martina, or could make the lace and drawn-work so beautiful as Pancha and Wichita, Pedro, in the fine clothes that had been his father's, was going to Las Rocas to sell the family output, and bring home many dollars for the family needs.

"My, wouldn't I like to go with you!" said Billy, eagerly. "I never in my life saw a real Indian or a tepee or a squaw or—or anything. I wish I could go too."

"Go!—the little señor go to Las Rocas!" Pedro's eyes sparkled, and all his holiday buttons and tassels jingled and quivered with delight. "Go! Why not, little señor,—why not?"

Why not indeed? Had not Jack given him Pedro as companion and guide? Was not pretty Marquita in the stable awaiting his will? Ben was away. A vague, uneasy doubt as to what Ben would say to this expedition crossed Billy's mind, but vanished in the flood of persuasive eloquence flowing in broken English from Pedro's lips. The little señor could go, of course. It would be Pedro's joy and pleasure and pride to have him. The road was good, the day was fine; there would be wonderful things to see, to hear,—shooting, wrestling. "Long Arm," the strong brave of the Utes, would be there to throw all who came; and there would be tortillas and tamales. And Pedro rolled off a menu that, half understood, appealed irresistibly to Billy's expanding appetite.

"I think I'll go," he answered conclusively. "It will be dreadfully dull staying at the Ranch all alone; for Chang and Daddy don't have much to say. So, if it isn't too far—"

"Far!—too far! Ah, *Santa Maria*, no, not too far at all!" declared Pedro.

So it was settled, and in a few moments the two were mounted,—Billy on the pretty Marquita, and Pedro on Diaz, a sturdy little mustang. The men, Dan and Dick and Toby, were off on the range to-day; there was only old Daddy, plaiting his lariat in the morning sunshine, to witness the young riders' departure, as, waving their hands to him in merry adieu, they took the road to the creek and the cabin where Pedro was to gather up his merchandise,—the gay blanket, the two smaller bedside rugs, the box of handkerchiefs and doilies and tablecloths, over which Pancha and Wichita had been working for many a long month.

It was quite a momentous occasion; and Billy found the little home by the Coyote in a hubbub of excitement as old Martina, her sunken eyes flashing with pride, made a final display of her work to a group of admiring neighbors.

"Ah, *Santa Maria*, they are beautiful! Never have we seen anything like them,—the rugs, the blankets are of a splendor beyond words," the visitors all agreed.

"They should bring ten, twenty, thirty dollars!" the old woman declared in shrill triumph.

"Thirty dollars!" gasped Pedro. "It is impossible,—impossible!"

"Thirty!" repeated the woman. "It is the pattern of the rising sun and the rainbow that only Martina can weave. For what do I sit at the loom all the weary day long? For what do I make the dyes that no other woman knows? For what have I kept the secrets of my mother and my grandmother? It must be thirty dollars!"

A wild clamor of argument and dispute, with much waving of arms and hands, followed this announcement. *Thirty dol-*

lars! Surely the old mother had gone mad! Thirty dollars! Pedro could never get such a sum. Thirty dollars! Caramba! he would not be fool enough to take the rugs and blanket at all, expecting such a price.

"What's the trouble?" asked Billy, as, quite unable to comprehend the discussion, he saw Pedro shake his head and fling out his hands in the apparent despair of one whose last hope has failed.

Pedro explained as clearly as excitement would permit that the old grandmother had lived too long: her head was turned, her wits were gone. She demanded that he sell her rugs and blanket for thirty dollars! Thirty dollars would buy a horse; it would buy two cows; it might even, in a domestic emergency, buy a house. Thirty dollars! Not even the rich Americanos would pay such a price for blanket or rugs.

"They wouldn't!" exclaimed Billy, who had seen and heard of the Indian rugs in Colonel Woodville's study. "I know a man who paid twice as much, and even bragged he got them at a bargain. Thirty dollars! Why, that's dirt cheap! Take them along, Pedro. You can get all that for them, I know."

Old Martina understood a little English, and, through the excited protests of her family, the confident boyish tone reached her ear.

"*Si, si!*" she cried. "It is as I said. The little señor knows. Ah, if he goes to Las Rocas with Pedro all will be right! He can talk to the Americanos; and they will pay the thirty dollars, that old Martina may eat and be warm."

"You bet they will!" said Billy, expanding now with new importance; for when had he ever before been called upon to decide a commercial matter? "You'll get every bit of thirty dollars, if anybody knows what's what."

"*Si, si!* It is as I said. The little señor knows."

And then the clamor rose again, with old Martina nodding and gesticulating in the midst of it, until suddenly she broke

off and laid her brown skinny hand, on Billy's sleeve.

"I will do it, little señor, for you,—I will do it. Come! Come you, Pedro, too; come!" And she drew Billy back from the living room, where the rest of the family cooked and worked and ate and slept into a little bedchamber that was Martina's own, and was kept ready for the grandmother's "dying," which could not be a very distant event now. The bed was neatly made, with lace-trimmed sheets and pillow. There was a little table, covered with a spotless cloth, on which were a brass crucifix and two candles. A Madonna, gay with tinsel and artificial flowers, stood upon a shelf near by.

But Martina was not thinking of her last hour now. Diving under the bed with an activity that belied her fourscore years, she dragged out an old chest battered and worn, but with clamps and hinges of real silver.

"*Santa Maria!*" gasped Pedro, as the old woman pulled forth a key that she wore hung around her neck. Unlocking this guarded treasure, she cautiously drew out its contents: a jacket of blue velvet embroidered in silver, knee-breeches to match, leggings of deerskin wrought with wonderful traceries of vines and flowers, a wide felt hat looped up with a silver chain. One by one Martina spread these glittering garments on the bed, with the air of one making a solemn and supreme sacrifice; then, stretching out her arm and turning to Billy, she broke into a flood of excited language. All that Billy could comprehend was,

"For you, little señor,—for you,—for you!"

"*Santa Maria!*" murmured Pedro again, as if he could not believe his own ears or eyes.

"What does she mean?" asked Billy, as the old woman began another excited rhapsody in her own tongue.

Then Pedro recovered wits and voice, and broke into delighted explanation:

"For you, little señor; for you to wear to Las Rocas; the clothes of Tio José, my uncle that died."

"*Si, si!*" added Martina, her old voice quavering. "My José, my little José, my one only; no other boy. Four, five, six girls, little señor; but one only boy. For this, in my pride, my joy; I make these so fine clothes for my one only boy, who die and never wear them. See!"—she held up the leggings and jacket and breeches, and showed their delicate needlework. "No *hidalgo* could have finer. All these years have I kept these clothes of my José, and let no one touch them. Little señor, they shall be yours, to wear to the Las Rocas to-day, that you may look fine and handsome and brave, as the son of your lady mother should not look dull and dark like this." And Martina laid her hand upon the grey sweater which Billy wore on his mountain rides, and shook her head in solemn disapproval.

Through the old woman's mixed jargon, light broke at last upon Billy.

"You mean I am not dressed right,—that I must put on those clothes?" he asked eagerly.

"*Si, si, señor,*" cried Pedro, delightedly. "It is as the old grandmother says: it would be a shame for the little señor to go to the *fiesta* in so sad, so ugly, so poor a jacket when he can have Tio José's clothes. Put them on, little señor!" pleaded Pedro under his breath. "Put them on quickly, or the grandmother may change and lock them up in the chest again. Put them on, and let us be gone."

And, as Billy made no protest, Pedro proceeded hurriedly to remove the sad and sober garments, and substitute those of Tio José; old Martina assisting with trembling fingers until every button and cord and tassel, glittering brightly still in spite of long years of seclusion, was in proper place; and Billy stood transformed into a gallant, graceful, dashing, dazzling little figure that did not seem our "Billy-Boy" at all.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The poet Mangan's death-mask was discovered last month in a bookseller's shop in Dublin by Mr. C. P. Curran.

—"The Job Secretary" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, soon to be published by Messrs. Longmans. The same publishers also announce a volume of essays by Father Ignatius Ryder, edited by the Rev. F. Bacchus.

—Two neatly-bound booklets, of eighty pages each, have been written for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland by M. T. Kelly,—"Paul of Tarsus," and "John the Beloved." They are character sketches drawn with sympathy, discrimination, and not a little artistic skill. B. Herder, American agent.

—From B. Herder comes the third edition of "Won by Conviction," by the Rev. Denis O'Shea. Although the title-page calls the book "a character study," the narrative is not particularly analytic or expository. It is simply a good Catholic story of people and incidents in an English factory town. There are a bad Catholic, whose conversion costs a notable sacrifice; two Wesleyans, who eventually enter the Fold; and other interesting persons, whose not very romantic sayings and doings are faithfully and interestingly recorded.

—"Andros of Ephesus: A Tale of Early Christianity," by the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. (M. H. Wiltzius Co.), like the "Son of Siro," is addressed to the world of grown-up readers rather than to the boys and young men whose tastes are catered to in his college stories. And the great majority of such readers will very probably find it a thoroughly good and interesting narrative, with historically probable incidents; a sufficiently stimulating plot, and not too obvious denouement; excellent character delineation; abundance, not to say superabundance, of local color; rapid action for the most part; and dialogue always tolerable, if not always particularly brilliant. There is a good account of the decadence in the worship of Diana, with sidelights on Ephesian life and customs, a retelling by supposititious eye-witnesses of several Gospel miracles, and a personal description of both Our Lord and St. John, although the author refrains from picturing "her whom brush of artist, inspiration of poet, or pen of writer has never yet succeeded in adequately portraying." Among the strictures which the more critical of his readers will make on Father Copus' book is an occasional slovenliness of style, that is clearly the result of too

rapid writing and insufficient revision. An instance occurs on page 86, where, in the description of the collision of a barge with a swan-boat, we find these three consecutive sentences: "With a shriek, the handmaidens flung themselves into the water. The two pole-men were struck down and fell into the water, never to rise again. Half stunned by the concussion, Lydda was thrown into the water." "Andros of Ephesus" is a good story, but more care would have made it a much better one.

—"The Heart of France," a musical drama intended for pupils of convent schools, Children of Mary sodalities, church societies, and clubs, published by members of the Presentation Community, St. Michael's, New York, is a three-act play, the scene of which is laid in Lourdes, the time being the epoch-making season of the Apparitions. Bernadette, her mother, and brother and sister are among the characters. The comic element in the drama will not, we fear, favorably impress some readers. There is no accounting for tastes; however, if we should ever assist at the representation of this drama, we trust that Sambo and his eccentricities will be eliminated from the final scene.

—From Burns & Oates comes a slender volume of exceptional interest—"The Life of Blessed John Eudes," by Father Matthew Russell, S. J. As the author remarks in his preface, the founder of the Eudist Fathers, of the Congregation of Our Lady of Refuge, and of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, was almost unknown to Catholics generally until his recent beatification. Born in 1601, Father Eudes was a contemporary of St. Vincent de Paul and St. John Francis Regis; and toward as full a knowledge of his career as is generally possessed concerning these two saints, Father Russell's "Life," like Bishop Hedley's sketch, noticed in these columns a few months ago, will materially contribute.

—Most of the poems contained in "The Unfading Light," by Caroline Davenport Swan (Sherman, French & Co.), spring from religious feeling. Even when their subject is not directly the Divine, the undertone of religion is heard. And everywhere there is revealed a sweet, sane, tender piety. There is a poet's understanding of spiritual realities. As to Mrs. (or is it Miss?) Swan's art, restraint is not its mark. There is much verse here. Less had been sufficient; for often the inspiration of inception does not see a poem through. Recognition

by poets of this plain truth begets the quatrain, or the brief yet rounded lyric, in which the feeling gains distinction by the style. It is the art of Alice Meynell and Father Tabb. Only the Shelleys we beg to sing long. Our observation is borne out when Mrs. Swan enters the sonnet's "scanty plot of ground." Thus constrained, she seems to gain strength and dignity. For, insufficiently restrained, and lacking the justifying rapture of sustained inspiration, her truly lyric gift will fail, it seems to us, of the effects to which it might rightly aspire. Unclothe the subject of its verse, and you will too often find only the frailest body of thought. Repression, rejection of external "aids" to beauty, a little more stark thought, we hope to see in future work by this poet. "Sweeter than All" is one of her best sonnets:

The world holds very many tender things,
Soft as the velvet touch that mothers know
Of baby fingers. In the early glow
Of April, how the budding forest springs
To ruddy flush of silent blossomings!
Behold the dawn, unfolding, faint and slow,
The strange, sweet "gradual," ere magnolias blow,
The scent of roses—how it lives and clings!

Though these may touch us in their own sweet way,
Unconsciously, as dews and darkness fall,
Drawing us under Love's divine control,
This one thing is far tenderer than all—
Consider it, ye wanderers of to-day!—
The Christ's soft pity for the erring soul.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Life of Blessed John Eudes." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. 90 cts., net.
- "Won by Conviction." Rev. Denis O'Shea. 80 cts.
- "Andros of Ephesus: A Tale of Early Christianity." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Paul of Tarsus"; "John the Beloved." M. T. Kelly. 20 cts. each.
- "A Sheaf of Stories." Joseph Carmichael. 80 cts.
- "History of Dogmas." Vol. I. J. Tixeront. \$1.50.
- "The Life of the Ven. da Silveria." Rev. Hubert Chadwick, S. J. 80 cts.

- "Certitude." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Izamal." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.10.
- "Historic Nuns." Bessie R. Belloc. 75 cts.
- "Jesus All Great." Rev. Alexander Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
- "A Romance of Old Jerusalem." Florence Gilmore. 50 cts.
- "Mezzogiorno." John Ayscough. \$1.50.
- "New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year." Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. Translated by the Rt. Rev. T. S. Byrne, D. D. Four vols. \$5, net.
- "The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church." Dr. J. P. Kirsch. \$1.35.
- "The Mass in the Infant Church." Rev. Garrett Pierce. \$1.15, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Frederici, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. John Koeberle, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Thomas Donohue, diocese of Scranton; Rev. Peter Abromaitis, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Frederick Weber, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Michael O'Brien, diocese of Pittsburgh; Rev. Hugh Grogan, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Andrew Moreno, C. M. F.; Rev. Justin Hiltermann, O. F. M.; and Rev. Arthur Kernan, O. P.

Sister M. Blandine, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Philomena, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. Joseph Chartrand, Mr. Cornelius Scanlan, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, Hon. John Lee Carroll, Mr. Maurice Curran, Mrs. Catherine Herman, Miss Mary O'Shea, Mr. Joseph Marx, Mrs. Julia Lucid, Mr. Timothy McCarthy, Mrs. Fannie Gaynor, Mrs. P. P. Hann, Mr. Antony Geer, Mr. Edward P. Shea, Miss Mary Hawkes, Mr. John Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Margaret Enright, Mrs. Eliza O'Connor, Mr. James Tucker, Mrs. Susan Carroll, Mr. Thomas Perkinson, Miss Theolinda Dunn, Mr. Henry Sander, and Mr. Joseph Wilson

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

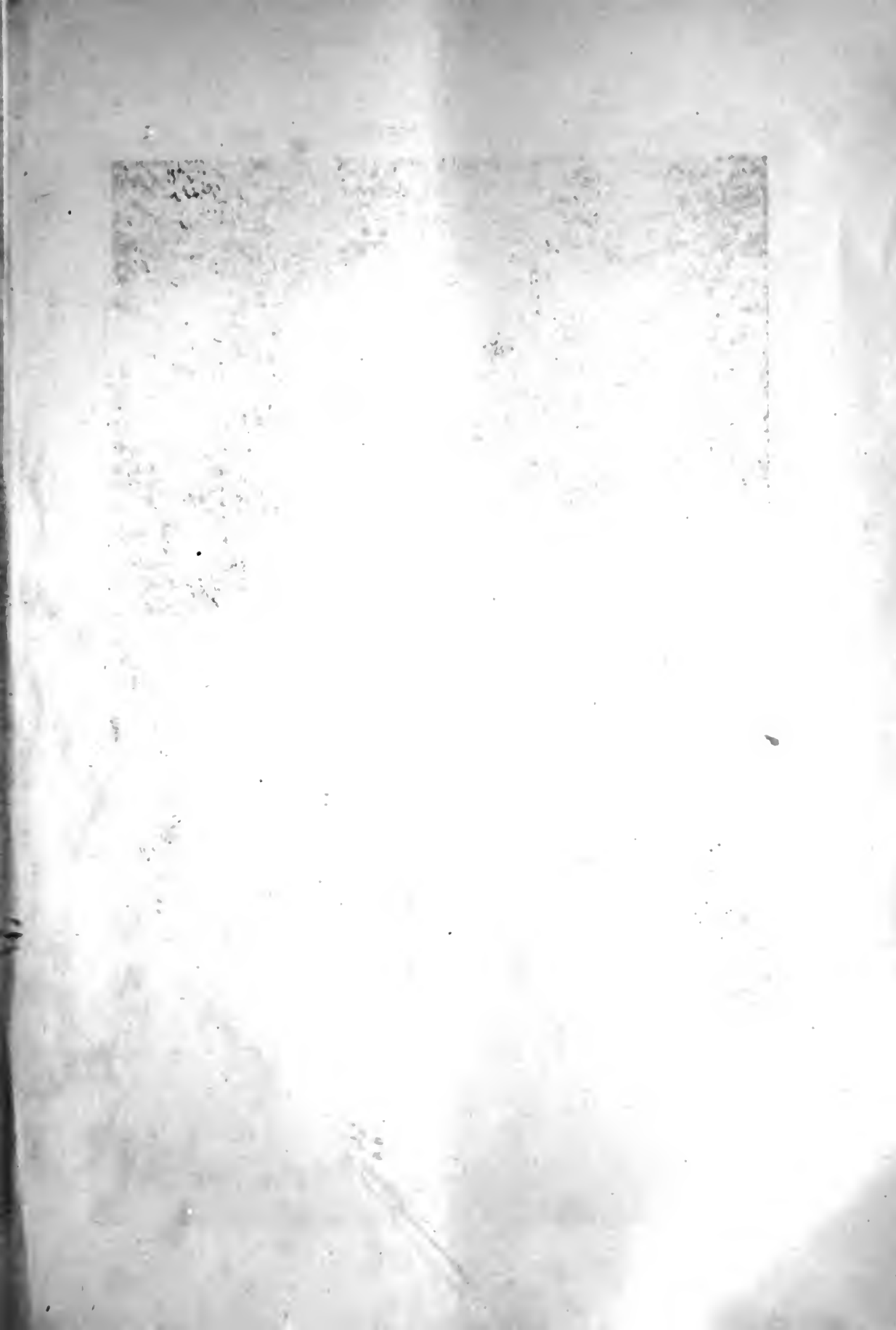
"Thy Father, who seeth in secret will repay thee."

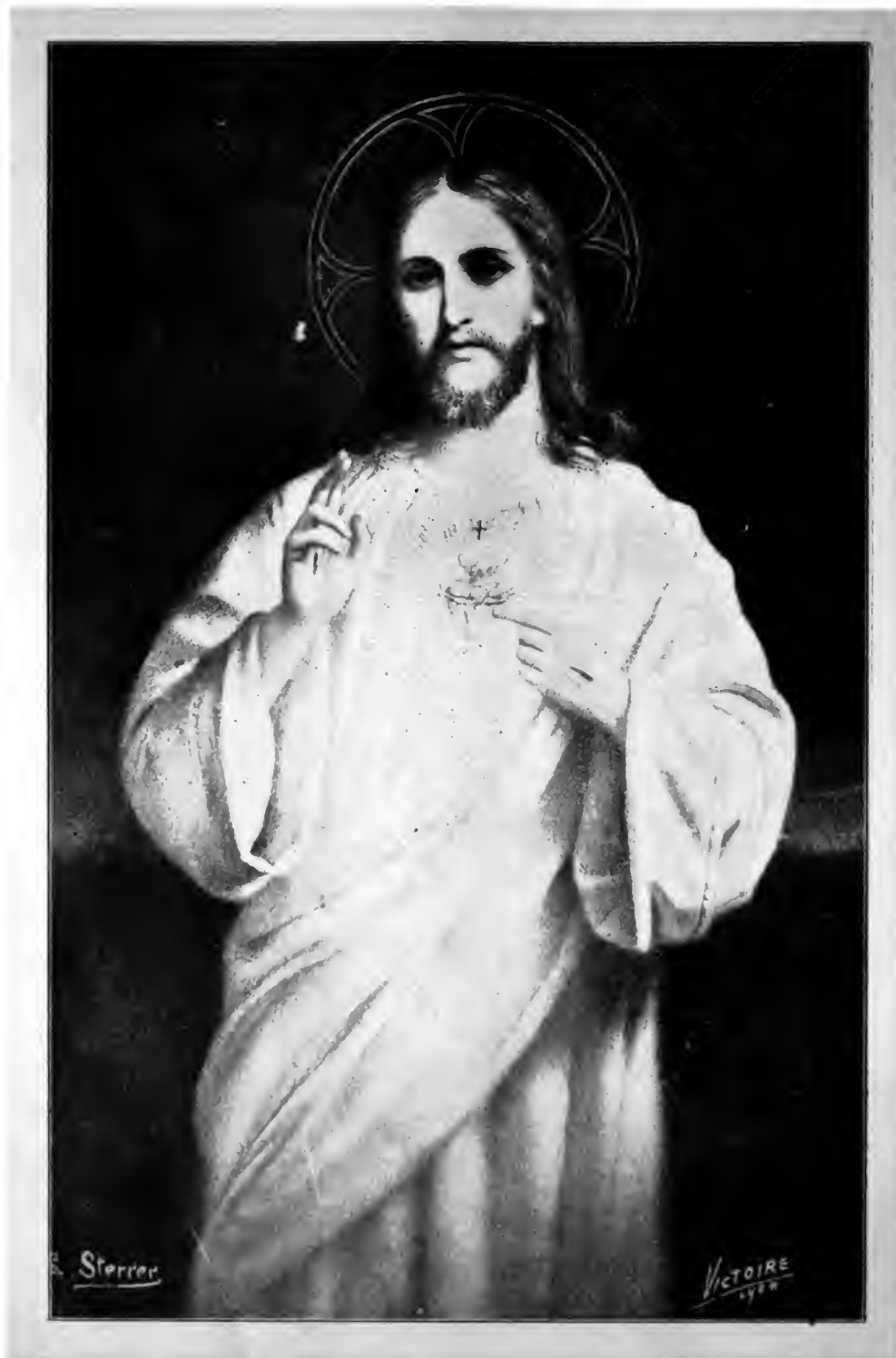
For the persecuted Italian nuns:

T. B. R., \$2; J. R., \$15; O'C., \$10.25; Mrs. J. H. G., \$1; Mrs. J. H. Z., \$1.

A poor missionary:

B. J. M., \$7 20.





THE SACRED HEART



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 12

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The Handmaid of the Lord.

BY MARION MUIR.

ABOUT the time that lilies blow
 She walked the ways of Nazareth,
 Pure as the dawn on Hermon's snow,
 Compassionate in every breath.
 So lowly that she came and went
 Like shadows in a silent room;
 The grass her gentle footsteps bent
 Was conscious of a rich perfume.
 The charm of holiness that drew
 A radiant message from the Throne,—
 Such was the Maiden, grave and true,
 Hearing the Angel's word, alone,—
 Alone, as she should be through all
 The changes of the solemn years;
 The handmaid of the Lord, whose call
 Could turn to pearls a mother's tears.
 Turn so, bright Star of lonely seas,
 Our sorrows into jewels rare;
 Lest we, who seek Thy Son to please,
 Be sometimes tempted to despair.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



THE scene is the fairest, most beautiful garden ever seen on this earth. On all sides a surpassing wealth of verdure. Noble trees, crowned with bright foliage, lift their heads toward heaven; others of lower stature bend to earth, weighed down by luscious fruits of varied form and hue. Flowers everywhere stud the

green earth with innumerable points of color, under a brilliant sun shining in a cloudless sky. Peeping from lawn and bush and flowering plant, hiding in shady groves where fountains spray the moss with cooling breath, thousands of blossoms fill the air with delicious fragrance.

A woman moves amid these countless beauties, joying in the sights and sounds, and drinking in the sweetly scented air. Birds of many-tinted plumage flit from bough to bough, pouring forth liquid music from golden throats. Brute beasts, in vast variety, are there also. The huge lion gambols round the woman like some tame fawn at play; the tawny tiger, gliding through the undergrowth, draws near to feel her caressing touch upon his powerful neck; birds fly to her hand, and carol still their tuneful songs. For fear has not yet penetrated into Paradise; all creation acknowledges mankind's uncontrolled dominion.

The woman, a virgin-bride, is faultless in form and feature. The angels behold her soul all pure and spotless; for the image of her Creator shines there yet unblemished. And angels are her constant visitors; the Lord of angels, indeed, loves to hold converse with His creatures amid the verdant bowers and flower-decked groves of Eden.

A spirit-guest, even now, has come to salute that first peerless woman. Once he was the brightest of the angels: Lucifer—"Light-Bearer"; now a spirit of light no longer. Driven from heaven and from the face of God by reason of his indomitable pride and envy, he appears

in no beauteous shape. He has taken the form of one of the most loathsome reptiles—the serpent; no fitter emblem could he choosē of his cunning and poisonous wickedness than this. He draws near. This creature, destined to supplant him and his followers in the glory he has lost, and already bountifully gifted by God, stirs his hatred. He will strike at his Maker through this beloved creature.

The serpent speaks. Does the woman start with amazement? Does she wonder at this unwonted incident? Or is she so intimately surrounded by supernatural happenings that nothing, as yet, appeals to her as impossible with God? It may be so. The serpent addresses her, and the woman listens. A noble tree stands there, —surpassing every other in that region of manifold beauties; it is laden with richest fruit. He points it out to her and invites her to partake of its abundance. But the woman knows God's expressed will in its regard. Of every other fruit without exception she may freely eat, but not of that; such disobedience would bring death.

At her prompt refusal, the tempter plies her with arguments which reveal impatient denial of the divine right to prohibit and command, and contempt for this frail being who bears God's image. The woman lends an ear; curiosity urges her; what if his words are true? She will not die, he mockingly declares. The Almighty has deceived her. She may take and eat, and she will be as God, knowing good and evil. What folly is hers! She trusts God's enemy, and mistrusts the God who made her and endowed her with all her gifts and graces. Self-love overcomes duty; gratitude is forgotten; the Creator's will is set at naught. The woman takes the forbidden fruit and eats; she tempts her husband as she has been tempted, and in that same moment sin enters into the Paradise of Pleasure,—sin, bringing in its train death and corruption, and shutting out the whole human race from the Paradise above.

What a dire change comes over the world in that dread moment! Man has rebelled against his Maker, and all creation, as a natural consequence, rebels against man, once its lord. The earth, formerly so prolific, refuses to yield her fruits unless man forces their growth by toil and sweat and pain. Beasts and birds, so docile while he enjoyed a state of innocence, fly from him now; the weak fear him, the strong seek to turn upon him and rend him. Man has chosen the part of God's enemy, and must share that enemy's eternal reprobation.

In a chamber of a humble carpenter's dwelling at Nazareth, four thousand years later, a Virgin-Bride is praying at the solemn midnight hour. Like her prophetic type, the first created woman, she too is wondrously endowed by her Creator. She alone of all mankind has been preserved intact from the stain of sin, which has hitherto defiled the soul of Eve's descendants as a consequence of her rebellion. Mary, like Eve at her creation, is immaculate in soul; she too enjoys, by reason of that purity and sinlessness, the closest union with her Maker; she too is dear to the angels, who love to visit and protect and serve her "whom the King delighteth to honor."

As she kneels there in the midnight stillness, a spirit-guest, in visible form, draws near to her, even as a spirit visited Eve in her innocence in Paradise. But this angel is a spirit of light. He comes as the ambassador of the King of Heaven, in whose court he is one of the noblest princes. How great the contrast between the two interviews! How different the approach of the heaven-sent messenger from that of the evil angel to that other woman, four thousand years before! With what reverence and peaceful composure he enters the chamber! How lowly his attitude as he draws near! In accents of deepest respect he breathes a greeting,—for he, too, like his evil counterpart, first speaks. It is a salutation destined to live

forever: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women!"

How vastly different, too, is Mary's reception of her guest from that exhibited by Eve! The latter listened eagerly to the lying promise of impossible honors, Godlike gifts, made by the tempter; she showed no fear or hesitation; she had no mistrust of the serpent, and is all the more easily led to mistrust God. Mary, on the contrary, while she hearkens to the Angel's greeting, "is troubled at his saying." She thinks "with herself what manner of salutation this should be." She listens, but forbears to reply until the messenger has proved his divine mission. "Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David, His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

These are magnificent promises made to a daughter of Juda. The long-expected Redeemer is to be born of her, and God has sent His Angel with the message. Yet Mary is not dazzled by the prospect of such unlooked-for glory. She has vowed her virginity to God; that vow can not be broken by her will. In all submission and humility, therefore, she brings forward her doubt: "How can this be?" How can virginity be reconciled with motherhood? Eve thought primarily of her own interests; she was impatient to grasp the honors held out by the lying spirit. Mary has a single eye to God's honor, and its maintenance by herself at whatever cost. Not even an angel from heaven can shake her resolve to seek first what God desires. It is not that she presses forward her own will: she merely asks whether her vow of virginity is to be maintained or to be set aside by God's express command.

She has not long to wait to know the will of Heaven. She is to enjoy the unique happiness of being at one and the same time both Mother of God and Virgin of virgins,—peerless among them all. No sooner does she learn what God asks of her than her answer is prompt and unwavering: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word." The creature has given her consent, and the Creator at once takes possession of His human habitation; Mary becomes His Mother. She, the Woman predicted in the very hour of the fall of our first parents, begins her warfare with the serpent. He conquered Eve; he will be vanquished through Mary. At that supreme moment of the Incarnation, all the prophecies of the coming Redeemer were fulfilled; at the Virgin's *Fiat*, "the Word was made flesh"; the Messias, "the Desired of all nations," began His reign upon our earth, in order to lead man back to the Paradise he had lost.

Ever since the fifth century at least, both Eastern and Western Churches have celebrated a festival in honor of the Annunciation. St. Augustine gives it as an ancient tradition, coming down from Apostolic ages, that the Archangel Gabriel came with his message to Mary on March 25, and hence the choice of that day for the keeping of the feast. So important has this solemnity been always reckoned that the Roman Church at a very early period, and the Greek Church somewhat later, set aside in its regard the ordinary custom of celebrating no festivals during Lent.

The Vesper antiphons relate the history of the great event which has rendered the day illustrious. They are wedded to the psalms consecrated by long use to the praises of the Blessed Virgin.

1. "The Angel Gabriel was sent to Mary, a Virgin, espoused to Joseph."
2. "Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

3. "Fear not, Mary: thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive, and shalt bring forth a Son."

4. "And the Lord shall give unto Him the throne of David, His father; and He shall reign forever."

5. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word."

Many of the sacred chants chosen for the Mass of this great festival are taken from Psalm xlv, so frequently used by the Church in praise of the Mother of God, since it is prophetic of the Incarnation,—the event celebrated on this day.

The Introit sings: "All the rich among the people shall entreat thy countenance. After her shall virgins be brought to the King. Her neighbors shall be brought to thee in joy and gladness." The Introit of the Mass was originally an antiphon sung before and after the psalm appropriate to the occasion; now, for many centuries, the first verse only of such psalm is sung, with the addition of the *Gloria Patri*; in the present instance it is the same Psalm xlv which supplies the Introit. Mary is here saluted as Queen of angels and men, worthy of their united homage. It was her virginity which fitted her to become Mother of God, and it is this same holy virtue which will attract many thousands of ardent souls to follow her in the state of virginity.

The Collect prays: "O God, by whose will, at the message of an Angel, Thy Word took flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, give ear to our humble petitions; and grant that we, who believe her to be truly the Mother of God, may be helped by her prayers." The Church here teaches us to rest confidently in the power of Mary's intercession with her Son, true God and true man,—a power belonging to her divine maternity.

In the Lesson which stands in place of an Epistle we have the glorious prophecy of Isaías of the unique event which this feast commemorates. Speaking to the wicked King Achaz, who had refused to accept a miraculous proof of

God's continual defence of Jerusalem, the prophet announces to Juda the fact that "a Virgin shall conceive and shall bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel." A portion of the same prophecy forms the Little Chapter of the Vesper Office.

From Septuagesima Sunday until Easter, the joyful Alleluia is suppressed in all the Offices of the Church, even on festivals; in consequence of this law, the Gradual which follows the Epistle is succeeded by what is termed a Tract. The title is said to be derived from the long-drawn-out nature of its music; the words are always certain verses of a psalm, generally of a penitential nature. Both Gradual and Tract for this feast are taken from the "bridal psalm" which furnished the Introit.

"Grace is poured abroad in thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee forever," are the opening words of the Gradual. Through the momentous consent uttered by Mary—"Be it done to me according to thy word,"—she became the channel of grace to mankind. "Because of truth and meekness and justice; and thy right hand shall conduct thee wonderfully." These words speak of the perfection of virtue in the soul of the Virgin of Nazareth, which attracted the Heavenly Spouse to choose her for His Bride. The Tract carries on the idea in its opening phrase: "Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear; for the King hath greatly desired thy beauty." The remainder of the Tract is almost identical with the Introit.

The Gospel recounts the simple yet wondrous story of the interview between the Angel and Our Lady. For the minute particulars of the scene, as also for other events of the Sacred Infancy, known to Mary alone, St. Luke, who is the only Evangelist to narrate them, must have been indebted to the Holy Virgin herself. This thought renders the narrative still more precious: "At that time the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city

of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel, being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women...."

An unwonted incident may be witnessed in every sung Mass on this festival. Celebrant and sacred ministers all kneel while the choir sings, "*Et incarnatus est... Et Homo factus est.*" The ceremony is observed in the Mass of this feast and of Christmas Day only; it is a solemn act of worship paid to the Incarnate Son of God on the occasions of His taking flesh and of His birth into the world.

The prophecy contained in the Lesson is repeated in the Communion verse: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel." Particularly appropriate are these words, sung, as they are intended to be, during the distribution of Holy Communion; for the name Emmanuel, as St. Matthew's Gospel tells us, signifies "God with us"; and never is He in more close union with His creatures than in the supreme moment of His sacramental visit.

The Post-Communion Collect is that so familiar to us all in the frequently repeated Angelus; while it reminds us that those great mysteries of salvation—the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ—were the outcome of the event we commemorate on this festival, it prays that we may reap the fulness of the grace contained in each.

Such, in short, are some of the chief features of the history and the liturgy of this solemn feast. May the consideration of the mysteries it commemorates and of the glories it reveals fill us with a more sublime appreciation of God's unfailing mercy toward sinful man, while it increases our reverence for the Virgin Mother, and our confidence in her powerful help toward the attainment of salvation!

The Light of the Vision.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.

"SHE is certainly a charming woman," Nina observed meditatively, after Mrs. Wynne had taken her departure. "I don't wonder that you fell in love with her. You suit each other so exactly—you and she—that it really seems a great pity that you couldn't have seen your way to marrying her son."

"My dear Nina," Madeleine remonstrated, "how often must I tell you that it wasn't a question of seeing my way, but of an insurmountable obstacle to marrying him?"

"Oh, yes! I know your point of view," Nina returned a little irritably; "and I don't propose arguing about it. I've exhausted myself in argument already; and if it was useless in the past, it would be worse than useless now, since you have closed the door of hope with your own hand."

"I suppose that is a poetical way of stating the fact that I have entered the Catholic Church," Madeleine said, smiling. "I should describe it as the opening rather than the closing of a door. But you are quite right about its ending all question of my marrying John Maitland or any one else, since a woman can not have two living husbands."

Nina glanced at her curiously.

* SYNOPSIS:—Madeleine Raynor, a young divorced woman, having learned that it is impossible for her to marry John Maitland, a Catholic, without doing him great spiritual injury, has left America to avoid him; and when the story opens is living in the city of Chartres, France, with her friend, Nina Percival, who is a young art student. Madeleine is strongly attracted toward the Catholic Faith, and spends much of her time in the Cathedral of Chartres, studying its art and symbolism, and finding there a satisfying sense of peace. But this peace is rudely shattered when one day a party of American tourists enter the great church, and among them she recognizes the

"You say that very coolly," she remarked; "yet it has not been very long since I saw you almost ready to faint with horror at the suggestion that you were still bound to George Raynor."

"Quite true," was the calm reply; "but I have grown stronger since then. I have faced the truth, and learned that when one faces things they are not so hard to bear. It does no good to close one's eyes to what *is*, however one might wish it otherwise, you know."

Nina made an inarticulate sound which seemed to imply dissent from this view, but she did not speak; and so for an interval silence fell in the pleasant, fire-lighted room.

Lying back in a low chair before the grate heaped with coal, over the glowing red depths of which a flickering veil of transparent flame was playing, Madeleine was conscious of an altogether delightful sense of restfulness. After long struggle, ending in the intense emotions of the last few days, her soul seemed to sink down, as if glad to share in the body's repose; and both lay quiescent, passive, wrapped in a state of indescribable *bien-être*. Without any effort her mind dwelt on the experiences through which she had

man from whom she has been divorced. She endeavors to avoid the party, but is nevertheless accosted by the woman who has taken her name and place as Mrs. George Raynor. The latter does not know her personally; but, perceiving that she is an American, opens a conversation, betrays her own unhappiness, and asks questions, which Madeleine evades, and as soon as possible breaks away.

The encounter has, however, a very painful effect upon her, chiefly because it compels her to realize that, if she became a Catholic, she would be forced to feel herself still bound to the man from whom the law has set her free. This produces a revulsion of feeling toward the Church; and at this critical moment John Maitland, having followed her across the sea, comes to urge his suit anew. She refuses it, but in her heart is strongly tempted to throw religious considerations aside and marry him. The struggle is hard, but when she is most desperate she takes refuge in the Cathedral and begs for light and help. Then, while still within the church,

just passed, and found them perfect. There had been nothing to mar the happy days in the convent, nothing to distract the soul from the wonderful realization of the sacraments, and the last touch of happiness had been given in the unexpected meeting with Mrs. Wynne. Then, leaving higher things, the tired mind dwelt with intense pleasure on the memory of that lady's fascinating personality. Imagination still saw her in the empty chair where she had sat, investing even the ordinary act of drinking a cup of tea with her extraordinary grace and charm. She had kissed Madeleine on parting as her own mother might have done, and bade her remember that they were to be together as much as possible as long as she remained in Paris. Surely, Madeleine told herself, she might with a sense of security enjoy in anticipation the happy and peaceful days which lay before her, as a reward—very humbly she thought of it as such—for following the path of sacrifice along which God had beckoned her.

How long she had been wrapped in this dreamful ease she did not know—perhaps only a few minutes, perhaps longer; for the dusk was deepening outside the windows, through which the tall trees in

she meets again the woman who married her husband, who tells her that, having learned after they parted who she was, she has returned to Chartres to let her know that she, too, has found Raynor insupportable, that she is on her way to America to obtain a divorce from him, and that she has learned that happiness is not gained by grasping what is forbidden. Such an admission from such a source comes as a reviving message to Madeleine's soul, and she sends Maitland finally away. Soon after this she decides to delay no longer in entering the Church; and, after due preparation, is received in Paris. On the same day she meets, in the Passionist church, the mother of Maitland (now Mrs. Wynne), who had in the first instance drawn her attention to the Catholic Faith by opposing her son's marriage to a *divorcée*. They are very happy to meet each other, and Madeleine gladly accepts an invitation to lunch with Mrs. Wynne at her hotel. Here, however, she is again startled and distressed by encountering her divorced husband.

the gardens of the Luxembourg could be seen tossing their bare boughs against a gray sky,—when Nina presently spoke abruptly:

"If only," she said, "George Raynor would die!"

"Nina!" Madeleine sat up startled, although she was sufficiently familiar with the Protestant habit of wishing that Providence would "take" those who are a source of trouble to others, or who suffer from painful and incurable maladies. In the last case indeed, wishing has advanced to the point of advocating that the neglected duty of Providence should be performed by self-appointed agents.

"Well" (Nina was in arms at once), "why shouldn't I express what you must certainly feel?"

"I don't—I beg you to believe that I don't—feel anything of the kind!" Madeleine protested earnestly.

"Then the more fool you!" her friend snapped impolitely. "I don't believe in pious hypocrisies, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that it would be a very good thing for everybody concerned, and especially for you, if George Raynor would die."

"But how do you know that it would be a good thing?" Madeleine asked. "I suppose you mean that it would allow me to marry John Maitland, and 'be happy ever after,' like the heroine of an old-fashioned romance. But evidently that is not God's view of what is best for me, or it would occur."

"Madeleine, I have no patience with that mystical kind of talk. God means people to be happy,—you know that He does."

"I know nothing of the kind," Madeleine answered. "There is no warrant for such an assertion. On the contrary, God has distinctly told us that we must look beyond this life for happiness; that it is futile to seek it here, and only those who don't seek ever find it."

"I detest such ideas!" Nina declared. "If I thought they were true, I shouldn't believe in the goodness of God."

Madeleine looked at her pityingly.

"But if they are true, how can refusing to believe in the goodness of God change or help matters?" she inquired. "Well, never mind! I know these discussions are useless. Only tell me this: when you wish that George Raynor would die to allow me to be happy, what consideration are you giving *him*?"

Nina stared.

"What consideration should I give him?" she inquired in turn. "He deserves none."

"It is not a question of what he deserves, but what he stands in need of," Madeleine said. "Think what an awful thing death would be to one who lives as he does, unless he repented of his sins before it came!"

Nina threw back her head with a burst of laughter.

"Fancy George Raynor repenting of his sins!" she cried. "I can't imagine any juxtaposition of ideas more incongruous. I have no idea that he has ever in his life given a thought to the subject of sin or of repentance."

"I have no reason to believe that he ever has," Madeleine said; "and that is just what I mean. Don't you see how dreadful death would be to such a man? And yet you wish him hastened out of the world in order that life might be easier for me! O Nina, never utter such a wish again!"

"I consider it an eminently sensible wish," Nina persisted stoutly; "though I won't express it if you object to hearing it. You see, I haven't your faith in conditions hereafter. My beliefs are pretty hazy, like those of most of my generation; and this life is all that I care to reckon with. So it seems to me a great pity that you shouldn't have the good of yours."

"But I hope to have the good of it in the best way—the only way that has an eternal value," Madeleine replied quickly. "I wish I could make you understand how life and all its meaning has changed for me, but I am afraid that is impossible."

"It is not impossible for me to understand that the state of religious exaltation in which you have been, has carried you away from the earth into the clouds," Nina said. "I feared as much. And what is to be the end?"

"Nothing dreadful, I hope," Madeleine assured her. "You are hard to please. You want me to be happy, and when I tell you that I *am* happy you shake your head gloomily over it."

"Because we are talking of different things," Nina cried. "What you mean by happiness is an unhealthy mysticism, but that is not what I mean. As you said a moment ago, however, there is no good in discussing a subject on which we differ so widely. I am glad you have met this lovely Mrs. Wynne, who has such an agreeably worldly air that I hope she may do you good."

At this Madeleine laughed.

"I am quite sure that Mrs. Wynne's brand of worldliness would do any one good," she said. "And I was delighted that you accepted her invitation to lunch with her to-morrow."

"I thought it nice of her to ask me, since naturally it is only for you that she cared," Nina observed. "Shall I go, or shall I let you take my excuses?"

"Oh, you must go without doubt!" Madeleine answered eagerly. "I want you to know her, and I could see that she was interested in you. It is a great happiness to have met her, and a great happiness also to be here again so peacefully with you, Ninita. I am more grateful than I can say for both."

Mrs. Wynne, looking more charming than ever, in a toilette that delighted Nina's eye, which was as keen for fashion as for art, received her guests with an almost affectionate cordiality when they arrived the next day at the hotel near the Rue de la Paix, where her husband and herself were staying, and led the way at once to the pretty dining-room on the ground floor, opening on what was in

summer an orange-set courtyard, where a beautifully appointed table was reserved for them.

"I am sorry," she said, as they sat down, "that I must convey my husband's regrets that he can not have the pleasure of being with us. But the business which has brought him to Paris is of so exacting a nature that, after we have breakfasted together, I rarely see him again until late in the afternoon. It is no violation of confidence to say that he is engaged in the promotion of large financial schemes and investments, and there are no people so insatiable of details as the financiers who are concerned in such schemes. Therefore, in order that he may enjoy your society, we must arrange to dine together some evening soon; and meanwhile I am not sorry to have you all to myself to-day."

Involuntarily she looked at Madeleine as she spoke, and the soft dark eyes which met her own said more eloquently than words that the last sentiment was fully shared by their possessor.

"It must be very interesting as well as profitable to be engaged in large financial schemes, especially when they bring you to Paris," Nina remarked. "Do you always accompany Mr. Wynne?"

Mrs. Wynne smiled slightly, as her glance again sought Madeleine's.

"This is the first time I have accompanied him," she said; "for we were married only just before we sailed. He came over last summer, but I was not—not ready to accompany him then, and he kindly consented to give me another chance."

Nina lifted her eyebrows.

"Excuse me," she said, "but what an extraordinary way to speak of it! You surely mean that you kindly consented to give *him* another chance."

"No," Mrs. Wynne answered. "I mean exactly what I have said. The decision had passed out of my hands, and it was he who gave *me* the chance. You see" (once more her eyes sought Madeleine), "the matter stood this way: a sacrifice

had seemed demanded of me in order to obtain a great favor from Heaven—yes, I know," she broke off, as Nina made an irrepressible movement, "that sounds very strange to you, but it is a common thing with Catholics to offer such sacrifices when they desire anything very much—"

"You mean that they believe they can buy it?" Nina was unable to refrain from exclaiming.

"If you put it that way, why not?" Mrs. Wynne asked calmly. "It is not a new idea. We are told—I speak reverently—that we are 'bought with a price'; and if the great Purchase could be made, why not lesser ones? It all involves the doctrine of substitution—of one suffering for another,—of which perhaps you know something."

"I—have heard of it," Nina murmured, gazing with an amazement which was close upon stupefaction at this woman, who, with her air of what might be called exquisite worldliness—that is, of the highest social knowledge and breeding—in her dress, which bore the latest touch of fashion, talked like a cloistered nun of mystical beliefs and practices which seemed as far removed from real life as fairy-tales.

Meanwhile, however, Mrs. Wynne went on with the same calmness:

"But the sacrifice I wished to make was taken out of my hands: another insisted on paying it, and leaving me free to fulfil a promise given long before. And perhaps I had tried the patience of a very patient man too far. At least he declared that if I intended to marry him, it must be 'now or never'; and I was almost ready to let it be 'now' when something occurred,—something which made it impossible for me to feel that I was free to seek my own happiness. So I told him it must be 'never,' and sent him away very sad and angry. Well" (the speaker drew a short, quick breath), "I need not dwell on a very wretched time of loneliness and suspense. Presently the suspense ended, and I learned—what

I had indeed hardly doubted—that she who had undertaken to pay the coin of sacrifice was firm in her determination to do so. When, therefore, Mr. Wynne was good enough, as I have already said, to give me another chance, I felt that I should be lacking in faith, both human and divine, if I did not take it. So, *me voilà*" (she spread out her hands), "a very happy and at the same time humbled woman, who has learned that great sacrifices are not for her!"

"I think I understand," said Nina, looking from the speaker to Madeleine, whose eyes were now cast down on her plate; "but it is a drama where the whole point seems to lie inward rather than outward."

"Don't you think that that is always the case in any drama worthy of interest?" Mrs. Wynne asked, smiling at her. "Which is another way of saying that what concerns the soul is alone of supreme importance."

Nina glanced, with a mocking expression, around the room, filled just now with groups of people whose appearance seemed to indicate anything rather than acquiescence in the last statement.

"I wonder how many of these," she observed, with a slight nod, "consider that what concerns the soul is alone of supreme importance?"

"Not many perhaps," Mrs. Wynne answered; "and yet it is difficult to tell. There may be more than you are inclined to think. Take ourselves, for example. We have not very much the look of ascetics" (she glanced over their luxuriously served table), "yet you see that we believe it."

"That is true, of course, so far as you and Madeleine are concerned," Nina said hastily; "but it isn't true of me. I can't let you think that I am so transcendental as to believe anything of the kind, for I really don't."

"And I am quite sure that you do, if you took time to sift your beliefs," Mrs. Wynne told her. "In point of fact,

when we think at all, there isn't anything else that we can believe, unless we take refuge in blank negation."

"Oh, merely as an academic statement, perhaps!" conceded Nina, who was not averse to proving her intelligence. "And I will say that you Catholics occupy the only logical position in the matter," she added; "though I disapprove of carrying such ideas too far."

Then Madeleine lifted her eyes, with a look of amusement in them.

"Nina means that for me," she said. "She disapproves—"

Suddenly her voice failed, as if a strong hand had clutched her throat; and into her eyes there came such an expression of dismay, amounting to terror, as she gazed beyond Nina into the room, with its vista of glittering tables and well-dressed people, that the latter turned quickly in her chair to see what had caused the change.

She had not far to look to discover the cause. At a table not more than a few feet distant from them three men were taking their places; and one of these—ah, there was no reason to wonder at the expression in Madeleine's eyes when her glance fell on that well-remembered personality! How unmistakable was the figure, inclining more and more to stoutness as the years went on; and the face once strikingly handsome, but now marred by marks of an evil temper, and coarsened by unrestrained indulgence in the appetites of the body! It was, in the last respect, a face such as is frequently seen on men whom worldly prosperity has rendered able to purchase whatever the flesh desires or the devil suggests, and to whom abstinence and self-control have not been taught even as maxims of worldly wisdom; but the deepening traces of a temper violent almost to the point of insanity differentiated this face from the purely animal type, and, as Nina knew well, sometimes gave it an absolutely diabolical aspect.

But this aspect was not perceptible

just now. George Raynor—for there was no doubt that it was he—was apparently in one of his most amiable moods. He was talking and laughing with the men who accompanied him; and their conversation appeared to be of so interesting a nature (its subject was indicated by the word "motor" which repeatedly caught the attention of those near by) that it was several minutes before he observed the group of ladies whose table was on a line with that at which he and his companions sat down.

Meanwhile Nina, turning back and seeing Madeleine's paling face, half rose from her chair.

"You had better change seats with me," she said abruptly.

But Madeleine, with a motion of her hand, bade her be still.

"I shall not move," she replied in a low voice. "Take no notice of—anything."

"What is it?" Mrs. Wynne asked involuntarily.

Then she, too, glanced at the newcomers, and saw the man who was now staring at them with a look which sufficiently enlightened her. She had an instant intuition of who he was, and with her eyes consulted Nina, who shook her head slightly, to signify that there was nothing to be done. But after a swift glance at Madeleine, Mrs. Wynne was of another opinion. She quietly laid down her napkin.

"I think we need not linger here longer," she said. "I will order coffee to be served in my apartment. Come, dear!"

She drew Madeleine's hand within her arm as they rose; and the support, light as it was, proved so steadying that the latter walked out of the room without a sign of faltering, although they were forced to pass so close to the other table that her skirts brushed the chair on which George Raynor sat.

(To be continued.)

THE greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The Crucible.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

IN the arrogant time of youthhood
 I lived for the hour and day;
 I chased the mirage of pleasure,
 My life was song and play.
 I trod on the rights of others
 As bubbles of joy I won;
 I mocked at pain and sadness,
 Nor thought of the harm I'd done.
 And then, the crucible ready,
 God came and cast me in.
 And, oh, the rending torture
 As I writhed on my bed of sin!
 And, oh, the re-creation
 When I came forth at last,
 Battered and scarred, but victor,—
 In the mould of manhood cast!
 And now I know that Pleasure
 Is brother twin to Pain;
 And now I know that Mercy
 Has naught to do with Gain.
 I know that Joy is Service;
 I know that Peace is Prayer;
 And Sympathy is sweetest
 When born of Grief and Care.

A Visit to the Grande Chartreuse.

BY S. M. CHRISTINA.

MOST people are acquainted with the name and fame of the yellow or green liqueurs — mellow or pungent, according to their color, — which are known as "Chartreuse." Not so many are aware of the locality of the spot where they were made, or of the manner of life of those who make them. It is, therefore, with pleasure we recall a visit paid to the famous monastery a short time before its suppression, — a golden opportunity which can never occur again.

One fine morning in early summer, we two, my fellow-traveller and I, left the main railway line to Marseilles, and took that branching off to Grenoble, a quaint

old town toward the southeast of France, overshadowed by a spur of the Alps, up in whose snowy heights stands the Grande Chartreuse. We were soon steaming through the valley of the Isère, one of the most beautiful in the country. Fruit orchards covered the ground for miles. Vines were trained over wooden trellis-work, or hung in festoons from trees. The valley was closed in on almost all sides by the Alps. Of Grenoble one sees nothing until quite close upon it. A huge mountain buttress, against which the train seems to be charging full tilt, thrusts itself forward abruptly, and conceals it from view. It is a quiet Old-World place,—the first city that opened its gates to Napoleon I. on his march to Paris, after his escape from Elba.

From Grenoble we made the first stage of our journey to the monastery in an automobile. Shortly after leaving the town, the road began to ascend the lower slopes of the Alps. The scenery around was picturesque in the extreme. Here and there a grim old feudal castle frowned down on us from a rocky height, a wealth of Alpine roses veiling the crumbling decay of donjon and keep. On either side lay flower-enamelled meadows, dotted with flocks of sheep, led by little shepherdesses in pretty peasant costume. A wayside shrine peeped out now and then from the heart of a venerable oak. It was like an animated landscape of Claude Lorrain.

After some time we came to the mountain village of St. Laurent. Here we had to dismiss our motor. Its hill-climbing powers, excellent as they were, no longer sufficed. It was now exchanged for a small, strongly-built vehicle, drawn by two stout mountain ponies. The driver, a sturdy Provençal, cracked his whip, and in a few moments we passed from a scene of fairylike beauty to one of almost savage wildness. We plunged into a deep ravine, the mountain walls rising sheer on either side, seeming almost to meet high overhead. Emerging from this

gloomy gorge, the path, climbing ever upward, curved sharply round a succession of giant peaks, with a precipice yawning with startling abruptness underneath. The mountains, stern and threatening, hemmed us in more and more closely. We seemed to be leaving all trace of human habitation forever.

Our Jehu, I may remark, was somewhat of an original. It was quite entertaining to watch his management of the ponies, which rejoiced in the names of Jeanette and Jacquelin. Where the path was tolerably secure, he kept up a running fire of invectives, vigorously discharged at them; but where it presented difficulties, he descended to the most endearing terms. At one particularly trying curve I heard him address Jacquelin: "*Allons, mon bel ange! Tire donc!*"

At length, after an upward climb of some hours, we came out on a wide plateau. What a sight met our eyes! All around rose a circle of snow-clad Alpine peaks, guarding like giant sentinels this spot of ground, silent, uplifted, midway as it were between heaven and earth. A feeling of awe is inspired by this vast amphitheatre, encompassed by the everlasting hills; silence, unbroken as that of the tomb all around; and in the centre, every spire and gable sharply outlined against the snowy background, stood the famous monastery, La Grande Chartreuse.

Alighting from our calash at the great gate, we rang the bell, and listened to its peal reverberating through the spaces within. A few moments more and the gate swung back, revealing a tall figure clothed in a long white habit, a cowl drawn over the head, and—oh, relief!—beneath the cowl a face beaming with kindness. It was our first sight of a Carthusian.

With a cordiality that went far to counteract the outside chill and desolation, the good monk, Frère Ambroise, greeted us; and, having consigned our conveyance to the care of another cowed figure, led

the way through a series of long stone corridors to that part of the monastery destined for guests. Even indoors it was intensely cold. At the end of one passage he opened a door, and ushered us into a long, wide room, the "*Salle de Bourgogne*." It was furnished with the utmost simplicity. A large deal table, some plain, hard chairs, and a stove comprised the whole furniture. The wooden floor was bare. But all was of scrupulous cleanliness. Nothing save the snow-clad hills was to be seen from the windows.

The first thing the good Brother did was to present us with a tiny glass of the famous liqueur. Its effect was instantaneous, — thawing and warming us. Dinner then made its appearance,—a by no means epicurean repast, in which oil, garlic, and some dried fish played the principal part. Good omelets are made at the monastery, but only of the yolk of the egg: the white all goes to the making of the liqueurs.

Dinner ended, Frère Ambroise conducted us over the abbey. It was of immense size; everything — corridors, staircases, cells—built of stone. Each monk had three cells. The first of these opened on a long corridor in the interior of the monastery; the third, which was fitted up with work tools, opened into a little plot of ground, which could be entered only by the occupant of the cell. The chapel had the same severity of appearance as the rest of the building. Long rows of stalls, of dark carved oak, ran down each side of the nave. Here the monks assembled at two o'clock every morning for Matins. We saw several of them at their devotions. There were some venerable men, with flowing beard as white as the habit that clothed their ascetic frame. One of these had held a high military position, and in the full tide of advancement had resigned it to take up the sword of the spirit and put on the armor of Christ. Others were of mature years and refined appearance; all were serene of countenance, bearing

the visible impress of the peace which is not of this world. Truly theirs is a wonderful vocation. Lastly we were shown the cemetery, — a bare, tempest-swept enclosure; a wooden cross, bearing no name, marked each grave.

While showing us over the abbey, good Frère Ambroise, in the most genial manner, gave a sketch of its history. It was founded by St. Bruno in the year 1084. According to the Frère this saint had once led a dissipated life in the world. Strolling about Paris one day with some of his boon companions, they met the funeral of one of their former friends. As the coffin was being borne past, its lid was raised, and the dead man, sitting up, addressed to them the terrible words: "I am accused by the just judgment of God!" Struck with terror, Bruno and his companions left the world and entered on a life of penance. They built a few huts (the nucleus of the present monastery), and began to practise a rule, the austerity of which has never been relaxed. Meat is never seen in the house. Perpetual silence is observed, except by those appointed to receive guests. Meals are taken in each one's cell, except on festivals, when all dine in the refectory, but even then in silence.

The revenue which the monastery derived from the sale of the liqueurs owed its origin to a chance circumstance. A detachment of the Grand Army of Napoleon I. was crossing the Alps at this point, and was hospitably entertained at the abbey. The commanding officer recommended the abbot to put the liqueurs (which until then had been used only as health cordials among the poor of the district) on the market. The advice was taken, and they soon attained a European fame. The secret of their manufacture remains with the monks.

"I sincerely hope you may enjoy many happy years in your venerable home," I said to Frère Ambroise, thinking sadly of the threatening cloud then hanging over the religious houses of France. He

shook his head gently, and smiled. "We are in God's hands," he replied; "He will take care of us in the future as in the past."

With these words of trust and hope we took leave of our kind guide. Our ponies made their appearance, as ready for the road as if they were only beginning their labors. And, with many good wishes from the gentle Brother, we set off on our return journey, bearing with us an undying memory of that wonderful abode.

The next news we heard of it was that it had been suppressed. The people of Isère, in which Department the monastery is situated, entered a unanimous protest against the iniquitous measure; for the great abbey gave employment to hundreds, and its revenues were devoted to the promotion of local industries. But the blow fell. The ancient and illustrious Order, after long centuries of noble service, was ruthlessly suppressed. The exiled monks have found a refuge at Tarragona, in Spain, where up to the present they have not been molested.

Meanwhile let us hope that France may yet, and speedily, return to the paths of faith and piety she trod so long. May that beautiful land, once the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," again justify her noble title! Then the sufferings and prayers of her exiled children shall not have been in vain.

I HEAR nothing talked of but perfection, yet I see it practised by only a few. Everyone forms his own ideal of it. Some place it in simplicity of attire, some in austerity, some in almsgiving, some in frequent reception of the Sacraments; this one in prayer, that one in passive contemplation, and another in the gifts called gratuitous. But, by a general mistake, they take the effects for the cause, and the means for the end. For my part, I know of no other perfection than loving God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. Whoever imagines any other kind of perfection deceives himself.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

From the Convent Cell.

BY MARY CROSS.

FOR some days orange-colored posters on the walls and "hoardings" of Ixley had announced a meeting of the Titus Oates Society, to be presided over by Mrs. Helen Powyl, of the Hall, who was a kind of queen in the little town,—a wealthy and childless widow, well-meaning, benevolent, and taking her ideas of the Church from Protestant Alliance literature, and the novels of Joseph Hocking.

The eventful night had come, and Mrs. Powyl, who had not before presided at a public meeting, took the chair rather nervously. She wore her famous diamonds, the envy of every lady in the county; and they gave quite a tone to the proceedings,—even as, in the eyes of some, the fact of St. Peter's having had a boat of his own gives a touch of respectability to the beginning of Christianity which otherwise it would lack. Gazing at the Powyl diamonds, the secretary felt that the meeting could certainly be described as "influential," if the word "large" must be withheld.

A report was read, deploring the falling off of subscriptions; and that afforded Mr. Hempseed, local J. P. and true-blue Protestant, an opportunity of expressing the pious hope that those blessed with abundant means would come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. A resolution—"That we call upon Parliament to at once secure freedom for the captives in convent cells by means of magisterial inspection, which it shall be a misdemeanor to resist"—was proposed by an orator, who stated that a hundred similar meetings had been held in as many towns and villages for the passing of the same resolution; and "soon every nunnery will be subject to State inspection, and Rome's proud Pontiff tremble on the throne of the Vatican,"—at which there

was applause as loud as the limited audience could produce.

Mrs. Powyl followed, with a few tremulous remarks indicative of her sincere compassion for the unhappy beings languishing in "Romish dungeons"; and the meeting closed with the singing of a hymn, and "a collection in silver."

Mrs. Powyl was preparing to leave the hall, when an elderly lady approached her, obviously struggling to overcome great emotion.

"May I thank you for your words, dear Madam?" she murmured. "You will understand how deeply they touched me when I mention that my daughter, my dear and only child, has recently escaped from a convent, after terrible experiences. Hush! Pray do not let any one else know—yet."

Mrs. Powyl gazed at the speaker with profound interest, recognizing in her Mrs. Mercer, the elder of two strange ladies who had recently taken a small cottage on the Powyl estate,—in search of health, gossip said. The younger lady appeared very shy and very delicate, and always wore a respirator. Mrs. Powyl had sometimes wondered what was the history of the devoted parent and child, but had never imagined anything half so thrilling as the tearful mother now revealed.

"Be thankful to Providence for the escape," she murmured soothingly.

"Truly I am, though my child has come back to me with nerves shattered and constitution undermined. It is all my fault. Foolishly and wickedly, against her dead father's principles and my own, I sent her to a convent school; and there she was forced to take the veil, and there she has been detained a prisoner. Oh, how little Protestant parents know what they are doing when they send their children to be taught by nuns!"

Mrs. Powyl was both interested and impressed. It is always satisfactory to find "the gold of one's own doctrines in a fellow-heap of dust"; and she was glad to have her opinion of the perils of convent schools thus emphatically confirmed.

"I should like to call on you, to express personally my sympathy with your daughter," she said; and Mrs. Mercer warmly responded that she would be "only too delighted," — with which friendly understanding the ladies parted.

Mrs. Powyl's brougham was at the door, and a tall, good-looking young man also. He carried a wrap, in which he carefully enfolded her, then took his place beside her in the carriage.

"Were you at the meeting, Oswald? I didn't see you," she said; and Oswald Powyl, M. D., her nephew, at present on a visit to her, answered:

"No, I was at a meeting of the Rationalist Society. The lecturer there 'proved' that Christ never existed. It strikes me, my dear aunt, that your Protestant societies are confronted with much more serious problems than whether a woman should live a single life in company with a number of others in a house not open to the general public. Besides, isn't the victory rather to the infidel, if you succeed in destroying the integrity of the oldest Christian Church of all?"

"I don't admit that the Romish Church is Christian, Oswald. It can't be, when it allows image-worship and adoration of the Virgin, setting her above Christ and saying that He obeys her."

"Didn't He, though, — at Cana, for example?"

"If you are going to blaspheme, Oswald, I'd rather talk about something else. You will be telling me next that Rome is right."

"That is the mystery. If Rome is wrong, why did God leave the souls for which Christ died to her sole guidance for centuries?"

"My dear boy, the Bible, the Word of God, was then as now the sole guide, not Rome."

"But Rome decided that the Bible was the Word of God, Aunt Helen; it is accepted as such on her authority. And if she has led mankind astray on other

points, why not on that? There is no sureness, no certainty anywhere."

He was speaking rather to himself than to Mrs. Powyl, giving expression to doubts and fears that troubled him daily. "Lord, to whom shall I go?" was the cry of his soul, in its quest for light, truth, security; but not yet had he found the answer.

Mrs. Powyl merely shook her head at him. She was conscious that he was drifting into danger, wavering between Romanism and Rationalism; but she knew not how to help him.

Next day there was a sensation in Ixley. In consequence of a rumor that the Catholics intended to storm the hall, and break up the Titus Oates meeting, all the local constables had been in its immediate vicinity; and thus the coast had been clear for an enterprising burglar to break into Mr. Hempseed's dwelling, and annex much plate and jewellery. The Hempseed servants had been at the meeting, as in duty bound; so the way of the transgressor had been easy.

"The Jesuits are at the bottom of it!" Mrs. Powyl excitedly informed her nephew. "But if they think, by such methods, to frighten Mr. Hempseed into abandoning the Protestant cause, they will find their mistake. I called on the Mercers—those ladies at the cottage, you know,—and found that the burglary has alarmed them very much; as well it might, when they have no men on the premises. But they are quite of my opinion as to the burglars being in the pay of the Jesuits."

"H'm! Does any one know anything about them?" asked Oswald.

His aunt had been exploited many a time by adventurers posing as persecuted Protestants, and he wished to guard against a repetition of such experiences.

"I know what profoundly interests and touches me," she answered, with dignity. "Miss Mercer is an escaped nun, Oswald. Her mother foolishly sent her to a convent to be educated, and the nuns compelled her to become one of them. The bishop

ordained her, and cut off all her beautiful hair. It is as short as yours now,—she showed me to-day. When she wanted to write to her mother, and begged to be allowed to go home, she was stupefied with drugs; and when she refused to adore the Virgin, she was beaten by the Mother Superior with knotted towels."

"It sounds like a plagiarism from Hocking," commented Oswald.

"It proves that Mr. Hocking's stories of convent life are perfectly true!" declared Aunt Helen, warmly.

"In what convent was this young lady imprisoned?"

"Oh, she dare not tell! She says that to do so would lead to the discovery of the persons who helped her to escape—two poor lay Sisters,—and she shudders to think what would be done to them then."

"Why didn't they escape with her?"

"I'm sure I do not know; probably it was not possible. Miss Mercer lives in terror of the Jesuits discovering her hiding-place, and carrying her off to the convent again."

"She should apply for police protection; the Jesuits are getting off too easily," said Oswald. "By the way, did I ever tell you that I have been amongst nuns? Not far from my house there is an orphan asylum in charge of a Sisterhood, and one night fire broke out in a dormitory. A Sister was badly burned in rescuing a child; she did it at the risk of her life. As a result, she is permanently disfigured. I, being the nearest medical man, was called in to attend her; and, after that first night, had to go rather frequently."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Powyl, on the tiptoe of expectation.

"Well, I had opportunities of seeing how those nuns lived,—opportunities of knowing them and their work,—their simple goodness, their childlike faith and innocence, their devotion to poor and friendless children. I shall never forget the cheerful patience with which Sister Lucy bore her sufferings, nor her gratitude for my services, nor her promise of prayers.

How often I have been comforted by the thought that those guileless, saintly women do sometimes remember me before God!"

Aunt Helen was amazed first, then annoyed, then touched. She loved Oswald, and his sincerity and earnestness affected her.

"Romanism has shown you its fair side," she said, though mildly.

"Can a bad tree bring forth such perfect fruit? When next you visit me, I shall take you to the orphan asylum, and let you judge for yourself."

"I'll go willingly, my dear! I may have a chance of speaking a word in season to the poor misguided souls," said Mrs. Powyl, with great satisfaction picturing herself as a missionary to nuns. "And you also must see the other side,—you must meet Miss Mercer."

"I am really anxious to do so, dear Aunt Helen."

"Well, then, instead of going golfing to-morrow, stay at home, and you will see the ladies. They are coming to lunch with me."

When Oswald was presented to the "escaped nun" he surveyed her with pardonable curiosity. She was pale and languid, and wore a species of mantilla to hide her loss of hair; doubtless her extreme shyness was due to her former seclusion in the convent.

"Agatha's health is improving in this delightful place," Mrs. Mercer said. "But I am in such a difficulty, dear Mrs. Powyl! I am obliged to go to London to-morrow on important business, and she positively refuses to be left behind."

"You know that I dare not stay alone, mother," said Agatha, tremulously.

"My darling, I quite understand! But what is to be done? You are not well enough to travel so far; and even if you were, it is a pity to drag you to town for only a couple of days. But you know that I really must go."

"I must face the journey then," sighed Agatha.

"Not at all," interposed Mrs. Powyl.

"You would not be afraid to stay with me until your mother returns, would you? The Pope himself shall not take you out of my care."

The grateful Mrs. Mercer sobbed into her handkerchief.

"How good you are!" she cried. "How kind, how truly noble! I can almost forgive those cruel nuns, as but for them I should never have known you and gained your gracious sympathy."

"We will take the best care of you, Miss Mercer," said Dr. Powyl, cheerfully.

"I am sure of that," she replied. "Do you think I shall ever get over this frightful nervousness, this terror of my own shadow?"

"I am sure you will," he said decisively; and as the visitors rose to depart he opened the door for them.

Beside it stood a huge bowl of flowers, and somehow or another he knocked it over, so that a pool of water lay on the floor. He apologized for his clumsiness, and escorted the ladies to the lodge gates, chatting pleasantly all the way.

Possibly they would have been more surprised at the connection between the upsetting of the flower-bowl and the telephonic message he presently dispatched than he would have been by Miss Mercer's nunlike remark to her mother, had he overheard it:

"He's as big an owl as his auntie, good luck to us!"

Mrs. Powyl rejoiced that Providence had destined Miss Mercer to be her guest. With her experiences of a convent, she would act as antidote to the poison which had been subtly instilled into Oswald at the "Romish orphan asylum"; she would counteract the false impression the artful Sisters had made on the confiding, unsuspecting young man.

Oswald went out, and did not come in again until dinner time. He was rather silent and abstracted, his aunt thought. But on the following day, as she was drinking a solitary cup of tea, and deciding that she would soon send the carriage for Miss

Mercer, he walked into her presence, looking so nervous that she was startled.

"Oswald, what can be the matter?"

"Dear Aunt, I am going to give you a shock."

"Don't tell me that you have turned Romanist!"

The hot blood rushed to his temples. He a Romanist! The suggested possibility thrilled him through and through with emotions he could not define.

"What put that into your head, Aunt Helen?"

"You yourself. You are always on the defensive where Rome is concerned. Tell me the worst at once."

"What I have to tell does not relate to myself but to Miss Mercer."

"Oh! Have the Jesuits got her?" cried Mrs. Powyl, quivering with excitement.

"No, but the police have her!"

"What?" almost shrieked Aunt Helen.

"She isn't a nun at all, but an impostor, as I suspected from the first."

Mrs. Powyl was reduced to speechlessness, and could only fix her eyes, living notes of interrogation, on her nephew.

"Mrs. Mercer and her daughter—who is, by the bye, her son—are among the cleverest criminals in the country," said Oswald. "The son is known in police and criminal circles as 'Pretty Jane,' because of his effeminate appearance and his skill in impersonating a woman. The pair have been giving their attention to country houses lately. It was Pretty Jane who burgled Mr. Hempseed's dwelling; and I conjecture that the same person failed in an attempt to break into this, and so hit on a more ingenious plan to secure your famous diamonds—"

"Please stop, Oswald! I can't bear it," said Aunt Helen, from the depths of humiliation and wrath. To have been so befooled, so played upon!

He waited in silence until she had recovered sufficiently to ask:

"How was all this found out?"

"Well, from the first I had my doubts. The convent story was fiction, on the

face of it. So I communicated with a detective. He has been residing at the Crown Hotel for the last few days. He suggested that 'Miss Mercer' might be Pretty Jane; but, owing to her habit of never appearing without a veil and a respirator, it was difficult to identify her; and 'Mrs. Mercer' had altered herself out of recognition with stained skin and white wig. My acquaintance with historical romance came to the rescue. I remembered how Prince Charles Edward, when disguised as Flora Macdonald's maid, nearly betrayed himself by the awkwardness with which he managed his skirts when crossing a stream. When I purposely upset the flower-bowl in your visitors' path yesterday, I was particularly observant of 'Miss Mercer.' He raised his skirt gracefully enough in order to avoid trailing it through the flood, but thereby revealed a pair of feet that never yet belonged to woman. So I telephoned to my detective, and he got reinforcements, and raided the cottage. Part of Mr. Hempseed's property was found there, and the precious pair are now in the only sort of cells they are familiar with. Don't cry, dear Aunt Helen! It really is something to laugh at."

But Aunt Helen had received a wound, a shock, and was confined to bed for several days in consequence. Then Oswald prescribed change of air and scene.

"Come home with me," he said. "I'll introduce you to a real nun, and you will banish the sham one from your thoughts."

Mrs. Powyl tearfully consented, anxious to turn her back for a time on the scene of so much mortification.

It was a great day when she visited the orphan asylum with Oswald, and made the acquaintance of his former patient, Sister Lucy, whose once pretty face bore the lasting scars of heroism. From the nursery, where the youngest toddlers played with a Sister's rosary and clung to her blue-grey habit; to the classrooms, where other Sisters taught the blind, the deaf, and the dumb; to the infirmary, where a Sister tended the ailing ones; to

the chapel, with its mysterious hush, its fragrance, its solemn beauty,—Aunt Helen travelled, swallowing a succession of lumps in her throat as she went.

"I understand what you feel when nuns are attacked, Oswald," was her only comment afterward, but it meant a great deal.

When Dr. Powyl was received into the Church, his friends told him that Aunt Helen would certainly shut her doors against him and strike his name out of her will. But she did neither. In addition to providing for him, she left a large sum to the Sisterhood to which, under Heaven, he owed his conversion. It should be mentioned that, before she died, she had laid aside the works of Joseph Hocking for those of Father Faber.

Lenten Thoughts.

(For the Fourth Week in Lent.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

V.—THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD.

"BLESSED be Jesus Christ, true God and true man!" "And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us." "Whom do men say that the Son of man is? . . . Some say that Thou art . . . Elias . . . or one of the prophets. . . . But whom do you say that I am? Simon Peter answering, said: Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." There is great merit in declaring that Christ is God. Behold, for instance, what our Lord Himself says to St. Peter: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven." So does Our Lord say to each one of us when we confess His divinity: "Blessed art thou; . . . for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven."

During the whole of the fourth week of Lent, the Church is incessantly engaged in confessing Our Lord's divinity. Let us look at the Gospels for the week.

Sunday: He feeds the multitude, in number about five thousand men, with five barley loaves and two fishes. (St. John, vi.)

Monday: He scourges the buyers and sellers and drives them out of the Temple. No mere man would have dared, or would have been permitted, to do this. (Ib., ii.)

Tuesday: His eternity is proclaimed. "When the Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence He is. Jesus, therefore, cried out in the Temple, teaching and saying: I am not come of Myself; but He that sent Me is true, whom you know not. I know Him, because I am from Him, and He hath sent Me." The Jews then attempted to stone Him, because He made Himself God. (Ib., vii.)

Wednesday: Jesus "saw a man that was blind from his birth. . . . He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and spread the clay upon his eyes; and said to him: Go and wash in the pool of Siloe. He went, therefore, and washed; and he came seeing." (Ib., ix.)

Thursday: Jesus went into a city called Naim. "And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, a dead man was carried out; the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. . . . And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said to her: Weep not. And He came near and touched the bier. And He said: Young man, I say to thee: Arise! And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. . . . And there came a fear on them all; and they glorified God, saying: A great prophet is risen up among us, and God hath visited His people." (St. Luke, vii.)

Friday: There was a man named Lazarus sick in Bethania, of the town of Mary and of Martha, her sister. Jesus, hearing it, came, and found that he had been already four days in the grave. "Now, it was a cave, and a stone was laid over it. Jesus saith: Take away the stone. . . . They took, therefore, the stone away. And Jesus, lifting up His eyes, . . .

cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth! And presently he that had been dead came forth." (St. John, xi.)

It will be noticed that the Gospel for every day this week, with the exception of Thursday, is taken from St. John, the Evangelist of the Divinity; for even Saturday's Gospel, in which Our Lord declares that He is "the Light of the world," is taken from St. John, viii.

Now let us listen to the homilies of the Fathers.

On Sunday St. Augustine speaks of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes: "The miracles which our Lord Jesus Christ wrought are indeed divine works, and wake up the mind to understand God from the things that can be seen. For God is not a substance that can be seen by corporal eyes; and the miracles by which He guides the world have, because of their constancy, grown vile, so that there is scarce one to admire the wonder of even a grain of mustard seed. But, according to His mercy, He hath reserved certain things to Himself [that is, miracles], which at the proper time He was to do, contrary to the customary order of nature; that those, by seeing not greater but unaccustomed wonders, might be startled, for whom daily miracles had grown vile. For the guidance of the world is a greater miracle than the satisfying five thousand with five loaves. And yet no one admires the one, all admire the other,—not because it is greater, but because it is rare. For who now feeds the whole world but He who from a few grains creates the harvest? Therefore, in this case Christ acted as God. And from the same source from which He multiplies the harvest from a few grains, from that same source did He multiply the five loaves; for the power was in the hands of Christ."

On Wednesday the Gospel tells of the miraculous curing of the blind man, and we have the homily of St. Augustine teaching thus: "These wonderful and stupendous things which our Lord Jesus

Christ did are works and words. They are works, inasmuch as they were things done; they are words, inasmuch as they are signs. If, therefore, we consider what does this signify which has been done, we find that the whole human race is that blind man. For that blindness happened in the first man by sin. . . . If blindness is infidelity, and faith is illumination, whom will Christ at His coming find faithful? . . . The Lord, therefore, came, and what did He do? He hath commended to us a deep mystery. He spat on the ground, and with the saliva of His mouth He made clay, because the Word was made Flesh; and He anointed the eyes of the blind man. The blind man had been anointed, and yet did not see. He sent him, therefore, to the pool called Siloe, which is interpreted 'Sent.' Now we know who has been sent; for if He had not been sent, none of us would have been freed from sin. The blind man, therefore, washed his eyes in that pool which is interpreted 'Sent,' and was thus baptized in Christ."

The Mass of Thursday is, among all these striking Masses, the most remarkable of all. The Introit, because of what is to follow, opens with an exclamation of rejoicing: "Let the heart of them that seek the Lord rejoice. Seek ye the Lord, and ye shall be strengthened." Rejoicing in Lent seems contradictory; but we acknowledge how just and right it is when we read of the mercies of the Lord as told in the Epistle, where the son of the Sunamitess is raised to life (IV. Kings, iv); and the Gospel, where the son of the widow of Naim is taken from the coffin and given back to his mother.

Of this miracle at Naim St. Ambrose says in his homily: "This place offers to us the sight of a twofold grace: (1) that we may believe that the divine mercy is immediately moved by the lamentation of a widowed mother; . . . (2) and that in this mother, surrounded by the crowd, we may see more than a mere woman

who, by her tears, has merited the restoration of her son. For she, who was ordered not to weep over him who was about to be restored, represents Holy Church, who, at the sight of its tears, recalls a new generation from the pomp of funerals and the awful doom of the grave to the remembrance of eternal life. And this young man lying dead in the coffin had a hope of resurrection, because he was carried in wood, which previously indeed had betrayed us, but which, as soon as Jesus had touched it, began at once to shoot forth life. And thus here was a sign that salvation was to be restored through the wood of the Cross. . . . And, although the supreme doom of the grave may have taken from us all hope of life, and the dead body lies beside the open grave, yet by the word of God the dead arise. The word of God came, and the young man that was dead was restored to his mother; he is recalled from the tomb; he is snatched from the sepulchre. What is this sepulchre but our evil habits? From this sepulchre Christ rescues us; from this tomb thou shalt arise, if thou wilt hear the word of God. And if thy sin is grave, and thou canst not wash it away with the tears of thine own repentance, let Holy Mother Church also weep for thee; for, by a natural affinity, she weeps with a spiritual grief over her children whom she sees borne by deadly vices to the sorrows of the tomb."

NOR many weeks before his assassination, walking on the banks of the Potomac with a friend, and conversing on those topics of personal religion concerning which noble natures have an unconquerable reserve, he [President Garfield] said that he found the Lord's Prayer and the simple petitions learned in childhood infinitely restful to him, not merely in their stated repetition, but in their casual and frequent recall as he went about the daily duties of life.

—James G. Blaine.

Quotable Authors.

A GOOD book, says a French philosopher, is a great boon, for which the author is to be thanked first, then he who makes the work known. It seems a double service, in this age of many books, to recommend the best to those who have the time to read them, and to quote from them for those who have not,—by far the larger number. Not every contemporary author is so quotable as Coventry Patmore, who, in a whimsical preface to one of his volumes, says it is "good to steal from"; however, we have found in "What's Wrong with the World," by Mr. Chesterton, and in every one of John Ayscough's books, many striking thoughts, a few of which our readers will be grateful to have us quote. The critics may say what they will about Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes, and declare that he is "flashy rather than brilliant"; his books stimulate the dullest and rouse the most indifferent to some measure of attention. A writer who expresses thoughts like the following will never lack readers:

There has arisen in our time a most singular fancy,—the fancy that when things go very wrong we need a practical man. It would be far truer to say that when things go very wrong we need an unpractical man. Certainly, at least, we need a theorist. A practical man means a man accustomed to mere daily practice, to the way things commonly work. When things will not work, you must have the thinker,—the man who has some doctrine about why they work at all.

Among the many things that leave me doubtful about the modern habit of fixing eyes on the future, none is stronger than this: that all the men in history who have really done anything with the future have had their eyes fixed upon the past.

When four knights scattered the blood and brains of St. Thomas of Canterbury, it was not only a sign of anger but of a sort of black admiration. They wished for his blood, but they wished even more for his brains. Such a blow will remain forever unintelligible unless we realize what the brains of St. Thomas were thinking about just before they were distributed over the floor. They were thinking about the

great mediæval conception that the Church is the judge of the world.

The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult, and left untried.

John Ayscough's books are all different as to manner, but all alike in purpose, which is to confer benefit while affording entertainment. Most authors express thoughts which have so often occurred to ourselves that we are not very much struck by them, though we may admire the form of their expression; in reading John Ayscough, one frequently pauses to remark, 'How true that is! I never thought of it before.' We quote from "San Celestino" and "Mezzogiorno":

I am told there is a society for the dissemination of ignorance. If I knew the address of the secretary, I would join it. What an advantage in knowledge a few years' return to the lost "ignorance" of our forefathers would be! . . . The old ignorance was of indifferent detail; the new knowledge is ignorance of substance.

Abjuring mystery, the world loves the blankly inexplicable; just as, despising faith, it flirts with each new superstition.

If man is to grow up without learning he has a soul, why be shocked that he considers only what gives pleasure to his body?

Not so readily does God yield His hold on hearts that have been laid into His keeping. Not so lightly does the divine strength leave us to our own weakness.

When people talk to us of doing what God requires of us, they generally consider that that is not what we are doing at present.

Was not their cry "Peace," and Christ's "A sword"? With all their theology, were they not pagan? Had they not invented their own present-day Christianity, and was it not wholly alien from Christ's? Christ possessed nothing, and did not they want to possess as much as they could? What did Christ care for books,—He who had written only once, and then upon the dust for the next breeze to scatter, what no man had ever read! Whereas books, and the piling up of books, was the glory of these foolish-wise.

To the bestial, filthy world, temptation means forever one thing,—the thing with which it is most familiar; and the dirty world smirks and ogles over the imagined tale of the temptations. The sin it lives with is about the only name of sin it knows. And it likes to think that on the brink of such dung heaps the rare saints stumbled and groped.

Notes and Remarks.

THE statement of the distinguished Anglican, Mr. Baring Gould, that devotion to the Blessed Virgin (or "Mariolatry," as he terms it) never took root in the hearts of the English people, is rather exhaustively disproved by Father Thurston in the current *Month*. He shows that the Mediæval Primer, containing the Little Office of Our Lady, was in reality "the layman's prayer-book and children's reading-book"; and, after superabundant quotations to corroborate his position, declares:

To come back, then, to the point from which we started: it is hardly possible to conceive any evidence which could more clearly attest the intimate association of devotion to the Blessed Virgin with the religious life of the people than the universal use of the Primer as both the prayer-book of the layman and the reading-book of the child. And for the mass of the people who could not read, there was always the Rosary. The very term *beads*, which was the Englishman's most common name for this form of devotion, itself attests that, from being merely a prayer, the *Ave Maria* had in some measure come to be regarded as the prayer of the mass of the laity. Whether we approve it or not, it seems difficult to question the fact that devotion to Our Lady had become indigenous in England, and that it was bound up with the religious practices of learned and unlearned, of young as well as old.

Apart from Father Thurston's refutation altogether, Mr. Gould's statement is in flagrant contradiction to all historical studies of English devotion to Our Lady. When England was known as the Dowry of Mary, that devotion had assuredly not only taken deep root in the hearts of the English people, but sprung up and developed into beautiful flower and golden fruitage.

Christian revelation from the scientific point of view was the subject of a recent lay sermon by the eminent English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge. Strange notions are held by this worthy, who is a spiritist as well as a scientist. Once in a while,

though—perhaps we should say often,—he expresses thoroughly sane views on religious subjects. His latest book has many surprising admissions, and in the lecture referred to he declared that miracles were no more impossible, no more lawless than the interference of a human being would seem to a colony of ants and bees. "The region of the miraculous," he concluded, "has been hastily and illegitimately denied. So long as we do not imagine it to be a region denuded of a law and order of its own akin to the law and order of a psychological realm, our denial has no foundation."

Sir Oliver may never arrive at the Church, he is approaching it in so roundabout a way; but if he continues his researches, he is sure to be persuaded that many other popular denials are also without foundation.

Another exemplification of the oldtime dictum that nothing under the sun is new is given in a paper, "The Relation of the Doctor to the Church," contributed by Dr. Charles E. Nammack to the *New York Medical Journal*. The whole paragraph is worth reproduction:

The employment of faith and prayer as aids in the cure of the sick and suffering has been widely heralded recently as a new thing, although the Church has taught their value since her foundation. But why should not the doctor, as well as the priest, employ faith and prayer? Is it because the doctor is said to have only a profession, while the priest has a vocation? The word "vocation" means a call, a summons; but by usage its definition is restricted to a divine call, a summons from Heaven, which makes the vocation divine. As the author of that charming book, "Confessio Medici," has said: "Doctors hesitate to give this name to work that is paid for by the job, and sometimes shamefully underpaid at that. They find it hard to believe that a diploma obtained by hard examinations, and paid for by hard cash, and signed and sealed by earthly examiners, can be a summons from Heaven." Yet it may be. For if the lifting up of man from the degradation of alcoholism and poverty, the raising of woman from the ruin brought on by starvation forcing her to vice, and the elevation of children from physical and spiritual darkness into the

light,—if these, with the other tasks of the physician, do not make a divine vocation, then no life is a vocation, and nothing is divine.

The doctor's vocation may well be a divine one—when it is a vocation, the business in life for which God destines a man; but, unfortunately, in not a few cases, particularly in comparatively young countries, the honorable profession of the physician is looked upon, and entered upon, merely as a money-making trade, with results disastrous to the profession and to suffering humanity as well.

Many of our readers will remember a learned work on the Blessed Virgin published some years ago by an Anglican clergyman, who signed himself "Presbyter Anglicanus." Not until last week, when the *London Tablet* announced his death in his seventy-second year, did we learn that this was the *nom de plume* of Mr. Edmund Samuel Grindle, formerly curate of St. Paul's, Brighton, who submitted to the Church in 1876. While still an Anglican he wrote two pamphlets which created no small stir among parsons of the Church of England, and doubtless opened the eyes of many who have since become Catholics. Says the *Tablet*: "Mr. Grindle's adventuring first steps made the path a little less difficult for others to pursue; and one who can speak with intimate authority has ascribed to this convert's precept and example some part in the great movement from St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, in the spring of 1878,—a movement which has lately, after a lapse of years, received a sudden impetus. After relinquishing clerical duty as an Anglican, Mr. Grindle devoted himself to educational work; and in 1891 he returned to Oxford, and was licensed by Convocation as Master of a private Hall, which he conducted for something like a dozen years."

On the same page of a recent issue of the *Providence Visitor* reference is made to two Catholic families that are remarkable for the number of religious vocations

among the members. Miss Nellie Breen, of Hartford, Conn., who lately entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy, is the fourth member of her family to enter religion. Two of her sisters are members of the community which she has joined, and another is a Sister of St. Joseph. The other family is that of a Mr. O'Malley, who died recently in Ireland. He gave three sons and three daughters to the service of the Church. While neither case is unique, or even exceptionally remarkable, their juxtaposition is noteworthy. As a rule, Catholic families are large enough to afford one or more religious vocations.

In a paper of exceptional interest contributed to the *Ecclesiastical Review*, George Metlake discusses the public school system of Germany. The importance and timeliness of the discussion may be inferred from this paragraph:

Those who are in the habit of defending the public-school system of the United States maintain that the denominational public school is not practicable in a country where the denominations are so many and so mixed as in America. It is the purpose of this article to show that the establishment of a thorough and completely satisfactory system of public instruction is not only possible in a country of mixed religious population, but that it may be brought to the highest degree of perfection, as it is in Germany, without prejudice to the denominational claims and the right of conscience of the individual citizen.

The author promises to treat, in a second article, of the actual rights of the various denominations in regard to the public school.

At the time of the Elizabethan persecution, a venerable confessor of the Faith, Father Gregory Gunne, having been dragged before the judges, predicted publicly that a day would come when a religious house would be erected at Tyburn, the scene of so many martyrdoms,—where Southwell, Garnet, Campion, Oliver Plunket, and hosts of others, faced their torments and won their crowns.

The prophecy was fulfilled eight years ago, when a community of nuns from France founded a convent in Hyde Park Place, close to the spot where formerly stood the Tyburn gibbet. Every day the Holy Sacrifice has since been offered there, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given. An association of the Perpetual Adoration has been established, and prayers for the conversion of England, with acts of reparation, have been unceasingly offered up. In order that this good work may be maintained, the Archbishop of Westminster has authorized a general appeal to the charitable. About \$60,000 are required to clear off the mortgages on the nuns' property, and to enable them to meet the expenses of the daily services in their temporary chapel. The upkeep of Tyburn, after eight years of struggle, has proved beyond their resources, and they are therefore necessitated to ask help from the Catholic public, if their establishment is to be maintained. It is one of those cases, when, as the Scotch say, "he doubles his gift that gies in time." "Leaves from Tyburn Tree" (gathered by two Oblates of St. Benedict), a pamphlet of forty pages just published for the benefit of the nuns, affords full information about their work. The address of Tyburn Convent is: 6 Hyde Park Place, London, W.

In an editorial reference to the Centenary of the Irish Christian Brothers, which has just been celebrated at Cork, the *Weekly Freeman* says:

The Christian Brothers may proudly point to a century of work for the people in the City by the Lee, which has earned for them the undying gratitude of the citizens. They made their appearance at a time when they were most needed, and they have magnificently fulfilled the great mission Providence assigned to them. Their names are writ large in the history of Cork. They have during all these years formed a part, and no inconsiderable part, of its intellectual life. From out of their schools have come multitudes who have won distinction in many walks of life, reflecting lustre upon themselves, upon their country, and

upon the Christian Brothers. Exceptional interest attaches to the history of the Cork house on Our Lady's Mount, overlooking the northern side of the city. It was there that the gentle and gifted Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegians," lived, labored, and died, and there, on the sloping hillside, in the modest little cemetery, the "God's Acre" in which the deceased brethren are interred, rest his remains.

The educational work of the Brothers of the Christian Schools—to give them their canonical name—has won for them similar grateful tributes in whatever land has profited by their ministrations. Thoroughness in teaching the fundamentals of secular instruction they have everywhere shown to be entirely compatible with a moral training that is lamentably lacking in many a school conducted by their competitors.

The following useful extract from Father Sylvester Hunter's "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology" is quoted by John Hannon in an interesting paper contributed to the *Irish Rosary*:

The objects which Satan has in view when offering his assistance to those who are ready to accept it appear to be to gain worship for himself, to wreak his spite on God by mimicry of the sacred rites of the Church and by outrages on the Blessed Eucharist, and to bring souls to sin and hell. In Christian countries, at the present day, he appears to be specially bent on persuading men that there is no such thing as dogmatic religion; that no eternal punishment awaits sinners; and that one religion is as good as another, provided it is not the Catholic religion.

This character runs through all the teaching which professes to come from spirits, and of which we hear so much; and they that listen to it, very commonly find themselves exposed to violent temptation to foul sin, besides yielding to inordinate pride almost before they are aware. No one is justified in exposing himself to these risks for the sake of amusement, or the pleasurable excitement felt by those who play with danger; the interests at stake are too great to be risked.

The same warning applies to various forms of surrendering one's own will to that of another. It may be that in some of these Satan has no special part, just as the great bulk of so-called spiritual manifestations are mere fraud of the most vulgar character. But it is impossible to

distinguish what is simply silly from what is foully wicked, so inextricably are they mixed together; and the only prudent course is to refrain from everything to which the smallest suspicion can attach.

This advice is more timely and more pertinent than a good many Catholics—and their pastors—are perhaps inclined to believe. It should be the aim of every Christian to increase his will-power in the matter of keeping good resolutions, avoiding all dangerous occasions, etc.; and to surrender one's will to a hypnotist or other agent of the occult is very certainly to lessen rather than to increase its strength.

‘What an amount of genuine charity there is in the world!’ was our first thought on learning a week or two ago, from a merchant in Philadelphia, of how his wife had been imposed upon by a fellow representing himself as an agent for THE AVE MARIA. The good lady was glad of a convenient opportunity to become a subscriber, but did not have less than a five-dollar bill in her purse. The “agent,” also disposed to improve an opportunity, suggested that he go out and get the bill changed. It would take only a few moments, he said. (Charity “thinketh no evil.”) The money was turned over to him, and the lady patiently awaited his return, regretting the trouble that had been caused him. (“Charity is patient, is kind.”) But the impostor returned not, and is probably still pursuing his wicked ways elsewhere. No trace of him has been discovered save the receipt which he left. It is signed J. F. Ryan, but we doubt if that is his real name; he probably has several names to which he is not entitled.

Once more we warn the Catholic public against unauthorized agents for THE AVE MARIA. Our few canvassers always have proper credentials. As for Mr. Ryan, or whatever his name may be, we sincerely hope that those five dollars will weigh on his conscience like the wheels of a

chariot until he has made restitution, and learned to admire the guilelessness of that Lady Charitable in the City of Brotherly Love.

Writing of the Catholic charities of South Australia, the Archbishop of Adelaide pays a graceful tribute to his fellow-countrymen who are yet outside the Fold. “Our charities,” he writes, “are Catholic in the sense that they are under Catholic management,—in the sense that they are controlled by Sisters and by Brothers who profess the Catholic Faith. They are carried on gratuitously by those who work them. Not one Sister or one Brother ever receives a shilling of pay for the services that she or he gives. Sisters and Brothers are fed and clothed like the inmates for whom they provide, but nothing more. Their unsalaried services represent a large contribution. The Catholic laity and the Catholic clergy give freely of their means. But non-Catholic generosity lends free and frequent succor as well, and I cordially and gratefully acknowledge the non-Catholic help received. Were it not for the assistance of South Australians of creeds other than our own, the good we are able to do would be more limited than it is.”

A similar tribute is due to the non-Catholics of many another land than Australia. In the case of the “Little Sisters” especially, Protestants, Jews, and infidels often display noteworthy generosity.

In an editorial dealing with the antics and eccentricities of a sectarian evangelist known as “Billy Sunday,” and more particularly with his lecture significantly entitled “Booze,” the *Chicago Israelite* declares that, while it has no desire to give its Christian neighbors any advice on the proper conception of their religion, it ventures to remind them that when, at the wedding of Cana, the Mother of Jesus told Him there was no wine, “instead of treating her to the vocabulary of Billy Sunday, He procured that wine miraculously.”



In Annunciation Time.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

SOFT South-winds blowing,
Brown buds upgrowing,
Green grass-blades showing
On lawn and lea;
Glad songsters trilling,
Warm clouds distilling,
And sunlight spilling
O'er flower and tree,—
They all betoken
In terms outspoken
That Winter's broken,
His rude sway o'er;
While beauty vernal
Like light supernal
Enrobes the world with its charm once more.

These springtide graces
O'er earth's wide spaces
Are but faint traces
All blurred, obscure,
Of beauty fairest,
Most gracious, rarest,
Such as thou wearest,
My Queen all-pure!
This whole bright season
With ample reason
The world agrees in
Proclaiming thine;
O grant, dear Mother,
That not another
Fond heart shall cherish it more than mine!

PEOPLE who inhabit some of the
Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence
River claim that they are the smallest
inhabited islands in the world; but it
has recently been determined that the site
of the Eddystone Lighthouse is entitled
to the distinction,—the island upon which
this lighthouse is built being only thirty
feet in diameter at low tide.

Billy-Boy.*

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—AT LAS ROCAS.

EVERY eye was fixed on Billy-Boy
as he stood at the doorway, feel-
ing a little queer and sheepish,
it must be confessed, in Tio José's
holiday garb. But he was speedily re-
assured by the rapturous commendations
rising on all sides.

"Never was there anything more
elegant, more beautiful!" said Pancha.
"The little señor looks like a hidalgo, like
a prince."

"Now, indeed, is he fitted to go to Las
Rocas as become the noble Americanos
who own the wide lands of the Coyote,"
added Wichita. "Old Martina would have
gone to her grave in remorse and shame
if she had permitted the son of Billy's
lady-mother to appear at a *fiesta*, without
holiday dress, when the clothes of Tio
José were just of his size and shape. No,
no! It never would have done! It would
be a shame and disgrace!"

So Billy, who was fast learning to
accept much that he could not under-
stand in this new life, resigned himself
to his borrowed plumes quite cheerfully,
especially after a glance in the cracked
mirror which Pancha hurriedly brought
forward, and which showed him a jaunty
little figure much to his taste.

All preliminaries being thus settled, and
the rugs and other salables packed safely,
the two boys mounted their ponies
and proceeded on their way. It was a
long way and a very rough way, as Billy

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Billy
Dayton, twelve years old, known as Billy-Boy,
is living with his widowed mother, his sister
Dolly, and their governess, Miss van Doran,
in the old family place, Holmhurst, when

soon discovered. It was well for him that Marquita was careful and sure-footed.

The road, passable at first to ordinary mountain travel, afterward turned into a trail that had to be taken Indian file. Pedro went first, Diaz scrambling up and down rocky steeps, rounding dizzy ledges, wading mountain streams; while Marquita followed, picking her way in dainty disapproval, but never missing a step. Before they were an hour out, Billy felt convinced that Ben would not have agreed to this adventure; but it was now too late to withdraw.

At last, after a three hours' journey, the young riders turned a curve in the mountain, and Pedro cried triumphantly:

"Las Rocas, little señor! Look! It is there below."

And Billy looked, and forgot all his doubts and fears in the novel sight; for Las Rocas was a lively scene that day.

The little Indian village lay in a mountain pass, where great walls of rock, rent asunder in some prehistoric convulsion of nature, formed a sort of rude gateway that had given the place its name. The shriek of the steam whistle had never reached Las Rocas; telegraph and telephones were unknown; neither coach nor automobile could there find passageway.

the doctor finds that an attack of pneumonia has slightly affected Billy's lungs, and advises his mother to send him out to Colorado, where his older brother Jack is running Bar Cross Ranch. Billy and all his family believe Jack to be the same strong, splendid "big brother" he was when he left home three years before. But he has really taken to evil ways; and, known in his far-western country as Rackety Jack, is leading a wild, reckless life, gambling away the family fortunes, and letting Bar Cross go to rack and ruin. Miss Carmel Harrington, who is Billy-Boy's dear friend and Sunday-school teacher, alone suspects there is something wrong; and, when Billy comes to tell of his trip, she is troubled and anxious, though she hides her feelings, and speaks cheerfully about his journey, and makes him promise to write frequently.

Billy-Boy leaves for Colorado, and on the cars makes several acquaintances, among them Mr. James J. Rainey, who, knowing of Jack's life in the West, gives Billy his own address,

The only approaches to it were old trails made by the Indians before the white man had come to claim these Western hunting grounds. So, after a fashion, the Indians still held Las Rocas for their own. Queer little cabins and huts clung like birds'-nests to the mountainside; there were tepees, brown and tattered with the storms and winds; but, best of all for the present purpose, there was La Calle, a long stretch of level ground, once perhaps the bed of a mountain torrent that had torn its fierce way through these encircling cliffs and lost itself in some greater stream beyond, leaving only the little spring trickling into its stone basin to tell of the strength and beauty that had passed.

But La Calle was a lively scene to-day, with new tepees that had felt neither sun nor storm; booths arched with green boughs, and tables covered with gay cloths and awnings; while up and down the width and length of La Calle, through the booths and tepees, around the tables and the spring, moved a motley throng,—Indians, old and young; squaws with their papposes, young braves gay in wampum strings and feathers; cowboys, herders, rancheros, red men, white men, yellow men, brown men.

and tells him to call upon him if he should ever need a friend. Billy arrives at Buckston, where he has been told to stop, and finds that the station has been deserted, and there is no one to meet him; for Jack, absent with a party of wild friends, has not received his mother's repeated telegrams. When he reaches Bar Cross, and hears that Billy has been sent out to him, he is dismayed; but dispatches his foreman, Bony Ben, to meet his little brother. Arrived at the Ranch, Billy learns that Jack is just recovering from the effects of a wild night with his evil companions; and everything around tells of neglect and carelessness. But, in his boyish faith and love for his big brother, he can believe no harm, and thinks Jack is ill from overwork.

With bitter self-reproach, Jack listens to his simple stories of home and the love and trust all there still have in their big, splendid son and brother; and he resolves that Billy shall be kept, if possible, from all knowledge that would

It was such a gathering as Billy had never seen before; for tin horns were blowing, drums were beating, shrill voices calling. A very Babel of sound swelled up to the young riders on the trail above. Billy, who was rather tired and hungry after his long trip, felt a thrill of delighted surprise. No circus that had ever set up dazzling attractions in Holmihurst football field could compare to this.

"Do you pay to get in?" he asked, glad that, even in the excitement of his change of garments, he had thought to transfer his purse with its three dollars to Tio José's velvet pocket.

"Pay, little señor? No, no, no!" replied Pedro. "Come, now, I take you in. Pay? No, no!"

And the speaker, who evidently knew the ways of Las Rocas, guided his companion down the steep road, snapped his fingers to a couple of barelegged Indian boys, who came running up to take care of the ponies; so the riders dismounted and the agent of old Martina proceeded to unload his merchandise.

While Pedro was haggling with some of the booth-owners for a place to display his stock, Billy looked around him with interest. He had attended his home county fair last year, in company with Dick

shock or distress him. He sends away the friends who had assembled at Bar Cross at his invitation; but Nicholson Brett, who has obtained strong evil influence over him, remains. Billy-Boy, going about with Pedro, a Mexican boy employed on the Ranch, is puzzled by the many things he sees, and troubled by the wreck and ruin around him; but his faith in Jack is still unshaken. He meets Mr. Nicholson Brett, who soon understands that Billy, in his boyish innocence, will frustrate all his own evil designs on his brother. He, therefore, persuades Jack to leave Billy at Bar Cross with Bony Ben, and come away with him to join the wild companions who have just left, and win back, if possible, all that he has lost to them. So Jack bids Billy-Boy good-bye, telling him he will soon return.

Meantime Billy writes letters to his mother and Miss Carmel,—the first being as faultless as he could make it; the second, care-free, and, unconsciously to the writer, showing the actual

Fealy, whose bantam chickens had taken a prize; but, even with the exhilarating companionship of a prize-winner, the county fair of civilization was a very tame thing compared to this. Wrestling, shooting, racing-matches were in full swing. The strong man of the Utes, looking like a copper-colored figure in his full undress, was doing up a writhing opponent with murderous skill, to the grunting approval of the Indian spectators. Men were trading and swapping horses, playing cards, pitching quoits, throwing dice,—shouting, chattering, disputing, swearing in half a dozen languages. With the exception of the dozen or so squaws seated behind the blanket and rugs they had brought for sale, no ladies were in evidence,—another contrast to Billy's home fair, where the gentler sex took prizes for everything, from patchwork quilts to poodle dogs.

After a short stroll through the line of booths and tents, Billy returned, to find Pedro standing somewhat despairingly behind his rugs and lacework. The old squaw, who had consented to their display in her tepee, had been most discouraging. Pedro thus put the case in his pigeon English:

"It is the bad luck year this, old

condition of things at Bar Cross. During his brother's absence, Billy learns more about his new home, and becomes better acquainted with old Daddy and the others connected with it, especially Bony Ben. Billy tells Ben of some maps and other papers, preserved at home, relating to the Curado lead, which runs through Bar Cross Ranch, a portion of which Jack's false friends are trying to persuade him to sell to them. Bony Ben urges Billy to send for the documents, but cautions him not to speak of them to any one at the Ranch.

Billy's health continues to improve, and he takes great delight in riding over the Ranch with his young companion, Pedro, both mounted on ponies of which they have the use. One day, when Bony Ben is away to purchase supplies, the two boys arrange to attend the autumn *fiesta* at Las Rocas. Pedro is to sell rugs and lacework made by the members of his family. The old grandmother, Martina, arrays Billy-Boy in gala dress like that of his companion.

Concha says. No rich Americanos come to buy. All day since sunrise she has waited and sold nothing, nothing! Only ze *vendedors*—what you call ze Yankee peddlers—come to ask what price, that they may buy and sell again. They will not even pay ten pesos, Concha says. Caramba! Never will I sell ze rugs of my grandmother to such robbers!"

"No, don't," said Billy, who had learned that a peso meant a dollar. "Stand up for your grandmother's price, Pedro. Why, Colonel Woodville paid twice or three times as much for the rug in his house, I know!"

"*Si, si, señor!*" agreed Pedro, taking courage from this assured opinion. "We will stand up, as you say."

But it was vain for the young merchant to "stand up": the *vendedors*, shrewd, keen-eyed dealers, had come out of the usual ways of transportation, to find bargains; and, though they recognized the value of old Martina's work, they laughed at the price. Three, four, five, half a dozen made offers that Pedro scornfully refused as altogether beneath his notice; though, in truth, the brave heart under his gay holiday jacket was beginning to fail. He had sold the drawn-work of Pancha and Wichita at a fair price; it was light and dainty enough to be sent to Eastern shops and homes for a few postage stamps, and visitors bought readily; but selling the rugs of his grandmother was quite another affair. It looked as if they were going to dead-weight all his holiday hopes; as if there would be no "good time" for old Martina's young agent, whose one gala day seemed destined to be a cruel disappointment, after all.

Billy, who had taken another turn around the place and seen most of its sights, came back to the booth, to find Pedro saying very bad Spanish words under his breath. Old Concha had given up and sold out to the *vendedor* at his own robber's price. It seemed truly that he must do the same.

"No," said Billy, who had the business head of his own shrewd father under his boyish curls; "don't let them *do* you, too, Pedro. Stand to your old grandmother's price. Here, you go round and have a little fun: let me take your place. Maybe you can't make them understand. If they are Yankees, as you say, I can talk to them straight."

And Pedro, who knew that his own talk had been neither straight nor convincing, gladly agreed to this proposal, and hurried off in delight to see some of the "good times" for which he had hoped, leaving the little señor in Tio José's holiday garb to attend to business.

He had not very long to wait for it. In a few moments the *vendedors*, by their speech and manners Americanos, drew near, talking earnestly.

"This is the place," said one. "I have just cleaned out the old woman, who had some pretty fair stuff for sale, but nothing like this. In fact, there is nothing like these rugs on the market. They get up cheaper things now, to suit the Eastern demand. These are fine, as you see,—the oldtime dyes and patterns that you don't get at any price. If you are looking for something first class, you can't do better than take this boy's rugs. You can get fifty dollars for that large one anywhere."

"Fifty?" repeated the other, excitedly. "Why, it's a fac-simile of one in Mrs. Senator Grayson's hall, that she told me I could match for her at any price. What does the young greaser ask for it?"

"Most anything you'll give, I guess," laughed the other. "He was standing on thirty dollars for three a while ago, but I rather think by this time he has weakened. Offer him twenty for the bunch, and you'll get them, I'm sure."

"Oh, he will, eh? Not much!" thought Billy, with a sparkle in his brown eye. Every word of the speakers, who believed their conversation was quite beyond the seeming "greaser's" understanding, had reached the little señor's ear.

"Why, halloo!" The first *vendedor* became suddenly aware that the velvet-clad figure behind old Martina's rugs was not the same with whom he had bargained.

"Where's the other chap?" he asked in Spanish.

"I speak English," said Billy-Boy.

"The dickens you do!" said the *vendedor*.

"Pedro left me here in his place to sell his grandmother's rugs. People can fool him because he does not understand English; but I do, you see." And Billy looked up at the *vendedors* with his boyish smile.

The two men looked at each other for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Who are you, anyhow? And what are you doing dressed up like that?" said the first *vendedor*, good-humoredly.

"I'm Billy Dayton from Bar Cross Ranch, where Pedro works for my brother. His old grandmother lent me these clothes that belonged to her dead boy. She said I must dress up like this to come here. She is very poor," continued Billy; "and it takes a long time to make a rug, her fingers are so crooked and shaky now. She works sometimes from daylight to dark, and she is more than eighty years old. I don't think she will be able to make many more."

"She won't, indeed!" was the quick reply. "You've got us all around, lad. What will you take for the lot?"

Billy made a rapid computation in mental arithmetic that did credit to Miss van Doran's teaching.

"Sixty dollars," he answered briefly,—"forty for the big rug, and ten apiece for the little ones."

"Sixty dollars!" echoed the *vendedor*, angrily. "Take thirty, and be glad to get it! Sixty dollars! You don't know what you are talking about, boy!"

"Oh, yes, I do!" answered Billy, cheerfully. "I've seen Indian rugs before, at home at Colonel Woodville's. Mrs. Senator Grayson is his sister; you said she would pay any price for one like this. I could take it back to-night, you know," said Billy confidentially, "and write Colonel

Woodville that old Martina has got just what his sister wants, and—"

A fierce oath burst from the *vendedor's* lips, but his companion clapped him on the shoulder.

"Done!" he exclaimed, laughing,—"done brown, Phillips! The youngster has the drop on us."

"We won't trouble you to go into any correspondence, kiddie," said the other. "Sixty dollars, cash down!" (He drew out a well-stuffed wallet.) "There's your price. Count it out, and be sure of it; for a hard-headed, soft-hearted financier, Billy Dayton, you have any salesman I know beaten to a frazzle."

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Bird.

Do you know why the robin and the bluebird are such close friends, and why they come from the South at the same time? This is what an old legend tells.

When the robin, filled with pity for his suffering Lord, bore Him drops of water as He hung upon the cross, a little brown bird thought: "Oh, I, too, owe Him! Why can I not do something to ease His pain?" So she made a cup out of a leaf, and, filling it with water, met the robin and gave it to him, so that he would not have to fly so far as he returned for more of the cooling liquid. And when at last he came with news that his Lord was dead, she bathed His bleeding breast that was wounded by the cruel thorns. Then the master of the birds said to the little brown bird: "Because you loved the Lord and would have helped Him, you shall henceforth wear a coat the color of the one His Mother wears."

And that is why this little brown bird has ever since then been a little blue bird, and is never far away from the robin when he comes in the spring. This will be something to think of when a bit of blue flies between you and the sun, and you know Our Lady's bird has come.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Wandering Ghosts" is the title of a posthumous volume of short stories by F. Marion Crawford, soon to be issued by the Macmillan Co.

—"Catholicism and the Future," a paper contributed some months ago to the *Atlantic Monthly* by the Rev. R. H. Benson, has been issued as a pamphlet by the English Catholic Truth Society. It is an admirable piece of apologetic literature.

—Many new compositions as well as many old favorites will be found in Earhart's "Art Songs for High Schools," published by the American Book Co. The pieces are of artistic merit, and will afford much satisfaction and pleasure for school purposes. A number of hymns and patriotic songs form part of the collection.

—We are glad to see that Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B., has acted on our suggestion, and supplemented his "Simple Catechism Lessons" by specific instructions on the Blessed Sacrament. His "Elementary Lessons on the Holy Eucharist" (English C. T. S.) furnish just the information needed by the little folk—or, for that matter, by adults unfamiliar with the doctrine of the Mass and the Holy Eucharist.

—"Free Will, the Greatest of the Seven World-Riddles," by Hubert Gruender, S. J. (B. Herder), is a slender volume of 96 pages, containing three lectures—The Problem Stated, The Experimental Evidence of Free Will, and Free Will the Indispensable Basis of Morality and the Necessary Complement of Man's Rational Nature. Any originality in such a work must, of course, be confined to the treatment rather than to the subject-matter thereof; and Father Gruender's treatment of the old, old problem is sufficiently interesting to attract even those who have long ago forsworn any further inquiry into the knotty subject.

—The late Antonio Fogazzaro was one of the most eminent of Italian novelists, and wrote numerous books besides "Il Santo," which was put on the Index. Like a good Catholic, he humbly submitted to the censure. His books were, in the words of one of his critics, "the fruits of a deliberate and rich nature, and not the windfalls of a mere literary trick." "He was also one of the most spiritual and wholesome of novelists," writes another admirer; "and thus stands in striking contrast to the brilliant but perverse genius whose name

is most frequently associated with his,—not for any likeness of method or ideal, but solely because it is the one other name in contemporary Italian literature to achieve an equally wide-spread reputation. The judgment of posterity, we have little doubt, will hold that the pagan indecencies of D'Annunzio are far outweighed by the sane teachings and exalted morals to be found in the books of Antonio Fogazzaro."

—"The Child Prepared for First Communion," by the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S. J., is a booklet likely to prove of real service to the undoubtedly large number of pastors who look with some misgivings at the practical side of the recent decree *Quam Singulari*. It may be read, too, with abundant profit by Catholic parents, who share with the pastors the responsibility of seeing that their children be not too long deprived of the inestimable benefits accruing to all who partake of the Eucharistic Banquet.

—The scene of "What the Old Clock Saw," a two-part story by Sophie Maude (Benziger Brothers), is laid in England when it was death to profess the Catholic Faith. The old clock witnessed many scenes of happiness and peace and of suffering and trial. There are some pleasant pictures of rural England about the manor of Squire Stacey. One becomes deeply interested in his sweet daughter Barbara, and sympathizes with every phase of her pretty love affair. In the second part of the story there is another courtship that will not fail to interest lovers of romance.

—In the preface to a new "Book of Sacred Verse," compiled and edited by Prof. William Knight, and intended to please "the devotionally-minded of every sect," the opinion is expressed that "all the highest poetry of the world is religious, when that word is widened out and rightly understood," and that there is much religious poetry outside the region of hymns. Prof. Knight thinks, further, that a good hymn can not be "doctrinaire." "Details of dogma may be stated in a creed, but they should not be obtruded, far less sung, in a poem." "What does he mean by 'details'?" asks a reviewer in the *Athenæum*. "Should poetry not teach anything? . . . The fact is that religious poetry which does not teach anything is not religious, even if it succeeds in being poetry. That is the defect of Prof. Knight's collection. On the 'dogmatic' side it is so weak as to be without color, and therefore loses one main source of attraction. Many of its

pieces fail, in consequence, to show any real poetic fire. Will it be believed," continues the reviewer,

that Prof. Knight . . . does not insert a single line of Crashaw, who, in our judgment, at times soars higher than any of the others? We miss the wonderful "Easter Day"; the hymn "To the Name above Every Name," the "Song of Divine Love," the "Dear Bargain," "St. Mary Magdalen," the version of the Twenty-Third Psalm, the lines on St. Teresa's book and picture, and that glorious hymn to her beginning,

Love, thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of life and death.

Is the Professor afraid that the last would not please his broad-minded auditory? Does he forget that Crashaw followed it by an apology "as having been writ when the author was yet a Protestant"?

It was the compiler's intention to confine his selection to what he considers "the noblest products of English and American genius, during the last four centuries, on the subject with which it deals." Alas for good intentions! According to the *Athenæum* writer, the book contains "pages and pages of verses, English and American, which can hardly stir the most undenominational emotions, and never come near being poetry at all."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "What the Old Clock Saw." Sophie Maude. 75 cts.
- "Free Will, the Greatest of the Seven World-Riddles." Hubert Gruender, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Life of Blessed John Eudes." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. 90 cts., net.
- "Won by Conviction." Rev. Denis O'Shea. 80 cts.
- "Andros of Ephesus: A Tale of Early Christianity." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Paul of Tarsus"; "John the Beloved." M. T. Kelly. 20 cts. each.
- "A Sheaf of Stories." Joseph Carmichael. 80 cts.
- "History of Dogmas." Vol. I. J. Tixeront. \$1.50.
- "The Life of the Ven. da Silveria." Rev. Hubert Chadwick, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Certitude." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.

- "Izamal." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.10.
- "Historic Nuns." Bessie R. Belloc. 75 cts.
- "Jesus All Great." Rev. Alexander Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
- "A Romance of Old Jerusalem." Florence Gilmore. 50 cts.
- "Mezzogiorno." John Ayscough. \$1.50.
- "New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year." Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. Translated by the Rt. Rev. T. S. Byrne, D. D. Four vols. \$5, net.
- "The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church." Dr. J. P. Kirsch. \$1.35.
- "The Mass in the Infant Church." Rev. Garrett Pierse. \$1.15, net.
- "Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars." 15 cts.
- "Church Symbolism." Very Rev. M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P. 75 cts.
- "Early Steps in the Fold." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. \$1.12.
- "Christ and the Gospel; or, Jesus the Messiah and Son of God." Rev. Marius Lepin, S. S., D. D. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Dominic Majer, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Max Philipp, diocese of Columbus; Rev. John Kennedy, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Thomas Ryan, diocese of Altoona; Rev. Arthur O'Connor, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. F. X. Brady and Rev. Allan McDonnell, S. J. Brother Jacob, C. S. C.

Sister Hermeland, of the Poor Handmaids of Christ; Sister Eleanore, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Xavier, Sisters of the Visitation; and Mother Alphonsus, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Oswald Walmsley, Mrs. L. Arrington-Railley, Mr. Joseph Mello, Mrs. John Donahue, Mr. Edward Bray, Mrs. James Lee, Mrs. Michael Flannery, Mrs. J. H. Rohr, Mr. John Keefe, Mr. Charles Meuhe, Mrs. Margaret Mannix, Dr. John Richmond, Miss Mary Brennan, Mrs. Mary Kent, Mr. Edward Kennedy, Mr. Charles Uxa, Mrs. Elizabeth Fitten, Mr. Robert Armstrong, Miss Teresa Daly, Mr. Henry Beckring, Mrs. Catherine Collins, Mr. Charles Morgan, Mr. James McDonald, Mr. Anton Peterman, Mrs. Nora Kelly, Mr. William Armbruster, Dr. J. A. McDonald, Mr. A. F. Holtmann, Mrs. Clare Sullivan, Mr. Hugh Vasey, Mrs. Mary Hiss, Mrs. Catherine Keyes, Mr. Anton Heckmann, and Mrs. Thomas Crow.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 1, 1911.

NO. 13

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A Sinner's Prayer.

(From a MS. of the XVth or XVIIth century.)

SONNE of the Virgin most immaculate,
 who, to sett ope the heauenlie kingdome's gate
 to true beleueers, diddest tread alone
 the winepresse, and so God and man attone;
 ô let one drop of that most most pretious iuice,
 which from thy side did flow as from a sluice,
 fall to my share! One drop will satisfie
 my soule, ô Lord! Do not a drop denie.
 Giue to my thirstie soule that waites on thee
 a tast how sweete thy sauing mercies bee.
 Giue, for I meritt not; my faith relies
 on thy free grace, which neuer did despise
 the sinner that repented, and forsooke
 the euill waies that formerly hee tooke.

Christchurch Priory and Its Catholic Memories.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THE south coast of England, from the Isle of Wight to Land's End in Cornwall, has been called "the English Riviera." There is something of flattering exaggeration in the name, for this northern coast line has not the blue sea and the unfailing sunshine of the Mediterranean shores. But for Northern Europe it has a wonderfully mild climate in winter; and there are days in December and January when even an invalid visitor can enjoy sitting out in the open air, watching the bright warm sunlight playing on the incoming tide.

At various points along this stretch of coast, what were once small fishing villages have grown into flourishing seaside resorts. Bournemouth, near the eastern end of this northern "Riviera," has had the most rapid rise to importance and prosperity. A century ago there were only a few cottages on the site of what is now the centre of a beautiful town. It stands on a range of sandy cliffs; and the long hollows (locally known as "chines"), by which the streams from the pine-clad uplands run down to the sea, have been preserved from the builder. These valleys are pleasant oases, keeping much of their original wildness of scenery. Only one of them, in the centre of the place, has been trimmed into a regulation "pleasure ground" or park. There are four Catholic churches, and a large convent, attached to which is a sanitarium for the open-air treatment of consumption. But in Bournemouth everything dates from a few years ago. It is an "up-to-date" modern town.

West and east of it lie two Old-World places. Poole, on the margin of a wide stretch of landlocked tidal waters, has been checked in its development by the fact that only small craft can enter its shallow harbor. Its sea front, if one overlooks the fact that a railway runs along the quays, gives one a picture of an English port of a hundred years ago. Of greater interest is the little town of Christchurch on the other side of Bournemouth. It has eight centuries of history, and possesses in its priory church, one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices

in Europe,—a place worth a long journey to visit.

East of Bournemouth, a wide green valley opens on the sea,—a valley where two winding rivers, the Stour and the Hampshire Avon, meet after meandering through a green expanse of pasture meadows. Between the two rivers, and in sight of the sea, stands the town of Christchurch,—till lately not much more than a large village, but now expanding rapidly under the influence of the speculative builder. The church rises high over the roofs of the town, and its lofty square tower is visible for many miles; for, though now ranking only as a parish church, it has the proportions of a cathedral.

The main building is one of the finest existing examples of Norman architecture. Its founder and builder was a man who, though he spent his last years in good deeds, and died full of penitence for his earlier career, bears an evil record in the history of England. And, strange to say, the foundation of the church and priory of Christchurch belongs to the worst period of his life,—the time when Ranulf Flambard, then a clerk in Minor Orders, was the chief minister of the tyrant-king, William Rufus, and the most active agent in his oppression of the Church and the people. He it was who taught the "Red King" how to fill his treasury by keeping bishoprics vacant, and diverting their endowments to the royal exchequer, and who was his agent in applying the burdensome feudal law to the ministers and the property of the Church throughout the realm. He was a leading opponent of St. Anselm in the great Archbishop's historic struggle for the Church's rights. Perhaps he was trying to compound with his conscience when, in the midst of his evil course, he devoted so much of his wealth to the foundation of Christchurch. And it may be that the prayers and good deeds of the community he placed in this southern valley gained him the grace to rule worthily in his last years as Bishop

of Durham, where he built a still more splendid church, St. Cuthbert's Cathedral, on the wooded hilltop almost encircled by the winding Wear.

For Flambard was one of the world's great architects; and the nave of Christchurch, planned by him in the closing years of the eleventh century, would alone suffice to make good his claim to this rank. The walls of the church are more than six feet thick. Instead of attempting to carry walls of this weight and thickness on an arcade of heavy pillars and arches, Flambard left between each arch a portion of the wall to serve as a pier; and under the curve of the arch at each end there are four pillars half sunk in the side of the pier. It is a first step toward the graceful clustered columns of later Gothic work. The effect is to combine a certain lightness of detail with the massive proportions of the thick wall and the round arch. The same grouping of columns occurs in the triforium, and the clerestory above it; so that there are hundreds of capitals on the pillars of the nave, all carved and not two alike, the artist workmen evidently following no rigidly defined plan, but each acting on his own ideal.

The main interest of the place, however, centres not on its stately nave, but on the choir; and the Lady Chapel behind and beyond it,—both dating from the last hundred years of Catholic England, the century before the so-called Reformation. It was a time of wonderful activity in church building all over Europe. Cathedrals and abbeys and parish churches were either being rebuilt, or receiving important additions in the elaborate Gothic style of the period. In hundreds of cases, what was done was to demolish the simpler sanctuary and choir of an earlier date, and erect in its stead a new apse and sanctuary, with the frequent addition of a great Lady Chapel behind the high altar. This was the procedure at Christchurch Priory; and the work was completed only under King Henry VII.,

the father of Henry VIII. The new altars had not been many years consecrated before their desecration.

The lofty choir is separated from the nave by a beautiful screen of white Caen stone. Its elaborate carving is as sharp and sound as on the day when it was finished. It is believed that it is of earlier date than the choir; and local tradition says that it was once adorned with gold and precious gems, which were taken away when the royal commissioners of Henry VIII. suppressed and plundered the priory. Behind the high altar there was once an elaborately sculptured reredos. Indeed, it is still in position on the east wall of the choir, but in a sadly defaced and mutilated condition.

As I looked at it, I thought that I would like to discuss the "continuity" theory here at Christchurch with some of my Anglican friends, who argue so strangely that no important changes were made at the Reformation,—no changes sufficient definitely to divide the English Established Church of to-day from the Church of Saxon, Norman and Plantagenet times. It might even be well for American Episcopalians, making the tour of Europe, to turn aside to Christchurch, and see the striking object-lesson presented by its desecrated sanctuary.

Below the damaged reredos, marks on the wall clearly show where the high altar was once fixed to it. There is now no pretence at an altar; but several feet from the wall is placed the "table," which the Reformers ordered to be substituted for the Catholic altar. The "table" at Christchurch is of oak, elaborately carved. It was designed by Pugin while he was still an Anglican. But the object-lesson does not end here. When Elizabeth's State-made bishops decreed the destruction of the old altars and the substitution of "decent tables" for them, as a sign that Sacrament and Sacrifice were swept away and a memorial "Supper of the Lord" was to replace them, they directed that the consecrated altar stones should

either be broken up or devoted to "base and common uses." Now, just inside the railing in front of the "table" and to the right of it, there is a large slab of stone let into the pavement. It is of an oblong shape, and dark bluish grey in color. Its length is precisely that of the old altar, as indicated by the marks on the east wall below the ruined reredos. There can be no doubt that it is the old altar stone, turned face downward so that the consecration crosses are out of sight. Here the Protestant desecrators of Christchurch placed it, that it might be trodden underfoot. Yet there are men, of average common-sense in other matters, who try to persuade the world that the Communion Service of the Book of Common Prayer is only a slightly modified form of the Mass. Here at Christchurch one can see for oneself what the English Reformers thought of Mass and altar.

The reredos, thirty-five feet high and twenty wide, is, like the screen, of earlier date than the choir. Its architectural details are those of the decorated style of the time of King Edward III. The design was a central panel with three tiers of canopied niches. In the centre, though much damaged, is a group of the Nativity. The Virgin Mother, seated on the ground, with St. Joseph standing beside her, presents the Holy Child to the Kings who have come to adore Him. In the niches below are the figures of Jesse, David, and Solomon. They are linked by trailing vine branches,—traces of which can also be seen winding round the other niches, all of them now empty. The design was a favorite one of the Middle Ages, the Tree of Jesse showing Our Lord's descent; and tradition says that, besides the chief ancestors of the Redeemer, the reredos was once adorned also with nine statues of carved wood richly plated with silver,—the subjects being the four Greater Prophets who foretold the coming of the Saviour, the four Evangelists who recorded it, and, at the top of the reredos, a figure of Christ ascending in glory.

The silver-plated figures were taken away as part of the plunder when the royal commissioners visited the priory. The commissioners, eager as they were to rake together any slanderous gossip against the religious houses, could find nothing to allege against the Augustinian Canons of Christchurch. But they appear to have frightened the prior into a readiness to surrender his priory, and they made a report that must have excited the King's cupidity. In their letter of December 2, 1539, they wrote: "We found the prior a very honest and conformable person, and the house well furnished with jewels and plate, whereof *some be meet for the King's use.*" In other words, the priory was worth plundering, so it was promptly suppressed. Little remains of the monastic buildings; but the church itself escaped destruction, because there was no other for the use of the parish.

It was during this period of what the Anglican Dr. Jessop has aptly called "the Great Pillage" that the first damage was done to the reredos. Its ruin was completed under Elizabeth, when the altar was thrown down. To the left of the place where it stood there is another reminder of the work of Henry VIII., and a monument of one of the martyrs of the English persecution. The Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, was by birth a Plantagenet, the last of that royal line. She was the mother of Cardinal Pole; and this, and her refusal to conform to the new religion, made her one of Henry's victims, despite her near relationship to himself and her seventy years of stainless life. She was beheaded on Tower Hill on May 28, 1541, and buried in the church of St. Peter within the Tower precincts, in an unmarked grave. Her family held lands in Hampshire; and here, in the choir of Christchurch Priory, we see the chantry chapel which she erected during her lifetime, to be the place of her tomb, and the spot where Masses were to be offered for the repose of her soul.

The chapel is of richly and delicately

sculptured white Caen stone. It is like a gigantic casket of elaborately carved ivory. It is all as sharp in outline as if the sculptor had completed it but yesterday. In form it is a little square chamber, with walls at two ends and openwork screens at the sides; and for its roof, a network of carved stone arches crossing and recrossing in an intricate design. The Blessed Margaret intended that against one of the end walls should be her tomb, and against the other the altar. The little chapel is quite empty. The altar was never erected, the Masses never said. Henry confiscated the endowment she had left for them, and defaced her armorial bearings on the shields that still remain, blank medallions of stone, on the walls of her chantry chapel. But Henry's memory is held in abhorrence as that of one of the worst of kings; while Margaret of Salisbury is numbered with the Blessed, and commemorated at many altars when the annual feast of the English martyrs comes round. One hopes that in the day that will surely dawn when England is again reconciled to the See of Peter, an altar to her honor will be erected in her chantry chapel at Christchurch.

We pass round the outside of the chantry and enter the Lady Chapel, a magnificent structure in the perpendicular style, with great windows (once glorious with many colors) that almost give one the impression that the walls are of glass. Here there is another reredos, but in a far more ruinous condition than that of the choir. Not a niche but is empty. Nay, in the centre and in the upper tier the niches themselves have been broken down, and the wall is bare. A few fragments of the carvings that once stood under the overhanging canopies of the Gothic niches were recovered a few years ago by a mere accident, when the ground outside the chapel was dug up and levelled. These fragments, square carved panels in high relief, are sufficient to explain the fury with which the Reformers wrecked the reredos. "I will put enmity

between thee and the Woman," was the prophecy of Eden; and we have proof here of the diabolical hatred the Reformers had for the Blessed Mother of God. The sculptures of the reredos, recovered from a rubbish heap, show, sadly defaced as they are, that it was a record in stone of the life of the Blessed Virgin. On one carved panel we see her, with the Apostles, watching her Divine Son ascend to heaven. On another she is herself in heaven, bending down to receive her crown from Him.

The recovered fragments of the ruined reredos rest upon the altar stone of the Lady Chapel. It is one of the very few pre-Reformation altars still in its original position. It is a massive slab of grey Derbyshire or Purbeck marble. But in one particular it is, I believe, unique among altars. One looks for the consecration crosses. One can easily find them; for not only is there the cross clearly cut on the stone, but also the sign of its having been burned. Those who have seen the consecration of an altar will remember how, after the stone is blessed, oil is poured on the crosses and set on fire, and the five bright flames rise up from the altar. But on this altar stone in the Lady Chapel of Christchurch there are not five but *ten* crosses, each surrounded by an irregular patch of black and dull brown, the trace of the consecration fires. The marks are grouped two and two in the centre and toward the corners of the marble slab. The stone has evidently been *twice consecrated*.

Our guide tells us the local tradition that explains this. When the altars were thrown down and desecrated, he says, and the new service was imposed by law, those of the Christchurch people who still clung to the old Faith managed to secure the friendly connivance of the local authorities: they replaced and reconsecrated the altar stone and used to meet secretly in the Lady Chapel to hear Mass. It is even said that there were times when the faithful few gathered here around

the altar; while, separated from them only by the east wall of the choir, the Protestants were assembled for "Common Prayer" in the priory church.

I do not know what authority there is for this tradition, but it explains the double consecration, to which the ten crosses bear witness. When I was told the story, I did not mind the surprise I caused to a party of Protestant tourists by bending down to kiss the twice-holy stone. Then I let the guide take them away to show them the architecture of the north aisle; and I knelt, beads in hand, and prayed to Our Lady 'in her chapel that the Holy Mass might again be said some day on that altar. The fact that Christchurch is in charge of a "Low Church" vicar is a security that, at any rate for some time to come, the Lady altar will not be desecrated with an Anglican imitation of the Mass. The guide told me that there was some talk of replacing the old high altar stone in position in front of the great reredos in the choir, and using it as a communion table. I fear he did not understand my point of view when, on the impulse of the moment, I said that I would rather it lay where it was until true priests could replace it.

There is a little Catholic church in the town. It was built in 1866. As usual, where an altar is erected a congregation grows up around it; and the Catholics of Christchurch have in the priory church a witness in stone to the fact that theirs is the Faith of the England of the past. Perhaps it is because the stones themselves here speak so plainly of that past that the sham known as "Anglo-Catholicism" seems to have no following.

PRECIOUS indeed is the Blood of Christ; for it is the blood of an immaculate body,—the blood of the Son of God, who has redeemed us, not only from the curse of the law, but also from the perpetual death of sin.—*St. Ambrose*.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIII.

"**Y**OU are both more than kind," Madeleine said gratefully to her two friends, as they drank their coffee a little later, in the safe seclusion of Mrs. Wynne's apartment. "But there was really no need to have inconvenienced yourselves on my account. For a moment I was startled, and no doubt showed it; but at the same time I had a sense of interior strength, which prevented my being unnerved—as I was" (she glanced at Nina) "on another occasion. Besides, unless I were to shut myself up, I could not avoid the possibility of these encounters; and it is well that I should learn how to meet them, without permitting them to affect me too much—outwardly, at least."

"All of which is quite true," Mrs. Wynne replied. "But, however brave you may be, the fact remains that such encounters do affect you painfully; and there was, therefore, no objection to our simply moving from a public to a private room. If I could have foreseen (but one never can foresee such occurrences) I should have ordered luncheon served here in the first place."

"It is most provoking that the creature should have appeared just at this time!" Nina remarked, with a frown of annoyance. "Madeleine goes out so seldom that it is hard that she could not have enjoyed her visit to you in peace."

Madeleine looked at Mrs. Wynne with a faint smile.

"Nina is so good that she would like to shield me from everything unpleasant," she said. "I can't make her believe that that would be very weakening to my moral stamina."

"It is an inclination which we all share," Mrs. Wynne told her. "When we love people, we would like to make

their lives easy and prosperous and happy, to shield them from all things hard and painful,—which means from all that would test and try their moral strength. But fortunately we have only a limited power to accomplish this. God knows better than we do what is best for souls and characters, which, to form and perfect them, must often be tried 'as by fire.'"

"I know the point of view," Nina said a little impatiently; "and, frankly, I don't like it. Moreover, I don't think it's true. My experience is that, under trials, people grow hard and bitter and sour, that lives are cramped and thwarted, and never attain their true development; whereas prosperity has the effect on character which sunshine has on flowers."

"I fancy that we must all have observed quite other effects which it sometimes has," Mrs. Wynne remarked, smiling. "But, granting what you say as true, when storms come—for come they must, in the moral as in the physical world,—flowers which have known only sunshine are scarcely fitted to endure or withstand them; while as for the fact that people frequently grow hard and bitter under adversity, one can only say that it is altogether their own fault. No trial is ever sent to us without the grace to enable us to bear it with profit to our own souls, if—ah, a great *if*, this!—we are prepared to submit our will to the will of God."

"Counsels of perfection!" scoffed Nina, who had learned a few Catholic phrases from her association with Madeleine. "They are too hard for 'human nature's daily food.'"

Mrs. Wynne shook her head, as she put down her coffee-cup and touched a bell.

"Not counsels of perfection," she said. "The primary essential, and foundation of the most ordinary Christian life, is conformity to the divine will; and with this, hardness and bitterness can not exist. 'Blessed are the hearts that bend, for they shall never break,' you know. But I am really not going to preach to

you any more; you must forgive me for having done so already—"

"But I don't feel that you have preached at all," Nina assured her quickly. "It is I who have provoked the discussion each time. These ideas of yours and Madeleine's interest me, but I also instinctively revolt against them; they are so opposed to all my ideas of life, and its meaning and purpose."

"I am quite sure of that," Mrs. Wynne answered, with a very kindly look; "but perhaps after a while you will see things differently. Now I hope that neither of you objects to a drive? I have ordered a carriage, so that we may take a turn in the Bois while the sun shines, and then go to one of the fashionable tea-rooms for a cup of tea and a glimpse of the *beau-monde*."

No one objecting, this programme was carried out. In a short time the carriage was announced, and the three ladies were soon driving up the Champs Elysées, in the level sunshine of the short winter afternoon, amid the stream of glittering equipages rolling toward the Arc de Triomphe and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne beyond. By the time they reached the beautiful pleasure ground—beautiful even in its leafless garb—Madeleine had thrown off the depressing effect of her meeting with the man whose life she had once so closely shared, and, like her companions, responded to the influence of the brilliant and animated scene of which they formed a part. Then came a pleasant hour in one of the newly opened tea-rooms, where fashionable Paris assembles in the late afternoon to drink a cup of tea, to exhibit its elegant toilettes, and discuss the last items of social gossip. And a little later, when Mrs. Wynne set the two friends down at their own door, in the purple twilight through which the myriad lights of the great city were beginning to gleam, it was with the definite engagement to meet Madeleine again the next day, that they might visit some of the churches which neither of them had yet seen.

As she drove back alone to her hotel, however, a shade of something like anxiety settled upon Mrs. Wynne, and was perceived by the keen glance of her husband as soon as she entered the room where he was awaiting her.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Did anything go amiss with your plans?"

"Not with my plans," she answered, as she sat down and began to draw off her gloves. "But something disagreeable happened, and I must guard against its recurrence. Will you be good enough to find out if a man named Raynor—American, of course—is staying at this hotel? If he is, we must go to another."

Mr. Wynne raised his brows slightly.

"I suppose," he said, "that the man in question is the divorced husband of Mrs. Raynor. But why should his presence here concern us?"

"I'm afraid you are a little obtuse sometimes," Mrs. Wynne replied, with a sigh. "Don't you see that I can't ask Mrs. Raynor to come to visit me at a hotel where she might encounter at any time the man whom of all in the world she most wishes to avoid?"

"Has she already encountered him?"

"Yes; that is the disagreeable happening of which I spoke a moment ago. He came into the dining-room with a party of men while we were at luncheon to-day. As ill-luck would have it, they were placed at a table very near us; and when she looked up and saw him, I thought for a moment that she would faint—only, modern women don't faint from emotion. Fortunately, we had nearly finished our luncheon; so I carried her away at once, and ordered coffee served up here."

"That was really too bad!" said Mr. Wynne, whose sympathy was now roused to the point of action. "I'll go at once and inquire if the fellow is staying in this house; and if so, we will leave it to-morrow."

He left the room, but was not gone very long; and when he returned a reassuring smile answered his wife's glance before he spoke.

"The man is not staying here," he said. "His presence in the dining-room to-day was purely accidental. He, with several others, merely came in to lunch with an Englishman who was staying in the hotel, but has now left it. The entire party, it appears, were motor-lunatics, on their way to the automobile races in the south of France."

Mrs. Wynne drew a deep breath of relief.

"I am so glad to know that there is no danger of our encountering him again," she said. "It was pitiable to see how painfully his presence affected that poor child, although she was very brave in controlling herself. I would not for anything subject her to the same ordeal again."

"There is no reason to fear it at present," Mr. Wynne said; "but no one can guard against accidents like that of to-day. When the man returns to Paris, as he probably will return when the races are over, Mrs. Raynor may meet him again; but neither you nor any one else can foresee or prevent an encounter of the kind."

"Very true," Mrs. Wynne agreed. "But there is no admonition I like better than that which tells us that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. He may not return to Paris. He may go directly home, or—motor-racing is dreadfully dangerous—something may happen to him."

"Helen, I'm astonished at you!"

"I don't wish—Good Heavens, you can't imagine that I would *wish* anything of the sort!" Mrs. Wynne protested. "But when the idea presents itself, it's impossible not to think how it would smooth things for the woman whose life he has made so miserable, and—for John."

Mr. Wynne turned on her a glance at once tender and quizzical.

"Aye, John!" he said. "There's the crux of the matter for you. But do you really think that John has behaved so well that he deserves to have things smoothed for him?"

"I am quite sure that he has behaved so badly that he does not deserve any-

thing at all," John's mother unhesitatingly replied. "But you are mistaken in believing that I am thinking chiefly of him. On the contrary, I am thinking most of Madeleine; and you'll admit that she deserves any and all things good which Providence might allow."

"I admit that willingly enough; but, if you'll forgive me, I must add that in my opinion she also deserves something better than John Maitland."

"Richard, that is *very* unkind of you! The poor boy was beside himself; he was hardly responsible."

"Don't deceive yourself, Helen. He was perfectly responsible. I talked to him before he went away, and I never saw in any one a more cool and deliberate determination to do a forbidden thing in defiance of all consequences."

Mrs. Wynne looked distressed.

"I know," she said. "But when he came back he was different."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders. It was evident that it would be long before John Maitland could be reinstated in his good opinion,—if, indeed, such reinstatement ever took place.

"He was different only because he had not succeeded in bending Mrs. Raynor's will to his," he said. "I don't want to pain you, Helen; but the boy has been like a son to me, and I speak of him as I would of a son. It is by no act or merit of his own that he is not to-day cut off and excommunicated from the Church. And it is hardly likely, therefore, that even an unworthy man would be removed from the world to allow him to have what he wants."

Mrs. Wynne regarded her husband with a smile, which was for the uncompromising manner in which he stripped a subject of verbiage, and showed the clear, hard core of meaning or fact below. She was familiar with this method—it had been applied to herself on more than one occasion,—and she made no more than a slight protest now.

"I never dreamed of desiring that the

man should be removed from the world for such a purpose," she said. "I hope I know better than that. And fatalities don't happen to people like him. They pass through all dangers unscathed, and remain in the world to the utmost limit of old age, in order to exercise the patience of everyone connected with them. Now I will get ready for dinner; and then we are going to the Français, are we not?"

The next few days were most agreeably spent by the two women, who were so entirely congenial to each other, in sight-seeing excursions, chiefly to the churches and religious institutions which form a world apart in Paris,—that seat and centre of the fiercest warfare between the forces of good and evil in the modern world. From the great cathedral of the Ile de la Cité, and the jewel-like beauty of the Sainte Chapelle, from the ancient shrine of St. Genevieve on the left bank of the Seine, to the vast new basilica of the Sacred Heart on the height of Montmartre, they wandered in pleasant companionship, and with a delightful sense of unhurried leisure; pausing when and where they would, and generally ending the day with Benediction at Notre Dame des Victoires, which is one of the marvellous sights of Paris,—the most marvellous triumph of the supernatural over the material world in the very heart of the latter.

For wonder never ceases to strike the mind afresh when, turning from the streets and boulevards, where this world displays itself in its most seductive forms to the men and women who throng them, one enters that sanctuary of prayers, where so many marvels of faith, both visible and invisible, have taken place. "At whatever hour one goes there," says Huysmans, in the wonderful book which he has called "En Route," "people are praying there, prostrate in absolute silence. It is full as soon as it is open, and full at its closing. There is a constant coming and going of pilgrims; and it seems that each one, by the prayers that he brings,

adds fuel to the immense brasier of Faith whose flames break out again under the smoky arches like the thousands of tapers which constantly burn, and are renewed from morning till evening before Our Lady."

Indeed, who that has seen can ever forget that dazzling mass of radiance,—the altar with its countless votive lights, amid which stands the crowned figure of Our Lady of Victories, holding her Divine Son in her arms? Or who, forming one of the immense congregation always present, has not been thrilled by the religious enthusiasm animating the mass as one soul? This is felt in the deep-toned responses to the Rosary and Litany, but especially at Benediction when the congregation joins the choir in singing the *Tantum Ergo*. "When the organ sounded the first chords of this noble plain-chant melody, the choir," as Huysmans again says, "had only to cross their arms and hold their tongues. As tapers which are lighted by threads of fulminate attached one to the other, the faithful caught fire, and, accompanied by the organ, struck up for themselves the humble and glorious strain. They were then kneeling on the chairs, prostrate on the pavement; and when, after the exchange of antiphons and responses, after the *Oremus*, the priest ascended to the altar, his shoulders and hands enfolded in the white silk scarf, to take the monstrance, then, at the shrill and hurried sound of the bells, a wind passed which at once bent every head like the mowing of grass. In these groups of souls on fire there was a fulness of devotion, a complete and absolute silence, till the bells again rang out, and invited human life, which had been interrupted, to wrap itself in a great Sign of the Cross and resume its course."

There are those who perhaps may say that this is a scene which may be witnessed in any Catholic church at Benediction; and in a certain degree that is true, but only in a degree; for there are few places on this earth where faith is so quickened by the contagion of "souls on fire," where

miracles of grace become, as it were, so visible to the senses, as in Notre Dame des Victoires.

It was so at least that Madeleine found it. Never since the unforgotten day when, alone in the distant church of the New World, she felt for the first time the reality of the things of the spirit, had the vision which came to her then been so renewed as in this shrine and home of wonders. Here again she had the intense consciousness of that Something behind the veil which gives life and meaning to man's worship. And again as before, in the light of that vision all things became easy. "The soul was ready to lay down its arms, to take God's way, to ask only that His will might be accomplished in and by it." And, while it is true enough that this is an illumination which does not last, after the light has faded the effect remains: the soul has been nerved for sacrifice,—for following those hard and often blood-stained paths which lead to the difficult heights of spiritual perfection.

A certain comprehension of this came to Madeleine more than once when she knelt in the thronged church before the blazing altar; but it was particularly clear one evening—so clear that she had not a doubt of some trial awaiting her—when she finally rose and followed Mrs. Wynne to the outside world, the brilliancy of which in this part of Paris smote upon the senses as a visible challenge from all that was material and alluring.

And the premonition—if premonition it should be called—was soon verified. She was dining with the Wynnes that evening; and when Mr. Wynne, who had not been with them, met his wife, he at once drew her aside.

"Helen," he said, "the afternoon journals contain an account of a dreadful accident in that automobile race in the south. Two Frenchmen have been killed, and an American fatally injured. The American is George Raynor. Had you not better tell Mrs. Raynor?"

(To be continued.)

"This Is My Blood."

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

"THIS is My Blood," He said.
 Ah, well He knew, that night,
 That soon It would free the dead
 On Calvary's rugged height;
 That down through the long, long years,
 To the living new hope 'twould bring,
 And comfort in all their fears,—
 The Blood of their Lord and King!

O Sacred Blood of Christ!
 O Blood of a Saviour slain!
 O Blood which alone sufficed
 To wipe out sin's dark stain!
 Strengthen us, guide our souls
 O'er life's unlighted way,
 Till the night-cloud backward rolls
 At the dawn of an endless day!

The Tomb of Pontius Pilate.

BY H. E. DELAMARE.

THE first time I drove down the fine avenue of lime trees which led to what was to be my happy home for a long time, a friend pointed out to me a strange-looking monument which stood but a few hundred yards from our front gate "That," he said, "is the tomb of Pontius Pilate." At first I took this to be merely a jest.

A short time afterward, however, I came across a charming book written by one of the most brilliant of French bishops and authors, Monseigneur Gay; and I learned that what I had thought a legend, is an authenticated historical fact. When one comes to think of it, there is nothing improbable about the story; for Pontius Pilate was not a Jew, but a Roman governor of the province of Judea; and Gaul was, at that period, equally a Roman province. The emperors very often sent their governors from one post to another, just as viceroys and other officials are changed about nowadays.

At that time some of the Roman cities in Gaul were magnificent in their beauty and opulence. One of the finest stood on the site of the present manufacturing town of Vienne, between Lyons and Avignon, just at a sharp bend of the blue Rhone, the most rapid, capricious and violent of European rivers. It rises in the Swiss mountains, and, before entering France, flows through the Lake of Geneva. So strong is its current, however, that its waters do not mingle with those of the lake, but can be distinguished like a blue ribbon crossing to the French frontier. Thence it rushes on, leaping over rocks and waterfalls, twisting in and out along a narrow valley which winds through a mountainous country.

The stream takes such sharp turns that many portions of it appear like long, narrow lakes. This is specially so at Vienne. The great semicircle around what seems the head of the waters was formerly occupied by the stately Roman city. The marble steps of its palaces led down to the river's brink; while behind them, rising like an amphitheatre on the lower hills, were the temples, theatres, and homes of the Gallo-Romans. Of all this nothing remains but the tomb of the Roman governor, and a very well-preserved little temple said to have been dedicated to Apollo.

The monument over the grave of Pontius Pilate is anything but beautiful. On the contrary, it is stern, almost forbidding-looking. The stone of which it is built was originally white, but is now worn, stained, and darkened by twenty centuries of exposure to the elements. The lower part of the tomb is square, and forms four arches flanked at the corners with groups of small columns, supporting the entablature. This part serves as a pedestal for a tall, ugly, cone-shaped structure, which the people of Vienne misname the Pyramid. Though so lacking in beauty, the monument is striking in appearance and unlike any other I have seen elsewhere.

The temple now stands in the centre

of the vegetable and poultry market, in which numbers of peasant women sit, during the morning, under large red or blue cotton umbrellas; while great is the chattering and cackling that goes on around this silent witness of the Roman occupation of the city, hundreds of years ago. The building, which is an open one, is still in very good preservation; though its pretty, fluted columns, with their Corinthian capitals, are here and there badly chipped.

From this market-place a narrow street leads on up the hill to the higher part of the town, whence one has a glorious view of the impetuous blue waters, banked on either side by beautiful wooded hills, behind which rise the Cevennes mountains; while yet farther off one can, on a bright day, catch a glimpse of the Alps, with stately Mont Blanc overtopping all the others. At the lower end of what looks like a long and narrow lake, stretches another chain of mountains, the highest of which, Mont Pilat, stands right at the bend of the river like a great barrier closing its entrance.

The climate here is delightful, the winter short and mild, and consequently it is a perfect paradise of flowers and fruit. Roses, clematis and wistaria grow in profusion, covering the houses like a mantle and scenting the air with their countless blossoms. In the valleys, one finds a variety of wild flowers; there are babbling brooks, edged with delicate ferns and overhung with shade trees; while song birds without number fill the balmy air with their sweet melody. Surely Palestine could not have been more beautiful.

The punishment of Pilate began even in this world; for it appears that, soon after Our Lord's crucifixion, he gave offence to the Roman emperor, who recalled him from Judea, and later on sent him as governor, not of Gaul, but simply of the city now called Vienne.

This was a terrible blow to the proud Roman, whose ambition had made him willing to sacrifice even his integrity as

a judge rather than suffer it to be said that he was not Cæsar's friend. Though beautiful and stately, the Gallo-Roman city was quiet, and its life monotonous compared to that of Jerusalem; and, in his humiliation, Pontius Pilate was constantly haunted by the face of Him of whom he had said, "Behold the Man!"—of the Innocent One whom so many now proclaimed to be the Son of the one true God.

The sacred drama was ever present to his mind. Evermore he seemed to see that gentle Prisoner, so noble in His quiet dignity; and to hear Him say that He was a King, though not of this world. He remembered, too, how the soldiers at the tomb had related that they had been struck down and overwhelmed by the majesty of the risen Christ,—that Christ whom he had allowed to be crucified, in spite of his wife's warning message.

What to him were the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the balmy scent of the flowers, the songs of birds, and the brilliant sunshine on the blue waters! They seemed but to mock him in his shame and despair; to remind him evermore that he might have given his life for the grandest cause on earth, and had dismally failed even in his duty as magistrate.

Tormented by remorse, haunted by despairing fear, broken by his disgrace, desperate in his misery, he wandered away one day from his palace and attendants, and threw himself into the surging waters of the Rhone. But even the river refused to be polluted by the deicide; and, at a few yards from where he had taken his fatal leap, the waters cast his dead body upon the rocky shore. It was soon discovered, and buried with considerable pomp near the spot where it was found. This was at some little distance from the Roman city, and over it still rises the monument, which bears no name but which is known to mark his grave.

From the cool avenue of lime trees where it now stands, one can hear the

roar of the rushing waters and see the lofty purple mountains. All around are pretty villas, beautiful gardens, the sound of merry voices and the babble of children. The neighboring country is full of peach and apricot orchards, which cover the hillsides on both banks of the river, and make the whole valley look in springtime like a huge bridal bouquet, while in the late summer it is redolent of the perfume of the luscious fruit. Whole train loads of this fruit, for which Vienne and its neighborhood are noted, are sent to the capital and other great cities every day during the season.

Yet, in spite of the charm and fertility of the surrounding country, in spite of its commanding position at the bend of the winding river, in spite of its delightful climate and its ancient grandeur, the Vienne of to-day is anything but a prepossessing city. Full of factories where felt hats and slippers are made, it is known as a bad city, one in which it is unsafe for a woman to go out alone after dark except on the most public thoroughfares. Vienne is a very hotbed of Socialism, and it would seem as if the evil spirit of the cowardly Roman still hung over the place.

Pontius Pilate! I passed his tomb many times daily for years, yet it was never without a feeling of chill at my heart; for it seemed like a canker in the midst of the surrounding loveliness of God's earth.

OUR greatest fault is that we wish to serve God in our own way, not in His way.... When He wishes us to be ill, we wish to be well; when He desires us to serve Him by sufferings, we desire to serve Him by works; when He wishes us to exercise charity, we wish to exercise humility; when He seeks from us resignation, we wish for devotion, a spirit of prayer, or some other virtue. And this is not because the things we desire may be more pleasing to Him, but because they are more to our taste. This is the greatest obstacle we can raise to our perfection.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Passion Rose of Toledo.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

OLD Carmen sat beside the fountain, saying her Beads. Chatting gaily, Dolita lounged in the golden sunshine near by. Her dark locks were waving in the breeze. The color in her olive cheeks was born of the sun and of the wind, which blew sweet and kind from the Moor's Head,—that mountain which reared a haughty crest heavenward, above the Hermitage of the Virgin of the Valley.

"See, *ama!*" she exclaimed to her old nurse. "I will make myself a crown of these lovely flowers. I found them there beside the ruined church. Nowhere else do they grow. Are they not beautiful, *ama mia?*"

Old Carmen looked up and hastily took the wreath from the young girl's hands.

"Nay, nay, dear one: choose elsewhere your flowers!" she said. "Know you not the tale of how roses came to grow beside the ruins?"

"No. Tell it to me." The girl threw herself upon the ground beside the fountain and gazed up at her nurse. "I love your tales," she added. "They are so beautiful! When you talk of old Toledo, it seems to me I can see the city in all the splendor of the Emperor's days,—not cold and dark and dull as it is now."

"This tale is not beautiful," answered Carmen. "But I will tell it, that you may see how a young maid loved Our Lord and His sweet Mother,—yes, better than life itself. It was in Toledo that it happened, many, many years ago."

And Dolita, with eager eyes and glowing cheeks listened as the old nurse told the following story:

"Close to the Zocodover, the marketplace, there dwelt a Jew, Daniel by name, a worker in iron,—a churlish fellow to the poor, giving not a scant crust of bread to the neediest beggar; yet to the rich he was ever doffing his cap and bowing low,

and humbling himself before them. All the same, in his eyes slumbered ever a spark of fire, which leaped into venomous flame when one called him 'dog of a Jew,' or when boys in the street spat at him.

"Women blessed themselves and fled before his smile; and children ran from him, for to them he seemed like the Evil One, with his hooked nose and beady eyes, his stooped form and evil look. Age is lovely, my child, only when it basks ever in the smile of God, and the golden things of heaven seem fairer than the sordid things of earth.

"Daniel had one daughter, yet it seemed she could not be his. While he was old, ugly, deformed and evil, she was young, lithe, fair, and good. Often her face looked out through the latticed windows of the old house which was her home, and gleamed like a jewel in a dusky setting. Her cheek was fair; her eyes, the mirror of a soul as pure as a lily, modest as a rose. Countless Jewish suitors were hers, but to each one she said the same: 'I thank you, Señor! I am not as yet ready to wed. I will stay with my father.'

"So long she answered thus that jealous suitors grew suspicious.

"Who is it that's favored by the fair Raquela?' they said one to another. 'Let us watch and see!' But, though they watched long, my *nina*, they saw nothing. Though in truth she was beloved, it was not by one to troll his passion to the moon's bright ray, that all the world might hear.

"Raquela's lover was a noble Spaniard. He had seen the girl as she bore her old Moorish water jar upon her shoulder, bringing sweet water from the fountain for her father's evening meal. The Christian looked upon her and loved her,—loved her for the straight black brows, the eyes of dusk, the hair of midnight, the lily cheek with the flush of dawn. Yet more (for noble soul greets noble soul, and rushes out to meet it), he loved her for the whiteness of her spirit, which he read within her pure eyes. Often he met

her by the fountain, and his thoughts of her found vent in speech; and Raquela loved him with all her heart. Then (it has ever been thus with womankind, my Dolita!) the things he loved seemed fairer to her than all which she had known before. And she listened to the words of Don Ramon when he told her of Christ and His sweet Mother, and at last the maid believed. Secretly—for great fear of her father, he being fierce and stern in all things of his religion,—she was baptized by a holy priest; and Don Ramon desired to wed with her, but she entreated him:

“‘Wait but a little, best beloved! My father is old and I am loath to vex him. Perhaps he will grow softer to the followers of our Señor Jesu, and then I will tell him all.’

“Her betrothed shook his head, but said sadly:

“‘Yet a little while will I wait, beloved of my life! But it will not avail. If you would only come to me, and let me carry you far away where you could worship God in Christian fashion and in peace! To-morrow night I shall leave the city, returning again in a week’s time. If you will not come with me to-morrow, when I return I will take you from your father.’

“But she only shook her head and smiled.

“That night she leaned against the casement of her window, praying for her betrothed, when voices came to her from the window of her father’s room beneath. The old man’s voice was raised with anger.

“‘What!’ he screamed. ‘You tell me this! You say my child is bewitched by the Christian dog Don Ramon Moncayo y Ruiz! By the beard of our father Abraham, I will bewitch him! To-morrow night he goes forth from the city, you say, and you believe that he will take my daughter with him! We shall see! Go you to the faithful, and bid them meet at the secret place at the same hour. He will be there, and a merry entertainment we shall provide for him, the dog!’ He laughed evilly, and bade his guest farewell.

“Raquela’s blood froze in her veins, my Dolita! What should she do? She must find some way in which she could warn her lover, but how? All through the night she pondered and prayed, but morning brought no light. All day she sought to slip away from home, hoping to meet Ramon or to send him a messenger; but all day her father kept her within doors, seating himself beside the portal so that no one could pass. When night came he bade Raquela retire; and when she had gone to her chamber, he left the house, and from her casement she saw him creep stealthily down the street. Quickly she caught a cloak and hood and followed. She must know whither he went and what he did. If aught befell her beloved, at least she would know it, and would not be left to the horrid uncertainty of doubt.

“The old Jew stole to the very edge of the town, where, upon the hillside, stood the ruins of a Moorish mosque, close beside what is now Our Lady’s Hermitage. Ivy-grown ruins, stone columns, and broken statues were all that remained of what had once been a magnificent temple, reared by the heathen Saracen to the worship of Mahound. A turret rose to heaven, from the balcony of which had sounded the muezzin’s call to prayer; and hither old Daniel the Jew hastened. Others were before him, and soon he was the centre of a crowd of angry people. Their words at first Raquela could not hear; but she crept nearer and nearer, concealing herself behind the shrubs and bushes. Then she heard their words and stood rooted to the spot, watching her countrymen as they raised into place a huge cross, and wove from the roses, which bloomed there in beauty, a sharp-thorned crown.

“‘All is now ready!’ cried Daniel. ‘We but await our victim, who is even now leaving his castle.’

“‘No!’—the cry burst from the girl’s lips as she sprang from the thicket and stood before the Jews, her eyes flashing at the hideous plot revealed to her. *Here is your victim! I am a Christian!*’

"Raquela!" screamed her father, in anger. "You speak not the truth! You can not be false to your religion!"

"I am a Christian!" she said firmly, determined by her death to save her lover. "I believe in the Christ our fathers crucified."

"Crucify her!" howled the Jews in rage; and her father cast her from him to the foot of the cross—

"Ask me not to tell you more, my *niña*! Such deeds of horror are not for young folks' ears. Doña Raquela died a holy martyr, and her face was seen no more framed in the lattices of her Moorish window.

"To Don Ramon one came who had seen the awful deed, whispering, all white and trembling, the tale of how she had died with the name of Jesus upon her lips.

"Who is that Jesu she so worshipped?" he asked the Spaniard. "And His Mother, to whom she prayed that your life might be saved?"

"And Ramon told him the story of Christ, and the Jewish dog became a Christian man; and so the martyr's death saved his poor soul.

"Years passed, Dolita; and Ramon's proud head was hid beneath a cowl; his broken spirit bound up other wounds. One day a shepherd lad sought straying sheep beside the Moorish tower; and there, entwined amidst the roses and the ivy, and the scarlet pomegranate, he found a strange new flower. Within its heart, *niña mia*, were found the cross and the crown of thorns, dread emblems of our Saviour's Passion; and, showing it to the *Padre* of that place, the holy man named it the Passion Rose. Searching amidst the ruins, men found at the base of the tower the skeleton of a woman, and, buried with her, the cross and the crown of briars. Thereat they greatly wondered; for from the grave there sprang in verdant loveliness the tendrils of the Passion vine. So, wear not the vine upon your brow, sweet one; yet ever within your heart wear the lesson of Toledo's Passion Rose."

Lenten Thoughts.

(For Passion Sunday.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

VI.—THE REDEEMER.

THIS week we are to consider the qualities of the Redeemer, and from what He had to redeem us. Next week—Holy Week—we shall reflect piously on how that redemption was accomplished; and then are brought to the last words: *Consummatum est!*—"All is finished!"

The Mass of Saturday, as has already been said, belongs rather to the incoming than the outgoing week. The Introit calls out to all who would be redeemed: "You that thirst, come to the waters, saith the Lord; and you that have no money, come and drink with joy." (Is., lv.) We had not money to buy our redemption, but He bought it for us with His money (His blood); and He rejoices to see us drink in joy. Such is our divine Redeemer.

The Epistle in gladness and joy calls out: "In an acceptable time I have heard thee, and in the day of salvation I have helped thee; and I have preserved thee; and given thee to be a covenant to the people, that thou mightest raise up the earth, and possess the inheritances that were destroyed; that thou mightest say to them that are bound, Come forth! and to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves! . . . Give praise, O ye heavens; and rejoice, O earth! . . . For the Lord hath comforted His people. . . . Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee, saith the Lord." (Ib., xlix.)

"I am the light of the world," says our Redeemer in the holy Gospel. (St. John, viii.) "He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but hath eternal light. . . . Neither Me do you know, nor My Father. If you did know Me, perhaps you would know My Father, also."

Thus is Passion Sunday ushered in. And in the Introit of that day, the Lord, our Redeemer, seeing now that "His hour was come," cries out to His Father in the words of the Psalmist (xlii): "Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy; from the unjust and deceitful man deliver me."

In the Epistle (Heb., ix), for the first time in all Lent the Precious Blood of Jesus is introduced. Let us hearken to St. Paul: "Christ . . . neither by the blood of goats nor of calves, but by His own blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption. For if the blood of goats and of oxen, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, to the cleansing of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ . . . cleanse our conscience from dead works?"

In the Gospel we have Our Lord making the terrible threat "to the multitudes of the Jews" who will not hear Him: "If I say the truth to you, why do you not believe Me? He that is of God, heareth the words of God. Therefore ye hear them not, because ye are not of God." (St. John, viii.)

One quality of the Redeemer is "plentiful redemption" through His own blood; another quality is mercy; and the Epistle for Monday tells the story of Ninive: "Arise and go to Ninive, the great city; and preach in it the preaching that I bid thee. And Jonas arose and went to Ninive. . . . And he cried and said: Yet forty days and Ninive shall be destroyed. . . . And the word came to the king; . . . and he caused it to be proclaimed and published in Ninive: Let neither men nor beasts, oxen nor sheep, taste anything; let them not feed nor drink water. And let men and beasts be covered with sackcloth. . . . Who can tell if God will turn away from His fierce anger, and we shall not perish? And God saw their works, that they were turned from their evil way; and the Lord our God had mercy on the people." (Jonas, iii.)

And the Gospel of that day tells that

"the rulers and the Pharisees sent ministers to apprehend Jesus. . . . And on the last and great day of the feast He stood and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink. He that believeth in Me, as the Scripture saith, rivers of living water shall flow from him." (Ib., vii.) There were some who did not hear Him that day; and, according to St. Augustine in his homily on the Gospel, even when on the Cross "He saw many of His own among His enemies; and He was entreating pardon for them from whom as yet He was receiving but injury. For He did not consider that they were putting Him to death, but that He was dying for them."

The Epistle of Tuesday tells the story of Daniel and his miraculous preservation in the lions' den. "The Babylonians gathered together against the King, and they said to him: Deliver to us Daniel, who hath destroyed Bel and killed the [holy] dragon; otherwise we will destroy thee and thy house. The King saw they were rushing on him angrily; and, being forced by necessity, he gave up Daniel to them. [In this case Daniel is a prototype of the Redeemer, who was given over by Pilate.] And they cast him into the lions' den, and he was there six days. There were seven lions in the cave, and each day two carcasses and two sheep were given to them. [Here was a figure of the Redeemer in the tomb.] . . . On the seventh day the King came to weep over Daniel. And, coming to the lions' den, he looked in; and, behold, Daniel was sitting in the midst of the lions! And the King cried out with a loud voice: Great art Thou, O Lord, the God of Daniel! And the King drew him out from the lions' den." (Dan., xiv.)

In the Gospel (St. John, vii) we read that the Jews sought to kill Our Lord. "There was murmuring among the multitude concerning Him; for some said: He is a good man. And others said: No, but He seduceth the people." St. Augustine, in the homily on that day's Gospel,

observes: "Our Lord has greatly commended Himself to our faith; for by word and deed He was evermore compassing this thing, that we might believe Him to be both God and Man; to be the God who made us, and the Man who sought after us; God with the Father from eternity, Man with us in time. And He would never have sought out him whom He had made, if first He had not become that which He Himself had made [man]."

Another quality of the Redeemer is that He is a lawgiver. Therefore in the Epistle of Wednesday we have: "Speak to the assembly of the children of Israel and say to them: I am the Lord, your God. You shall not steal. You shall not lie. . . . Keep My laws; for I am the Lord, your God." (Levit., xix.)

And in the Gospel, Our Lord says: "My sheep hear My voice; and I know them, and they follow Me. And I give them eternal life; and they shall not perish forever, and no man shall snatch them from My hand." (St. John, x.) "The Jews," St. Augustine tells us in the homily of the day, "desired to hear Him say, 'I am the Christ.' And perchance indeed they knew something of Christ as man. But the divinity of Christ, both in the Prophets and in the Gospel itself, not even heretics understand, much less the Jews, while the veil is over their heart."

This idea of lawgiver runs through the whole of Thursday's Mass. The Introit cries out: "All that Thou hast done to us, O Lord, Thou hast done in true judgment; for we have sinned, and disobeyed Thy commandments. But give glory to Thy name, and do with us according to the multitude of Thy mercy." (Ps. cxviii.)

The Epistle gives the beautiful prayer of Daniel (iii): "O Lord, our God, we beseech Thee for Thy holy name; deliver us not up forever, and abolish not Thy covenant; neither withdraw Thou from us Thy mercy, which Thou hast promised to Abraham Thy beloved, Isaac Thy servant, and Thy holy one Israel."

The Gospel shows God's mercy: "A

certain creditor [God] had two debtors [sinners who broke His laws]. One owed five hundred pence, the other fifty. And whereas they had not wherewith to pay, he forgave them both. Which, therefore, of the two loveth him the more?" It is the beautiful story of Mary Magdalen. "Therefore I say to you," adds the merciful Lawgiver, "many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much." (St. Luke, vii.)

Then finally comes the Mass of Friday, preparing us for what is to take place. The Introit calls aloud from the Psalmist: "Have mercy on me, O God; for I am troubled. Save me from my enemies, who persecute me." The Gospel leaves us no longer in doubt of what was to happen: "And one of them, Caiphas by name, because he was high priest for that year, said to them: "You know nothing, neither do you consider that it is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not. . . . From that day, therefore, they sought to put Him to death."

The Quest of the Blue Rose.

AS philosophers through all the ages have sought for the stone that should transmute the baser metals into gold, as men have endeavored to find the secret of a motion that should be perpetual, so John Ray, the gardener, hunted for a rose that should be, not the color of a pink cloud or white like new-fallen snow, but blue, the tint that was in his little granddaughter's eyes, the sky above his head, and the mantle of the Virgin Mother.

He had begun his quest in boyhood, when strong and hopeful; had continued it when he possessed the wisdom of a mature man; and now he was old, and his life, so it seemed to him, had been wasted and mistaken. He had wandered far, had questioned many; but as soon as he began, "A blue rose,—do you know of a blue rose?" people looked at each

other and smiled, and pitied him; thinking him, as perhaps he was, one whose brain had yielded to repeated disappointment in a futile search for something never seen on sea or land.

And the end was approaching, with no one to keep him company to the border land save his little granddaughter, with eyes the color that her mother's had been, and that were to the old gardener no comfort, but just a reminder of his long life of failure.

The priest had come and gone, and the old man lay, still and shriven, with the morning light upon his feverish face.

"See!" exclaimed little Mary. "These roses opened in the night! See how white they are!"

The old man turned his head away; and the girl knew that even in death he reached out for his heart's desire.

"I will get some water for them," she said.

But the well was not near by, and it was some time before she returned.

"Grandfather!" she called.

But the couch was vacant. The roses, too, were gone; and down the street the old man was speeding. He went into the cathedral, Mary close behind him, and laid the white roses upon the altar rail. Then, as if by a miracle, a wondrous blue color enveloped them.

"At last!" he cried, and fell dead upon the steps.

And when little Mary lifted his head, she saw that the sun, streaming through the blue mantle of the Blessed Virgin in the east window, had dyed the roses, and ended his quest.

WHEN a great man dies, the living seek to perpetuate his memory. For this monuments are builded, mausoleums founded, and statues erected. This is not done to appease the dead or to render their sleep more peaceful or profound, but rather to inspire the living to nobler and better lives.—*J. C. S. Blackburn.*

The Results are Apparent.

IF the little book entitled "Letters from a Chinese Official," which has had so many interested readers on both sides of the Atlantic, was not written by a Chinaman, it might well have been; for we ourselves have known intelligent and educated Chinese, who had made a study of our civilization, to express precisely similar views. The writer of the "Letters" is nowhere more keen than in his characterization of our materialism. "By your works," he says, "you may be known. Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection; but you can not build a house or write a poem or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Look at your streets! Row upon row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous,—this is what passes among you for architecture. Your literature is the daily press, with its stream of solemn fatuity, of anecdotes, puzzles, puns, and police-court scandal. Your pictures are stories in paint, transcripts of all that is banal, clumsily botched by amateurs as devoid of tradition as of genius. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead; you are blind and deaf. Ratiocination has taken the place of perception; and your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed. Everywhere means, nowhere an end! Society a huge engine, and that engine itself out of gear! Such is the picture your civilization presents to my imagination."

Mr. Harold Begbie, the author of "In the Hands of the Potter," would seem to have had in mind the little book from which we have quoted when he wrote of London, — as he might have written of any large English or American city:

A visitor to England from India or China, whose purpose was to study the followers of

the Son of God at the centre of their national life, would surely feel himself, in the streets of London, to be the victim of an immense hallucination. He would see on every side of him an ostentation of wealth, bewildering in its profusion and staggering in its effrontery. He would find it impossible to distinguish the lady of fashion from the public women of the streets. He would see in the shop windows the manifold production of a commerce created by vanity, voluptuousness, and sensuality. The boardings would shock his modesty by their prurience, or disgust his intellect by their vulgarity. . . . It would seem to him that every unit in the multitude was dressed to attract attention, was bent upon self-indulgence, had no purpose in life save dissipation.

The great note of Christianity—selflessness—makes no sound in the symphony of the public streets. Is it a great thing to expect that every man and woman in London whose life has been touched and exalted by the character of Christ should, by simplicity of dress, beauty of manners, and nobility of pursuits, convey an impression to the streets which is at once a reproach to vanity and an invitation to holiness? Is it not high time that the Church . . . made definite war upon the extreme luxury, license, and gaudery of society, which are now spreading through the streets of the town a contagion terribly destructive to the noblest virtues of the human soul?

As Mr. Begbie writes "Church" with a capital C, we judge that he is a member of the Church of England, whose complacency toward the materialism, luxury, vanity, vulgarity, and sensuality rampant in the city streets he so vehemently denounces. Of The Church and what it is doing in a thousand ways to combat those vices, he, like most Protestant persons, knows nothing. Without realizing it, he is simply deploring some of the evil wrought by the "Reformation,"—a movement of which Ruskin once declared that it blighted everything good that it did not actually destroy. "From that time on," says the Chinese official above quoted, "no attempt has been made to Christianize your institutions. On the contrary, it has been your object to sweep away every remnant of the old order." And the results are to be found on all sides, and are daily becoming more apparent to all who have eyes to see.

Notes and Remarks.

HOW utterly unprogressive, reactionary, and hopelessly conservative those Filipinos appear to be! Just think of their failing to hail with jubilation that consummate flower of American civilization, the divorce law! Yet so it is. The Catholic ladies of Manila have actually petitioned the assembly against the enacting of such a law. They declare that:

We, the undersigned Philippine ladies, who love our country with our whole soul, and who are deeply interested in all that concerns its welfare, beg to inform your honorable assembly that we have seen with surprise and alarm one of your members arise to propose a law which strikes a mortal blow at one of our most venerated institutions, which for centuries has been the pride of our race, the foundation-stone of our nationality, and the source of the honor of the Philippine people. We can not conceive how the moral or material welfare of the people of these islands can be promoted by a law which aims at the dissolution of that bond which is the most solid guarantee of order, of the morality of the family, and which secures the proper education of the children of our country.

Of course they can not conceive it. They need familiarity with our social and moral conditions, and the lot of the legally orphaned children in this land of "divorce while you wait," before they can fully appreciate the priceless blessings their big brothers in the United States are willing to confer upon them.

From the reports found in our Australian exchanges of a Catholic Educational Conference recently held in Sydney, it would appear that fondness for pedagogical fads and fancies, at least in the public schools, has made its appearance even in the Antipodes. Cardinal Moran took part in a discussion as to the advisability of the Catholic schools' having a uniform standard conformed to the standard at present in use in the public schools. He was entirely opposed to the proposal. He declared that at the present moment in Sydney there was thorough opposition on the part of many large

establishments to the system now being followed in the State schools, in which the Three R's were neglected. Only a few days before, he was informed that countless protests came in to the Department from various establishments, declaring that in the matter of writing the standard had fallen to the very lowest state, also that children now applying for positions had little training in arithmetic. Hence he regarded the present standard of the public schools, not as written but as carried out, as being very low; and declared that it would be lowering their standard and position, before their Catholic people, if the Conference requested a committee to conform their standard to that of the public schools. All of which sounds as natural as if the Conference had been held in New York or Chicago.

Dr. Krogh-Tønning, the "Newman of Norway," who was the first Norwegian Lutheran clergyman to embrace the Catholic Faith, and was regarded as one of the greatest theologians of his day in Norway, died on Feb. 19. As we learn from the *London Catholic Times*, he was born in 1842, and in 1867 passed his theological examination. He had written several books, and the Academic College gave him the degree of Doctor in Theology. His chief pastoral work was in the Gamle Akers Church in Christiania (one of the most important parishes). This church dates from the eleventh century, and was dedicated to Our Lady. During the time he was there Dr. Tønning wrote his most important work—"The Christian Dogmatic." His sympathy with the Catholic Church was roused principally through reading the Lives of the Fathers, and also modern Catholic authors, especially Newman. As time went on, he felt he could no longer remain a Lutheran. On June 13, 1900, he was received into the Church. This step was accompanied by great financial and other difficulties, writing of which Bjørnsen, the celebrated Norwe-

gian poet, says: "It is not often that we hear of any one, especially at his age, giving up so much as he has done for conscience' sake."

Dr. Krogh-Tønning's funeral was a unique testimony of the esteem in which he was held; and we are told that "all the Protestant newspapers have been unanimous in praising this grand, noble, and upright man, who gave up everything for the sake of conscience."

The keenness of the politicians is something to be wondered at. They are "everlastingly on to their job," as they say; and whenever anything is to be done to further their interests, they immediately "become wise" and "get busy." They have discovered that there are very few Catholics in the Sixty-second Congress; and, for reasons best understood by themselves, this is a present concern of theirs. In the words of Artemus Ward of facetious memory, they are asking themselves, "Why is this thus?" A little light on the question—more than is required—is thrown by a clever writer in the current *Harper's Weekly*, who says *inter alia*:

We believe it is because the Catholic Church, more than any other Church, aspires to shape the minds of its sons, and succeeds considerably; and that minds so shaped do not appeal to the American voter as much as minds that have developed under a different system of education. The first-class Catholic man measured up against some first-class non-Catholic man is apt to impress the voter as not so free a man as the other man. The impression made is very subtle and it may be dissipated. The Catholic may win and keep the voter's vote and his entire confidence, . . . as often happens here in New York and elsewhere. But when he does that he does it as a man, not as a Catholic.

There is ever so much more in this paragraph than at first appears. A part of what it means is that Catholic education tends to make men honest and upright, and that such men are less easily made tools of, and are not so amenable to gratuities as men differently educated. But this information is not needed by the politicians. They have most use for the

Catholic candidate who loudly professes his religion, but doesn't let the practice of it embarrass him. Whenever men of real integrity are in demand, the politicians know where to look for them, and how to "size 'em up." "Mr. So-and-so is all right to my thinking; and you can trust me to support him, if he's solid with the hierarchy," was the pronouncement of a Congressional worthy in reference to a Catholic recommended for a position of high trust.

In asserting that when a Catholic candidate wins and keeps the voter's vote and his entire confidence, he does it as a man, not as a Catholic, the writer in *Harper's Weekly* makes a distinction of which he is far too clever not to realize the falsity. But he was embarrassed: he wanted to say something that he felt to be true, and was afraid of making his meaning too clear to those who might take offence.

Administration officials assert that the cost of the present army manœuvres in Texas will not be so large as has been represented. But what about the spectacular navy target practice? Some remarkable figures of the expense involved in firing the regulation number of shells are presented by Walter Scott Meriwether, an expert on this subject. "To fire a 12-inch navy rifle," he says, "involves a cost of very nearly \$1000,—that is, with a full service charge and an armor-piercing shell. In target practice a cast-iron shell is used. But even to fire the gun with this cheaper missile costs a fraction less than \$500 for each round. Each pointer of turret guns will average twenty practice shots a year, and the term of enlistment is four years. This alone involves an expenditure of \$40,000."

Apropos of some anti-vivisection literature, the *Ecclesiastical Review* makes this judicious declaration:

In any case, we think that the answer of the Holy Office as above stated is quite in harmony

with what any theologian who speaks to English anti-vivisectionists, not of the extreme type, would say; in other words, animals have a right (to be properly stabled, and fed decently, and kept from wanton infliction of pain by their owners), and the responsibility for any violation of this right rests upon their owners. Furthermore, the Holy Office holds it to be sinful to torture dumb animals, as every child is told in its catechism. And there is no doubt in the mind of any theologian, whether he be a judge in the Holy Office or not, that the sin of wanton cruelty is degrading and corrupts the soul. But the infliction of pain may be necessary for animals as for men. It depends on the kind of necessity and the proportionate degree of pain inflicted, whether it be justifiable or not. That specialists at times lose sight of this twofold element is a weakness to which human kind is more or less prone in all directions.

In other words, specialists are liable to become extremists.

The need of such instruction as is contained in Bishop Hedley's article on "The Necessity of Religious Knowledge," published in our issue for the 18th ult., is shown in the following extract from a letter addressed to us by a well-known and well-beloved priest in one of the Eastern States:

I was about to write you of a remarkable proof of such necessity when THE AVE MARIA arrived. Within the past ten days, a Catholic lady, a graduate of a convent school, came to visit a relative of mine. She had with her a daughter, six years old,—a bright, intelligent little creature. But—will it be believed?—this child has never been taught to say a prayer or make the Sign of the Cross, or to know anything about Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, or the Saints. Her attention was attracted to a medal on the watch-guard of my relative, and, with quite natural curiosity, she asked what it was. "Why, my dear, you know what that is? It is the picture of our Blessed Lady." At this the child's mother remarked: "Oh, if you are showing her such things, she will not understand; for I never tell her anything about religion! I don't believe in teaching so young a child about such matters, and I never have done so." Then this Catholic mother went on to speak of her entire disapproval of early confession and Communion for children.

Apart from the sinful neglect of duty here manifested, and the unardonable ignorance of the mother, only think how that poor child is

being deprived of all the sweetest and most tender influences of life. No word of the Infant Jesus at the Christmas season; no love for the ever-blessed Mother of Our Lord, who is the comfort of so many souls; no example held up of the good, kind, unselfish friends of God, the Saints! Truly there is great "necessity for religious knowledge" right here, in a big city of the East, by a Catholic mother who was educated in a convent school, and who bears an Irish name and comes from Irish ancestors. May God enlighten all such mothers! God pity the poor, starved souls of their little ones!

Our correspondent declares that in all his experience of over forty years as a priest he has never heard of another case like this. We have known of more than one,—of a Catholic mother who expressed regret that her daughters had been educated in a convent school, "because they are so unworldly"; and of a Catholic father who declared that he wouldn't handicap his sons for the battle of life by sending them to a Catholic college.

It will be useless to make inquiries of us as to the convent school in which the lady to whom our correspondent refers was educated, or in regard to the religious community by whom it is conducted. There are convent schools and convent schools.

In the course of "An Essay on Love" which Father Hull, S. J., is publishing in the *Bombay Examiner*, we find this paragraph on love's opposite:

We must never hate a good thing because of the evil which spoils it, but only hate the evil in the thing because we love the good which is spoiled by it. This idea is embodied by the Scholastics in the distinction between *odium abominationis* and *odium malevolentia*, which are two kinds of hatred corresponding to the two kinds of love—as can be shown thus:

Amor concupiscentia—
attraction to the object.

Amor benevolentia—
wishing good to the object.

Odium abominationis—
repulsion from the object.

Odium malevolentia—
wishing evil to the object.

For instance, a person comes to me and says: "I feel that it is a farce for me to say that I love my enemies, when, as a matter of fact, I honestly detest them." The reply is as follows: If this detestation means that you are utterly repelled by them, this is *odium abominationis*, which is quite natural. It means only

that the evil which is in your enemy produces its proper and natural effect, and there is no sin in it. *Odium malevolentia* is quite a different thing. It means because there is some evil in your enemy you wish him more evil. You wish, for instance, that he might be paralyzed or contract cancer or break his neck. This is the perversion of the faculty of the will, and must never be indulged in.

As an interpreter of Scholastic doctrine in terms of twentieth-century English, Father Hull is notably successful.

There is a variety of rigorism among certain well-meaning Catholics which needs an occasional reminding of a truth thus phrased in the *Sacred Heart Review*:

Against all heresies and formal heretics the Church sets her face; but the heretic as we find him to-day in America is usually a material heretic, and generally a decent fellow and a good neighbor. His ideas of religion may be all askew; his notions of the Church may be even distorted and unfair; but quite frequently this comes through no fault of his own. He has inherited them; he has had no chance of learning the truth. This should be remembered in our dealing with, as in our comments on the doings of, our Protestant fellow-citizens.

On the other hand, the invincible ignorance which excuses the material heretic must be considered less likely to exist nowadays than fifty or sixty or seventy years ago. Protestants of this twentieth century—the fairly educated among them at least—certainly have more reason to doubt the validity of their creeds than their forbears had.

Apropos of the unreliability of prison statistics as to the religion of the prisoners, we notice that such statistics have been omitted from the Year-Book of New Zealand. Says the *Wellington Evening Post*:

When investigations were made into the matter, it was found that the information in the tables was unsound. Prisoners charged several times gave different religions. For example, John Jones would be a Catholic when convicted of one offence, and say a Primitive Methodist, an Anglican, or a Baptist on another occasion. . . . The editor of the Year-Book, on being seen with reference to the omission, said it was purely voluntary in the interest of

accuracy. It was done in order to avoid anything leading to controversy that could not be supported by facts. The prison authorities recognize three religions—viz., Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews. For reasons of their own, prisoners are known to change their religion according to circumstances, such as the strength of the religious body or bodies who include jail visiting in their institutional work, the faith of the master or jailer, or even of the visiting justices. Prisoners seem to think, rightly or wrongly, that they will receive a certain amount of consideration on account of the faith they profess if it squares with that of persons official, or of non-official authorities or visitors.

Prudent men will scarcely accept at their face value the statistical tables that profess to give the religious beliefs of convicts, either in New Zealand or in any other country. So far as the question affects Catholics, it is more than probable that the Catholicity of many convicts entered on the prison books as adherents of the Church is wholly comprised in the fact that, as infants, they received Baptism. Many others who call themselves Catholics have, of course, even a less valid claim to the name.

We find in the *Republic*, of Boston, a summarized report of an interesting lecture on "The Catholic Church," recently delivered in that city by the Rev. Henry Sargent, formerly superior of an Anglican Order. The non-Catholics in the audience probably had their eyes opened by this statement of the lecturer:

It is not seldom almost a stumbling-block to the inquirer to note the Church reader to forgive moral lapses than any deviation from the Faith. But, on reflection, the reasonableness of her attitude will be apparent. Holding to the True Faith, the sinner has a fair chance of getting back to a better life. With private judgment in doctrine allowed, private judgment in morals necessarily follows. The demonstration of this statement everywhere about us is too palpable to be dwelt upon.

The opposite theory that it matters not what a man believes provided his conduct be right is based on the untenable position that beliefs and practices have no necessary relation one to another.

Notable New Books.

Christian Mysteries. By the Right Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D., Bishop of Cremona. Translated by the Right Rev. Thomas Sebastian Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Nashville. 4 Vols. Benziger Brothers.

Such of our clerical readers as are familiar with Bishop Byrne's translation, in four volumes, of his Italian brother-prelate's "New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year" will not need much urging in the matter of procuring this new work by the same author and the same translator. The work's alternative title is "Discourses for all the Great Feasts of the Year, except those of the Blessed Virgin"; and the number of sermons on each feast furnishes such a multiplicity of points, main and subordinate ideas, illustrations, and practical applications, that the average pastor will find the material constructively inexhaustible. Two points about these discourses Bishop Bonomelli himself refers to as of exceptional interest: "First, the study I have given to bring out clearly the rational part of the mysteries, illustrating them by similitudes and comparisons that make the conception of them more accessible; and, next, the care I have taken to set forth the Catholic doctrine in the clearest and most precise language, avoiding all that display of imagery and rhetoric which clouds and obscures the simplest ideas."

Vol. I. (434 pp.) contains eight discourses on the Nativity; three on the Circumcision; and seven on the Epiphany, the seventh being on Religious Indifference. Vol. II. (311 pp.) has eight discourses on Easter, and four on the Ascension. Vol. III. (351 pp.) discusses Pentecost alone, one of the twelve discourses devoted to that mystery being "Can there be Salvation Outside the Church?" Vol. IV. (458 pp.) affords three discourses on the Blessed Trinity, eight on the Blessed Eucharist, and six on All Saints. Each volume is supplied with a table of contents and an excellent index. On the whole, a work that well merits a place on the bookshelves of the parish priest.

Christian Pedagogy; or, The Instruction and Moral Training of Youth. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York: Joseph P. Wagner.

The sub-title of this goodly-sized volume (230 pp., 12mo) will convey to the general reader a truer idea of its contents than will the title itself, with its connotation of a scientific treatise. Its author avers that "the only excuse for a book of this kind is that it may be a help toward keeping to the fore the oldtime saving principles of all education and toward strength-

ening the legitimate protest against all dangerous encroachment. . . . Novelty in instruction and laxness in discipline are the two magnets which draw to-day. . . . In the Catechism is the antidote for all the venom with which the minds of men are now being inoculated. So all the principles of pedagogy are resumed in the one counsel—first and last and always be faithful to the Catechism." As will be inferred from these extracts from his Introduction, Father Halpin does not profess to give his readers anything particularly new on the perennially timely subject of training children; and the discriminating critic of contemporary pedagogical works—even Catholic works—will be apt to consider this a point in his favor.

The book is divided into two parts. Part I., *Christian Pedagogy*, contains twenty-eight chapters on such topics as the scientific value of pedagogy, home education, the school, the senses, the mental operations, the will, the memory, truth, obedience, honor, law, reward and punishment, degeneracy—heredity, taste, religious influence, etc. The twenty chapters of Part II., *Christian Pedagogy Applied*, deal with: the matter of education, the children, method, temperament, dangers, qualifications of instructors, co-operation, Bible history, catechism, liturgy, public prayer, congregational singing, etc. While it is inevitable that in a work of this nature not all the positions taken by the author will be unanimously declared impregnable, nor all his counsels unanimously assented to as the best, there is no danger of exaggeration in the statement that all Catholic parents, teachers, and pastors will find within its covers much to interest, to instruct, and to edify.

Father Damien. *An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson.* [With a statement by Mrs. Stevenson.] THE AVE MARIA Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The statement by Mrs. Stevenson renders this the most important edition extant of the famous "Open Letter." The book is well printed, on extra thick paper, and durably and tastefully bound in buckram. Perhaps the best notice we can give of it will be to quote in full our preface, as follows:

The constant demand for the far-famed "Open Letter" in durable rather than dainty form, but more especially the reiterated assertion that Stevenson regretted this production and would have recalled it had recall been possible, are the *raison d'être* of the present reprint. An American author of some repute has had the hardihood to declare in one of his books that "Stevenson did not really believe what he wrote, neither did he intend to write

what he did. . . . Stevenson could not have been honest at heart when he wrote his letter to Dr. Hyde." It is well, perhaps, for this worthy that the pen of the man whom he thus defames is now powerless.

Feeling sure that some day when "in his resting grave" the defender of Father Damien would need to be defended himself, we took care several years ago to secure from Mrs. Stevenson a statement regarding the "Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde." In answer to our inquiry as to the truth of the assertion, so often repeated, that her husband regretted the letter, and that before his death his opinion of Father Damien had undergone a change, Mrs. Stevenson entered an indignantly emphatic denial, which is presented on another page. This testimony, we think, should forever settle the matter. The inquiry was made through the late Charles Warren Stoddard, who was then contemplating a new and enlarged edition (since published) of his own beautiful tribute to Father Damien, "The Lepers of Molokai." Mrs. Stevenson's letter is in our possession.

It will further enhance the value and interest of the present edition of Stevenson's powerful *apologia* to state that it is an exact reprint of the original issue, now of extreme rarity, which has a few corrections in the writer's own hand. The "Open Letter" was first printed in a small pamphlet of thirty-two pages, at Sydney, N. S. W., on March 27, 1890. Many editions of it had been published before Mr. Stevenson's death, and it is worth recalling that he persistently refused to accept payment from any source for this defence of the Apostle of Molokai. He once wrote to a London publisher: "The letter to Dr. Hyde is yours, or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning brought me."

The use of the Rev. Dr. Rawnsley's exquisite sonnet, from the collection of poems entitled "Valete," is with his kind permission.

The Intellectuals: An Experiment in Irish Club-Life. By Canon Sheehan, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

This latest volume of the Irish novelist and essayist reveals him in the latter rather than the former character,—the philosopher of "Parerga" rather than the creator of "My New Curate." The literary form of the work induces reminiscences of Dr. Aveling's "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room," or Dr. Holmes' Autocrat Series, or the still earlier "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Christopher North; but the resemblance is, of course, confined purely to externals. The author's avowed purpose is to

describe a possibility which he hopes lies latent in Ireland's future, "when, under the influence of wider and more rational systems of education, the barriers of racial and sectarian prejudices may be broken down, and the higher humanities accepted as an integral portion of social and domestic life."

The members of the club ("The Sunetoi"—Greek for "the esoterics," "the select") are Father Dillon, its originator; Dr. Holden; Robert Skelton, a bank manager; Reginald Hunt, an English engineer; Professor Sedgewick, of the Queen's College; Mr. Marshall, an elderly poet; and Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Skelton, Hester Hope, Miss Fraser, and Olive Hunt. These last two ladies are non-Catholics, as are also Messrs. Hunt, Sedgewick, and Marshall. The discussions of these "intellectuals" range over the whole field of human thought,—poetry, philosophy, metaphysics, medicine, education, religion, and even politics; and it is superfluous to add that, in the hands of so well-balanced and symmetrical a thinker as Canon Sheehan, the opinions expressed and the theories enounced, though necessarily varied and sometimes contradictory, are never puerile or uninteresting. A number of Canon Sheehan's Irish and Irish-American readers will, we fancy, resent not less hotly and much less quietly than does Father Dillon, Dr. Holden's uncompromising pessimism as to Irish politics and politicians; and, while the author's preface states that "it would be quite illogical to identify the author with any class of sentiments," there will remain a lingering suspicion that he rather inclines to the Doctor's views.

Apart from any and all such considerations, the book is a welcome addition to contemporary Catholic literature, and will be enjoyed by all who consider themselves worthy of being included in the class indicated by its title.

The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home. By Robert Kane, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

Those readers who remember Father Kane's "The Sermon of the Sea" will not need to be told that these lectures will well repay reading. They are six in number: The Hallowed Bond of Home, The Husband and Breadwinner, Home's Queen and Helpmate, Unhappy Homes, The Homeless, and The Cradle and the Grave. Instead of amplifying the comprehensive statement that the volume possesses doctrinal worth and literary distinction, we shall utilize the space at our disposal by giving two quotations from its pages. The first refers to the state in life styled "single blessedness":

The Church does not recognize any holiness whatever in bachelorhood, or spinsterhood, except in so far as it is either preparatory, or at least open, to holy marriage, or

in so far as it is consecrated to holiness and good works. Wherefore those who are not called to marriage, whether this be owing to their own choice or whether it be owing to outside obstacles, must understand that this is neither an excuse for sin nor a toleration for tepidity, but an additional reason for watchfulness; and that they can not be true children of the Church unless they aim at being thoroughly fervent Christian men or thoroughly fervent Christian women. Wherefore bachelorhood and spinsterhood are states of natural selfishness or of natural sinfulness unless they are made states of supernatural holiness and kindness.

The second passage we have marked for citation is itself a quotation, from St. Jerome:

Wherefore, the Apostle (Rom., vii, 2, 3), cutting away every possible excuse, most unmistakably defined that, as long as her husband lives, that woman sins against marriage who marries another man. I will not allow you to plead to me the violence of him who runs away with her, nor the entreaties of her mother, nor the authority of her father, nor the influence of her crowds of relations, nor the plottings or insolence of her servants, nor the loss of her fortune. So long as her husband lives, be he an adulterer, be he stained with unnatural crime, be he covered with every sort of guilt, be he on account of all these enormities rightly forsaken by her his wife, still he is her husband; nor can she, while he lives, espouse another man. Mark how the Apostle does not decide this on his own authority, but by the power of Christ who speaks through him. (Ep. 55, Ad amandum, n. 3, 4.)

St. Jerome, it will be seen, took account of, and did away with, even in his time, the multifarious pretexts by which the modern world seeks to justify its violation of the divine law: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

A Mediæval Mystic. By Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L. Thomas Baker.

In reading this Life of Blessed John Ruysbroeck, of whom Dionysius the Carthusian says, "His authority I believe to be that of a man to whom the Holy Ghost has revealed His secrets," it may seem at first that there is a wide difference between the spirituality of the fourteenth century and that of our time,—a difference so great as to suggest irreconcilable interpretations of Christ's Sermon on the Mount. But it is quickly discovered that this great servant of God stands for the truths ever upheld by Holy Church,—truths the forgetfulness of which is rendering modern society sick unto death. The Doctor Ecstaticus, as John Ruysbroeck was called, preaches the need of cherishing the doctrines of Christianity; he is the apostle of the Blessed Eucharist; he insists on the need of frequent Communion as a remedy against worldliness and irreligion. May there not be a providential reason why the beatification of this "mediæval mystic" has been delayed until our own time, in order to afford yet another exemplar of those truths which have diminished among men? Dom Scully has given us a book of great interest and edification,—one that will be read with pleasure as well as profit by all devout souls.



An Evil Genius.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

IN the city's crowded alleys, in the green and pleasant valleys,
By the hovel and the palace, where the poor abide and great,
There's an evil spirit roaming in the sunshine and the gloaming;
And all those who hearken to it woo a most unhappy fate.
Birds no more for them sing gaily, shadows darken o'er them daily;
Not a charm their eyes discover in a flower or shrub or tree;
Of their work they quickly weary, and their days are dull and dreary,
Till at length to them existence is indeed a misery.
Discontentment is the magic used for strange effects and tragic,
On the monarch and the peasant, on the old and on the young;
By the evil spirit working mischief wheresoe'er 'tis lurking,
In the cities new or olden, or the country ways among.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—BOB BRYCE.

WHILE Billy was disposing of old Martina's rugs, Pedro was enjoying his belated holiday,—taking in the free shows and cautiously investing a few pennies where pennies were necessary. Las Rocas was growing livelier and noisier as the day wore on. The venders of "pulque," the native wine, were doing a brisk business, with the usual results. Gambling and betting were becoming louder and more reckless.

About three o'clock a group of riders came galloping down the trail that led from the Jig Saw mining camp some fifteen miles distant. With these hilarious newcomers was a boy of about thirteen, long and lean in build, with restless black eyes full of life and mischief, but lips that were thin and hard and—old.

As he sprang from his pony—the little Indian horse boys were very busy now,—one of the older men called to him:

"Look out for yourself, Bobby! I'm not answering to your father for this lark. I told you not to come."

"Bah! Granny!" answered Bobby, with an ugly smile on his lips. "Talk like that to some kid who hasn't cut his eye-teeth,—not to me, Davy Drum!"

"You're sharp as they're made, I know," answered Dave, gruffly,—"so sharp you ain't safe to handle; and I ain't handling you. The Judge knows his own business, I reckon; but if you were my boy—well, you wouldn't have the swing you've got now, sure!"

"I don't happen to be your boy, so you may as well hold your jaw, Davy. As for Dad knowing his business, he has given me a loose rein too long to haul me up now, though he talks of trying it."

"Good!" said Dave. "But I'm afraid it will take a tough strap to hold you."

"He's got it, he thinks," answered the boy, his face darkening. "There's a lot of fools been croaking about me, and I'm to be shipped to the Western Military Institute, that's about as close to State prison as respectable boys get. Guardhouse and hard-tack, if you break the rules."

"Good again!" said Dave. "I thought the Judge had some head filling under his grisly thatch. When are you going?"

Bobby lifted his black eyes to his questioner's face, and smiled again his hard, cold smile.

"Never!" he answered briefly. "That's all you need know, Davy, when I'm found missing; so don't ask any more fool questions."

"You mean you'll cut and run?" said Davy, coolly. "Most too young for that game, sonny. Besides, it takes money."

"I've got it," said Bobby, with a flash of his black eyes.

"Where?" asked the other quickly.

Bobby put his hand in his pocket and drew out five dollars in silver.

Davy burst into a relieved laugh.

"You can go the limit on that? Blamed if I wasn't afraid you had been holding up somebody! I believe you're equal to it. If you can dodge the paternal grip on five dollars, you're even sharper than I thought."

"I can make this five dollars fifty," said Bobby; "and I mean to do it."

"Oh, you can, eh?" laughed Dave again. "Try it!"

"What will you bet I can't?" asked Bobby, his black eyes sparkling.

He had struck a weak point now. Betting was something Davy could not resist.

"Well, considering your age and your size, and what you are likely to run up against at Las Rocas, I think it's safe to say I'll double the money. But remember: if you lose you'll have to go home quiet with me, and cut out all that fool talk about breaking away from your daddy."

"Done!" said Bobby. "That's a bargain, then. If I lose I go back with you to Dad and his Military Institute; and if I make my five dollars fifty, you double the money. You're out, Davy. I'm off to win!"

And, with a mocking wave of his hand, the boy darted away.

Davy looked after him anxiously.

"If ever there was a little devil born, it's that Bobby Bryce. I oughtn't to have bet with him. But, then, he can't do anything here. A kid like him pitched against these card sharks! They'll skin him head to heels. Fifty dollars! Thunderation! I'd be safe betting him five

hundred; and, though it ain't any of my business to tether him, I'll hold him to his word sure. He goes back to his Dad to-night, if I have to lasso him."

And, with this determination, honest Davy, who was a big, good-humored fellow of about twenty-five, dismissed Bobby from his mind, and proceeded to enjoy himself with more congenial friends.

With his black eyes sharp and restless, Bobby made his way through the crowd, wondering how and where he should first try his luck; for gambling and betting were in full swing now; and, young as the boy was, he had learned many a knavish trick with cards that would have befitted a professional gamester. He must win, he resolved, setting his lips in their old hard lines; he must win this evening, at any cost. Davy would hold him to his wager, he knew; it was a point of honor with such rude, simple men. He would double his money, if it took his last cent. And he would hold Bobby to his word, too, as surely. If he should lose, there would be no escape from that young giant's keen eye and strong hand. Bobby would be taken back to his father without mercy,—that indulgent father who had been roused out of his foolish fondness at last, and had determined to save and reform his boy.

Only last week Judge Bryce, who held large interests in the Jig Saw Mine, had been shocked by the refusal of a prominent academy to receive his son, whose example, the principal declared, was most pernicious to boys of his age. And with this announcement had come revelations of Bobby's last year's escapades, that had made the fond father grow strong and stern. He had brought Bob to the mine with him, in order to keep him under his eye until he could make final arrangements for his entrance to the Military Institute. But a telegram this morning had unexpectedly called the Judge to Denver, and he had left Bobby sulky but, as he imagined, safe in the mining camp until his return. Then had come

the sudden fancy of the younger men in the camp to visit Las Rocas, and Bob's determination to accompany them,—a determination which big Davy, who had a friendly regard for "the little devil," vainly tried to gainsay.

So Bobby found himself at Las Rocas in the thick of the gaming, clamoring, drinking crowd; his heart full of angry revolt against his father's will, his keen wits alert, his black eyes watchful for some chance of escape, however reckless or daring that chance might be. With a hundred dollars in his pocket, he could cut and run—where or how he did not stop to think, but away forever from the stern discipline of the Military Institute.

He peered into several tents, paused irresolutely at several gaming tables. Play was running high; the players looked keen and hard-faced as they swept in the stakes. Bobby knew that he and his five dollars would be "small fry" indeed to such sharks as these. Feeling hot and dry after his long ride over the hills, he turned to the stone water-basin where an old Indian squaw was selling some soft drinks made of herbs and roots, and dispensed from big jars of native pottery which she kept cooling in the trickling spring.

As Bobby drank from the gourd she extended to him, his quick ear caught an excited exclamation behind him:

"Sixty dollars? Sixty? But it is impossible! Sixty, little señor? You have it for true, for sure?"

"Right here," answered another youthful voice, confidently,—*"sixty dollars in good hard cash. And you had better take it, Pedro, and buckle it safe in that leather pouch of yours; for I don't like to trust to your Tio José's velvet pocket."*

"Little señor, yes, yes! Put it here safe." The first speaker's voice trembled with surprise and delight. "Sixty dollars! It will turn the old grandmother's head with joy. Sixty dollars! Caramba!"

Bobby turned cautiously to look at the speakers: two slight Mexican boys,

apparently in the gayest of holiday dress. The black eyes scornfully took in every detail of the silver buttons and broidery. Such a monkey rig relegated its wearers at once to a class for which this young Americano felt only contempt. But these two "greasers" had somehow got hold of sixty dollars. Sixty dollars!

Bobby took another gourd full of the old Indian woman's root beer, and lingered to hear more.

"Your *vendedors* couldn't do me," the second speaker was saying jubilantly. "I understood their English, and heard them say what the rugs were worth. And now, Pedro, let us go back; for we have a long ride before us, and it is getting late."

"*Si, señor,—si!*" replied Pedro, eagerly. "We will go home at once."

Go home with the sixty dollars they had picked up somehow! Sharp-witted Bobby Bryce had no chance. Go home, and leave him here empty-handed to lose his wager! "No," resolved the black-eyed listener,—*"no, you don't!"* And, as Pedro and Billy turned hurriedly to leave, Bobby contrived a collision that knocked the gourd from his own hand and sent the contents streaming over his neat tweed suit.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" exclaimed Billy, in dismay. "I'm awful sorry I turned so quick. I didn't see you."

"It doesn't matter," said Bob, pleasantly. "It will all brush off, I guess. It's right good stuff. Won't you try some? Trade seems dull with the old lady, and I'll stand the treat."

"No, no!" answered Billy, charmed with such good nature. "I must do the treating, after spoiling your clothes,—that is, if it isn't wine," he added quickly; "I never drink anything like wine."

"White Ribboner, eh?" said his new acquaintance.

"No," replied Billy. "We all took the pledge, when we were confirmed last year, not to taste any strong drink until we were twenty-one."

There was nothing stronger than sas-

safras tea in old Miguela's brew, but Bobby's present aim was to prolong the conversation and acquaintance.

"Good!" he said, smiling his hard old smile, though his black eyes danced youthfully.

"Then suppose we cut out the old woman's beer and try some of the hot chocolate in the booth yonder?"

It was quite impossible to resist such friendly overtures; so the three boys went to the booth in question, and Billy treated to hot chocolate, rich and sweet and milled to a delicious brown foam; also to the crisp little cakes made of pounded nuts and honey, which were very good indeed.

And, as everyone knows, there is nothing like a treat to promote pleasant social intercourse. Before the first cup of chocolate was half finished, Bobby had learned that Billy was no "greaser," but Master William Dayton, of Bar Cross Ranch, who, dressed up in Tio José's holiday garments, had come to Las Rocas to dispose of old Martina's Indian rugs, for which he had just received the amazing sum of sixty dollars. And Bobby, with due reservation as to his past and future, allowed Billy to know that he had come over from the Jig Saw Mine, of which his father was part owner; and that his name was Bob Bryce.

Bob Bryce? Billy cocked his head reflectively at the name. Where had he heard it before? Bob Bryce?

"It seems as if I have seen you or heard of you somewhere," he said.

"Oh, no!" answered Bob, hastily. "For I never met you or heard of you, I am sure. I've heard people speak of your brother, though. He's a winner sure."

"Yes," said Billy, proudly. "I suppose everybody out here knows Jack. There are not many fellows like him."

"You're right there," assented Bobby, with a wicked sparkle in his eyes,—"not many indeed!"

"I suppose he'll be Senator or Governor,

or something big, if he stays out here long enough," continued Billy, warming up confidentially to this sympathetic listener. "That's what mother is looking for. He is just like Great-grandfather Dayton, who was governor, and whose statue is now in the State House Square."

Bobby, who had heard a good deal about Rackety Jack, smiled grimly. Here was a "sucker," indeed, right to his hand. But something in the clear, innocent gaze of Billy's brown eyes was rather discouraging. Bob scarcely knew how to tackle a boy who had taken the pledge at Confirmation and was blessedly unconscious of the doings of Rackety Jack. It was as if some radiance about Miss Carmel's Billy hurt and dazzled Bob's evil eye. But Pedro,—Pedro was another sort; Pedro, who had the sixty dollars buttoned in his leather pouch; Pedro, whose eyes were dancing and pulses thrilling with all the triumph of a new-made millionaire. Pedro, once lured away from his boyish guardian, could be fooled and fleeced like a mountain sheep.

"And now we had better be off, Pedro," said Billy, as they finished their chocolate.

"Oh, don't be in such a hurry," interposed Bob quickly. "You won't get a chance to see anything like this again in a hurry. There is talk of cutting it all out next year. Have you been to the Snake Charmer's Cave yet?"

"The Snake Charmer's Cave? No. Where is it?" asked Billy.

"Just over there behind the rocks. The Indians say he is fully three hundred years old, and his cave stretches miles and miles beneath the mountain; and when he plays his pipe, the snakes come from far and near. He has a whole ring of rattlers dancing around him now."

"Golly!" exclaimed Billy, roused to lively interest in a picture that seemed to outclass all the "wild West" stories in Dick Fealy's bookshelf. "I wouldn't like to miss that. Come, Pedro, let us see the Snake Charmer before we go."

Our Lady's Knight.

Blessed Walter of Hemmerode, as he is called in old annals of the Netherlands, was a knight of noble race, and a near relative of the famous Duke of Louvain. He was a brave soldier, had fought in the Holy Land against the Saracens, and was remarkable for his deep and tender piety. Like Sir Galahad, he kept,

... through faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will.

Once, on Walter's return from Palestine, he rode, with a number of other knights, to where a great tournament was to be held. The young soldier was justly celebrated for his skill at these mediæval jousts and tourneys, and hastened onward to secure a place in the lists, but as he passed a wayside chapel a bell rang for Mass. Walter recollected that it was a feast-day of Our Lady; and, in spite of the remonstrances of his companions, leaped from his horse in order to assist at Mass. The other knights reminded him that by such delay he would be late for the tournament. Walter pointed to an image of the Blessed Virgin over the entrance of the chapel. "My first duty is to my Mother!" he said; and the knights rode on, leaving him to his devotions.

When Mass was over, Walter remounted his steed and hastened onward, hoping to be in time for part of the sports. But they were over; and the people were speaking of the extraordinary success of the Knight Walter, who had marvellously held his ground against all rivals. Walter was bewildered; and yet more bewildered when many nobles and knights sought him out to pay a ransom for having been disarmed by him in the lists. Vainly he tried to persuade them that he had not ridden in the tourney: the knights declared that they had seen his crest on shield and spear, had repeatedly heard and recognized his voice. Then Walter knew that, while he was hearing the Mass said in honor of Our Lady, she

had sent an angel to fight in his stead.

Not long afterward Our Lady's Knight cast aside sword and lance, and doffed his coat of mail for the habit of the Cistercians, entering the monastery of Hemmerode as a lay-Brother. Many stories are told of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and Mary did not forget him when the hour of his death drew near. There was a French boy in the monastery, and one day as he worked in the garden he leaned on his spade and fell asleep. In his sleep he saw the Queen of Heaven, attended by a great company of angels and saints, enter the church, and advance toward a certain monk. The boy was troubled that she cast no glance toward himself, for he also was very devoted to her. But she turned after a moment, and sent the monk to the boy with a message that he was wanted by her. The boy suddenly awoke, and identified Walter as the monk who had come to him. Walter died in a few days, and his little French friend not long afterward.

Blessed Walter's death took place soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century, and his feast was kept by the people of Brabant on the 22d of January.

About Diamonds.

Previous to the fourteenth century diamonds were held in slight esteem, for no one had learned how to cut and polish them. They were admired for their excessive hardness, but considered to possess little beauty. Finally, a jeweller of Flanders discovered that one diamond could cut another, and the beautiful gem at once took first rank in the world of precious stones. The greatest achievement of this jeweller was the cutting and polishing of an enormous diamond belonging to Charles the Bold. This jewel was found upon the body of the King after the battle of Nancy, and is to this day known as the Nancy Diamond.

- WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A fifth volume of the History of Religions Series, published by the English Catholic Truth Society, is in active preparation. It will afford an account of a number of religions or religious phenomena not dealt with in the original four volumes.

—Recent issues of the Australian Catholic Truth Society include. "Lacordaire and Lamennais," by the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.; and "The Kingdoms of the World," an interesting short story by Louisa Emily Dobrée. It would have been proper to name the book from which the former piece was taken.

—Although received too late for timely notice, a collection of "Christmas Carols and Hymns," by Hollis Dann (American Book Co.), deserves passing mention. The selection is an excellent one, and the pieces will be found well suited to the season for which they were written. It is too bad that special books like this are not published when the demand for them is most general.

—Sir William Butler's "almost passionately professed Catholicism" is a striking characteristic of his recently-published "Autobiography." The reviewer for the London *Tablet*, who declares that he read the whole book—all its 450 closely packed pages—for his pleasure in a single day, cites the following reference by Sir William to a time—his return from West Africa in 1874—when he found himself at death's door:

As we slowly sailed into cooler latitudes, the fever of the brain grew less; and at Madeira a Portuguese clergyman came off to the tossing ship, bad sailor though he was, to bring to the "ruckle of bones" the final ministrations of that Faith, the tinkle of whose Mass-bell—more continuous and far-reaching even than the loud drum beat of England which the American imagined circling the earth and keeping company with the hours—carries its morning message of mercy to the sinners of the world.

—Dr. Friedrich W. Foerster, the eminent German thinker, published some time ago a work on "The Moral Teaching of the Young: a Book for Parents, Pastors, and Teachers." The examples and illustrations embodied in that work have been published separately; and this smaller volume has been done into English by Ethel Peck, under the title "The Art of Living: Sources and Illustrations for Moral Lessons." (J. M. Dent & Sons, B. Herder.) The translator says of it that it is not an ordinary text-book, being valuable to parents and pastors, as well as to children in either elementary or advanced schools; and that it should appeal to people of very widely differing religious views, as it has done in Ger-

many. A cursory examination of the volume's two hundred pages discloses no cause for disagreement with this appreciation of the work: it will be found interesting and suggestive.

—"Somebody's Little Girl," by Martha Young (Hinds, Noble & Eldridge), is a story for very young folk,—one well calculated to preserve quiet in the nursery during its reading. The dainty binding of the book and the pretty pictures will also be appreciated.

—An exceedingly useful pamphlet of 72 pages, by the Rev. Andrew Byrne, comes to us from St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.,—"A Short Catechism for those about to Marry." It may be unreservedly commended to Catholic young men and women,—and, indeed, to married people as well; for several of its chapters deal with postnuptial matters and duties.

—Several months ago we noticed in these columns Vol. I. of "The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More," by Father Augustine Baker, revised and edited by Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. (R. & T. Washbourne.) We are now in receipt of Vol. II. of the work. It contains fifty-three "Confessions" (or, better, chapters of *Confessio Amantis*), Fragments, and the Apology of Dame Gertrude, a holy Benedictine nun of the seventeenth century. As was said of the first volume, the work is better fitted for those who are versed in the contemplative life than for the general reader; but those for whom it is designed will find it exceedingly interesting and edifying. The editor's work has been admirably done.

—One reason why "The Story of the Bridgettines," by Francesca M. Steele (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers), should prove of especial interest to English and English-speaking readers, is that the Bridgettines are the only pre-Reformation Order of women now in England. The English branch survived that sixteenth-century storm, and, after three hundred years of exile, is now established at Chudleigh in Devonshire. While this book does not profess to give a complete history of the Order of St. Saviour (the canonical title of the Bridgettines), the story it tells is full enough to make one tolerably familiar with both the notable events and the eminent personages involved in that history's making. The narrative deals with the origin of the community in the fourteenth century, the life at Wadstena (Sweden), the spread of the Order to England; the foundations in Russia, Denmark, Poland, Norway,

Belgium, Holland, North Germany, Bavaria, and France; the Wadstena diary, the fall of Wadstena and of Syon (the English home of the Order), and the wanderings and exile of Syon. Many of the chapters furnish interesting footnotes to general European history; and, given any taste for the records of spiritual-minded people, the whole story should prove far more attractive than the best of the fictitious tales so popular with the general public.

—In most refreshing contrast to the pedestrian effusions "tossed off" by misguided versifiers for infliction upon ceremonial occasions is the noble ode composed by Christian Reid for the Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., D. D., of North Carolina, and published in "The Jubilee Book of Belmont Abbey." We quote four stanzas:

For like those famous abbots of old days,

In whom the scholar, saint and statesman met,

Whose glorious deeds the centuries still praise,

Whose lasting work the world can not forget,

Stands forth the stately form of him we greet

On this his day of happiest jubilee,

In whom the same high gifts and powers meet,

In whom the same great type we clearly see.

As once in them, in him we now behold

The apostolic zeal no trials daunt;

One who in toil and labors manifold,

With quiet strength that knows no need of vaunt,

Has laid foundations that shall long endure,

Has made waste places blossom like the rose,

And reared aloft the fabric fair and pure

Of that great Faith from which all blessing flows.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

- "Father Damien. An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson. [With a statement by Mrs. Stevenson.]" 30 cts.
- "Christian Mysteries." Right Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. 4 Vols. \$5, net.
- "The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home." Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.
- "Christian Pedagogy; or, The Instruction and Moral Training of Youth." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.50.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. A. J. A. Archambault, of the archdiocese of Montreal; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Loughlin, D. D., archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Francis Kennedy, archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Sister Cyrelle, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Hortense, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Ann Joseph, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Louis Arado, Mr. Alexander Miller, Mr. Edward McGoven, Mrs. Catherine Baker, Mr. William McCarthy, Mr. James Rice, Mrs. Catherine Glynn, Mr. Albert Vogt, Master Joseph McGee, Mr. Lawrence Morian, Mrs. M. Lamb, Miss Nellie Donohue, Mr. Francis Wagener, Mrs. Maria Kilduff, Mr. B. J. Lloyd, Mrs. Eliza O'Connor, Mr. J. H. Dewitt, Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, Mr. Egelbert Gimbon, and Mr. James Lillis.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Portrait.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

PAINT for thee the portrait of a man,—
 No weakling who has dawdled at his ease
 All days, and fed him on the sweets that please,
 While fellows hungered e'en for tasteless bran.
 This was a soldier in the very van,
 His love for men bound by no lands nor seas;
 No self-delight, but cure of miseries
 The single thought to fill his mortal span.
 And battles left their marks. Behold the hands,
 Pierced through; the feet, with jagged wound;
 The side, full-opened to the spearman's prod;
 The brow, disfigured by the thorny bands;
 No painless spot in all his body found.
 A man? Yea, this was even very God.

The Obedience of Christ.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.



S, in a former article* I ventured to insist, not merely on the sacredness of the common life—of "life in the world," as it is called—because of its oneness with the Christ-life, but also that its most essential, necessary grace or virtue is self-denial, actual or habitual, according to the example which He set us; so in the present article I shall try to show how that life, being not ours but His, must of its very nature consist in the practice of all virtues. Most of all, however, it must consist in the practice of the virtue of obedience,

which St. Ambrose,* writing of Abraham, calls the foundation of all other virtues. This obedience, again, like our self-denial, must be either actual or habitual,—a practice or an attitude of mind and heart; must conform to the norm and pattern of all spiritual life, and show itself as His in us. In one word, it must be, as Thomas à Kempis calls it, obedience after the manner of Jesus Christ.

Among all the mysteries inseparably connected with the supreme "mystery of the divinity," the Incarnation, there is none that we may reverently call more wonderful or more helpful, more intimately human, than the mystery of our Blessed Lord's obedience. It is as if, knowing that, next to self-denial (from which, indeed, it necessarily springs), man's hardest lesson is the submission of his will, of himself, to the will of another, the Incarnate Son of God had, as it were, gone out of His way to show man's pride both the cost and the reward of obedience. "Though He was the Son of God," St. Paul tells us,† "yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." St. Anselm, in his treatise on the Incarnation,‡ offers various explanations of this passage. "Either," he writes, "He caused others to learn, or He learned by experience what He already knew by His knowledge." We speak, indeed, in our own case, of the difference between theoretical and practical knowledge, or between knowledge and experience. Of this, at least, we may be reverently and reasonably

* THE AVE MARIA, Vol. LXIX., No. 19.

* De Abraham Patr., Lib. i, c. 2.

† Heb., v. 8.

‡ "Cur Deus Homo."

sure, however else St. Paul's words may be interpreted — namely, that He who was "in all things tempted like as we are, yet without sin," did actually, as perfect Man, and for His own inscrutable reasons—if only as our example,—learn obedience in the same school and under the same discipline as each and every one of His brethren.

Yet it is this very mystery which, of all others, has been most hopelessly misunderstood. Grave writers, more anxious, as it would seem, to prove their own theories correct than to follow the plain words of Scripture, have spent much learning on this "humiliation of the God-Man," as they presume to call the Incarnation; as if God could by any possibility be "humiliated," however greatly He might, and did "humble Himself." They have written to show just what St. Paul really meant by saying that our Blessed Lord "emptied Himself"* when He became Man; as if by such "emptying" or "abasement," He had laid aside, *as God*, His divine attributes. If—so it seems to a plain man wholly unversed in theology—they had, as above said, followed the text of Scripture (the guidance of the Holy Spirit) rather than their own imaginings, the difficulty—I speak under correction—would have remained an essential part, the supreme instance, of the insoluble mystery of pain, suffering, and obedience; insoluble, that is to say, except in the light and knowledge of eternity. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

For what, after all, was the practical lesson, the lesson for each and every one of us, which St. Paul intended to convey, save and except a lesson of humility—not humiliation—and of "obedience after the manner of Jesus Christ"? This, at least is the only "explanation" of the mystery of Our Lord's "learning obedience" that really concerns us,—its value, and its application as part of that example which He left us "that we should follow in His

steps." It was for this reason — the only reason we have any right to seek — that St. Paul, wishing to lay the utmost stress possible on the necessity of obedience, showed us how even Christ Himself "learned obedience by the things which He suffered." In the same sense also he writes elsewhere: "Let this mind [this way of thinking] be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He then goes on to show how, "being found in fashion as a Man," He abased Himself, took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became "obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

That is what it cost God (speaking with all reverence) to teach man humility, and submission to a will other than his own. It is this lesson also which the Church, in her Collect for Palm Sunday, is at pains, as one may say, to inculcate. "Who didst cause our Saviour to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the Cross." Why? "That all mankind should follow the example of His humility," of His obedience. The lesson of obedience was so hard, so impossible a one for man to learn, that God Himself (again speaking with all reverence) deemed it necessary to learn it as man that men, moved by His example, should sit in the same school.

We come back, therefore, to St. Paul's supreme lesson and example of obedience and humility, as learned and practised by the Incarnate Son of God. Let us consider it for a little, as a Passiontide meditation. The words in the Vulgate are, *seipsum exinanivit*, — literally He (the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity) "emptied Himself." But of what did He empty Himself? Of any one of His divine attributes? Surely not. Does not the whole passage, as we have already seen, point to an act, to an example of humility? That, surely, is its true meaning for us,—its only meaning, one may say, in so far as it concerns both our salvation and our life in Him. "It is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord."

Let us look at it, however, a little more

* Douay Version: "Abased Himself."

closely. The Douay Version, as we have seen, translates *exinanivit* by "abased." If, however, we turn to two parallel passages in the King James' Version—this and another,—we shall, I think, find confirmation of the idea that it was a lesson of humility and obedience which, above all else, St. Paul wished us to draw from the Incarnation and the Crucifixion. That Version, then, translates *exinanivit* by "made Himself of no reputation,"—set no value, as it were, on His equality with God,—and has reference, I can not doubt, to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles (iv, 11) wherein St. Peter, speaking of our Blessed Lord, calls Him "the stone that was set at naught" (counted as of no value) "by you, the builders." They made of Him—may we not say it?—what He made of Himself, nothing: a thing, a person "of no reputation"; in the prophet's words, "He was despised, and we esteemed Him not."

My reason—again I write under correction—for holding the two passages to be parallel is this: that in both the fruit (the reward of the obedience as of the rejection) is the same. In the one case, St. Paul says of Him: "Wherefore" (for which very reason, as we might say) "God hath highly exalted Him, and hath given Him a Name which is above every name." In the other, St. Peter says that the stone "set at naught" (rejected) "is become the head of the corner" (has been raised to the place of chief dignity in God's Temple, whereof we are the living stones, and He the foundation). St. Anselm, it is interesting to note, applies to this obedience and glory the words of the Psalmist: "He shall drink of the torrent in the way, therefore shall he lift up his head."*

It is in this obedience, then, "after the manner of Jesus Christ," that His life in us must, above all else, consist, and show itself in a world and among a generation which, as Carlyle says, "can do almost all things, only not obey";† which

counts obedience as servility, and humility as humiliation. Nor is this statement at variance with the former one—that self-denial is the most necessary and essential grace and virtue of the Christ-life in us; since it was by obedience, from His Incarnation to His Crucifixion, that our Blessed Lord showed us the perfect example, practice and reality, the full meaning and extent of that self-denial without which we can not, in any true sense, be His disciples. It is because the will is the very innermost self of a man—the self that must be "crucified with Christ" if it is to have any true life—that it must be "brought into subjection to Christ." It is because there is no real self-denial, no self-annihilation—"I live, now not I"—where there is any self-will; and because obedience is the sign and evidence which God showed, and which He asks us to show, of our self-denial: the only proof that our will is no longer ours, but His.

"I came not," He says Himself, "to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." That again is part of the mystery of the Incarnation; and has, once more, that direct and practical application to our spiritual life with which alone we need concern ourselves. But there is more than this. Not only was our Blessed Lord's human will one in all things with His divine will, not only was He obedient in all things, as man, to the will of His Father, but He was obedient also to the wills of His creatures, Mary and Joseph. The first obedience, we profess at least to understand and to imitate; it is the second that we find hard, impossible, "unnecessary and derogatory." Yet He showed us an example in the second no less fully and perfectly than in the first. "He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them." O dust, learn to be obedient after the manner of Jesus Christ! Learn, in the Home at Nazareth, that obedience, like self-denial, is required of every soul that would follow Him; as necessary in the world as in the cloister.

* Ps. cix. (First at Vespers.)

† "Sartor Resartus."

This is a hard saying, truly, in an age which has forgotten, if it ever learned, how to obey,—forgotten, as Carlyle says again,* that “there is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience”; that, further, “whoso can not obey, can not be free, still less bear rule”; that “he that is the inferior of nothing can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing”; that, finally, “independence, in all kinds, is rebellion.” And, having so forgotten that “obedience is the bond of rule,”† the world, as has been said, first confuses it with servility, and then, in the nursery and the primary school, preaches “the dignity of human nature.” When the lesson so carefully taught is put into general practice, with results that are familiar to all of us, those responsible for the teaching turn in despair to proposals of universal and compulsory military service, if haply they may revive in their over-efficient pupils some sense of discipline, of “self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,” the lost virtues of humility and obedience.

It is a hard saying also to those good lay-folks who have come to believe, or to persuade themselves, that “passive obedience,” submission to the will of another, except in certain matters classed as “of obligation”—on which they set their own limits and interpretation,—is a virtue peculiar to priests and religious, one wholly incompatible with the “practical necessities” of the common, secular life of every day. It is a persuasion which, however arrived at, sets the spirit of the secular life wholly at variance with the spirit of the Home of Nazareth,—wholly at variance, that is to say, with the spirit of Christ. For if the common life is indeed sacred—if it is in very truth the life of Christ in each of us, the only life possible if we are His,—it is because it consists, by the action of God’s Spirit and of God’s grace in us, in self-denial, actual or habitual, as a practice or as an attitude

of heart, mind, and soul,—a practice and an attitude of which the motive and the secret is love. “My yoke is sweet and My burden light.” Nay, it carries, as Thomas à Kempis says, “a burden which is no burden.”

This loving self-denial, self-annihilation, is in practice simply obedience, obedience, and again obedience. It is, as I have said, the fruit of love. It is the inmost mystery and proof of love that it makes the lover one with the Beloved, and renders obedience, together with all other virtues, all impossibilities, easy; because love is of God, and never rests till it attains to Him and to His likeness in all things. This is the obedience which Passiontide sets for our learning,—the obedience of Jesus Christ. It is an obedience which has neither bounds, restrictions, nor distinctions; but is due, after His example, to our superiors, to our equals, to our inferiors,—did He not obey a carpenter and a woman? If, therefore, it is truly “after the manner of Jesus Christ,” it must be a virtue, and not merely a duty or an outward act. And the motive, as was said just now, must be, and can only be, His own: love, without which all else, as St. Paul tells us, “profiteth nothing.”

Lastly, it is in reference to this obedience that St. Anselm says, in the treatise on the Incarnation from which I have already quoted, that sin consists, essentially, in not rendering to God that which we owe Him—namely, the submission of our wills to His. In one word, sin is disobedience; just as obedience, to revert to St. Ambrose, is the foundation of all virtues. This, indeed, is the true meaning of Carlyle’s saying that “independence . . . is rebellion”; the only remedy for which, we may surely say, was the perfect obedience of Jesus Christ. “He who renders not to God this honor, this obedience,” St. Anselm continues, “takes from Him that which is His, and dishonors God.” He adds, moreover, that in obeying, we give God nothing that we do not already owe Him. And he is careful to point out

* “Sartor Resartus.”

† Tennyson, “The Passing of Arthur.”

that this obedience must be a willing one, not constrained or of mere necessity.

But it is in "The Imitation," from which we have already borrowed the phrase, "obedience after the manner of Jesus Christ," that we shall find the best and most helpful definition of this great and most necessary virtue. Nor could any words more fittingly close this Passiontide meditation: "And yet what great matter is it if thou, who art but dust and nothing, subject thyself to man for God's sake, when I, the Almighty and Most High, subjected Myself to man* for thy sake? . . . Learn, O dust, to be obedient!"

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIV.

WHEN Madeleine heard the news of the reported fatal accident to the man whom she had again learned to regard as her husband, she did not speak for a moment or two. Her large dark eyes expanded in something like wonder as she gazed at Mrs. Wynne—gazed as if she were looking at more than the kind, anxious face before her,—and it was not until the latter had repeated her statement twice that she said:

"You will think it strange that I am not surprised; but before I left the church I felt sure that something had happened, or was about to happen, which would affect me deeply. I did not think of—*him*, though I might have done so. I see now that nothing happening to any one else could affect me so much."

"Of course not," Mrs. Wynne agreed; "since, as a Catholic, you are obliged to feel yourself still bound to him. But this" (it was impossible to keep a certain note of restrained gratification out of her voice) "will set you free."

"I think not," Madeleine replied quietly. "It does not seem to me that *that* was

what was meant. I had a distinct sense of coming trial, and to be set free would be no trial. I could not mourn for the man who forced me to divorce him, though God knows I should be sorry if he were hurried out of life in this awful manner."

"Is it in the least degree likely that he would be any better prepared for death, if it came in any other manner?" Mrs. Wynne could not resist asking.

"Perhaps not," Madeleine admitted; "and yet one would desire that he should have the chance."

"I suppose one must desire that," Mrs. Wynne answered, a trifle reluctantly. "Yet what is the use of a chance that would not be used? So far as we can see, it would only make matters worse in the end for the soul concerned." She paused a moment. "The report says very positively that Mr. Raynor is fatally injured," she added.

"But reports of the kind are often exaggerated," Madeleine said. "I should like to know the truth, yet I hesitate to telegraph in my own name. Do you think that Mr. Wynne would be kind enough to make some inquiries for me?"

"I am sure that he will be glad to do so," Mrs. Wynne answered promptly. "Come and talk to him about it."

Mr. Wynne was not only glad to do anything to assist Mrs. Raynor, but he was one of the men (most comfortable and satisfactory they are) who always know exactly how to obtain desired results. His inquiries were made through a channel which insured immediate reply; and before Madeleine left her friends that night, she learned the details of the accident which had stopped the mad race of automobiles southward through France. One of the great cars, equipped only for speed, had, in making a sharp curve, dashed down a steep declivity, and turned over, imprisoning beneath it the owner, a young French baron, his chauffeur, and Raynor, who was in the car with them. The first two were killed instantly; but Raynor was drawn forth living, though terribly crushed

* To His Mother, to St. Joseph, to His executioners.

and unconscious. He was still living when the answer to Mr. Wynne's inquiry was sent; but no assurance could be given of how long he was likely to survive, and not the least hope of any improvement in his condition was held out.

"You see," Mrs. Wynne said to Madeleine, "it is quite clear that his injuries are fatal, and that it is only a question of a short time until the end comes."

"Yes," Madeleine assented, "it is quite clear that that is the opinion of those about him; but even doctors often find themselves mistaken."

"But, my dear," Mrs. Wynne was constrained to argue, "how can you think that you know better than those who are there with him?"

"I don't think anything of the kind," Madeleine replied. "I am only stating a fact—that doctors are sometimes mistaken; and I have a feeling that this is one of the cases in which they will prove so."

Against a feeling which was so manifestly without reasonable basis, Mrs. Wynne felt that it was useless to continue to argue; and, after all, as she reminded herself, Madeleine's opinion of the condition of a man hundreds of miles away was not of the least importance. No doubt the doctors on the spot were right; and it was likely that the next day would bring the news that George Raynor's mis-spent life was ended, and the woman he had married was free in fact as well as in name.

But Miss Percival was of quite another opinion when Madeleine brought her the news of what had occurred. After she had read the dispatch which gave the latest report of Raynor's condition, she exclaimed:

"How like him! Anybody else would have been killed outright—as those other poor men were,—but not he! Very likely he will survive and get well again. O Madeleine, isn't it dreadful?"

"It is very dreadful," Madeleine agreed gravely, "if you mean his condition."

"I mean the fact that he wasn't killed at once, like the others," Nina declared unhesitatingly. "Of course he may die, as those about him seem to expect; but I don't believe that he will."

"Neither do I," said Madeleine, quietly.

"And yet why shouldn't you believe it?" Nina challenged, turning upon her. "There's really not the faintest reason for thinking otherwise, except that one is so anxious that he should die—and you are not *that*!"

"No, I am not that," Madeleine replied, with the same quietness. "It is not only sinful to desire any one's death, but, especially in a case like this, it would seem to me terrible to do so. After such a life, to be hurled out of the world—the only world to which he has ever given a thought—without time to repent or atone in any way! O Nina, if you realized what this means, you could not feel as you do about him!"

"Oh, yes, I could!" Nina returned. "For, as I have told you before, I am quite sure that no amount of time would ever make George Raynor think of repentance or atonement."

"You are talking of what you don't understand. The grace of God can do even more wonderful things than that."

"But is the grace of God likely to be given to him? The suggestion seems to me utterly absurd."

"Nina, what an absolute pagan you are! The grace of God in sufficient measure to save the soul is given to everyone; and even for those who have disregarded this, additional and extraordinary grace may sometimes be obtained by the prayers and sacrifices of others."

"Madeleine, you know that I dislike such ideas, and that I don't believe in them. Besides, who on earth is there foolish enough to offer prayers and sacrifices for George Raynor's soul?"

"Again I must tell you that you are talking of what you don't understand," Madeleine answered. "Such prayers and sacrifices are constantly being offered."

"By whom?"

"By many souls who are vowed to the work of intercession and expiation."

"Oh!" Nina glanced at her suspiciously. "Well, all I can say is that I don't believe in such work. In my opinion, people must say their own prayers and make their own sacrifices. And therefore I haven't any faith in the possibility of a repentance won by others for such a person as George Raynor; and I'm quite sure that the sooner he is taken out of this world, the better it will be for him as well as for you."

To this positive assertion, delivered with an air of absolute certainty, Madeleine did not reply; and after a little while the two friends separated for the night. But the excitement produced by the news they had received made it difficult even for Nina to sleep; and when, an hour or two later, she heard a slight movement in Madeleine's room, she rose and opened the door between the two apartments.

What she had expected to see, she saw. Madeleine was kneeling on a *priedieu* before the ebony crucifix, with its white Figure, which hung against the pale-blue wall. Her face was lifted toward the supreme emblem of God's pity and man's hope; and something in its expression suddenly filled Nina with a wild fear, almost unintelligible to herself. In her soft slippers she moved swiftly and noiselessly across the floor, and, seizing Madeleine's shoulder, shook her violently.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "What madness are you about?"

"Nina!" Madeleine, who had not heard the sound of the opening door, turned in startled amazement, and rose to her feet. "How did you come here?" she asked. "And are you distracted?"

"I! No, but *you* are!" Nina retorted. "You can't deny that you were praying for that man."

"Why should I deny it?"

"Praying for him to live! Oh, the mad folly of it! And perhaps doing even worse—offering some sacrifice for his worthless soul! Madeleine" (indignation

subsided to entreaty), "surely you wouldn't do such a thing as that!"

"But I thought," Madeleine reminded her, "that you didn't believe in the efficacy of prayers and sacrifices. Why, then, should you be so much concerned, even if I were doing what you suspect?"

"Because it is not possible to be absolutely sure about such matters," Nina was driven to admit. "And it isn't well to take chances, and—and the whole idea is unhealthy and dreadful. Hasn't he done you enough harm, the man who is lying yonder dying or dead," she demanded, with a return to the high key of indignation, "that you must give him an opportunity to do you more? For even if your prayers and sacrifices haven't any effect up there" (she cast a hasty glance toward the ceiling), "they will have an effect on you. Instead of taking and enjoying the freedom that seems about to come to you, you will feel bound to abjure some other chance of happiness in life, in order to save a soul that is not worth saving, and isn't entitled to a thought from you. It is terrible. It forces one to think that a religion which teaches such ideas is neither more nor less than positive insanity."

Madeleine, who was leaning against the *priedieu*, from which she had risen while Nina poured forth this torrent of words, now looked up at the white Figure hanging on the cross above her.

"Nina," she said gently, "you know that I have never tried to preach to you, so perhaps you will forgive me for one word now. Have you never thought where we learn the ideas you consider so dreadful? Have you never reflected that if a religion founded on sacrifice is insanity, we find our warrant for it *there*?"

She pointed to the crucifix as she spoke, but Nina's eyes refused to follow the gesture.

"I don't wish to discuss anything of that kind," she said hastily. "I consider it almost—er—sacrilegious to make such comparisons, and attempt to imitate what

was done once for all, and doesn't need any additional help from us. I am sorry I came, if you are going to talk in this way. I might have known that you wouldn't listen to anything I could say; but I felt overwhelmed with horror when I saw you kneeling here, and an instinct told me what you were doing. Madeleine" (in her anxiety she caught hold of the soft silken kimono the other was wearing), "you haven't done it, have you? You haven't pledged yourself to any sacrifice for that wretched creature?"

"He is indeed so wretched a creature—wretched in every sense," Madeleine said, "that you must forgive me, dear, if in this his desperate extremity, when there is nobody else on earth that I know of to say a prayer for him, I have prayed that God will grant him sufficient life and consciousness to repent of his sins, and the grace necessary for that repentance. And to obtain this, why should I not offer, in union with what was paid there" (again she glanced at the crucifix), "my own poor little coin of sacrifice? We should surely be willing to give something in return, when we ask such great favors."

"For him,—for *him!*" Nina groaned, as if overcome by this confirmation of her fears. She sank down on the *priedieu*, but with no intention of prayer, and covered her face with her hands. "O Madeleine," she wailed, "I couldn't have believed it even of you! Was there ever anything more utterly undeserved, more wildly uncalled for? I hope he is already dead,—I hope so! And if he is" (she lifted her face with a sudden gleam of hope on it), "then it will all amount to nothing, your offer of sacrifice, will it not? You won't feel yourself bound to anything, if you haven't obtained what you asked?"

"Nina, dear" (Madeleine's hand was on her shoulder), "I think you had better go back to bed. It is very good of you to care so much about what I do, and I want you to understand that I haven't made

any rash offer of any kind. I have simply promised that I will accept whatever God sends, do whatever He demands of me; and you know we ought to be willing to promise as much as that under ordinary circumstances. Now let us say good-night again, and wait for what to-morrow will bring."

"If it brings the news of his death, will you be satisfied that nothing is demanded of you?" Nina inquired, with a persistence which had its root in doubt.

"We can never be satisfied that nothing is demanded of us," Madeleine replied; "but we may always be sure that God's way of answering our prayers is for the best. Whatever we hear, I shall feel that."

"Of course what we shall hear is that he is dead," Nina consoled herself by thinking after she had returned to her own room and her own couch. "There wasn't even a shadow of hope of anything else held out in the dispatch about him, and it's absurd to imagine that Madeleine's prayers and mad offers of sacrifice could change his physical condition. Miracles don't happen, and that would be something like a miracle,—and a miracle without an object; for one's wildest imagination fails to conceive George Raynor as repenting of his sins. In her idealism she has forgotten, poor child! what he really is,—what a mixture of brute and devil. No, no, Providence will not let her suffer any more on his account; one may be quite certain of that. Of course it would have been much better if he had been killed immediately, and she had no chance to torment herself in this foolish manner." (Nina felt unable to forbear this criticism of the power which she vaguely called Providence.) "But I won't allow myself to entertain any other thought than that we shall hear of his death to-morrow."

These positive assurances to herself were, however, somewhat on the order of a boy's whistling in the dark to keep up his courage. Underneath, Nina was well aware that she felt not only a fear,

but something approaching to a conviction, that the news she wished to hear she would not hear,—that George Raynor would not be taken out of the world as promptly as seemed to her desirable; but that her first feeling would be justified, when she had cried, "Those about him seem to expect him to die, but I don't!"

It was not a consoling reflection, either, that Madeleine had unhesitatingly agreed with her in this opinion. Necessarily, Madeleine knew no more about the matter than she did; but, notwithstanding her modern materialism, Nina possessed the vein of superstition from which even the most enlightened of modern intellects are not wholly free, and she had a definite suspicion that Madeleine's conviction had come to her through sources which could not be questioned. "She seemed so confident about it," Nina thought; and yet there were the prayer and the offer of the coin of sacrifice! It was all incomprehensible. Nothing appeared certain except that Catholics were, with their objectionable mysticism, very uncomfortable people to be associated with, and that there was no telling to what lengths an ill-regulated passion for sacrifice might lead one who was ready to give whatever she fancied to be demanded of her.

(To be continued.)

The Mothers.

BY C. L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

THREE mothers met, that woful day:
 One as her dead Son pale, one gray
 With grieving, and one red with shame:
 All called upon one blessed Name,—
 One from the sorrow of the Cross,
 One by the woe of kindred loss,
 And one cried out in agony
 From shadow of a blacker tree.
 One gave the Nazarean birth,
 One brought the pardoned thief to earth,
 While of that hopeless one begot
 Was Judas the Iscariot.

Madame Modjeska.

I.

EGOTISM is, perhaps logically, a fault of celebrities; simplicity, that most beautiful of human traits, not one of their usual characteristics. In her entire freedom from the one and possession of the other lay the principal charm of Helena Modjeska. She was a great actress, more versatile, perhaps, than any other on the modern stage. Dowered with beauty of the most refined type, she wore it unconsciously. Grace and dignity were a part of her. Wonderful intuition, adaptability, and a rare sympathy united to form a sweet and gracious personality which held captive all who came under its influence. Even those who knew her only as an actress carried with them from her presence the charm of her ineffable womanliness; while those whose privilege it was to call her friend found therein her sweetest and most perfect attraction.

In the interesting autobiography finished before her death (though she did not live to see it in print), she reveals this winning charm in the most naïve and delightful manner. In her frankness, her spontaneousness, running the gamut from tragedy to comedy, from deepest sadness to sparkling humor, we see the ingredients—heredity, environment, and natural gifts—which went to the formation of her beautiful character.

The father of Modjeska, Michael Opid, was a student, a poet, and a passionate lover of music. From him she inherited these gifts of the imagination, as well as the love of Nature, which amounted with her to a passion. From her mother, an impulsive but most practical and conscientious woman, came the strain of common-sense that gave balance to the dreamy side of her artistic temperament.

She was born on October 12, 1840, at Cracow, Poland, and was one of a family of ten children. She was nourished in an atmosphere of patriotism,—drinking in

from her cradle the sweet sadness of Polish tenderness, the outcome of a nation's sufferings and tears. The talent that was born in her thus became subdued and softened; and a note of melancholy ran side by side with one of vivacity and passion, tempering and regulating its natural unrestraint. She was only eight years old when the Austrians bombarded her native city, which shared in the revolution of Vienna, in a forlorn hope of national independence. The memory of these tragic events never left her.

Helena's first visit to the theatre was to witness "The Daughter of the Regiment," which so entranced her that she became perfectly oblivious to her surroundings. Her mother, who was not fond of stage representations, seeing the effect the play had upon her daughter, would not permit her to go again; but the girl found compensations in the dramatic entertainments and impromptu concerts which were sometimes given in the houses of friends. This childish enthusiasm probably decided her fate and that of her sister and two brothers. All four went on the stage. It was necessary for them to earn their own living, Madame Opid having lost a great deal of money in the conflagration which consumed Cracow when Helena was ten years old.

At the age of fourteen, having finished the highest grade at the convent where she had been placed at school, she began an extended and rather miscellaneous course of reading. The Polish poets were her first and dearest love; but she also read the works of German, French and English authors,—principally in translation, as at that time she had but a slight acquaintance with French and German, and was absolutely ignorant of English, the language in which later she achieved her greatest success. An intimate friend of the family, Mr. Modjeski,* many years older than Helena, in some part directed her studies. At that time, as was natural to a daughter of Poland, she had a

great dislike for everything German; but when convinced by her mentor that she ought to enrich her mind by an acquaintance with its grand literature, she began under him the study of the language, in which she soon made great progress. She speedily yielded to the charm of Schiller, losing herself in the grandeur and beauty of his "Mary Stuart," which in after years became her own favorite and most successful play.

The reign of the German poet in her young and appreciative soul lasted until she became acquainted with Shakespeare. She had neither seen nor heard any of his wonderful plays; but from the time she attended a performance of Hamlet by the famous German actor, Fritz Devrient, she fell under the fascination of the wizard of all nations, all languages, all arts, all humanity; and thereafter never wavered from her allegiance.

This incident aroused anew the slumbering desire that possessed her to become an actress. Then occurred the first important event in her young life. Mr. Modjeski, whom she had in her imagination adorned with all the bravery and virtues of chivalry, asked her to become his wife. She consented at once; they were married; and a short time afterward Madame Modjeska entered upon her stage career with his approval and partially under his management. For several years the company they had gathered together led the uncertain and uncomfortable but romantic life of travelling players. From the first Modjeska was the star; her wonderful versatility and splendid memory standing in good stead for her youth and inexperience.

After some months of this wandering life, Mr. Modjeski rented a theatre and endeavored to persuade his wife to conquer her aversion to the German tongue, as he thought the field of the Polish stage entirely too small for one of her unusual talent. But, fond as she was of the German drama, she felt that it would be an unworthy act to forsake the Polish stage,

* Modjeski is the masculine of Modjeska.

and for some time resisted his entreaties. At length his stronger will prevailed: she consented, and it was arranged that she should appear with a German company in a one-act play entitled *Bei Wasser und Brod*. It was a modest beginning, but she did not feel herself sufficiently acquainted with the language to assume a more responsible part. We will give the remainder of the story in the words of the great actress herself.

"The rehearsals were called, and a bill in large type, announcing my first appearance on the German stage, was placed at the entrance of the theatre. It was only then—only when I saw that unfortunate announcement—that I realized what I was doing; and a sense of shame filled me at my meanness in deserting the Polish stage just at the time when my poor country was fighting desperately for independence, with but a slight hope of winning the cause. At the last rehearsal my spirits fell to the lowest degree of temperature; and when, on leaving the theatre, I perceived several students before my bill, frowning as they read my name aloud in German type, I ran home with my head down, not daring to lift my eyes for fear of meeting glances of reproach or contempt.

"I ate my midday meal in silence, and without the slightest appetite. Mr. Modjeski was chatting merrily, asking if I had my costume ready, how it looked, etc. 'And mind! Read your part again in the afternoon,' he added, 'or else you may get confused.' I wanted to scream at the top of my voice: 'I shall never play in German!' But I dared not disappoint him; and, beside, I knew well that he would treat this outburst as a caprice not worthy of a sensible person. I stifled my feelings and went to the garden with my part. I sat there motionless, brooding over my misery, and forming all sorts of arguments to justify my appearance on the German stage, or to get out of it entirely—when suddenly, like an answer called forth by some magic power, the

sound of a passing military band struck my ears, my breast, my whole being, with unspeakable exaltation and pain. I listened for a while; then, flinging my part away, I fell on my knees, and, burying my face in my hands, I sobbed convulsively, repeating: 'No, no! I will never be a renegade! Never,—never!'

"Mr. Modjeski found me in that state, and took me to my room. I do not remember what happened next, but one detail is still in my mind. I shook with fever, my nails were blue, and my mother was sitting at the foot of my bed. My dear, sweet mother, who had travelled so many miles to come and live with us, poured into my ears many comforting words,—words which acted as balm to my overstrung nerves, soothing the pain and restoring me to myself again. How it happened I do not know: there was no more question of my going on the German stage. I continued to play in Polish."

This incident is given entire because it is so illustrative of the character of Madame Modjeska. Invariably, whenever possible, deferring to the wishes of others; amiably consenting at times, against her better judgment, to expedients she herself would never have thought of, or considered wise, fully persuaded in her own mind that her judgment had erred, she was quite capable of throwing over preconcerted plans when they interfered with her ideas of right and wrong. Always generous of herself to the world, she was also a creature of impulse, and so she remained,—generous and impulsive to the end.

It was in 1866 that Madame Modjeska met her second husband, Count Karol Bozenta Chlapowski. She was then playing under the direction of Kozmian, a noted Polish manager. The young Count was an ardent lover of music and the drama, and at once became interested in the charming and talented actress. She also delighted in his intellectual talks, and they soon became fast friends. Madame Modjeska was particularly impressed by his true Christianity, which

shone forth in all his acts,—“manifesting,” she says, “the great kindness and forbearance with which he treated all human beings, without regard to their material or even moral value. Under the influence of this truly Christian spirit I learned to moderate my feelings toward my enemies in art, and gained a great deal in modifying my judgments of people in general.”

It was the experience of Madame Modjeska, as it has been that of all great artists, to meet with obstacles in her upward path,—adverse criticism, spiteful judgments which had their foundation in the petty jealousies to which a large part of humanity is a slave. She had also suffered greatly in her domestic life, over which period she throws a veil, which those who knew and loved her never tried to penetrate. To resume her description of Count Bozenta, written after more than forty years of wedded life which was ideally happy:

“During our walks in the fields and woods I had an opportunity of seeing that his theories were not merely a mental attitude, but that they came from his heart. His manners toward the poor peasants and workingmen struck me, at first, as being unusual in the son of a nobleman and a prominent landowner, and, as such, accustomed to the servility of peasants. When he talked to one of them he put himself almost on the same level with the man, and made him feel at home at once. ‘Blessed be Jesus!’ he would say; and the answer came back, ‘Through all the ages. Amen!’ And then they would talk, not as a superior to an inferior, but as man to man.”

Soon after her marriage, which took place in 1868, Modjeska spent some days at the house of her father-in-law. She thus describes her first impressions.

“We arrived about nine o’clock in the evening and were received by General Chlapowski’s unmarried son, Thaddeus, whom I had met two years before in Posen, and who introduced my husband to me. The dinner was over, and we were

told that the General and his brother-in-law, Count Gutakowski, were both in the chapel, where the family gathered every evening for prayers. We were ushered into the choir, in order to avoid making a commotion and disturbing the devotions by our entrance into the chapel. As we knelt next to the organ I beheld a picture which even now is vivid in my memory.

“On the altar-steps were kneeling two gentlemen, past eighty years of age—the General and his brother-in-law,—both deeply engaged in prayer. We could not see their faces, only their silvered heads bent forward in fervent devotion. In the benches sat some relatives. Some so-called residents,* and also the servants, knelt, scattered about the chapel. All the women wore veils. A perfect silence reigned in the chapel, broken only by a soft rattle of rosaries and a sigh of whispered prayers. After a long time of this general concentration some one began a litany. We all responded: ‘Have mercy on us!’ And when I looked down at those aged men prostrated before the altar, another picture rose before my soul’s eyes. I saw the field of battle covered with the blood of our youths, flames, smoke, gallows, and all the horrors of our last insurrection,—the cruelties of the Cossacks and the perfidies of the Prussians; all the wrongs practised for more than a century over the people who had borne the Christian standard high above their heads, fighting for Faith and civilization. And when my thoughts returned to the present time, and I saw no ray of hope, no sunshine,—nothing but disappointment, bitterness, hatred and oppression, then tears flooded my face and I repeated, sobbing: ‘Have mercy on us!’

“We spent three most delightful days in Turwia, in the company of the General,—this veteran, admired, respected, and loved by all who knew him. His talk was

* It is a custom of the Polish nobility to maintain in their castles several poor gentlefolk, most of them widows, orphans, old soldiers, and other unfortunates.

that of the past, most quaint and interesting. He seldom frequented theatres, he said; and confessed frankly that I was the first 'person of the theatre' he had met since Talma."

In 1869 Madame Modjeska left Cracow for Warsaw, where she began a career which, according to the contract, meant an engagement for life. At that time her house was the centre of a literary and artistic circle, numbering among its members the most intellectual and gifted sons of Poland. But the jealousy and suspicion of the government, seeing in every gathering the making of a conspiracy, not only caused the home of Madame Modjeska to be constantly watched, but prevented her and her husband's going abroad without being under a hateful espionage. This circumstance, added to the fact that, having achieved success, Madame Modjeska was subjected to many envious attacks, caused her sensitive spirit a great deal of suffering. The censorship of plays was so despotic and so senseless that it became almost unendurable. From the beginning of her career she had worked beyond her strength, and her husband suggested her retirement from the stage. While things were in this condition the circumstance that changed all her life occurred one evening at her weekly reception. Only the most intimate friends were gathered there, Sienkiewicz being among them.

"They were all so congenial on that memorable occasion," writes Madame Modjeska, "and so jolly, that even I woke up from my torpid state of mind and took part in the conversation. Some one brought news of the coming Centennial Exposition in America. Sienkiewicz, with his vivid imagination, described the unknown country in the most attractive terms. Maps were brought out and California discussed. It was worth while to hear the young men's opinion about the 'Golden West.'

"'You can not die of hunger there, that is quite sure,' said one. 'Rabbits,

hares, and partridges are unequalled. You have only to go out and shoot them!'

"'Yes,' observed another, 'and fruits, too, are plenty. Blackberries and the fruit of the cactus grow wild, and they say the latter is delicious.'

"'I have heard,' remarked another, 'that the fruit of California is at least three times larger than that of any other country.'

"'Yes, everything is extraordinary,' sounded the reply. 'Fancy, coffee grows wild there! All you have to do is to pick it; also pepper and the castor-oil bean, and ever so many useful plants. One could make an industry of it.'

"'Besides gold,' said a wise voice. 'Gold! They say you can dig it almost anywhere.'

"'There are also rattlesnakes,' added Baranski, in a cynical tone of voice.

"'Yes, but who cares? You can kill them with a stick.'

"'Oh, how brave you are—sitting in this cosy room!' said our sceptical friend. 'Rattlesnakes are bad, of course; but think of a grizzly bear and a puma, the California jaguar!'

"'What a glorious hunt one could have!' exclaimed Sienkiewicz; and then added: 'I should like to go and see that country of sunshine and primitive nature.'

"Everyone had something to say about the promised land; and Witkiewicz took a pencil and drew fantastic pictures of my two nieces sitting on two huge mushrooms, while an enormous rattlesnake was nestling at their feet. The cherries that hung on branches over their heads were as large as apples.

"Dr. Karwowski entered just when we were most interested in Sienkiewicz's description of an imaginary storm on the ocean, and said to me, jokingly:

"'You need a change of air, Madame. Why not make a trip to America?'

"Then one morning during the Christmas holidays my son Rudolphe, whom I had sent to Cracow with my mother, in order to place him in a Polish school, came to Warsaw to spend his vacation with us.

He was even then determined to become a civil engineer. The first thing he spoke of was the coming Exposition in America; and the lad, looking at the maps, declared that some day he would build the Panama Canal. . . . He is now one of the most successful engineers and bridgebuilders in America."

So the project grew, the first proposition being that they should take a six months' vacation in the United States. It was thought that a long sea-voyage might restore the health of Madame Modjeska and strengthen her nerves. Little by little it took on another aspect. Henryk Sienkiewicz was the first to advocate emigration. Others followed him, and at last it was resolved to establish a colony in California. They began the study of English.

One night they were dining at the palace of the Kronenbergs. The host endeavored to represent to them the folly of emigration,—“unless,” he added, “you will study English and play on the American stage.” These words sent the actress home, dreaming enchanting dreams, awakening again the wild hope of playing Shakespeare in his own language, one which she had long cherished.

Early in spring Sienkiewicz and Julian Sypniewski sailed for America. After a few months of preparation and leave-taking, with a year's leave of absence, and the proviso that if she did not return she must pay a forfeit of 6000 roubles to the manager of the theatre, Madame Modjeska, accompanied by her husband and son, sailed forth for the New World.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Palms.

BY S. M. R.

THEY scattered palm leaves in His way,—
The love-strewn path He trod;
Unwithered, 'neath His feet they lay
When He, their scourged, derided God,
Went to His death that day.

A Flaw in the Iron.

BY B. D. L. F.

BESIDE the flaming forge, his strong frame standing out clearly against the dark background of the shop, stood Jean Fergon the blacksmith. Since early dawn he had labored hard at the piece of work before him,—a job requiring much patient skill. And now, with a sigh of relief, he laid down his hammer and went to the open door, that he might examine his work by the waning light of day. He had studied it closely for some moments, when something attracted his attention,—a small something which his practised eye recognized with dismay as a flaw in the metal.

What this meant to Jean Fergon will readily be understood; for, to say the least, it meant a whole day's labor expended in vain. And to the blacksmith the loss of a day's work was a serious one. Indeed, things had not gone well with Jean Fergon since the day, two years before, when Pierre Lebrun had started a rival smithy some hundred yards away, in the Rue du Linge Vert.

A wily fellow was the new arrival; and, with his slick tongue and his *petits verres* offered at the nearest tavern, he had enticed away many of Jean Fergon's best-paying customers.

For some moments the smith stood staring with unseeing eyes out into the semi-darkness. A sudden thought had come to him. It was not an honest thought, but it tempted him, though Jean was a good man. Only for a moment, however, did he hesitate: his better self soon conquered, and with a sigh he laid aside his tools for the day.

The next morning Jean was up with the lark, whistling as merrily as any bird, when a stranger entered the shop. He was a dapper little man with an immaculate white collar and a gaudy colored tie. “I am M. Leblanc, contractor for the new railroad bridge,” he said pleasantly,

approaching the forge; "and I should be much obliged if you could supply me with the article I want. This is the very thing!" he suddenly added; taking up the piece of iron discarded by the smith on the previous evening.

"I am afraid you can not have that piece," answered the smith; "but by nightfall I could have another exactly like it ready for you."

"No," said the stranger, "I can not wait until then. The work I am engaged upon must be begun at once. And if you will not oblige me—" an expressive gesture completed the unfinished phrase.

Jean Fergon hesitated. For many months he had hoped to be employed on the new railroad bridge, and now here was his chance! He had only to say one word, and M. Leblanc would leave the shop delighted at having obtained what he required. And, after all, the bar would hold, unless some very unusual strain were brought to bear on it.

But the blacksmith had always been strictly honest, and the habits of a lifetime now stood him in good stead.

"That bar has a flaw in it," he said at last, the inward struggle he had sustained rendering his tone somewhat abrupt. "You can not have it."

"Very well," replied the contractor, shortly: he did not believe the blacksmith's excuse. "There is another smithy. I believe, where I shall no doubt find what I require. Good-morning!"

That evening, over their frugal repast of cabbage soup and Camembert cheese, Jean told his wife what had occurred.

"Never mind, Jean!" the little woman answered cheerfully. "We were poor before, we are no poorer now; and at least I have a husband to be proud of," she added, looking up at him with so tender a smile, that he almost forgot his disappointment, and smiled back cheerfully at his better-half.

Several months had gone by, and summer had given place to autumn, when one afternoon, as Jean Fergon stood by

his door enjoying the cool air after the hot breath of his forge, a small boy came running up the street, his face ashy pale.

"There has been an accident up the river!" he gasped, "The railroad bridge broke down when the express passed over it, and three of the rear cars fell into the river! I'm sent for help!" And he ran on, spreading the terrible news.

For a few moments after the boy had gone, Jean stood rooted to the spot; then he hastily entered the shop, told his wife what had happened, and, slinging a bag of tools over his shoulder, set off to render what assistance might lie in his power.

When he reached the scene of disaster, several men were already at work amid the wreckage. Jean immediately joined them, his strong arm and handy tools rendering his help doubly valuable. It was a pitiful sight. Some of the cars had sunk in the deeper waters of the Vienne; others lay overturned and shattered on the bank, pinning unhappy passengers beneath the wreckage weight.

Among the foremost in the work of rescue was M. Leblanc, the contractor. No longer the dapper little man of a few months before, he stood up to his knees in water, his hands and face blackened with axle grease, and large drops of perspiration running down his forehead. He was working desperately at one of the overturned cars when the blacksmith came to his assistance.

"God knows," said the contractor, as together they carried a lifeless body gently to the shore, "the engineers are not to blame for this day's work! There must have been a flaw somewhere in the iron-work sustaining the bridge. It is the only possible explanation of this dire calamity."

That evening, when Jean Fergon came home weary with his exertions, his wife noticed that his face was unusually grave and preoccupied.

"What is it, Jean?" she asked, laying her hand upon his shoulder. "Something besides the terrible accident has troubled you to-day."

"Do you know what was the cause of the accident?" her husband asked in turn.

"No. What caused it?"

"A flaw in the ironwork."

As he uttered the words, husband and wife silently looked at each other, and in their hearts arose a deep wave of thankfulness as they thought of the moral misery one act of dishonesty would have brought upon them.

Later on they had another cause for rejoicing. When the railroad bridge was rebuilt, all the important ironwork was given, not to Pierre Lebrun, but to Jean Fergon.

"I have learned the value of an honest man," the contractor would reply when questioned about the change, a serious look stealing into his pleasant face as he recalled the heartrending scenes he had witnessed,—scenes which he could never forget, though all outward traces of the accident had by that time entirely disappeared.

Lenten Thoughts.

(For Holy Week.)

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

VII.—THE REDEMPTION.

"**H**OSANNA to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! O King of Israel! Hosanna in the highest!" Thus does Palm Sunday begin, with the priest in violet cope standing on the altar to bless the palms, which the faithful are to hold in their hands, and represent that far-off, sacred day once more.

"When Jesus drew nigh to Jerusalem," says St. Matthew, "He sent two disciples, saying to them: Go ye into the village that is over against you, and immediately you shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them and bring them to me. Now, all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: Tell ye the daughter of Sion: Behold, thy King cometh to thee, meek and sitting

on an ass. . . . And the disciples, going, did as Jesus commanded them; and they brought the ass and the colt, and laid their garments upon them, and made Him sit thereon. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut down boughs from the trees and strewed them in the way; and the multitudes that went before and those that followed cried out: Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

This multitude had been with Jesus "when He called Lazarus out of the grave and raised him from the dead"; and therefore they came to meet Him. The Pharisees were indignant, as we might expect, at all this honor shown to Our Lord; and they said to one another: "Do you not see that we prevail nothing? Behold, the whole world is gone after Him." And they determined on two things: that they would kill Lazarus and kill Our Lord. It is plain why they wished to kill Our Lord,—for the "whole world" was going after Him; and they determined to kill Lazarus, because here, within two or three miles of the gates of Jerusalem, was this man, who had been four days in the tomb, now living and breathing, and walking and eating. There could be no more striking instance of the power of Him who had "called Lazarus out of the grave, and raised him from the dead."

"When Lazarus was seen raised from the dead," observes St. Augustine, "and so great a miracle was spread abroad with such evidence, and made known with such striking proof that the Pharisees could not conceal or deny it, behold, what they hit upon. The princes of the priests determined to kill Lazarus. O foolish thought! O blind madness! The Lord Jesus Christ, who raised him when dead, could not raise him when slain! When you brought death to Lazarus, could you take away power from Christ? And if it seems one thing to you that he die and another that he be slain, behold, the Lord did both: He

raised Lazarus when dead, and Himself when slain."

Let us take the Introits of the first four days of this week. On Sunday the Church cries out in the name of the Redeemer: "Deliver me, O Lord, from the lion's mouth, and my lowliness from the horns of unicorns." (Ps. xxi.)

On Monday: "Judge Thou, O Lord, them that wrong me; overthrow them that fight against me. Seize buckler and shield, and rise up to help me, O Lord, my mighty Saviour!" (Ib. xxxiv.)

On Tuesday: "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world." (Gal., vi.)

On Wednesday: "At the name of Jesus let every knee bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth; for the Lord became obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." (Phil., ii.)

The Epistles of this time are generally taken from the Old Testament, and prefigure the work of Our Lord.

Sunday: "All the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness, and said: Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt, when we sat over the fleshpots and ate bread to the full. Why have you brought us into this desert, to destroy all the multitude with famine? And God said to Moses: I will rain bread from heaven for you." (Exod., xv.)

Monday: "The Lord hath opened my ear [given wisdom], and I do not resist. . . . I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them. I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me and spat upon me." (Isa., l.)

Tuesday: "And I was as a meek lamb that is carried to be a victim; and I knew not that they had devised counsels against me, saying: Let us put wood on his bread, and cut him off from the land of the living, and let his name be remembered no more." (Jer., xi.)

On Wednesday there are two Epistles. In the first Isaias cries out: "Tell the daughter of Sion: Behold thy Saviour cometh! Behold his reward is with him. Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra,—this beautiful one in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength? . . . Why, then, is thy apparel red and thy garments like them that tread the wine-press? I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the Gentiles there is not a man with me. I have trampled on them in my indignation, and have trodden them down in my wrath; and their blood is sprinkled upon my garments, and I have stained all my apparel." (Is., lxii.)

And in the second Epistle we read with sadness: "There is no beauty in him, nor comeliness; . . . despised and the most abject of men,—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity. His countenance was hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; everyone hath turned aside in his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." (Ib., liii.)

If we follow the Gospels, we shall find on Sunday the sacred Passion as told by St. Matthew; on Monday there is only a short passage, taken from St. John (xii, 1-9), where St. Mary Magdalen, according to Our Lord's own words, has anointed Him for His burial. On Tuesday, however, we have the Passion according to St. Mark; and on Wednesday, according to St. Luke. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are days too well and too largely marked to need any mention.

Of the writers of these three descriptions of the Passion, St. Matthew was the only one who personally took part in what he relates. St. Luke was the companion and disciple of St. Paul; but he set down

nothing until he "had diligently attained unto the knowledge of all things from the beginning"; and therefore he enters into very minute details. St. Mark's Gospel, as a whole, is the shortest and least detailed of all; but in his history of the sacred Passion he forgets his characteristic brevity, and goes into lengthened and almost minute description. This is especially the case in his narration of the denial of St. Peter. Now, St. Mark was St. Peter's disciple, and had therefore exceptional opportunity to know the circumstances; for it is believed that the tears running down St. Peter's cheeks were not more constant in their flow than were his narrations of the sinful and shameful way in which he had denied his Master to his own discomfiture and humiliation.

The Gospels have been written for us as God gives food to the birds of the air. The Holy Ghost knew what it was fitting to allow the sacred writers to put there for the good of the soul of each one of us; and the beautiful action of the Church in ordering the priest to kiss the Gospel that is read at Mass is only a suggestion of what our veneration and love for the Holy Scriptures ought to be.

We have seen what the Introits, the Epistles, and the Gospels of these days contain; there remain but the Collects. And if ever these official prayers of the Church are filled with depth and sacred meaning, surely it is in this last solemn week.

Sunday: "Almighty and everlasting God, who wouldst have our Saviour become man and suffer on a cross to give us an example of humility, mercifully grant that we may improve by His example and patience, and partake of His Resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord."

Monday: "Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that we, who, through our weakness, faint under so many adversities, may recover by the Passion of Thy only-begotten Son. . . ."

Tuesday: "Almighty and everlasting

God, grant that we may so celebrate the mysteries of Our Lord's Passion as to obtain Thy pardon. . . ."

Wednesday: "Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that we, who are constantly overcome by our own sinful appetites, may be freed from their tyranny, through the Passion of Thy only Son, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth. . . ."

We listen finally to Pope St. Leo in his homily on Palm Sunday:

"The festival of the Passion of the Lord, desired by us, beloved brethren, and wished for by the whole world, is at hand. And, though it be difficult to speak often and worthily of this same solemnity, yet it is not free for the priest, in so great a sacrament of the divine mercy, to withdraw from the faithful the office of his instruction; especially when the subject itself, inasmuch as it is unspeakable, gives eloquent matter for speaking. Nor can there be a want of things to be said, since whatever is said can never be enough. Let human weakness, then, lean on the power of God; for in explaining the works of His mercy it will ever find itself unequal. Let us with our intellect try to understand; let us cling with the love of our hearts; then (if you will) let us fail with our tongue. Nay, it is good that we do so fail to express what we feel about the majesty of God.

"But, among all the works of God, what is it the contemplation of which so overwhelms the human mind, so delights and yet so compasses the consideration of the soul, as the Passion of the Saviour? And He, that He might free man from the deadly chains of slavery, concealed His majesty from the raging demon, and veiled Himself with the species of our humility. For if the proud and cruel tyrant could have known the designs of God's mercy, he would have endeavored to soothe the minds of the Jews by pity rather than inflame them by hatred, and so not lose the servitude of all his captives,

while he preserves the liberty of One who is in no way subject to him.

"The malice of the demon thus overreached itself. He brought on the Son of God suffering which was to be turned into a remedy for all the sons of men. He spilled just Blood, which was to be for the whole world both the price of redemption and the cup of consolation. The Lord took upon Him what according to His own will He had chosen to take. He allowed on Himself the impious hands of those who were raging against Him; and those hands, while intent only on their own crime, were unconsciously doing the Redeemer's work. And so great was the longing of His Heart for even His very murderers, that from the Cross He besought His Father not to avenge Him, but to forgive them."

One of the Greatest Dangers that Threaten Us.

AMONG current discussions of the divorce evil, a paper contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* by Mrs. Frederic Harrison possesses exceptional interest. Not all of the writer's views, naturally enough, are acceptable to Catholics; but they will endorse her declaration that "every little child in the community has a right to a father and a mother,—to the gentle care and sympathy of the one, and to the love and more bracing and strenuous influence of the other parent. For not all the schools, homes, crèches, and other philanthropic institutions can make up to a child for the loss of a home with a good father and mother in it."

Apropos of the marriage service in non-Catholic churches, Mrs. Harrison declares that it is notoriously mutilated. "It comes to this: that no two marriage service celebrations are quite alike, and the original is rarely heard. There is no insistence on any pledge of love and duty to possible children, nor of social obligation." And here is another state-

ment of the divorce question by as good an authority on the subject as Mrs. Harrison herself, and supplied by her:

I was privileged the other day to hear the views of a clever and most excellent working-woman—herself, wife, mother, and grandmother. I condense here what she said:

Our people don't make such a fuss about little things in marriage as the gentry do. A woman takes a man for better or worse,—very often 'tis for worse. But we never give up. Drink is our worst enemy, but a man may come out of his drink; the woman's got to think of the children. We rather despise divorce; 'tis a bad business when you've got it, and generally means lower and lower down; it don't stop there. We think the gentry don't do so well in their married lives as we do. Look at the poor man's wife with a handful of children! She's a wonder! Divorce has always been impossible for us, because of the expense; if things get too bad, we separate.

One law for the rich and another for the poor is not righteous or possible; but we do not think that there is any demand for divorce from the workers, nor that it will be popular with them, in spite of their long endurance. All honor to them!

We could wish that the "reform" mentioned in this other paragraph of Mrs. Harrison's paper were more in evidence than we have noticed: "The American Minister, Mr. Lowell, many years ago, was wont to declare that one of the greatest dangers that threatened America was the laxness of the divorce laws. 'We have got to change all that, and we *shall* change it,' he used to say. It would be strange if, when a reform of this kind is proceeding in America, we should be pressed in the old country to extend divorce for mere inclination's sake!"

It is exceedingly strange, let us add, that with the patently disastrous results of divorce staring them in the face, legislators presumably concerned about the social welfare of their country should advocate the extension rather than the restriction of the present facilities for sundering the bond of marriage. As the *Nineteenth Century* writer points out: "Increased divorce must injuriously affect the children; it must jeopardize the position of the woman as wife and mother.... Marriage must become a contract like any other contract, to be broken at discretion—with a money penalty. Woe betide the weaker partner—woman!"

Notes and Remarks.

WHAT un-Catholic ideas are sometimes expressed by Catholics themselves! A gentleman in one of our Western cities, who had just presented a handsome check to his bishop for a new cathedral, declared that he could not understand why it was to be so spacious and costly. "You forget, my friend," was the bishop's reply, "that a Catholic church is the house of God." Another bishop, on learning that a prominent Catholic lady was lamenting the introduction of a contemplative rather than an active religious community into the diocese, remarked: "I suppose she considers of no use the angels who stand before the Throne, praising the Almighty and interceding for the souls of mankind."

The illustrious Donoso Cortes was often heard to say: "I believe that were we able to penetrate the secrets of God and of history, we should be struck with astonishment at the wonderful effects of prayer, even in human affairs. To maintain the peace and stability of society it is necessary that there should be a certain equilibrium, known to God alone, between prayer and action,—between the contemplative and the active life. So firm is my conviction on this point that I assert without hesitation that were there a single hour in which no prayer ascended from earth to Heaven, that hour would mark the end of the world."

On the occasion of the Holy Father's nameday, the feast of St. Joseph, the English bishops addressed to their clergy and laity a letter, from which we quote this paragraph, of interest and relevancy to the faithful everywhere:

It is necessary that Catholics should never forget that the Temporal Sovereignty, providentially bestowed upon the Holy See in order to insure the civil independence which is essential to the exercise of the spiritual mission entrusted by God to the Papacy, was destroyed by a policy of long-continued aggression, violence, and deceit. And to this day no other

means has been discovered or suggested for the safeguarding and protection of that civil independence. Even were the conditions in which the government of the Universal Church is now carried on satisfactory in themselves—and who will venture to say that they are?—yet they would be absolutely inadequate, for the simple reason that they rest on nothing more solid than the guarantee of the uncertain will of the Parliament of one single nation. On this account Catholics will never cease to protest that such civil independence and freedom of spiritual government as the Holy Father now possesses are so precarious and insufficient that they can never satisfy the legitimate claims of his spiritual subjects, to whatever nation they may belong.

For "the uncertain will of the Parliament of one single nation" there will eventually have to be substituted at least the guarantee of an international agreement. Nothing less stable can be considered adequate.

The efforts now being made to familiarize the Catholic laity with the labors of our missionaries in foreign lands are matter for rejoicing. The good results are felt at home and abroad. There is more generous support of needy missions all over the world, and those contributing to this end experience in many ways the blessings attendant upon their zeal and charity. We have always held that the apathy of so many Catholics in regard to the work of the Propagation of the Faith arises, not so much from lack of zeal as from lack of information. No notion could be more false than that contributions to foreign missions are so much withdrawn from the support of home charities. Charity begets charity among our people. As Cardinal Vaughan used to say:

Put before them details of the heroic labors of the Church, the pressing onward, in spite of ignorance, deadly persecutions, and pestilential climates, and they will begin to lift up their hands in amazement. Let them behold the endless procession of men—and of frail women too—exchanging refined and pleasant homes for a nomad life in frozen regions near the poles, or for lands under the burning sun, that they may convert the unevangelized to God. Bring to their door to-day's distant scenes of Catholic

heroism, and we shall see—yes, we shall quickly see—how Catholic hearts will warm till they beat high with noble resolves, rekindling zeal for works of charity at home by the example of their brethren abroad. Ample experience proves beyond dispute that to disseminate among our people authentic information of the apostolic zeal of the missionaries of the Church is to stimulate faith and prayer, to quicken charity and zeal in every house and parish, to multiply vocations for home and foreign missions.

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In answer to a correspondent living among non-Catholics and frequently called upon to defend matters concerning the Church, and desirous of information as to the position of excommunicated priests and bishops, the editor of the *London Tablet* makes this adequate answer:

The priesthood in itself, which belongs to a priest, or, in its fulness, to a bishop, is not like a mere post or office or appointment which can be taken away by the Church's authority. The Church can make a person an archdeacon or a vicar-general or a canon by a mere act of appointment, conveyed, if need be, in writing or from a distance; and for sufficient reason she could in like manner remove him from the post, and he would be no more an archdeacon or a vicar-general or a canon than he was before. The act of the Church in this case is jurisdictional and, so to speak, extrinsic,—clothing the man with jurisdiction and unclothing him.

But the priesthood is not a mere matter of an office or post. It is an *order*. Its powers are a derivation from the Eternal Priesthood of Christ. They are conveyed from Him through the Apostles and their successors. They are conveyed not by a mere fiat of jurisdiction, but in a sacrament. In the sacrament the priestly powers and priestly character are, by the action of the Holy Ghost, embedded in the soul intrinsically, indelibly, and inalienably. The person ordained is a priest for all eternity,—if in heaven, to his greater glory; if in hell, to his greater ignominy. What the Holy Ghost has wrought in his soul, in the bestowal of priestly power and character, can never be undone, or withdrawn from him. As a consequence, if he become a schismatic or a heretic or an infidel, the Church can, and will, excommunicate him and expel him from her fold, and can degrade him and deprive him of the exercise of all jurisdiction over her people, and can forbid him the use of the priestly powers he possesses. But his possession of the powers themselves is intangible. In going out of the Church, branded

by her anathema, he carries—to his greater shame and peril—his priesthood with him. If the priestly powers are used outside the Church, and contrary to her prohibition (apart from cases of invincible ignorance), their exercise is sinful and sacrilegious, but is valid, if due matter and form and intention be not wanting. If the excommunicated priest duly consecrates a Host, it is truly consecrated; and if the excommunicated bishop duly ordain a bishop or a priest, the person ordained is truly a bishop or a priest.

It is thus that heretical or schismatical bodies, like the Nestorians, the Armenians, and Greeks, have valid Orders and a true Mass, although they are outside the pale of the Church. Had the Anglican Church, like them, derived its Orders by an undoubted succession, transmitted by due matter and a sufficient form and intention, which are necessary in every sacrament, it would have been in the same position. It is not so, because their original derivation from a real bishop is doubtful; and, most of all, because the form used in its ordinations and intentions are utterly defective, failing to express and convey the *sacerdotium* or priesthood, as declared by the Bull of the Holy See in 1896.

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G. Clarke Nuttall contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* an important paper on "Eugenics and Genetics." As both terms are comparatively new, it may be worth while to quote their definitions and their differentiation:

Now, Eugenics (literally "good-breeding")... is defined as "the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of the future generations, either physically or mentally."... Obviously, then, there is in Eugenics, in addition to the ordinary study of the well-worn problems of heredity, a large ethical element....

Genetics, on the other hand, contains no element of ethics, *per se*, within it, for it is purely an inquiry into the physiology of heredity and variation. It examines the ultimate physical elements of life; it records processes; it seeks to discover and tabulate the laws that govern them.... Therefore, while the aim of Eugenics is the realization of an ideal in the future, the aim of Genetics is pure knowledge of facts in the present. Genetics, therefore, is the handmaid of Eugenics, for the Eugenist will take the facts that Genetics provides and use them in the furtherance of his aims.

In reading a further paragraph of Mr. Nuttall's article, we confess to having

felt some little pity for those enlightened pseudo-scientists who never tire of denouncing the Church's antagonism to science and progress, and whose stock example of a thorough ignoramus is the traditional "lazy monk." Pity! For it appears that even this brand-new, twentieth-century science of Genetics owes its existence to—yes, a monk. The *Fortnightly* writer declares: "Curiously enough, while Eugenics is the child of a living scientist, the source of inspiration of recent Genetics is a dead monk—the Abbot Mendel of Brun. He, working in his monastery garden fifty years ago, was dead and forgotten for twenty years before his writings were found; but then so instinct with vitality were they that they had only to be placed in suitable soil for a veritable tree of knowledge, a new science, to spring from the tiny grain he had planted so unobtrusively."

Anent the suppression, by the municipal authorities of Rome, of religious ministrations to the sick in the hospitals of the Eternal City, the *Morning Star* has consulted some of the leading physicians of New Orleans as to the harmfulness or helpfulness of such ministrations. We quote the opinions of two of the doctors. The first, Dr. J. D. Bloom, a Jew, says:

Replying to your inquiry relative to the consolation people receive through their religious directors, it is the rule, so far as I know, in every hospital in the States to accord them this privilege in a manner free and unrestricted. My connection with the hospitals of this State, which covered many years, had in point of observation that this custom was in no way harmful and very happily satisfying to human instinct. The Roman Catholic religion was most devoted in this respect, and for its patience and indulgence very commendable.

Dr. J. M. Batchellor, who is a Protestant, declares:

The proposition to suppress religious ministrations in hospitals to the dying must be regarded by all right thinkers as a species of barbarism that can not be justified by any hypothesis. To deny the consolation of the last sacraments and anointment to man in the hour of dissolution

appears to be a retrogression toward atheism and an infringement of what Americans believe the inalienable right of man. That such churchly ministrations should hasten the end of those that are hopelessly ill can not be thought; and that other sick of the same ward should, by witnessing the quiet solemnity of this rite, be affected in a manner inimical to recovery, I believe medical opinion the world over will deny.

These opinions, of course, are merely repetitions of the convictions of eminent physicians everywhere. The beneficial effect of a mind at ease on a body that's ill is a commonplace; and nothing can compare as a mental soother with the last Sacraments.

It is a long time now since the so-called Reformation; but how few Protestants have yet learned the facts about it, or if they were aware of them would be willing to admit even the most indisputable! Mr. Carlos B. Lumsden is among the number of the well-informed; and, declaring that he prefers facts to prejudices, has set himself the task of trying to get at the bottom of the Reformation in England. He has just published, through Longmans, the first volume of a thorough study of it, which deals with the first sixteen years of Henry VIII.'s reign,—i. e., from 1509 to 1525. The work promises to be one of exceptional value, interest, and impartiality. Three "points" scored in the present instalment are thus referred to by the editor of *Catholic Book Notes*:

(1) Mr. Lumsden falls foul of the common clap-trap that has so frequently done duty in the past for historical fact. Thus, while it has been the fashion to say that all scientific advance has been due to Protestantism, it is here shown that the invention of gunpowder and of printing, the use of the compass, the discovery of America,—all took place before the Reformation. "The fifteenth century was the age of great leaps and bounds in man's knowledge; the sixteenth century, the age of the Reformation, is an age singularly barren of any great increase in knowledge."

(2) As regards the Bible, Mr. Lumsden shows clearly what was the real as opposed to the popularly stated attitude of the Church toward

the dissemination of the Scriptures; and, after an able defence of our position, concludes thus: "But misrepresentation has ever been a favorite weapon of Protestant controversialists, whether they write under the guise of history or not."

(3) No Catholic could state better than Mr. Lumsden has done what is the teaching of the Church on the doctrine of Indulgences; and, though he does not spare those who brought it into disrepute by abuses, nevertheless he admits that our teaching has ever been grossly misrepresented—"dressed up with such a wealth of adjectives as only second-rate Protestant writers beating their old-fashioned No-Popery drums could command; while their statements about the teaching of the Catholic Church are such that the veriest little Catholic child would be competent to teach them the truth—though to teach them courtesy would be an impossible task to any one."

Plain talk this. Let us hope that Mr. Lumsden will live long enough to complete his stupendous task.

A precious relic of one of the early missionaries in North America is preserved in a collection of oldtime curiosities in the town of Châtillon, France. It is a small piece of birch bark, not much thicker than ordinary paper, and retaining its light gray color, with darker lines running across it. One side is entirely covered with letters in clear writing, still legible, notwithstanding the paleness of the ink. It is addressed to a priest of the college which once existed in the town, signed with the name of Joseph Marie Chaumonot, and dated "from the country of the Hurons, May 15, 1645." The writer labored for fifty years on the missions in the Canadian wilderness, and was the founder of the first Sodality of the Blessed Virgin among the North American Indians.

Lecturing in Glasgow University recently, Professor Cooper spoke of St. Elizabeth of Hungary as "a woman pre-eminent in the ranks of the saintly philanthropists of Christendom. A contemporary of St. Francis of Assisi, she represented, along with him, the intense feeling of love to Christ, and to the poor as the members

of Christ, which blossomed in the thirteenth century, largely as the result of that practical obedience to Christ's precepts which had been the burden of the great religious teachers of the previous generation."

Such words from a Protestant professor are not only gratifying, but are badly needed in Scotch educational institutions, according to this extract from the *Glasgow Observer*:

It is scarcely credible, but experience proves it to be a fact, that there are to be found in numbers in Scotland young men and women between eighteen and thirty who, having gone through a full school-board curriculum, yet believe that while Christ is the Deity of Protestantism, Mary is the Deity of Catholicism.

There is to be an English pilgrimage to Bruges next month; and a number of the pilgrims propose journeying on foot from London to Canterbury, and thence to Dover, following as far as possible the old Pilgrims' road of former times. This party will travel about fifteen miles each day, arriving at Canterbury on Thursday evening, May 4. Friday will be spent in visiting the shrines of faith in this ancient city, and on Saturday the walk will be continued to Dover, where the foot pilgrims will join the main party. Mass will be attended each morning, and certain devotions will be performed during the day.

This reversion to the oldtime style of pilgrimage is worthy of note—and of imitation.

To Catholics who think of joining any society not specifically condemned by the Church, the Vancouver *Western Catholic* gives this judicious counsel:

Study the society. If in its make-up there be anything not in harmony with the spirit of Catholic religion, shun it. It is a safe rule for Catholics when about to join any society not approved in some way by the Church to have the assistance of their bishop or parish priest in determining its character. It is, on the contrary, a very unsafe rule to consult only those who have a special interest in increasing the membership and prestige of the society.



The Little Voyageurs.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

MY little voyageurs have come,
Though bush and tree are bare;
Their luggage was a bit of hope,
Their trolley line the air.
Their coats are of dull feathers made,
With waistcoats brightly red;
They have no shoes upon their feet
Or cap upon the head.
To them I give my choicest room—
A garden in the sun;
They sit upon the apple trees,
And, when my toil is done,
I question one: "Dear Robin friend,
Where did you get your vest?
Why is it soaked in crimson dyes,
Like evening in the west?"
His merry eyes grow swiftly sad:
"Once when our dear Lord hung
Upon the Cross, a robin's heart
Was with great pity wrung.
"He took his Lord some cooling drops,
And since that time we've worn
A breast all crimsoned from a wound
Made by a cruel thorn.
"No longer hath He need of us,
But ev'ry year we bring
A crumb of comfort 'neath our wings
To those who hail Him King."
Ah, happy little voyageurs
Upon the swaying limb,
I think, of all the summer birds,
You dearest are to Him!

MANY plants have a touch of sensitive-
ness, and show a response to electricity;
while ferns, mosses, and seaweeds can
actually swim in the early stages of their
development.

Carl, the Passion Player.

BY MARY F. EVANS.

IMAGINE the little churchyard
of Oberammergau on a rainy
morning! Surely it is not a
cheerful playground. But as
Carl chased little Anton, his fellow altar-
boy, over the damp grass and gravel and
among the scattered graves, he thought
only of the old knights in quest of dragons,
and was happy because he was alive. The
pursuit was hot, the game was big; and
when at last he stood towering over the
red-cassocked figure laughing up at him,
he knitted his brow sternly, and opened
his lips to pronounce a sentence of death.
But at that moment he caught sight of
Anton's soiled robe, and, breaking into
a laugh, said instead:

"Himmel! what will the English Father
think—"

He got no further, for standing above
him was the English Father himself; and,
worse, he had found Carl, a Passion
Player, at play when he should have been
quietly sitting in the vestry. But English
Fathers have been young, and boys must
be boys even in Oberammergau; so,
calling his two young servers to him, the
priest went in to say his Mass.

All this time the yard had not been
empty; and an English gentleman, with
twinkling eyes, had been a sympathetic
onlooker. No lady-love could have fol-
lowed her hero more closely than he
followed the little would-be knight; and
when Carl entered the church, he too
went in and seated himself where he
could watch the golden head bent in
prayer. Once Carl, looking round, met
the gaze fixed upon him so intently; and,
as he could not be solemn for too long

a time together, he smiled brightly at the stranger. But it seemed to Carl that there was a touch of sadness in the answering smile,—“just like Tante Ida’s,” he thought.

Not long after, Carl found himself on his way to the playhouse. The morning had been dark and gloomy; but, as he skipped along, the sun came out from behind the clouds, lighting up the quaint little town in its nest of mountains. As Carl looked up at the hills, every ravine of which he knew and loved, he sang for pure joy of being in Oberammergau and privileged to act his part in the Passion Play. Every house that he passed had its meaning for him,—its connection with the play. Here in the oak-beamed cottage, set well back in its old-fashioned little garden, with a flowering vine half covering the conventional frescoes decorating the stucco of its front, once lived a famous Judas.

Across the way, the old inn, with the brightly painted dwarfs dancing about its door-sill and marching in grotesquely demure fashion under its eaves, had sheltered many a worthy actor in its time. Even now the Mary of the play dwelt beneath its hospitable roof, humbly serving her father’s guests between the intervals of the performance. Almost every stone had its message of love and devotion,—its own sacred connection with an ideal life, the fruits of which both astounded and edified the world. Perhaps little Carl did not fully realize all this, but an inkling of the hidden message found its way to his boyish face and shone there; so that the villagers who chanced to pass that way smiled to see him happy.

A few moments more, and Carl found himself in the dressing rooms of the playhouse, ready to take his part as Joseph in the tableau of “Joseph and his Brothers at the Well.” Heart and soul Carl loved the Passion Play, and all the devotion of which he was capable he put into the work of his part. For so young

and care-free a boy, his enthusiasm and talent were remarkable; and it was whispered among the elders of the village that little Carl would make a perfect John; and some day—who could tell?—he might even be the Christus.

To be the Christus! That was the dream of Carl’s life,—an honor too great, too sacred almost, to think of, but something to work and pray for with all his strength. If only in the dim future, he might have that part! If only the good God were willing! But no: he must not dream too much. He must only pray and hope. Perhaps some day! But now he must do his best to be a help and a comfort to poor Tante Ida.

Sometimes the task was so hard! Just that morning he had been caught napping. It was of that he was thinking during his first scene; and that was still in his mind when, as the curtain fell, his glance for a moment met the kindly gaze of the stranger he had seen in the church that morning.

“He, too, must have seen me,” Carl thought to himself; “and that was the reason his smile was a sad one.”

That evening, when the play was over, Carl went home, tired but happy, to the little cottage on the edge of the town where he and Tante Ida lived. Carl’s parents had died when he was very young, leaving him to the care of his aunt,—a dear old lady, who had had many sorrows during her life, but who had survived them all, with only a greater love for those about her. Carl himself treasured her, and he was the “sun-child” of her life. He used to crawl into her lap and say: “Tante Ida, smile!” And when her sad, sweet smile answered him, he would clap his hands and kiss her.

When he came home that night, however, her smile of greeting seemed sadder than usual, and he felt vaguely that something troubled her. But, like most boys, at seven o’clock in the evening he was hungry, and soon forgot, in the pleasure of his warm meal, that there was any-

thing but perfect peace and joy in the great world.

It was not until the room was once more in order, and his aunt had called him to her side by the fire, that the feeling returned. Then, taking his hand, she gently drew him to her and told him that an English gentleman had come to the house that day, asking about Carl. Long ago he had lost his own little son, a boy with golden hair and eyes like Carl's. If only they were willing, he would take her child with him to far-off London and give him the best of care and teaching, and every pleasure a boyish heart could desire. The next day he would come to hear their answer, and little Carl must decide what he would do. Tante Ida herself would not keep him if he wished to go; it was an opportunity that rarely came to a boy in that little town. But he knew that she loved him better than anything else in all the world, and would be glad to have him with her always. She drew him down beside her to say a prayer to the Divine Child to guide them; then she kissed him gently, and sent him off to bed. But far into the silent night she knelt beside the fire, weeping quietly and praying.

All night long Carl tossed and thought. London, that fairy city, rose before him with all its many attractions. Anton's father had been to London and brought back enchanting stories of the rush and stir of life; of the lights and noise and crowds; of the beautiful streets and parks and pleasure-houses; of museums and of palaces. And perhaps—a pony of his own. His heart bounded at the thought. He could already picture himself on the back of a prancing pony. But, then, Tante Ida—his dear Tante Ida! How could he ever leave her, and Anton and his other companions, and the dear old town with its brightly frescoed houses, and the mountains, and the Passion Play! And the thought that maybe, in some far-off time, he might—at least he could try—ah, yes! he would have to stay! The call of

the ambition born in his blood was too strong. Young as he was, he felt that something was calling him to remain. All night long the fight went on. But at last his mind was at rest; and when his aunt climbed the stairs in the gray of the dawn she found Carl sleeping peacefully in his cot.

It was the morning sun, pouring gloriously into the room, that later woke its child. The sun always seemed happy to Carl, but it beamed on him that morning with a joyous laugh in every ray. Eagerly he dressed himself, said his prayers, and ran downstairs, the sunshine dancing round him at every step. When he burst into the room where his aunt and the Englishman were anxiously awaiting him, they, too, caught its spirit, and felt that, whatever Carl had decided, they could be happy in his choice.

Without a moment's hesitation, Carl ran across the room, threw his arms around Tante Ida's neck and covered her face with kisses. With happy little catches in his voice, he told her of how he had thought of London, the dream city, with its many pleasures, of a pony, and of the fond care of a father; but he could never leave his Tante Ida,—his dear Tante Ida,—no, never!

Then, turning to the Englishman sitting by, he climbed upon his knee and said with childish trust:

"The dear Christ-Child will find you a little boy with golden hair, I know; and," he added smilingly, "one who does not forget to serve his Mass."

But Carl knew the real reason he wished to stay was that he might some day, with God's help, prove himself worthy of the beloved part in the famous Passion Play that is the dream of every Oberammergau boy's life.

THE Northern bluethroat is perhaps the swiftest flying bird in the world. It has been known to travel in one night from Central Africa to the German Ocean, a distance of 1690 miles.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—A BAD BOY'S GAME.

Pedro was rapturously ready to go anywhere his little señor should suggest, so the three boys were soon making their way to the Snake-Charmer's Cave. It lay some distance back from the little Indian village, and was quite as horrible as any one in search of sensations could desire.

How far the cave stretched into the mountains was a matter of legend; all that was visible was a deep, dark hollow, surrounded by jagged rocks, where the snake-charmer, a withered old Indian, crouched with half-closed eyes, while he blew feebly upon a reed pipe that made strange, mournful music; and writhing, twisting, coiling about him were snakes of every size and kind, from the big copperhead that wriggled about his neck to the shining little adders that gleamed around his ankles.

A breathless crowd was watching the hideous sight. Billy had to squeeze in with some difficulty before he could look down into the Snake-Charmer's hollow, that was safely guarded by its rude walls of rock. One glance was enough; for Billy-Boy turned sick and cold with horror. He had never before been at close quarters with a snake of any kind; and this wriggling, writhing mass awoke some natural antipathy, of which he had been hitherto unconscious. It seemed for a moment as if he must reel forward and plunge into the horrible depths below him.

"Let—let me get out of here!" he gasped, as, white and dizzy, he tried to force his way back through the pressing crowd.

"Too much for you, eh?" said a friendly voice, and Billy was conscious of a strong supporting hand on his arm. "It's rather stiff for me too, so we'll get out together."

And the speaker, a big blue-eyed giant in the easy garb of a miner, half drew,

half lifted Billy out of the Snake-Charmer's crush into the freshness and freedom of the piny ridge beyond.

"George! you're white about the gills! Better take a swig at this." And he held a pocket flask to the pale-faced boy.

"No," said Billy, rallying. "I'm—I'm all right now. I never before was so close to anything so horrid. Thank you very much for helping me out. I was so dizzy I couldn't see."

"Sort of staggered me too, I must say," laughed the big man. "It's the old Bible story, I reckon. There's something against nature in a snake, and when you get them in reels like that—but we won't talk any more about it. Still, I've seen humans that were a deal worse than snakes, sonny. Sure you are all right now?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered Billy. "But I'm not going to fool around here any longer. I am going home."

"Where is 'home'?" asked his new acquaintance.

"Bar Cross Ranch, on the Coyote," replied Billy.

"Don't know your Ranch, for I'm a newcomer out here. But you're a long way from the Coyote sure; so you'd better make tracks, unless you want night to hit you on the trail." And, with a pleasant nod, Davy (for it was the big man from the Jig Saw Mine that had befriended Billy) turned away to finish up the sights and shows of Las Rocas before dark.

"He is right," thought Billy, anxiously. "I'll get Pedro and start for home. We ought to have gone an hour ago."

But to "get Pedro" was not the simple thing the little señor had thought. In vain he skirted the crowd still pressing about the Snake-Charmer's Cave, whose attractions his companions must surely have exhausted by this time; in vain he loitered on the return way to Las Rocas, scanning every passing group; in vain he peered into tent and booth: neither Pedro nor Bob Bryce was visible.

And the revelry was growing wilder and noisier every moment. The pulque

was doing its maddening work. Men were swearing, quarrelling, fighting, and the day was drawing to a close. Billy, a lone little figure, wandered through Las Rocas, looking for Pedro, who seemed to have been swallowed up by the earth.

"He never would have gone off without me," thought Billy, striving to master the growing terror in his heart, as he realized his utter helplessness if thus abandoned. "He couldn't leave me like this."

But, to be fully reassured on this point, he betook himself to the temporary corral where the little Indian boys were guarding the horses. He drew a breath of relief. Pretty Marquita and sturdy little Diaz stood safely tethered side by side. Marquita gave a restless whinny as Billy patted her neck. It was time to be off, she knew.

"You have this pony?" asked the Indian boy, briefly.

"No, he won't!" put in a boyish voice. "That's no Dago's pony, I know. It's Marquita, from Bar Cross Ranch; and you'd better look sharp after her, for she is worth more than your whole bunch. I don't know what sort of a fool left her tied up here."

"I did," said Billy, turning eagerly to the speaker, a sharp-eyed, freckled-faced boy, about his own age. "She is mine. I'm Billy Dayton, from Bar Cross Ranch."

"You are!" gasped Cub Connors (for it was that brisk and knowing young person who, after a breezy visit to Las Rocas, was about to reclaim his own "kicker" for a return home). "The kid brother I've heard about? Gee whillikins! who dressed you up in that monkey rig and brought you here?"

Billy passed over the slur on Tio José's holiday garb, and explained his presence at Las Rocas. As Cub listened, the incredulous stare on his face vanished into a broad grin.

"Golly!" he said. "Well, you are—I won't say what. And you sold old Martina's rugs? Who's got the money?"

"Pedro," answered Billy; "and I don't

know where he is. I've lost him in the crowd."

"What! money and all?" exclaimed Cub. "How long ago?"

"Oh, it must have been more than an hour!" was the doleful answer. "We went to look at the snake-charmer, and that made me sort of sick, and we got pushed apart in the crowd. I've been searching for him everywhere, and I can't find my way home alone."

"Golly! no," answered Cub. "Don't think of trying. You couldn't keep that trail after dark even if you knew the way. And as for your boy, you're not likely to see him either. Like as not some sharper has made him dead drunk on pulque and skinned him clean. Well, to think of a candy kid like you being turned loose in a 'jamboree' of this kind! The best thing you can do is to mount Marquita right off and ride home with me. It's a safe road and five miles shorter. Rooker's Station, you know."

"Oh, I've heard of Rooker's!" replied Billy.

"I bet you have!" said Cub, proudly. "We ain't any more than ten years old, but we're jumpers, I tell you! Killed Buckston and Beryl stone dead already; and we're getting livelier at Rooker's every minute. Store, post office, blacksmith's shop, Connors' Hotel in full blast now. Bids out for a church and a schoolhouse next spring. Telephone and telegraph,—Rooker's is booming with the biggest kind of a boom. You'd better sell Marquita and buy a corner lot. I've got two," confided Cub. "Made the money carrying telegrams for folks like yours, that can't wait for the mails. They kept the wires hot about you, sure; and they'd want you out of this bunch, I know; so you better give up that greaser of yours and come home with me."

It really seemed the only thing for Billy to do; and, with the darkening mountains frowning about him, Rooker's, with its hotel and post office, sounded invitingly safe and sheltered; so in a few moments

both boys had mounted their ponies and were on their way.

"All right, are you?" called a cheery voice, and Billy recognized his big friend of the Snake-Charmer's Cave striding by. "I've had about enough of this too, sonny. There's plenty worse creatures than snakes loose around here, so I'm off."

Billy waved the speaker a friendly good-bye and rode on, glad to leave the sights and sounds of Las Rocas behind him.

"A deal worse than snakes!" growled honest Davy to himself. "Don't know what I came for, anyhow. The rest of the bunch can do what they like, but I'm off to the Jig Saw right now."

"Not till you pay up!" said a sharp young voice beside him.

"Bobby!" said Dave. "Blamed if I didn't come nigh forgetting the little imp! Jump on your pony right quick, for I'm going to take you home."

"Not much!" answered Bob, his black eyes dancing wickedly. "Pan out your cash, Dave. I've won."

"Won what?" asked Davy, staring.

"Oh, you can't go that game on me!" said Bobby. "You know very well what, Davy Drum. I've won fifty dollars, and you said you would double the money if I got it. Here it is." And Bob flaunted five ten dollar notes under Davy's astonished eyes.

"You scoundrel!" cried the big miner, wrathfully. "You've been up to some devil's trick. I'll wager my head!"

"Pooh, no!" laughed Bob, in wicked glee. "It was dead easy, Davy,—easiest thing you ever saw. Found a young fool of a greaser loaded with money, who thought he knew how to play cards. As if I hadn't been watching the Monte men ever since I was born! I played the sucker and let him win everything I had, and muddle himself good with pulque; then I came down on him and cleaned him out. Got a pocketful of loose change besides, after paying treat."

"Where's the greaser?" asked Davy,

breathlessly. "He'll be after you with a knife, boy; and it will serve you right."

"Where is he?" mocked Bob. "Asleep up there on the rocks. I've looked after him all right. He won't know his head from a hole in the ground until sundown, and then I'll be gone. I've just stopped to collect from you, Davy; so cash out your fifty. You ain't the kind to go back on your word."

"No, I ain't," said Davy, slowly,— "not even when it's about the biggest fool word I ever spoke; and there'll be a pair of fools when you get the money, I know. There it is!" The speaker drew out a roughly-made wallet and dropped five golden eagles into Bobby's outstretched hand. "If you were any other kind of a boy, Bob Bryce, I'd talk to you—no sky-pilot preaching, but plain, straight horse sense; but it's no use."

"Not a bit!" scoffed Bob, as he pocketed the money. "Don't waste your breath, Davy. You'll want it all to explain to Dad that I'm off for good and all, and he needn't try to look me up; for I've got the ready money to make my own way. He was pulling up a little too tight when he planned guardhouse and hard-tack for me. So bye-bye, Davy!" the mocking voice rang out, as Bobby vanished in the crowd.

Davy made a stride forward, as if he would lay hands on his tormentor; but a second thought restrained him.

"What's the good?" he muttered, as he replaced his sadly depleted wallet in his pocket. "What's the good of bothering with a boy like Bob Bryce? Now, that other little chap this evening set me to thinking of mother and home and all sorts of soft things. I'd held him from trouble with a death-grip, he is so young and green. But Bob Bryce is hard and cold as nails, so let him go."

Meantime, guided by sharp-eyed Cub, Billy-Boy was taking his way over the broader and safer trail that led to Rook-er's, where his companion had assured

him of hospitable welcome for the night.

"Your brother with his bunch stopped there last week," confided Cub, as Kicker and Marquita took a level stretch side by side.

"Oh, did he?" exclaimed Billy, with eager interest in all that pertained to Jack.

"And they were going it rapid, you bet!" continued Cub. "When that Sandy Nick fastens himself upon a chap he never lets go,—sticks like a horse-leech until he has sucked his last cent. Maybe Bar Cross can stand it; but Dad says, to his notion, your brother was looking mighty sick."

"Was he?" broke in Billy, on whom Cub Connors' figurative border speech was altogether lost. "Oh, poor, dear old Jack! I wish he would stay home and take care of himself until he gets real well again. It would break mother's heart if she knew that Jack is working himself to death out here."

"Working—working himself to death?" echoed Cub, staring at the anxious Billy. "You don't mean to say that—"

Cub paused, with the keen, cutting truth on the very tip of his tongue. What held it back he couldn't have explained; but something in Billy's brown eyes made him feel as if he held the edge of a knife to the throat of a white-wooled lamb. He caught back the words that would have told Billy the "wild West's" opinion of Rackety Jack, and burst into a laugh that made the heights about him ring.

"Well, you're a funny boy!" said Billy, half indignantly. "I don't see any joke in my brother's being ill."

"Nor I," replied Cub, suddenly sobering, as he raised himself in his stirrups and glanced around him. "But I tell you what I do see, and that's the biggest kind of a storm coming over that peak there. Steady behind me now. We'll have to clip it; for we'll be blown off this trail like two mosquitoes if we don't get somewhere before that black cloud rising up yonder bursts."

(To be continued.)

A Floral Calendar.

The Japanese have what we may call a floral calendar,—according to each month, a blossom or leaf. They take the pine as the emblem of prosperity, and assign it to January, decorating their houses with it on New Year's Day. The blossoms of the plum tree, in their eyes, typify purity, and they give it to February; while March has to be content with the tender pink blossoms of the peach tree. Of all flowers, they love the cherry blossom best, and devote to it April, the month of hope. May has for its own the purple clusters of wistaria. The iris belongs to June, while July has the perfume and splendor of the water lily. The flowering hibiscus is the property of August, while September appropriates the azalea. The chrysanthemum—the royal flower of Japan, that blooms on the coat-of-arms of the imperial family—is associated with the glorious month of October; and to November and December belongs the camelia, which blossoms even amid the snows.

About a Common Remedy.

Quinine, that precious anti-fever tonic, was long known as Jesuits' Bark because Jesuit missionaries were the first to introduce it into Europe. The word "quinine" comes from the Peruvian word *kinkina*, which means "crust." Cinchona, the name by which the alkaloid is known in science, was given to it after the wife of the Count of Cinchona, viceroy of Prague in 1638, who was the first European to try the remedy.

The Indians were early acquainted with the salutary properties of quinine; but they guarded the secret very jealously, and whoever betrayed it to a stranger was invariably punished with death. In 1640 the governor of Peru, who had learned the secret through his daughter, introduced the medicine into Spain, and effected remarkable cures by it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In his will, Antonio Fogazzaro declares that he wishes everyone to know that he died in the belief of the Church.

—"The Master-Singer," by Frank R. Rix, A. P. (American Book Co.), contains some choice compositions by Mozart, Wagner, Gounod, Verdi, and others. They are mostly part-songs and choruses, and will be welcomed for large and small assemblies.

—The life and death of Blessed Joan of Arc are the material of a clever new play ("The Maid of Orleans") by Father Benson. It makes interesting and edifying reading; but we should think it would be difficult to stage, especially so for amateurs. Longmans, Green & Co.

—Agnes Repplier, to whom the University of Notre Dame awarded its Latane Medal this year, is credited with reviving an art almost lost in our time,—that of the essayist. Her writings are distinguished by freshness of thought, aptness of illustration, delicacy of humor, and charm of style.

—A collection of Bibles on exhibition in the King's Library at the British Museum, during the celebration of the tercentenary of the Authorized Version, included a number of fifteenth-century Bibles printed in German, Low German, Italian, Dutch, Bohemian, etc. Yet further evidence of pre-Reformation popularity of the vernacular Scriptures is found in the issue of illustrated Bibles, examples of which are the Low German Bible of 1480, the Italian one of 1493, the Malermi Bible, and the French Bible of 1510. A copy of Lyndewood's Provinciale was open at the decision of the Synod of Oxford in 1433, forbidding the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, with a note to the words *noviter compositus*, pointing out that ancient versions were not forbidden, a point afterward made by Sir Thomas More.

—A very welcome addition to English hagiography is the "Life of Saint Lawrence of Brindisi, Apostle and Diplomat," by Father Anthony Brennan, O. S. F. C. (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) The celebrated Capuchin whose very full career is here set forth flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early portion of the seventeenth. He won distinction as a preacher, was a successful apostle of the Jews, held high office in his Order, had charge of the mission to Germany, served as army chaplain, acted as Nuncio Apostolic and Spanish Ambassador, and was a moving

spirit in the Catholic League. The story is replete with vivid historic interest as well as the edification that radiates from a saintly personality. Father Brennan's book is based chiefly on the Italian Life of the Saint written on the occasion of the Beatification, in 1783, by Father Bonaventure of Coccaneo; and it does not need the justification with which he concludes his Introduction, a quotation from Newman: "Nothing would be done at all if a man waited till he could do it so well that no one could find fault with it."

—A book of Catholic short stories somewhat out of the beaten track is "Chinese Lanterns," by Alice Dease. (London C. T. S., and B. Herder.) It will be found not less enjoyable than edifying. Among the nineteen narratives we recognize several that have already appeared in our own pages. If the author has never personally visited the Chinese missions, her correspondence with the Sisters in that far Eastern clime has been sufficiently full and detailed to supply her with all necessary local color; and the stories she tells are uniformly interesting.

—"Pilgrim Stories," by Margaret Pumphrey (Rand, McNally & Co.), is the realization of a desire on the part of a youthful class to read for themselves the stories that were told them of the Pilgrim Fathers,—their life in England, their sojourn in Holland, their voyage in the *Mayflower* to America, and their after experiences. The book is pleasantly written and attractively illustrated, but it seems to us a superfluous addition to the Puritan tales already printed. Why do not some of our Catholic publishers bring out a collection of similar stories of the early settlement of Maryland? Such a book would be a welcome addition to supplementary reading in our parochial schools. Good text-books of all sorts, in fact, are needed. But only competent hands should undertake to supply them.

—"St. Mark's Hymnal for Use in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States," published (with the *imprimatur* of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Peoria) by J. Fischer & Bro., deserves a wide welcome. The compilers were well qualified for their task; and they have afforded a varied collection of truly spirited hymns, set to really appropriate music,—hymns that are neither weak nor wordy, and music that appeals both to the young and the old. There was need of just such a collection as the present one; and it is rendered all the more acceptable by a

complete index of first lines, liturgically arranged. The publishers might have done their part a little better. We have noticed a number of typographical errors; and the inner margin of many of the pages is inconveniently narrow. Another thing—all such books should be supplied with markers. The compilers also will perhaps find some improvements to make in the next edition—may there be many!—of "St Mark's Hymnal."

—The newest anti-Christian books, openly or covertly such, are for the most part merely a restatement of oldtime fallacies, sophisms, and specious arguments, that have been refuted and confuted time and time again. The supercilious assurance with which some contemporary scribe, in whom self-assertiveness takes the place of scholarship, talks about "all scholars nowadays rejecting" this or that Christian doctrine, or such and such an origin of a book of Scripture, would be merely ludicrous were it not that uneducated readers are liable to take the merest veneer of scholarship for the genuine mahogany. For this reason we must decline to give even the advertisement of a specific mention to an anti-Christian volume that has found its way to our table. If the publishers were in good faith when they asked for it our favorable consideration, they must ignore the character of our magazine; if they were not in good faith, then we have only to say they have been at some useless expense.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Chinese Lanterns." Alice Dease. 40 cts.

"Life of St. Lawrence Brindisi." Father Anthony Brennan, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.

"Father Damien. An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson. [With a statement by Mrs. Stevenson.]" 30 cts.

"Christian Mysteries." Right Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. 4 Vols. \$5, net.

"The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home." Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"Christian Pedagogy; or, The Instruction and Moral Training of Youth." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.50.

"The Intellectuals: An Experiment in Irish Club-Life." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50, net.

"The Story of the Bridgettines." Francesca M. Steele. \$1.80.

"The Art of Living." Dr. Friedrich W. Foerster. 90 cts.

"What the Old Clock Saw." Sophie Maude. 75 cts.

"A Sheaf of Stories." Joseph Carmichael. 80 cts.

"Free Will, the Greatest of the Seven World-Riddles." Hubert Gruender, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Life of Blessed John Eudes." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"Won by Conviction." Rev. Denis O'Shea. 80 cts.

"Andros of Ephesus: A Tale of Early Christianity." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.25.

"Paul of Tarsus"; "John the Beloved." M. T. Kelly. 25 cts. each.

"The Life of the Ven. da Silveria." Rev. Hubert Chadwick, S. J. 80 cts.

"Jesus All Great." Rev. Alexander Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HBB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Paquet, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Maher, diocese of Newark; Rev. Thomas Reville, diocese of Nottingham; Rev. J. H. Ford, O. P.; Rev. P. J. Brady, C. S. P.; Very Rev. John O'Connor and Rev. John Rodock, S. J.

Sister M. Bernard, of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. William Ward, Mr. Henry Worsley, Mr. Patrick Fogarty, Mrs. Sophia Warren, Miss Catherine Braun, Mrs. Margaret Mousel, Mr. T. J. Hurley, Mrs. Mary Walsh, Mr. John Loughlin, Mr. Leo Suess, Mr. James Fox, Mr. Michael Fogart, Mrs. J. N. Rogers, Mr. Thomas Regan, Mr. Louis Barber, Mrs. Bridget Meehan, Mrs. Mary Fox, Mr. Andrew Brendel, Mrs. Ellen Breen, Mr. Edward Burgdorf, Mr. Walter Burke, Mr. W. J. Burton, Mr. J. B. Chopin, Mrs. Catherine Halley, Mr. Edmund Halley, Mr. William Hedtkamp, Mr. M. Fitzpatrick, Miss Mary O'Hara, Mr. Robert Hickman, Mr. George Kretzer, Mrs. Catherine McNulty, Mr. J. F. Labadie, Mrs. Mary McDermott, Mr. Joseph Maxwell, and Mr. Charles Rowe.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 15, 1911.

NO. 15

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Easter Hymn.

(*Sarum Missal, abridged.*)

BY DAVID T. MORGAN.

OF Christ our Lord the glorious triumph sing;
To Him, the Conqueror, fresh anthems bring,
Who by His death Himself destroyed the sting
Of death and grave.

That flock which fear compelled to shades of night
Now sees its risen Lord in fullest light;
While, pledges of His love, to faithful sight
His wounds He shows.

For ever living, Thou, O Christ, dost reign!
Grant, then, that we, redeemed by Thy pain,
May, through Thy saving life, arise again
To life with Thee!

Now to the Father and beloved Son,
Who by His death our endless life has won,
Joined with th' Eternal Spirit, three in one,
Be laud for aye!

"O Filii et Filiae."

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE EASTER HYMN.

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, MUS. D.



CONSIDERABLE obscurity has attached to the authorship of the beautiful Easter Hymn "O Filii et Filiae." For over a century much speculation has been indulged in as to its origin; and, while some alleged that it dates from the fourteenth century, others held that it can not be traced farther back than the middle of the seventeenth century.

The Rev. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), a good authority on hymnology, in his "Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences" (1851), includes this hymn with others as probably belonging to the thirteenth century; but Canon Julian, in his "Dictionary of Hymnology" (1892), says that "it is more probably not earlier than the seventeenth century, and is apparently of French origin."

Cowan and Love, in "The Music of the Church Hymnary" (1901), afford the information that the hymn is contained in the "Office de la Semaine Sainte" (Paris, 1674); that, from an examination of that work, it appears that only the Latin text is given, which, however, is headed "Salut" (Benediction) for the feast of the Resurrection. Julian supplements this by telling us that the music or melody of the hymn, set to a German translation beginning "O Söhne und Töchter, Christenleut," is to be met with in a German Jesuit collection entitled "Nord-Sterns Führers zur Seligkeit," published in 1671. He is careful to credit this discovery to Dom Bäumker, who published his well-known work on German Hymnology between the years 1883 and 1891.

Canon Julian, in the second edition of his monumental "Dictionary of Hymnology," published in 1907, traces the hymn twenty years further back, and cites its appearance in an Office Book for Holy Week published at Paris in 1662. In this work it is headed "Joyous Chant for the Time of Easter," and it was intended to be sung as an extra-liturgical hymn at Benediction. Evidently the work cited by Canon Julian was a new edition; for

it is dedicated to Monseigneur Molé, who died in 1656; and the approbation of the Parisian theological faculty is dated October 12, 1650. Thus the hymn must have been in popular use in France before the year 1650.

At length, in 1908, appeared an interesting article in the *Tribune de Saint Gervaise*, from which it appears that the Easter hymn was printed in a tiny booklet at Paris about the year 1525 or 1530. Further, we learn that the author was a Franciscan friar, Père Jean Tisserand; and he named his hymn "*L'Aleluja du jour de Pasques*,"—a sort of Easter carol modelled on the Provençal carols. This poetical son of St. Francis died at Paris in 1494, and hence we can with safety date the composition of "*O Filii et Filiae*" as *circa* 1460 or 1465.

Thus we arrive at the date 1460 or 1465 for the authorship of the hymn. As to melody, or tune, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it contemporaneous with the words; and it is doubtless due to Father Tisserand. Bäumer gives an illustration of what he deemed the earliest musical setting, in 1671; but a much earlier French version has been discovered in "*Airs sur les Hymnes sacrés, odes et noels*," printed at Paris in 1623. In this rare book the music is adapted to the Latin text, and is set in four parts, beginning with the three Alleluias.

The Rev. W. H. Frere, in his admirable Introduction to the new edition of "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*" (1910), suggests that the music of this Easter carol is really a trope based on the versicle *Benedicamus Domino* at the close of the Breviary Hours. At the same time Father Tisserand has evolved a very beautiful and catching melody, and the triple rhythm suits the text of the verses. Originally there were only nine verses, but in course of time three others were added. The last verse of the original furnishes a clue to the source whence Father Tisserand derived the germ of his trope:

Ex quibus nos humillimas,
Devotas, atque debitas,
Deo dicamus gratias,—
Alleluia!

This ninth verse has been thus translated by Neale:

And we, with voice devout and sweet,
Most humbly, as 'tis right and meet,
With *Deo gratias* repeat,
Alleluia!

It is well to note that this trope, or extra-liturgical hymn, was originally sung at Benediction on Easter Day. The liturgical hymn proper for the feast, the sequence "*Victimæ Paschali Laudes*," generally attributed to Hermannus Contractus, is now believed to have been written and composed by Wipo about the year 1035. Curiously enough, in England, this latter sequence was sung in dramatic fashion by five clerics, two of whom personated St. John and St. Peter, and three others the three Marys; and the full rubric for the use of this sequence is to be found in a Sarum Processional, now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century. "*O Filii et Filiae*" has thus an early connection with the beautiful function known as "*Salut*," or Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament,—the "*Salut*" originally meaning the *Salve Regina*.

In regard to this hymn, I can not do better than quote the following extract from "*Alleluia*," a charming booklet written by the Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, All Hallows College, Dublin:

"Many modern hymns of the kind are suitable for general use through Paschal Time; but this is the old Easter hymn of our prayer-books, and is the one in every way most suitable for the purpose. It has all the characteristics, the distinctness, the directness, the simplicity, and even the quaintness of the old popular carols. Like our Christmas '*Adeste Fideles*,' with its chorusing *Venite, adoremus*, to be taken up by the faithful, '*O Filii et Filiae*' is an essentially popular hymn, to be sung for and with the people.

Like 'Adeste,' too, it is not a prescribed part of the Liturgy, but a wholly *ad libitum* piece, in accordance with received general or local liturgical restrictions for such singing in Latin or a vernacular version. The tone-thought of the whole is that Mother Church, having her children gathered together on Easter Day, once more rehearses for them the glorious souvenirs of her Lord's Resurrection,—the crowning achievement of His life's work for the salvation of His people. It will be found to be thus a lyrical presentation of the facts of the Gospel narrative. With its Hebrew refrain taken up for chorus in the way of triple acclamation after every verse, as is done in Continental churches, the annual singing of it may be regarded as a Christian representation of the chief hymnal service of the Old Law—that known as the Egyptian or Paschal Allel."

It remains only to say a word on the English translations of this popular extra-liturgical hymn or trope. One of the earliest printed versions is to be found in the "Evening Office of the Church," a Catholic manual published in London in 1748, the first edition of which appeared in 1710. In this scarce volume it is entitled "Young men and maids, rejoice and sing." It is also to be found in the "Divine Office," printed in 1763. The musical setting was issued in London in 1748, in an extremely rare work entitled "A Pious Association"; and again by Coghlan, in his "Essay on the Church Plain Chant," in 1782.

In 1842 a good translation of the hymn, consisting of twelve verses, was published in the "Catholic Choralist"—a rare musical manual edited by Father William Young, of Dublin,—a brother of the saintly Father Henry Young, whose Life was written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. I here subjoin his translation of the first and last verses:

Children of men, this day we sing
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
Whose "rising" makes creation ring,—
Alleluia!

("Alleluia" three times, and so after every stanza.)

Our humble thanks to God let's pay
For all His gifts this blessed day,—
Gifts greater than all tongues can say,—
Alleluia!

Seven years after the appearance of Father Young's book, another English translation was published by Father Edward Caswall, in his "Lyra Catholica" (1849), and this version is still generally sung in Catholic churches in Great Britain and Ireland. In Anglican and Dissenting churches the version sung is Neale's, beginning "Ye sons and daughters of the King," which was published in his "Mediaeval Hymns" in 1851. Unfortunately, in the new edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (1909-10), Dr. Neale's swinging verses are tinkered; but the original form will be found in the Rev. G. R. Woodward's "Songs of Syon" (1910), with the old musical setting harmonized by G. H. Palmer.

In the most recent standard book of Catholic hymns—the "Arundel Hymns," edited by the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. C. T. Gatty in 1905,—the translation is by Father Caswall, beginning "Ye sons and daughters of the Lord"; but only nine verses are given, of which stanzas 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 are translations of the Latin text as written by Father Jean Tisserand, O. F. M.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that future editors of hymnals will accord due credit to the fifteenth-century Franciscan friar who gave to the world this glorious extra-liturgical hymn commemorative of the Resurrection of Our Lord from the dead. Nor is its musical significance detracted from in the least by reason of the fact that the melody is really a trope, in the second Gregorian mode, evolved from the versicle *Benedicamus Domino*, with the Alleluias peculiar to Paschal Time.

THE merits of the Passion are abundantly applied to us in the Holy Mass, by virtue of which we receive torrents of heavenly blessings.—*Anon.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

NINA'S fears were verified the next day by the news which came from George Raynor. He was not dead; and those about him found themselves unable to say how long he might survive, although his condition was still declared to be quite hopeless. After reading the dispatch which gave this report, Madeleine silently handed it to Nina, who on her part made no comment whatever when she returned it; though the glance of her eye and the set of her mouth were sufficiently expressive to render words unnecessary. A moment later she rose abruptly and went away to her studio, where she fell to mixing paints with a vehemence which was in some degree a physical outlet for inward anger. As she left the room, Madeleine turned to Mrs. Wynne, who had brought the telegram.

"You must excuse Nina," she said. "She is—I hardly know how to express it—very much upset by this news."

"I am very much upset myself," Mrs. Wynne replied frankly; "and, therefore, I can sympathize with her. I hardly slept last night for thinking of you as free, and able to be happy at last (it seemed such a beautiful reward for the sacrifices you have made); and I even planned the cablegram I would send to John to-day. Then with morning came—*this!* I am ashamed to confess how disappointed I felt. And I can't cover it by saying, as people so often do, that 'it would be better for the poor creature to die and be relieved of his suffering'; for I'm aware that we don't in the least know whether or not it would be better for him."

"We may be sure that it would not, since he is still living," Madeleine said. "I know," she added, "that you and

Nina are both thinking of me, and that your kindness leads you to desire that things shall be made smooth for me. But you won't misunderstand me perhaps if I say that I have an instinct of—other purposes."

"What kind of purposes?" Mrs. Wynne asked, with a glance of apprehension not unlike Nina's.

"Ah, that I don't know!" Madeleine answered. "It will no doubt be made clear in time. But I am now only certain that the happiness of which you are good enough to dream, and of which I have myself dreamed, is not intended for me. And so—well, I hope you will not send any cablegrams."

"Not even if—if what appears to be inevitable" (Mrs. Wynne pointed to the telegram of the morning) "comes to pass?"

"Let us wait until it does come to pass before deciding what we will do in that case," Madeleine replied quietly.

"And something in her tone," Mrs. Wynne told her husband, when she was later repeating the conversation to him, "made me afraid—yes, positively *afraid* to ask anything more."

"Why should you have been afraid?" Mr. Wynne inquired in a man's unimaginative fashion.

"Because," Mrs. Wynne replied, "the impression was strongly conveyed to me that, if I pressed the subject further, I might hear something which I should be sorry to know."

"But if you knew that much, you must have had an idea of what you would hear; so why not have allowed the matter to be made clear?"

"O Richard, don't be dense!" Mrs. Wynne begged. "There are many occasions in life when we shrink from having our fears confirmed by positive assurance, and this was such an occasion."

"My dear, if you haven't learned yet that my intellect is not very subtle, the sooner you learn it the better," Mr. Wynne informed her. "Don't be disgusted, there—

fore, if I ask you to state plainly what you were afraid of hearing."

"Plainly, then," his wife answered, "I was afraid of hearing that Madeleine has found a new application for the coin of sacrifice."

"You don't mean with regard to this man who has already done her so much harm?"

"I mean just that. I dared not question her; for, as I've said, there are some things of which one would rather not be assured. But I believe that she has offered to sacrifice her happiness to obtain for him—Heaven only knows what, for I don't in the least see what she could hope to obtain."

"A good death perhaps."

"But how *could* a man like that possibly have a good death—in the Catholic sense? I don't wish to be irreverent, but it seems as if such a thing would require a miracle almost beyond the power of God."

"I think that you are a trifle irreverent," Mr. Wynne remarked. "Nothing is beyond the power of God."

"I express myself badly," Mrs. Wynne said. "Necessarily, nothing is beyond the power of God; but we know that He does not coerce our will even with His grace, and that as men have lived so they generally die; because there would need to be a transformation of the whole nature to make anything else possible, and such transformations do not occur at the hour of death."

"It strikes me that you are too much inclined to dogmatize," Mr. Wynne told her. "Such transformations have occurred in rare cases."

"Hardly in a case like this. If you had ever seen the man you would comprehend that he is so perfect a type of the animal that it is difficult to believe that he has a soul at all."

"And yet, if you are right in your suspicion, Mrs. Raynor is ready to sacrifice herself to save that dormant soul. She must believe the thing to be possible."

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Wynne sighed. "I suppose she believes it—and that is what makes the tragedy. It is terrible that she should sacrifice herself so—so uselessly."

"But how can you possibly tell whether or not she will be sacrificing herself uselessly?"

"I can tell that the value of the thing sacrificed is out of all proportion to the value of the thing for which the sacrifice is to be made," Mrs. Wynne declared. "There is no good in talking to me, Richard! I know the heroic view, but I simply can not rise to it. I can not be reconciled to such a thing as this. I was depressed enough when I carried that dispatch to her this morning, but what I felt in going was not to be compared to the depression with which I came away."

"And yet you acknowledge that she said nothing to warrant such depression."

"It is not necessary that things should be *said*: one feels them, especially in the case of a person like Madeleine. And I could see that Miss Percival fears exactly the same thing that I do."

"Which is, apparently, that Mrs. Raynor will bind herself by some vow of sacrifice that will prevent her marrying John, Maitland when her husband is obliging enough to die."

"Putting John out of the question," Mrs. Wynne said hastily, "you must admit that it would be dreadful for her to do anything of the kind."

Mr. Wynne shook his head.

"I may be—no doubt I am—a dull man, mentally and spiritually," he said; "but I couldn't admit that, unless I knew more than it is possible for me to know of what might be gained by it."

"Richard, you make me ashamed of myself!" Mrs. Wynne exclaimed. "I grant that I am thinking more perhaps than I ought of John, but I am really thinking most of *her*. She is such an exquisite creature, she has suffered so much and acted so nobly, that I can not endure the thought of her binding herself to

any further sacrifice after God has set her free."

"In reply to that," Mr. Wynne observed, "I can only suggest that it would be well to wait until she has been set free."

"That is exactly what she said herself," Mrs. Wynne replied. "And indeed there is no telling what the next news from that man may be. Did you request that further reports of his condition should be sent to you?"

"I requested that messages should be sent to me regularly as long as his condition remains critical," Mr. Wynne replied. "I thought that you and Mrs. Raynor would desire as much."

Mrs. Wynne looked at him gratefully.

"It is a great comfort to know that you will always do what one desires, without needing to be reminded of it," she said.

And so for several days the telegraphed reports continued to come to Mr. Wynne with as much regularity as if the man lying desperately injured in the south of France were his brother; and in these reports there was an astonishing sameness, an astonishing lack of change in the condition described. Life appeared to linger in the shattered frame with a wonderful tenacity; and those about the patient seemed to have ceased to expect immediate death, although the nature of his desperate injuries precluded all hope of his recovery. These dispatches were taken or sent to Madeleine as soon as they arrived; and Nina never failed, when she read them, to cast a glance of reproach at her, as if saying, "This is your fault!" But she did not again utter remonstrance, as on the night she burst in upon her at her prayers. Evidently she had learned that remonstrance was of no avail, and she waited with a certain degree of resigned philosophy for the end; only relieving her mind by informing Carruthers that she found the whole situation disgusting.

"I presume," he remarked tentatively,

"that you are alluding to the fact that the man doesn't—er—"

"Die, and end the matter," Nina said bluntly. "If that shocks you, I can't help it."

"It doesn't shock me in the least," he assured her. "On the contrary, since it appears to be highly desirable from every point of view that he should die, I agree with you that the sooner the matter is ended the better. But except on his own account—poor devil!—there seems no particular reason for being disgusted at his delay in leaving a world which he has not adorned."

"That," Nina replied, "is all you know about it!"

"Yes, that is all I know about it," he assented. "Is there anything else to know?"

"There's a great deal else," she replied; "but I don't see that there's any good in telling it to you."

"I beg to differ with you," he returned promptly. "There's always good in confiding in a sympathetic friend. There's the relief to your own mind, and there's the gratification of the friend's curiosity—or, let us call it his interest. I'll take another cup of that rather washy tea of yours while you tell me all about it."

"The tea isn't washy," Nina said, as she poured it out; "and I'm not going to tell you anything. In fact, I haven't anything to tell. The situation, as the French say, 'jumps at the eyes.'"

"It doesn't jump at mine," Carruthers declared, while he added a liberal infusion of rum to the cup of lemon-colored liquid he had received. "I can't perceive anything, except matter for gratitude rather than disgust, in the fact that the man is certainly going to die, and leave our charming friend, Mrs. Raynor, free—that is, conscience-free—to marry our esteemed friend, John Maitland."

"But suppose he *doesn't* die?" Nina cried, as if exasperated. "Suppose that there's a force at work to keep him alive indefinitely, in the hope of doing some

good to his wretched soul, and that when he is finally taken away Madeleine will be no more conscience-free than she is now to seek her own happiness?"

Carruthers stared at her across the tea table as if he thought she had lost her mind.

"Really," he said, "I find myself quite unable to suppose anything of the kind. What possible force is there to keep the man alive indefinitely for such a purpose as you mention? I'm sure medical science doesn't recognize it."

"Medical science, no!" Nina retorted scornfully. "Medical science doesn't recognize anything beyond our bodies, but we are fools if we don't know that our bodies are of value only for what they contain."

"My dear girl, I hope you haven't become a mystic!"

"If recognizing that the soul is greater than the body is to become a mystic, then I have become one," she told him. "And I am, moreover, quite certain that the soul has sometimes at least a wonderful influence over the body."

"The influence of mind over matter is acknowledged by the medical science which you flout," he reminded her.

"I am not talking of anything that medical science acknowledges," Nina observed mysteriously. "I am talking of a force that is set in motion by prayer—oh, don't shrug your shoulders in that detestable manner, or I shall have nothing more to say to you!"

"How can I help shrugging my shoulders?" he inquired. "You must know that what you are saying leads directly to belief in what is called miracles."

"And why shouldn't I believe in miracles, if I like?" she demanded. "They are no more extraordinary than a hundred other things that neither you nor any one else can explain."

"That may be," Carruthers conceded; "but haven't we wandered rather far, unless you are implying that Mr. Raynor is kept alive by the application of mirac-

ulous force,—and from what I have heard of him I should hardly fancy that he was a subject for that kind of thing?"

"He is not," Nina stated emphatically. "It is absurd even to think of him as a subject for it. And yet something is going on that I don't understand. Why doesn't he die?"

"Evidently because his injuries are not so severe as they were at first supposed to be," Carruthers replied. "How can you possibly imagine anything else?"

"It doesn't at all matter what reasons I may have for imagining anything else," she returned. "I am not going to tell them to so unsympathetic a person as yourself. But you'll admit, I presume, that if a certain effect follows a certain cause, we have a right to attribute the effect to the cause?"

"That sounds obvious," he answered; "but it also sounds like a trap; and, being a cautious person, I am not prepared to assent until I know the nature of the cause and effect in question."

She laughed.

"Cautiousness is a new virtue with you," she said. "But if I told you about the cause and effect in question, you would only scoff instead of understanding; so we will change the subject."

Despite vigorous remonstrance on Carruthers' part, the subject was accordingly changed, and he obtained no further information on a matter concerning which Nina would have found it extremely difficult to explain herself. Nothing indeed was clear in her own mind except that she had a suspicion almost amounting to a belief that Madeleine had in some manner, which she would have described as "occult," set certain forces at work on behalf of the man whose death was so much to be desired. It was all, in her opinion, "superstitious," "mystical," and absurd; yet she was herself sufficiently superstitious, in the true sense of the term, to believe in what she would have thus scoffingly described.

Presently Carruthers went away; and she was sitting alone in the firelit dusk of the short winter day, when the door of the salon opened and Madeleine came in. Nina, glancing up as she entered, thought that she had never seen her look more lovely than as she advanced into the circle of firelight, in her outdoor dress of dark velvet, with the rich furs which set off the delicate beauty of her face and the lustre of her golden hair. The keenness of the air without had brought unusual color to her cheeks, and her large dark eyes were shining with the glow of some inward feeling.

Miss Percival raised herself in her chair and uttered an exclamation.

"You look so ravishingly lovely," she cried, "that I want to paint you just as you are! Will you come into the studio for a while and let me make a sketch, at least?"

Madeleine shook her head, as she sank down into a seat before the fire and unfastened her furs.

"I pray thee hold me excused," she said. "I am a little tired now."

"Let me make you a cup of tea," Nina offered. "That will refresh you."

"No, thanks! I have just come from one of the tea-rooms, where I went with Mrs. Wynne," Madeleine replied. She paused a moment before adding gravely: "I have heard some news, Nina."

Nina glanced at her sharply.

"What is it?" she asked. "I suppose it relates to that odious man. Is he dead at last?"

"No, he is not dead. The report to-day is that he is sufficiently better to be brought to Paris for treatment."

Miss Percival fell back in her chair, and was silent for a full minute. Then she said: "I'm not in the least surprised. I knew how it would be. You couldn't be satisfied without setting all kinds of spiritual agencies at work on his behalf; and of course, since it was eminently desirable that he should die, he has been kept alive. What you expect to gain by it I don't know,

but I hope you are gratified at the result of your efforts."

"My dear Nina, this is really most ridiculous!" Madeleine remonstrated. "You can't be so foolish as to believe that I have been able to exert any influence to keep George Raynor alive."

"You admitted that you were praying for him, and what is the good of prayers if they have no effect?"

"I was not praying that he might live—for life and death are in the hands of God,—but that he might have some spiritual illumination, sufficient to save his soul, before he died. I told you that when we talked of this before."

"Yes, but you also told me that, in order to obtain what you asked, you had been so wildly foolish as to make, in accordance with your dreadful Catholic ideas, some kind of an offer of sacrifice. You can't deny it, and there is no telling what the effect of *that* has been."

Madeleine found herself unable to refrain from smiling at the other's tragic earnestness.

"You are kind enough to attribute more value to what I offered than I can possibly imagine that it possessed," she said. "Don't let us discuss the matter. Such things should not be talked about. They concern only oneself and God."

"Are you quite sure of that?" Nina demanded quickly. "Doesn't this matter concern some one beside yourself? Oh, I might as well speak plainly! To gain a remote, impossible spiritual benefit for the man who has treated you so shamefully, are you not ready to sacrifice not only your own happiness, but also that of the man who loves you devotedly, and has conclusively proved his love?"

A look of pain came into Madeleine's eyes as she rose.

"I have already told you that I can not discuss this matter," she said. "It is quite useless, and would be useless even if I could make you understand things which it seems impossible for you to understand. Only I must tell you that

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you are talking nonsense when you imply that I have any power over a situation which I have not created, or—or that I can sacrifice the happiness of a man who has no place in my life."

"He may have, however, unless you put some obstacle in the way."

"You are incorrigible!" Madeleine declared. "Listen now, for this is my last word on the subject. I have asked nothing and I desire nothing but what is according to the will of God. I have indeed begged a great grace for one who has no one else to ask it for him; but I have promised nothing, as I think I told you before, which we should not be willing to promise even under ordinary circumstances."

"But these," Nina remarked in last protest, "are not ordinary circumstances."

"Perhaps they are not so extraordinary as they seem to us," Madeleine suggested. "But, however that may be, we can certainly trust Divine Providence to deal with them for the best."

Then she left the room.

(To be continued.)

In Via Probationis.

BY K. M. AUSTIN.

THIS way is dark, the heavy clouds hang low,
The mists obscure my path, and I am slow
And halting; but some transient gleams of light
The darkness pierce and aid my feeble sight.

This way is long; a weary stretch is past,
And on before me lies a desert vast.
But when the goal is reached, all this will seem
As fleeting shadow or as troubled dream.

This way is rough and thorny; whilst I go
My feet are torn and bleeding; but I know
That He whose road was rougher, thornier still,
Will give me courage and sustain my will.

This way is blessed; for it leads to peace,
To joy and rest, where all our sorrows cease;
Where God Himself shall wipe away each tear,
And love divine shall cast out every fear.

Madame Modjeska.

II.

WHEN the exiles finally arrived at their destination, which was Anaheim, Southern California, it was not without having already experienced considerable disillusionment. Everything in America seemed to them huge, crude, and inartistic. Anaheim had been chosen by Sienkiewicz, who had preceded them, because it was a German colony. He thought that, as all of them had some knowledge of the German language, they would feel more at home there than among people who spoke only English, of which they knew little or nothing.

At that time Southern California was not the garden spot it now is. It was sparsely settled; the colonists had little or no acquaintance with farming, or if they had it was not the kind that was needed in that region. Space will not permit the description of the gradual steps by which they arrived at the conclusion that they had made a mistake. Count Bozenta was the capitalist of the colony, and when he had expended \$15,000 without any visible return, common-sense warned him it was time to "call a halt."

Madame Modjeska at length disclosed a project which had for some time been forming in her mind: she resolved to go to San Francisco, study English, and try to obtain a position on the stage. This plan met with no opposition: everyone was tired of the experiment. Her proposition was no sooner made than acted upon. Madame Modjeska was met in San Francisco by several Polish gentlemen of good family, who had left their native country because they could no longer endure the persecution to which she was subjected. They introduced the beloved actress into the bosom of their families; and their kindness, united to the intensity and hard work she put into the study of English, banished, to some extent,

the disappointment and homesickness which had seized upon her.

After difficulties which would have discouraged a less persevering woman, she succeeded in obtaining an engagement, and made her début in America under the patronage of John McCullough. From her first appearance her success was assured. Although her knowledge of conversational English was not great at that time, she had, under the tutelage of a devoted young friend and teacher, committed to memory the texts of several plays. The day after her début in San Francisco she was approached by Harry Sargent, a noted theatrical agent, on the subject of a tour through the Eastern cities. Very much gratified, she at once consented; and, after an interval of several months, made her initial appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in the rôle of Adrienne. She captured New York at once; and, the crucial test safely passed, all became clear sailing. Friends, critics, and the press were one in their unstinted praise. In Philadelphia and Boston her success was equally great.

Her social success in all the large cities of the United States was also delightful and gratifying. Accustomed to live in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, it must have been pleasant to Modjeska and her husband (who had by this time disposed of the farm at Anaheim and sent back the colonists) to meet with congenial friends, who showered kindness upon them. Among the incidents of her tour is one which Madame Modjeska mentions with great appreciation,—that of her meeting and acquaintance with Longfellow. He called upon her at her hotel in Boston, and she thus describes the interview:

"Although I was forewarned of his visit, I was quite overcome with emotion when, one afternoon, his card was brought to my room. One look of the kind, deep-set eyes and a warm hand-shake soon restored my mental equilibrium and put me at my ease. The presence of this truly

great poet, this man endowed with the finest qualities a man can possess, was a spiritual feast to me. . . . My son, Ralph, came in, and we were both invited to lunch at the poet's house in Cambridge. Longfellow's great charm was that perfect simplicity, so rare in celebrated men. There was not a shade of the patronizing air so frequently assumed by people of superior standing; not a particle of the pomposity I had observed more than once among less known writers. A celebrity without conceit is rare, but there was none in the author of 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha.'

"He did not seem to care much for compliments. When I attempted to speak about his poems he interrupted me, and, pointing to a handsome armchair standing in his study, drew my attention to it; remarking jokingly that the children liked his verses, because he had received it from a school on the— here he paused, and added with a laugh, 'centennial anniversary of my literary activity.' Then, as if fearing he had spoken lightly of the gift, he grew suddenly serious; and, stroking the back of the chair with his hand, he said almost tenderly: 'I prize it highly.' I made another attempt, and said I would gladly study some passages from his poems and recite them to him, and I mentioned 'Hiawatha.' But he stopped me with the words: 'Do not waste your time in memorizing those things; and don't you speak of "Hiawatha" or I will call you Mudjikewis—which, by the way, sounds somewhat like your name.'

"After lunch Ralph played one of Chopin's nocturnes, while our host recited Campbell's poem about Poland, and made me cry. Needless to say, I left his home quite fascinated."

It may be noticed here that the Count Chlapowski, finding the pronunciation of his name very difficult to Americans, dropped it and used his second name—Bozenta. Madame Modjeska's son also changed his name from Rudolphe to Ralph,

as being more American. As she had won her position on the stage under the name of her first husband, and was known to the public under that title, after her second marriage she continued to use it.

Madame Modjeska had not been long on the American stage when she decided to choose the United States for her home; principally, she tells us, because it offered larger opportunities for the career of her son, but also on account of the appreciation and affection accorded her by the American people.

But her own countrymen, in whose hearts she always has held a place that neither time nor absence could change, invited her in 1879 to take part in the fiftieth anniversary of the literary activity of their greatest Polish novelist, Kraszewski. She was welcomed at Cracow with enthusiasm, and played successful engagements there and in other Polish cities. At this time she and her husband also visited London, where they met many celebrities, including Lord Tennyson and other famous *littérateurs*, artists, and musicians. This visit resulted in an engagement in London, where she played "Mary Stuart" for the opening of the winter season. She also played in Leeds, Manchester, and other cities, and spent some time in Edinburgh and Glasgow. She was delighted with the first city, returning to Holyrood again and again to see the place where Mary Stuart had passed so many desolate years.

She did not find Glasgow so interesting. One Saturday afternoon, while she sat at the piano, she was informed by the chambermaid that music was not allowed in the hotel on Saturdays or Sundays. Having been told that the suburbs of that city were very beautiful, she thought to arrange with the landlord for a long drive on Sunday afternoon; but he informed them that the people do not drive in Glasgow on "the Sabbath," and they could not get a pair of horses "for a million." And here she goes on to say, with a great deal of humor:

"Just as he finished this respectful sentence, we heard the rattle of a vehicle and of horses' hoofs in the distance. My husband asked what was the meaning of this exceptional turnout, and the landlord's answer made us nearly uncivil with merriment. 'Oh, that?' Then, after a moment's hesitation, he said it was only a cart hauling beer and whisky about the city. New country, new customs! There was at least a human note in this; and it was rational, too. Every other exercise being forbidden, what could the poor people do but seek consolation in drink? For surely no human being, not even a monk, could pray fifteen or sixteen hours in succession."

They had also another amusing experience in that typical Scotch city. Count Bozenta "inquired of the landlord where they could find a Catholic church. 'I really can not tell you that, sir,' was the curt answer. A young lady behind the counter looked in the directory, and after a while she said there was nothing about it in the book. We knew, however, of the existence of a Catholic church in Glasgow, and were determined to find it. But it was a difficult enterprise, as no one wished to inform us on the subject. 'I don't know, I'm sure,' was all we got for our pains. I saw a demure, pretty, middle-aged woman with a large prayer-book in her hand walking toward us, and I asked her politely to show us the way to our church. 'Not I!' exclaimed the woman, with fear and indignation in her face, and she walked quickly and stiffly away to the other side of the street. The poor creature looked really injured. We walked in all directions, not knowing where to go; and would have been obliged to return to the hotel had we not chanced upon a jolly Irishman, who, seeing us looking around, had the inspiration to ask where we wanted to go. 'To the Catholic church? Come along, then, I'll show you where it is,' he said with a grin, and when we entered the poor, small church he came in too."

In the spring of 1884, at the request of their friend, Justin McCarthy, whom they had met and liked in London, Modjeska played in Ireland. The Lord Mayor's carriage took them from the station to their hotel. This exuberant welcome, added to the fact that in a short appreciative address to her enthusiastic audiences Modjeska alluded to the kinship of suffering and persecution between her country and their own, aroused the suspicion of the government authorities, and during their sojourn in Dublin, they were watched as dangerous characters. Apart from this annoyance, Modjeska heartily enjoyed her visit to Ireland, the people were so appreciative and so original.

In 1885 Modjeska returned to the home of her adoption, to continue for some years longer her pleasant and prosperous career, which was varied by frequent visits to Europe. During this period she played with Edwin Booth, with whom both she and her husband formed a warm friendship.

In 1893 she was invited to represent Poland in the World's Fair Auxiliary Women's Congress, in Chicago; and, though such a rôle was not to her liking, her amiability would not allow her to refuse. During the course of her remarks she made some slight allusion to the state of her own unhappy country. Her words were exaggerated by the press. The daily papers commented on the government which had dismembered Poland; and their comments were reprinted in Russia as coming from Modjeska herself. Two years later when she returned to visit her native country she was forbidden to appear on the Warsaw stage. This prohibition was extended later to St. Petersburg. A short time afterward an imperial ukase was issued forbidding "Helena Modrzejewska, the famous actress, and wife of Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, American citizen, to enter any part of the Russian territory."

In the winter of 1903 Modjeska crossed the ocean for the last time, and settled

down in the lovely home, "Arden," which she had purchased, not far from Santa Ana, California, where she soon became as endeared to her new friends as she had been to the old; identifying herself with every great and good scheme, for the artistic and religious elevation of humanity, which had its inception in her neighborhood. After a time, owing to the expense incurred in managing so large an estate as "Arden," which yielded little or no income, she disposed of the property and moved to Bay Island, in East Newport, on the shore of the ocean she so deeply loved. There her last peaceful days were passed, and there she died. Her funeral was probably the largest ever known in Los Angeles, where her body lay in state for several days, and Requiem Mass followed Requiem in the various churches; for she died as she had lived, a faithful and devout child of the Church.

It was only after she had rendered her pure and patriotic soul to God, when her lips could no longer speak of her country's wrongs, or her beautiful, sad eyes blaze or weep by turns when carried away by the memory of them, that the ukase which had banished her from Poland was removed, and her body was borne across the ocean by her desolate husband to rest in her beloved Cracow, where it was carried to the grave amidst the tears and sobs of her countrymen.

We can not more fittingly close this sketch than by a quotation which illustrates the attitude of Modjeska with regard to the stage and her own experience of it. She writes:

"There is no question that, when it is treated purely as an object of commercial speculation, the drama is apt to degenerate by becoming an appeal to the grosser instincts of humanity,—to be a purveyor of coarseness and immorality. This fact explains in some way, though it does not justify, the prejudice against the theatre which exists even to-day among many serious and respectable though narrow-minded people, who are apt to condemn

the highest effect of true art, because at some theatres indecent plays are produced. . . . They forget that the theatre, if true to its mission and properly conducted, may be one of the most refining and wholesome influences.

"All these thoughts have often been expounded in a much abler way than I can presume to do; but, whilst I do not know how far my apology may convince others, I can state that these considerations always formed the essence of my belief.

"I began this article with a query as to whether I have done right in devoting my life to the stage. Now that I have retired, and can look over my past calmly, I do not regret my choice. Of course the road I travelled was not an easy one; the obstacles were numerous and difficult; the work was hard indeed, and many pangs did my career cost me; but I was amply rewarded. My life became richer through the experience I gained, through the many associations it was my good fortune to form; but the best reward of all was the artistic satisfaction, the joy that I found in the work itself; also the hope that my achievements may have been of some use; and in any case that they did not exert an unwholesome influence upon my audiences; for the keynote of my conceptions was always founded on human sympathy, and I persistently tried to find a redeeming side to the weakness and errors of my heroines; whilst, on the other hand, I endeavored in the execution never to lose sight of the æsthetic objects of art. Another advantage I reaped, which I value most highly, was the privilege I shared with several illustrious countrymen of mine in proving to the outside world that our unfortunate and much-maligned nation, Poland, is always alive, and can not be relegated to oblivion, as its civilization and art are undeniable tokens of its vitality.

"I have done what I could do for art and for myself; I certainly could not do it over again. And as for the excite-

ment and applause, I never attached much value to either. What I loved best in my profession was my work; but the moment I realized I was losing my buoyancy and my quick perception, I left the stage without regret.

"Every age has its rights, and I am only taking a due advantage of them when I allow myself to rest. The writing of my 'memories and impressions' was rather a pleasure than a work, and I could not occupy my time better than in sharing some of my thoughts and feelings with those who in the past have seen me act.

"When I sit on the porch of our cottage, looking at the purple hills of Santa Ana and the peaks of Sierra Madre, or at the blue waters of the bay, I feel calm and contented. The love for my dearest ones fills my heart to its very brim; and, though my thoughts are often visited with the images of the glorious moments of my stage life, yet no regret, no bitterness, disturbs my mind, but gratitude for all I received from God and men."

(The End.)

IF we love our neighbor because he does us good—that is, because he loves us and brings us some advantage, honor, or pleasure,—this is what we call a love of complacency, and is common to us with the animals. If we love him for any good that we see in him—that is, on account of beauty, style, amiability or attractiveness,—this is the love of friendship, which we share with the heathens. Therefore, neither of these is a true love; and they are of no merit, because purely natural and of short duration, being founded on motives which often cease to exist. The true love which alone is meritorious and lasting is that which arises from the charity which leads us to love our neighbor in God and for God,—that is, because it pleases God, or because he is dear to God, or because God dwells in him, or that it may be so.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Cross of Daffodils.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

CHILL and gray dawned that February morning. The "fair-maids," or snowdrops, were peeping up in the old city gardens, as I set out from the Banner House to market; for, though left with sufficient means—thank God!—I deemed it no shame for a woman to attend to the wants of her own household,—to buy the needful food and raiment. My father (rest his soul!) had been a "small squire" in the North, and "Thrift" had needs been our watchword. Even when I wedded a well-to-do merchant of Bayleham, I put in practice the lessons learned at home.

Gideon Shepherd, my husband, was a widower with one son, Gaspar, whom I loved dearly,—well-nigh as much as I might have loved a child of mine own, if I ever had one, which I did not. When Gaspar had grown to manhood, his father went to his rest, and the boy and I biled together in the house of Gideon's ancestors,—a house which had been hallowed by sheltering hunted priests in the cruel days of persecution; for the Shepherds were of the old Fold.

To go back to this February morn, when I donned pelisse and beaver bonnet, and set off with my basket on mine arm. Up one familiar street and down another went Mistress 'Hatty Shepherd (that is myself) until she came to the marketplace, where the butter-women sat under canvas; and from thence I went to the coffee-house, close by the great church, to buy coffee. A crowd had gathered there, and I saw that they had massed round the whipping-post, and inquired of a bystander what was going on.

"A vagrant lad is going to be whipped for stealing nuts from Tovey, the grocer.*

He seems to be a gipsy named Ishmael, so they've been extra hard on him. Hark to him now!"

Over the square came the sound of a piteous voice crying:

"Is there nobody to take pity on a lone lad? Have all house-dwellers hearts of stone?"

Now, I had seen much of the Romanys in my Northern home on the edge of Fyling Moore. My father had given them bit and sup, and they had respected his henroost. My mother had gone to their camps with possets and soups for their sick. Besides, our holy Faith teaches us to pity the unfortunate. So I pressed my way through the crowd, and stood by the "knave's post." This was a hideous wooden figure of a giant, to which luckless offenders against the hard and cruel laws were fastened and chastised,—whipped sometimes to within an inch of their lives.

Tied to the figure by a rope was a dark-eyed, swarthy youth of about fifteen. His shoulders and back were bare, and I saw him quiver like a person with the ague as he waited the first touch of the lash. I turned to Tobin, the executioner, and said:

"Master Tobin, this seems a sore punishment for a small fault."

"'Tis as the justices will, Mistress," said he. "The boy is a vagrant, has no settled abode, and when he has had ten lashes at the post is to be whipped through the town at the cart's tail."

"Shame!" said I,—"shame!" And the onlookers repeated the word.

Now, as I stood there parleying who should come down the Guildhall steps but Squire Gerdon, of Gerdon's Rest, with Gabrielle Mallory, the daughter of Luke Mallory, the good physician, and his French wife Reine! La Belle Gabrielle, as she was called, was a lovely girl; and never had she looked lovelier than when she descended the worn stone steps, with the wintry sunlight falling on the brown curls that rippled from under her plumed

* This actually occurred under the old English laws.

green hat, and her sweet face uplifted to the Squire's.

I turned to the hangman and said:

"Bide a moment! Here comes a friend of the High Sheriff, Sir Aylmer Russell. Let us hear what he has to say."

Nearer and nearer came the pair; the people parted; they stood by the post.

"This is cruel," observed Gabrielle; and, addressing Gerdon, she added: "Canst stay this?"

"Good gentlefolks, I'd rather be killed outright," said the culprit.

"Squire and Mistress," put in Tobin, "I must do my appointed duty, saving your presence."

And the whip was coming down when quick as thought the girl drew off her glove and held her fair right hand suspended over the bare brown shoulders; and I, on my part, took my handkerchief and wiped away the sweat which, despite the coldness of the weather, stood in thick beads on the poor lad's brow.

Tobin turned to Allan Gerdon.

"Squire," he pleaded, "ye'd best take these gentlewomen away!"

Gerdon hesitated. As he did so, Sir Aylmer Russell came riding by, and halted at a signal from the Squire, who went to his horse's head and talked earnestly to him. The High Sheriff dismounted and joined our group.

"Well, young rascal," said the jovial Sheriff, "wilt turn over a new leaf and cease pilfering, if I let ye go free this turn?"

"Your Worship, yea!"

"That's well! Tobin, unbind the lad."

The man obeyed; and Ishmael rose to his feet with an effort, for he was stiff and sore.

"The question now is, what's to be done with him?" said Gerdon. "He's like a wild bird without a nest."

La Belle Gabrielle interposed.

"There need be no trouble. My father wants a page boy. I will take him home with me. Come, boy!"

She handed Ishmael his ragged jacket,

and he slipped into it. As he did so he gave her a look,—a look of unspeakable gratitude, which said as plainly as words: "I would die for thee!"

A year had come and gone since we found the lone lad; and there had been some few changes, both in our quiet city and without it. Ishmael Heath had become a member of Doctor Mallory's household, and a valued one too; for he had many good parts,—could ride a horse, do a bit of gardening, and help the maids. Gabrielle taught him to read and instructed him in our holy religion. He was baptized into the Fold, and on Sundays went to Gerdon's Rest to assist at Mass with the family.

In the world outside, there was talk of a "rising" in favor of the young Chevalier; and it was whispered that Robin Gerdon, who had Jacobite blood in his veins, was in sympathy with it. It was also reported (and I believed with truth) that he loved the physician's daughter, who returned his affection; and that the High Sheriff's nephew and heir, Peregrine Russell, who was also a suitor for the hand of La Belle Gabrielle, hated him as his rival.

'Twas, as I well remember, a snowy midwinter day, and I was sitting spinning in the "keeping room," when Gabrielle Mallory came in.

"Good-morrow, child!" said I. "Hast news to tell? You come in like a whirlwind."

"I have, Aunt Hatty," she answered. "I want to tell you a secret,—that is, if you *can't* guess it."

"I think I can, my little one! You are promised to Robin Gerdon. Is that it?"

She drew her tabaret closer to me, and laid her head on my lap.

"You are right, but the engagement is conditional. We must wait. Robin is an ardent Jacobite—what the wearers of the Black Cockade call a rebel,—and mother fears plots and the Tower for him, and for me an early widowhood; though I

myself am for Prince Charlie, and would face any danger by Robin's side. So we are to possess our souls in patience and wait! But I wear his ring. See!"

She drew from beneath her bodice a posy ring, with this couplet:

Nought can sever
True-lovers ever.

She kissed the ring with a charming gaiety, and whispered:

"I'm so happy!"

"God keep you so!" I replied, and then I asked her if Peregrine Russell knew.

She looked doubtful.

"That I can not say. Once, as Robin and I were looking at a picture of King James the Second, in the Justice Room, I chanced to turn my head, and saw a man looking in through the slightly opened door. It was Peregrine, and hatred was stamped on his face. I shiver when I think of it."

"Then put it out of your mind, wood-pigeon! Tell me, are you going to the grand ball next week?"

"Aye, if you will take me, Madam. My mother can not abide the late hours, and my father frowns on them too; but they both wish me to go if you will come. Say you will, *ma tante*! See: I've brought a sampling of my gown." She unfastened her satchel and drew thence a piece of old-rose brocade. "This will be made in the mode, and trimmed with some of the lace mother wore when she was Mamselle de Rovere. What wilt wear thyself, Madam Shepherd?"

"My wedding gown of gray satin, child. Now tell me of Ishmael."

"He is a strange lad, Aunt Hatty; but he is faithful and a *bon Catholique*. Why, he is going into the woods and fields at Easter to gather daffodils for the Gerdon oratory! He loves the yellow blooms, and often sings an odd little song beginning:

Here's a daffydowndilly,
Though the weather is chilly,
For Molly and Willie,—
O-oh! O-oh!

He's quick at understanding, too. One of mother's family knew that the saintly Père de la Colombière was a client of the Sacred Heart; and when mother explained the devotion to Ishmael he understood at once. The Heart of Jesus pitied the poor lad at the whipping-post, and sent him friends to love him and shelter him. Before, he was like a wild bird without a nest. Now he wants to do something to show that he's grateful."

"Aye!" said I. "I love a grateful spirit."

Then the conversation changed. We talked of the great festivity, in which the little beauty yearned to take her part, and I promised to act as chaperone.

It was the night of the Charity Ball and the old Guildhall was a scene of music and brightness! With the Lord Lieutenant's party came a royal prince; and this, in Gabrielle's opinion, accounted for her lover's absence from the gathering. *She* was the belle of the ball,—that none could gainsay. And exceeding fair she looked in her rose brocade and pearls. The prince himself danced with her, and many a beau wished to be in a gavotte or minuet with fair Mistress Mallory.

When the old clock in the minstrels' gallery struck ten, a footman brought me a pencilled note, which said: "I'll be back in half an hour, Aunt Hatty. *He* would speak to me, and is waiting by the sacristan's house in Trinity Passage. Do not be alarmed." I was not alarmed at first, for I knew that by *he* was meant Robin Gerdon; but when the half hour became an hour, I was sore afraid, and went to make inquiries.

I found that the hall-keeper's wife had seen a young gentlewoman in a dark cloak cross the courtyard about an hour ago, but that was all. And when Doctor Mallory's coach came, I at once drove to his house, hoping to find Gabrielle there before me; thinking that she might have heard ill tidings from her lover, or be afflicted by some sudden sickness. But I

found her not, and then the hue-and-cry was raised.

Up and down the narrow streets went the bellman, ringing his bell and crying: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Lost—a young gentlewoman!" Heads were put out of casement windows, revellers going home pricked up their ears, doors were thrown open,—the ancient city woke up suddenly. But no one could give tidings of Gabrielle. Two prentice lads had seen a coach, with the windows up, drive away from Trinity Passage. High and low, far and near, the searchers searched for Gabrielle, but without success. She had mysteriously disappeared,—been abducted, some averred; and the distracted young Gerdon spent all his time looking for her.

Then Ishmael went on the quest,—with Doctor Mallory's permission. "Let me gang, good Master," said he. "I'll hunt till I find her. I'll gang as a Romany." And as such he went, taking with him a stick, a bundle, and a little silver; and for a while nought was heard of him. But one windy March day, when the daffodils were blowing in the Mallorys' garden, two figures came up the gravel path. One was Ishmael; the other, a veiled woman, who, when she stood in the flagged hall, lifted her veil and said: "Father, mother, don't you know me?" The lost lamb was found. It was Gabrielle,—paler, thinner, and quieter than of yore, but still Gabrielle.

It so happened that I was visiting at Doctor Mallory's; and, being the most collected member of the group, I drew the couple into the "brown parlor." When they were rested and refreshed, the girl told us her story.

"To begin at the beginning," said she. "I was told, in the midst of the ball, that a man in the courtyard had an important verbal message which he would deliver to me alone. I hurried there, and saw a tall, cloaked stranger, who said: 'Mistress Mallory, the robin cometh not where the cuckoo is. He of whom thou wottest would speak with thee by the sacristan's

house.' I said I would come, wrote the note to Aunt Hatty, and then hasted to the rendezvous. The entry looked like a long, dark chimney; but I hurried through it, and cried: 'Robin! Robin!' No one replied. Suddenly a coach turned the corner; two men sprang out, caught hold of me, muffled my head, put me into the carriage, and drove off. I was both faint and angry, but had to be mum; and at last misery made me drowsy. I slept, only to awake with a start, as one does from a troubled dream, at the door of a posting-house. I heard my captors say: 'Out of her head! A love affair.' And I was hustled into the house. There a good-natured chambermaid was exceeding kind to me. She slept in my room, and every now and again she said: 'Poor, poor young Madam!' Then it was borne upon me that my captors had called me insane."

Gabrielle paused. A lump came in her throat. She could not go on. Madam Mallory drew her head to her breast.

"There, there, my darling! If it pains thee go not on."

"Aye, but I will, mother! The next day and the next I travelled on; and at last, at nightfall, we drew up at the door of a great house standing in its own grounds. Large cedars flung their arms abroad; there were ivied windows, ivied wooden figures at the portals, and a fish pond. Into this house I was hurried, and put into a small chamber overlooking the grounds, with a window almost hidden by ivy. And here I found that my captor was Peregrine Russell. I was treated with respect, had an old housekeeper to wait upon me, had enough to eat and drink; but Peregrine himself gave me to understand that my only way of regaining freedom would be to become his wife. 'You shall never marry Robin Gerdon,' he said,—'never! And you will never be found. A friend of mine who is travelling, has lent me his house and servants, who deem you an insane cousin of mine.'

"As days went on, I grew despairing; but I made a fervent novena to the

Virgin Mother, and the answer came in a most singular way. One morning, as I stood by the window, I heard a voice singing:

Here's a daffydowndilly,
Though the weather is chilly,
For Molly and Willie,—
O-oh! O-oh!

It was Ishmael's song. I looked out; and there, helping the gardener, was Ishmael himself; and I felt that the song had been sung to attract my notice. Under pretence of trimming the ivy he climbed up a short ladder. I threw him a note, in which I entreated help, thanking God at the same time that he could read and write. The next day he managed to give me a message. He wrote that *he* was the gardener's boy at Cedar House; that Russell had been called to Paris, and that now was the time to escape. He would put a ladder up to my window at midnight. I was to creep through it, descend the ladder, and meet him. He had saved a little money, and had hired a boatman to take us down the river to a posting-house, where the coaches stopped on their way to Bayleham. On the night appointed I stealthily descended the ladder, and was soon going down the Thames in the darkness,—a darkness for which I thanked Heaven. The rest you can guess. I am *here!*"

I have but little more of this chronicle to relate. Peregrine Russell was disinherited and disowned by his uncle, the High Sheriff,—not only because of his abduction of Gabrielle, but also because of another happening which was commonly laid to his account, and of which I will tell you.

It was the day before Easter, and the lad Ishmael went to a green and secluded spot, called Fairies' Glen, to pluck daffodils for Robin Gerdon's oratory. When the boy had been gone an unaccountable time, Gerdon went in search of him, fearing some ill had befallen him. He found him lying beside the river with a basketful of the yellow flowers beside him.

"Ishmael, boy!" called Gerdon. "What has happened? Art ill?" There was no response. Gerdon drew near and bent over him. He was dead,—had been shot through the heart as he plucked the flowers. It was averred that Peregrine Russell had discovered the identity of the gardener's boy, and had sworn to be even with him.

Had this dastardly deed given the boy an opportunity to realize his promise? Had the outcast in very truth died for the one who had befriended him? Only He to whom the secrets of hearts are known can tell. All I know is this, Father Sebastian said that the boy, so he hoped and believed, had gone to his Risen Lord, where it is forever Easter. And Robin Gerdon and Gabrielle, his wife, had a marble cross erected over his resting-place, and every Easter they laid a cross of daffodils on his grave.

The Tercentenary of the "Authorized Version."

THE "Authorized Version"—King James' Bible—was published in the spring of 1611. The Tercentenary of the event has been made the subject of special commemoration; the date chosen for its celebration being Mid-Lent Sunday, March 26. For once High and Low Church, the Establishment and the Dissenting bodies, have fallen into line, and agreed to hold simultaneous commemoration services in church, chapel, and meeting house; with sermons "calling attention to the great debt of gratitude which all English-speaking people owe to the Bible; and appealing for further recognition of its proper place in the home and corporate life of the nation." So runs the official programme.

Various publications dealing with the Tercentenary have been issued from the press. A legend dies hard, especially a Protestant legend; and once more in England considerable sections of the

public are being assured that the English-speaking peoples owe the Bible to the Reformers, and the old story of the suppression of the Scriptures by the Catholic Church in the "Dark Ages" is being repeated. There are undoubtedly many worthy people, especially in the Low Church and the Dissenting bodies, who have unwavering faith in the old Protestant tradition. For many of them the Bible is the authorized version of wise King James. They see in its preface a reference to the original languages, but they take the English text as practically the really inspired and reliable Scripture. If they have ever heard of the Latin Vulgate, the mere fact of its being in "Popish Latin" settles the question of its value, and throws suspicion on the English Catholic Bible based upon it. This worship of the Authorized Version goes so far that, when the Revised Version of the New Testament was issued in 1881, more than one preacher denounced it as an attack on the good old Bible of England. Some of the Dissenters especially were very angry at finding that the revisers had altered many of their favorite texts; and were startled at realizing that, if the new version held good, a time-honored argument based only on the familiar turn of the English phrase could no longer be used. The Revised Version has never been popular. King James' Bible holds its own.

Happily, something has been done to bring home to those who are not altogether the slaves of the ignorant popular tradition the fact that, long before Luther and Calvin, Tyndale and Cranmer, were born, the Catholic Church was not only the custodian of the Bible, but was also spreading the knowledge of it among her people. It will be long before this plain fact of history is the common property of the average non-Catholic mind; but the discussions aroused by the Tercentenary will have the effect of spreading the truth.

It is a noteworthy fact that the version

of the Bible used by English-speaking Catholics had actually been published before the Protestant Authorized Version saw the light. The New Testament was issued from the English College at Rheims in 1582, and the translation of the Old Testament was published at Douay in 1610. Few know, however, that King James' Bible Committees made very free use of the Rheims New Testament. A Protestant critic, Dr. McComb, has pointed out that

The diction of King James' translators owes much of its stateliness and dignity to the introduction of words of Latin origin, first adopted by the Rhemists; and not infrequently they owe a most expressive turn to Rhemish literalisms. . . . Again they are indebted to the excellent Greek scholarship of the Rhemists for improved renderings of single words.

The Anglican *Church Times* commenting on these facts, remarks that "it will certainly surprise some excellent Britons to be told that they owe to these 'un-English' Englishmen phrases such as: 'To me to live is Christ, to die is gain'; 'The ministry of reconciliation'; or 'The rich He hath sent empty away.'" The Douay Version of the Old Testament came too late to affect the Authorized Version in the same way; but there is abundant evidence that the translators or editors made free use of another "Papist" document, frequently following the Latin Vulgate as their guide. But the very basis of their work was Catholic. It has been abundantly proved that Luther, instead of (as he professed doing) translating the Bible from the original languages, merely re-edited for his own purpose, and with what alterations suited his peculiar views, pre-existing Catholic German versions; and *printed Catholic versions*, not manuscripts dug out of some neglected library. In the same way the host of divergent Protestant English versions issued in the half century before King James' revision had for their common basis the older Catholic English versions; and this common basis is again that of the Authorized Version. Dom Gasquet

has shown with admirable arguments that it was not Wycliffe who gave England its pre-Reformation Bible.

King James' translators allowed themselves to be influenced by their desire to find warrant in Scripture for their Protestant views. The revision of about fifty years later eliminated some of the loose and partisan renderings thus introduced. And there were some modernizations of phrase introduced by eighteenth-century interpreters; so that the Authorized Version, as now issued, differs in many particulars from its first form. In the same way the Douay Version has undergone certain changes. Challoner's revision in many places substituted for foreign-sounding words and phrases more familiar English forms, often drawn from the Authorized Version. Its Catholic ancestry, and the large extent to which it had been influenced by Catholic documents, were sufficient justification for his action.

Enough has been said to show how largely even the official version of the Bible used by the Protestants of English-speaking lands is indebted to the zeal and scholarship of Catholics. But the legend will live on, and men will still be found to believe, that the English people owe the Bible exclusively to Protestantism. One can not, however, be surprised at men's closing their eyes to the teachings of history when they are equally blind to the facts of their own time. These worthy Protestants, who cling to the old tradition, ignore the broad fact that the Holy See is now the centre of the organized and effective defence of the Sacred Scriptures.

At the recent Tercentenary in many a pulpit of the Establishment and the sects the preacher did not venture to assert that the Bible is the inspired word of God. For even in the pulpit there is among non-Catholics a growing tendency to treat the Sacred Books as merely a beautiful literature of varied interest and value, but having no supernatural sanction for its teachings. The Bible no longer

holds the place it once held in English life. From the universities down to the elementary schools of the State there is no guarantee that a teacher will not describe it as a collection of merely human writings, full of defects, errors, and inconsistencies,—a mass of literature from which some gems of useful thought may be discreetly gleaned. Only among Catholics can one be sure that the preacher in the pulpit, and the teacher and professor in the school, will appeal to it as the inspired word of God.

The Archbishop of Camerino's Testimony Regarding Gemma Galgani.

THOSE who were interested in the brief notice of Gemma Galgani published in a recent number of *THE AVE MARIA*, will be further interested in the test put upon her in August, 1899, by the present Archbishop of Camerino, then Very Rev. Father Peter Paul, C. P.

"Having heard of this young girl," he wrote in a long narrative, "and marvellous things told concerning her, I suspected that she was under some feminine delusion, and I thought I would assure myself. I went to the house one Wednesday, and, having seen her, I felt inspired to ask Our Lord to give me a palpable sign if He were truly the author of these wonders; and, interiorly, without saying a word to a living soul, I thought of two: the sweat of blood and the appearance of the stigmata.

"At the hour of Vespers, the young girl retired alone for her usual prayer before the great crucifix. A few moments after she was in profound ecstasy. I entered and saw her so wholly transfigured that, although under intense suffering, she looked like an angel. From her face, her head and her hands oozed fresh blood; and no doubt it was the same with the rest of her body. The blood continued to flow thus for about half an hour. . . . I withdrew, much moved; and Gemma,

coming out of her ecstasy and finding herself alone with her aunt, said to her: 'Father asked for two signs. Our Lord told me that He has given him one, and will also give him the other. What are these signs? Do you know?' As I have said, no one knew but myself.

"Toward evening, this lady approached me, all excited. 'Father, was the other sign you asked for the stigmata?' I was dumb with astonishment, and she went on: 'I say this because Gemma has them already open, which is something remarkable, as she has never had the stigmata except on Thursday and Friday. Come and see.' I went and found this blessed creature in ecstasy as the first time, with her hands transpierced (*transpierced*, I repeat!) through and through with a very large wound in the living flesh, from which blood flowed in abundance. This touching spectacle continued for five minutes. [Here the Father gives a detailed description which coincides exactly with that given in her biography.] With the cessation of the ecstasy, the blood stopped flowing, the wounds healed, and the lacerated flesh returned to its natural state, so truly that after washing her hands there was no sign of what had taken place. Our Lord had heard my prayer; and I gave thanks to Him, no longer doubting, but rather firmly convinced that 'the finger of God is here.'"

The stigmata, but for this single exception, was impressed upon Gemma's hands and feet and side every Thursday, and lasted until Friday evening. The ardent lover of Jesus crucified went to the church to hear Mass and communicate in this state of mystical suffering, covering her hands with gloves, and feeling at every moment as though she would die of pain. The sweat of blood came upon the girl on other occasions, — sometimes when in ecstasy, and again when she was in the full use of her senses; notably, whenever she chanced to hear the adorable name of God blasphemed.

Gemma Galgani was born near Lucca, March 12, 1878. She was educated at the Convent of St. Zita, where she edified the nuns by her angelic piety, and won all hearts by her gentleness and kindness. Her spiritual directors attest that in the whole course of her life she never committed a voluntary venial sin. To an extraordinary spirit of penance, profound humility, and tender piety, she joined an unparalleled simplicity. Indeed, simplicity was her most striking characteristic and special charm. Apart from a dignity and seriousness which came from her close union with God, she seemed like any other young girl who is modest and devout. She died on April 11, 1903. Three years afterward, the Archiepiscopal Curia at Lucca instituted the process preparatory to her Beatification.

The Paschal Candle.

IN ancient times a huge waxen torch called the Paschal Candle was used to give light during the vigil on Easter Eve; and its use in the Church probably antedates St. Zosimus, who was made Pope in 417. The chant used by the deacon during the blessing of the candle is scarcely less ancient, and has been attributed to St. Augustine.

The Candle is now blessed on Holy Saturday; and from Easter to the Ascension it appears on the Gospel side of the altar during Mass and Vespers, to signify that Christ, the Light of the World, has risen from the tomb.

From the remains of the Paschal Candles are made small heart-shaped medallions, called *Agnus Deis*, bearing the figure of a lamb. In the ninth century, the *Agnus Deis* were made by the archdeacon of Rome, blessed by the Holy Father, and distributed to the faithful during the Octave of Easter. Among the relics in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle is an *Agnus Dei* said to have belonged to Charlemagne.

A Growing Conviction.

THE thesis maintained in one of Dr. Walsh's volumes, "Education: How Old the New!" received a new vindication not long since in Rhode Island. There was a meeting of the National Religious Education Association in Providence some weeks ago, at which was drafted a set of resolutions emphasizing the necessity for religious education if the growing youth of this country is to be impressed properly with its duties, and not brought up in sordid selfishness and carelessness of moral principles.

The resolutions were published; and then, in a pastoral letter to his clergy, Bishop Harkins quoted a passage from the letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in which the Catholic hierarchy of this country, nearly thirty years ago, had anticipated the conclusions of the Association. The passage, as follows, is not less timely now than when it was first written:

Hence education, in order to foster civilization, must foster religion. Now, the three great educational agencies are the home, the church, and the school. These mould men and shape society. Therefore, each of them, to do its part well, must foster religion. But many, unfortunately, while avowing that religion should be the light and the atmosphere of the home and of the church, are content to see it excluded from the school, and even advocate as the best school system that which necessarily excludes religion. Few, surely, will deny that childhood and youth are the periods of life when the character ought especially to be subjected to religious influences. Nor can we ignore the palpable fact that the school is an important factor in the forming of childhood and youth,—so important that its influence, when not harmonizing with the influences of home and church, is often found to outweigh and neutralize them both. It can not, therefore, be desirable or advantageous that religion should be excluded from the school. On the contrary, it ought to be there one of the chief agencies for moulding the young life to all that is true and virtuous and holy.

To shut religion out of the school and keep it for home and the church is, logically, to train up a generation that will consider religion

good for home and the church, but not for the practical business of real life. But a more false and pernicious notion could not be imagined. Religion, in order to elevate a people, should inspire their whole life and rule their relations with one another. A life is not dwarfed but ennobled by being lived in the presence of God. Therefore, the school, which principally gives the knowledge fitting for practical life, ought to be pre-eminently under the holy influence of religion. From the shelter of home and school the youth must soon go out into the busy ways of trade or traffic or professional practice. In all these, the principles of religion should animate and direct him. But he can not expect to learn these principles in the workshop or office or the counting-room. Therefore, let him be well and thoroughly imbued with them by the joint influences of home and school before he is launched out in the dangerous sea of life.

In his lecture on "The Place of Religion in Good Government," so often referred to in these pages, Mr. Max Pam says: "All agree that the moulding of character must begin with the cradle; and to this end it is absolutely necessary that religious influences should from the beginning be actively exerted....The religious instruction of children is just as vital to the nation's permanency as their physical or mental training; and to neglect this is to beget a brood of evil, from whose ravages there will be no escape...."

"Men are beginning to realize that the elements that make for development of human character are the things that the law neither provides for nor enforces. Good citizenship is not reached at the hand of legislation; it is not produced by force of edict, but is inspired and brought about through the influences that make for spirituality. Therefore, as religion makes character and good citizenship, it is evident that it equally, if not more so, is essential and necessary for good government."

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the admirable lecture from which these wise words are quoted; it deserves the careful study of all who have at heart the welfare of the nation and the well-being of its future citizens.

Notes and Remarks.

As one gratifying sign of the times, we quote the following extract from a review, in the *Inter-Ocean*, of a book which we do not intend to advertise by even naming:

But what is worse than mere ill-logic is the fact that the book looks indubitably like an anti-Catholic sort of a tract put in the form of fiction. Why has it that semblance? Just because in not one place but in many places of the book we find such passages as these:

"She [Christ's Mother] could never dream . . . that the world would set her up as an idol, falling at her feet in adoration. . . . The Maid . . . would bitterly have condemned the adoration laid at her shrine. . . . The Mary who is outraged at finding herself in the place of Divinity.

It is well known to all those persons who are acquainted with Catholic teaching that their faith does not allow Catholics to adore the Virgin (adoration, they are taught, is for God only), or to place "herself in the place of Divinity." She is to be the object of their veneration—the most loving veneration,—but she is not to be adored. This being true, the author's use of "adoration," as shown in the phrases quoted, does verily cause her book to have the appearance of a tract against the Roman Catholic devotion to the Virgin,—and a tract based on a false assumption.

A good many of our readers can recall the days when such a review in a leading secular paper would have been as remarkable as a snowstorm in August.

If books like "The Soul of the Indian," by Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, a member of the Sioux tribe, and "Letters from a Chinese Official," lately quoted in these pages, were more widely read, the advisability of distinguishing between civilization and Christianization would at once become apparent. With most persons the two words are synonymous; but to the minds of these pagan authors, Christianity is one thing and civilization, as they see it, quite another. The two are not now welded together, so far as these men can discover. The point of view is certainly interesting. "Whatever they may call themselves," says the Chinese official, "the nations of the West can not be truly Christian. It is we who do not

accept it that practise the Gospel of peace; it is you who accept it that trample it underfoot. And—irony of ironies!—it is the nations of Christendom who have come to teach us by sword and fire that Right in this world is powerless unless it be supported by Might! Oh, do not doubt that we shall learn the lesson! And woe to Europe when we have acquired it! You are arming a nation of four hundred millions,—a nation which, until you came, had no better wish than to live at peace with themselves and all the world. In the name of Christ you have sounded the call to arms! In the name of Confucius we respond!"

The menace of Germany, which is decidedly unfriendly to Great Britain and none too friendly to the United States, is the chief force now playing upon world-politics. The naval expenditure of Germany has risen from five millions a year in 1875 to a hundred millions a year; and the national sentiment is unmistakably warlike. With the exception of the Socialists and the Progressivists, all Germany would seem to have applauded the recent declaration of Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the Reichstag in regard to armaments. There is general rejoicing over the fact that the "disarmament craze" has been doused and, so far as Germany is concerned, annihilated.

But the growth of Socialism in Germany is to be taken into account. More and more are its leaders exerting themselves to oppose militarism, and to convince the workingmen that war is against their best interests.

Writes the London correspondent of the *Antigonish Casket*:

A record that it would be very hard to beat is shown by the yearly report of the Glasgow Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. In the Scottish archdiocese during 1910, £6894 was spent upon the poor by this society, whose active members paid 49,000 visits to some 27,000 families. The whole working expenses amounted to only £77 for that period.

And if the secular side of the Society is good, its spiritual gains are much more. Many a father or son or daughter, sometimes even a mother, has been brought back to the Church and the sacraments through the kindly ministrations of the Brothers of St. Vincent, who are never approached for aid in vain when the case is genuine. And the active members are for the most part young men engaged in various occupations during the day, who, to their honor be it said, give of their spare time and their Sundays to the work of the Society.

A particularly notable feature in the foregoing is the very modest amount devoted to working expenses. Thirty-four thousand and some hundred odd dollars distributed at a cost of less than one per cent!

A constant source of surprise and admiration to travellers in pagan lands all over the world is the work of Catholic missionaries, priests and Sisters. Protestants, with millions of money at their command, and everything, humanly speaking, in their favor, are often forced to admit that they accomplish very little in the way of conversions, while Catholics, with slight material resources, sometimes without even comfortable means of living, are evangelizing entire nations.

One difference between Catholic and sectarian missionaries is illustrated by a little story, often repeated by the eccentric Mr. Train. When he was a little boy attending school in Massachusetts, his sympathies were excited by the accounts his teacher used to give of the hardships endured by Protestant missionaries in spreading the Gospel among the heathen. By dint of extra work he was enabled to earn twenty-five cents weekly, which he handed in to aid the foreign missions. When he grew up to manhood, circumstances brought Train to China, and he paid a visit to the house of one of the Protestant missionaries there. It was not the kind of building he expected; and in the massive silver knob which ornamented the door, he thought he saw many of the "quarters" that he contributed when a

boy. A few miles from this palatial residence, Train met a Catholic priest "trying to drag a donkey and cart through the sand." He was bound on errands of mercy,—a physician alike of soul and body. Further acquaintance with the Father led Train to say: "If I were once more a little boy in Massachusetts, and had twenty-five cents to spare every week, I should know better what missionary society to give it to."

Dr. Bourchard, a French Commissioner to Wallis Island in the South Seas, recently reported to the home government that the priests on the island, Marist missionaries, were on too friendly terms with the people, and were held by them in too high esteem. In fact, the natives were said by the Commissioner to be in a state of abject slavery. The accusations made against the priests by the Commissioner were thereupon officially investigated by the Governor of New Caledonia, with the result that he condemned Bourchard's report, blamed him publicly, and eulogized the work of the missionaries. As the *Catholic Times* remarks, the attempt to import anti-clericalism into the South Sea Islands is a failure,—as signal a failure as was the attempt of the American preacher, with a patronymic similar to the French doctor's, to invoke religious prejudice for his candidate in a presidential campaign a quarter of a century ago.

One characteristic of recent decrees from Rome is the simplification of conditions, details, etc. The late pronouncement concerning the Scapular Medal is an instance in point; and here is another which we quote from the *Universe and Catholic Weekly*:

The Roman Acta for February 15 promulgates a decree of the Holy Office (of January 26, 1911) simplifying the conditions of time for making the visit to a church when this act is prescribed for gaining indulgences attached to a particular day or feast. Hitherto, this period has varied

according to the terms of the grant. In the case of many indulgences, given for particular feasts, the visit had to be made between the two midnights limiting the indulgenced day. In other cases—e. g., the Portiuncula—the visit might be made from the afternoon of the preceding day till "sunset" of the feast. In order to eliminate all doubt and confusion, it is now decided that, in all cases, the period allowed for performing the visit is from noon of the day preceding the indulgenced feast to the midnight closing the feast-day itself. This rule is declared to hold good "alike for plenary and for partial indulgences hitherto granted, or which may be granted in future, whether they be obtainable once a day or *toties quoties* [as often as the prescribed condition is fulfilled], and no matter in what phraseology the time or the day may be expressed."

Many historical lies would be even harder to contradict than they are were it not for the references to authorities which historians feel obliged to give for statements more than usually surprising. On looking them up, one is often astonished to find that these references are entirely misleading. A case in point is Hallam's declaration ("History of the Middle Ages") that 'not one priest in a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another.' Mabillon is given as the authority for this extraordinary statement. Far from supporting it, the passage of Mabillon simply says that the clergy of the time referred to gave so much attention to Arabic and Chaldean literature that they neglected the Latin tongue, which was then the only language of correspondence.

A correspondent of the *Bombay Examiner* having suggested the drawing up of a list of modern miracles and the examination thereof on rigorous scientific principles, Father Hull, with his customary sanity, comments:

As to a list of current miracles in the Church and their scientific examination, we do not see much good in it, unless some one wants to write a special monograph on the subject. Those which come prominently before the general

public are constantly being discussed. As for the rest, the Church rather tends to regard such miracles as belonging to the domestic circle of the household of the Faith, and does not care much what outsiders think of them. If apologetical purposes are in view, one single case, say of Lourdes, affords all that is wanted. Let one modern miracle be established, and all discussion is at an end. The fact is, outsiders never take the question seriously—except sceptically, and in the name of "Science *versus* Superstition." Their minds are simply impregnable; and it is useless arguing with them, except so far as showing up the futility of their scientific explanations, which has often been done without having the least effect on their pet prejudice.

As a matter of simple fact, the attitude of the average non-Catholic toward miracles is that of Mr. Gray in "Robert Elsmere": "I am old-fashioned enough to believe in the *a priori* impossibility of miracles." There can not be miracles, therefore there are none: of what use is argument in assailing a conviction of that kind?

Recent Australian exchanges give prominence to the heroism of another priest-scientist, Father Archibald Shaw, Missionary of the Sacred Heart and a wireless telegraphy expert. It seems that a Government exploring party has for several weeks been lost in the wilds of Papua, or New Guinea, and Father Shaw, who directs at Randwick the most powerful wireless station in Australia, volunteered his services and those of his assistants to bring the resources of science's latest invention to the aid of the searchers for the lost explorers. On March 1 the devoted priest and his nine operators, with three wireless plants, left Sydney for darkest New Guinea. That the expedition is no child's play, unattended with danger or hardship, is clear from the *Catholic Press'* report of Father Shaw's talk to his men before accepting their companionship on the journey:

He told them of the fever-breeding swamps and rivers, infested by alligators, and of countless other perils. He told them they would have to go out into a country wilder and more rugged

than any they could imagine,—a country where the hills were like the teeth of a comb; where the jungles were so thick that progress through them was not only painfully slow, but attended by many terrible privations; where the scrub insects and the leeches torture; where tropical sicknesses lay one low; where the fiercest cannibals in the world are ever on the alert to strike down the white man who invades their territory; where the bones of many intrepid men are lying bleaching beneath a fierce sun.

As our Sydney contemporary remarks, whether or not Father Shaw succeeds in bringing effective aid to the searchers, his heroism in making the attempt is unquestionable and noteworthy.

Among the notable commemorations to take place during the current year there is one not likely to receive much preliminary announcement in the secular press,—the centenary of the death of Bishop Hay, of Edinburgh. Born of Protestant parents in 1729, he entered the Church while a medical student twenty years later; and, through his acquaintance with the illustrious Bishop Challoner, entered the Scots' College in Rome, being ordained priest in 1758. Eleven years later he was consecrated bishop of a district in Scotland, and for more than forty years thereafter did wondrous work for the Church in his native land. Although Bishop Hay published the first English Catholic Bible printed in Scotland (at least after the Reformation) he is probably best known by that standard Catholic work, "The Sincere, Devout, and Pious Christian." It is announced that the solemn celebration of his centenary will take place in September.

A resolution has been introduced in the House of Representatives, providing for an investigation of the legality of an action thus commented upon by a secular (and hitherto pro-Roosevelt) journal quoted in the *Catholic Standard and Times*:

For a second time within a week Colonel Roosevelt has proclaimed that not only did he start the Panama Canal, but that he "took the

Canal Zone" without warrant or authority while Congress was debating such small matters as Constitutional rights. He doesn't explain in detail how he took it, but the facts are so well known that he might as well declare openly that he organized the revolution which cost Colombia the most valuable portion of her territory, and set up the Republic of Panama.

Apparently, the Colonel fears lest the world forget his part in the Canal deal. He should not. It won't forget, although some future historians may comment upon the Colombian revolution in terms none too complimentary to him.

The question now arises as to how the other South American Republics view his words,—whether they construe them to mean that the Monroe Doctrine not only forbids European powers from taking any of their territory, but also implies the right of the United States to seize whatever it may need.

There will be trouble yet over the Panama Canal, and the beginning of it may not be far distant.

At the recent Education Conference, held in Sydney, Australia, the following resolution, moved by Cardinal Moran, was adopted:

That, with a view to impress on our children their indebtedness to Ireland's national apostle, an effort should be made by the teachers to celebrate with befitting splendor St. Patrick's Day; and that, as a help to the cultivation of the patriotic spirit, the 24th of May should be formally set apart as "Australia Day," under the auspices of Our Lady Help of Christians.

The Blessed Virgin, under this beautiful title, "Help of Christians," has long been the patroness of Australia; and the fact that the date of this feast, the 24th of May, synchronizes with that of Empire Day in the British Dominions (so honored because of Queen Victoria's birth on May 24) will merely add a religious feature to a political or patriotic festival. The celebration of St. Patrick's Day "with befitting splendor" is eminently well advised. Catholic educational institutions, any considerable number of whose students are of Irish birth or descent, are failing to utilize very genuine religious and moral influences when they eliminate, or minimize, the traditional joyous keeping of March 17.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

To Our Lady at Easter.

(A Rondel.)

BY A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

REJOICE, O heaven's Queen,

Thy night of woe is o'er;

Exult as ne'er before:

Thy Son, as thou hast seen,
Has vanquished death terrene

And lives for evermore.

Rejoice, O heaven's Queen,

Thy night of woe is o'er.

All glorified His mien

Which late such anguish wore;

Each wound is now a door

Whence splendor flows, I ween,—

Rejoice, O heaven's Queen,

Thy night of woe is o'er!

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—ON WILD CAT LEDGE.

YES, indeed, a storm was 'coming on. Even as Cub spoke, Billy could see that the sunset gold had darkened into a sullen coppery red, and a long streak of ragged cloud was waving like a black flag over the mountaintop. The evening breeze had fled, moaning and sobbing, into the hollows; and flocks of birds were skimming by to the shelter of the pines.

"Come along!" repeated Cub, jerking Marquita's bridle. "It's touch-and-go with us now to make the open road before that storm busts. We've got Wild Cat Ledge before us yet,—the wust stretch of this trail. After me now, quick as you can!"

Neither Billy nor Marquita needed a second bidding. Perhaps Marquita, even

more than her rider, knew the perils of that trail in a mountain storm; for every muscle under her silken skin seemed to quiver as she strained swiftly up the mountain height that began to rise steeper and rougher before them; while to the right the cliff broke away in a succession of narrow jagged ridges until it went suddenly down, down, down, to a little stream brawling noisily far below.

"This here's Wild Cat Ledge," said Cub. "Steady now, and we'll get over all right before the storm busts — halloo! What's that?"

Both boys paused instinctively, though wise Marquita gave a low, impatient whinny as Billy pulled her rein.

"Help!" came a wailing cry from the rocks to the right. "Oh, help, help up there, whoever you are! For God's sake help, help!"

Billy's young face paled under its new coat of tan. It was the first cry of human agony that had ever reached his ear.

"There is somebody over there hurt," he said breathlessly.

Cub edged Kicker to the side of the trail, and peered cautiously over; but a sudden crash of thunder made horse and rider recoil.

"It's—it's a boy!" said Cub, his voice a bit shaken. "He's caught there on the ledge somehow,—toppled over, I guess. He's killed, or next thing to it. We can't do nothin' for him. Come on!"

"Oh, but he's crying—calling for us to help him!" said Billy, tremulously. "We can't leave him here alone."

"We can't do nothin' else, I tell you," replied Cub, roughly. "His neck or back's broken, and he's done for. I ain't for stayin' here to die with him, if you are. The storm is on us. Don't you hear that?"

There was another opening crash from the blackness, that by this time had

widened and risen into great, frowning battlements, flashing here and there with prisoned fire.

Billy had always pooh-poohed Dolly's terror of storms, and frisked fearlessly out on the porch, while she shut herself in a tight-closed room and lit a blessed candle. But Billy had never seen a storm coming on like this. Even the mountain seemed to shudder, as the darkness deepened over cliff and peak, and the wakening roar of a thousand batteries echoed through the gorges. But through it all came the wild, piercing cry of despair:

"Don't—don't go away and leave me here to die! Give me a lift. I can't hold on much longer. One little lift, for God's sake!"

"My, I can't stand that!" And Billy leaped from the quivering Marquita.

"You blamed little fool!" cried Cub, as he grasped the loosened rein. "What are you goin' to do?"

"Help that fellow down there somehow," answered Billy.

"And kill yourself!" shouted Cub over the crash of the thunder,—*"kill yourself, you—you young numskull! What's that strange boy to you,—what's he to you, you dunderhead?"*

What indeed? For one moment, with those black depths opening before him, with the roar of the mountain tempest in his ears, with darkness and danger on every side, that old world-wise question staggered Billy. What was the strange boy crying there in agony to him, that he should pause in his own peril to help and save?

"Come on!" shouted Cub, who was desperately holding on to the quivering Marquita's bridle. "Come on, I say, or we'll all be killed together! Come on, or I'll leave you! I won't stay on this confounded ledge another minute for you or any other fool-boy born!"

"Help, help! Oh, for God's sake, help!" wailed the piteous voice.

"Are you comin'?" roared Cub, as another thunderclap shook the mountain.

"Are you comin', you dunderhead of a Dayton?"

"No!" panted the "dunderhead of a Dayton," his face white but resolute. "I've got to help. He said for 'God's sake.' I've got to try and help him if I can."

The fierce, wicked word that burst from Cub's lips was lost in another crash of thunder, that sent Kicker and his master dashing madly over the stony heights of Wild Cat, the riderless Marquita speeding after them with sure foot and loose bridle, quivering in every dainty limb.

"Help, help! Oh, they're gone, they're gone!" rose the agonizing cry from the rocks below. "They have gone and left me here to die!" Then followed an outburst of raging curses dreadful to hear.

"Stop that!" shouted Billy, shocked and indignant at such unbecoming language in a death hour. "That's a nice way for a fellow in your fix to talk! I haven't left you. I'm coming down to help you right now."

And Billy proceeded to scramble down the twisted vines and roots and jagged rocks, that afforded the precarious foothold of Wild Cat Ledge, to the shelf or ridge some fifteen feet below, where, huddled in a piteous heap perilously near to the jutting edge, lay a moaning figure.

"What!" exclaimed Billy, as he recognized the black eyes, the old lips, the trig tweed suit of his late companion of Las Rocas. "It's you!"

"Yes, yes! I give up!" gasped Bob Bryce, who could not understand that anything but pursuit of his ill-gotten gains had brought Billy in such hot reckless haste to his side. "I'll give it all back to you if you'll help me out of this. I'll give it all back, every cent."

"Give what back?" asked Billy, in bewilderment.

"The money," groaned Bob. "The money I got from your fool Pedro,—the sixty dollars."

"You've got Pedro's sixty dollars?"

"Yes, yes!" The crashing of another

thunderbolt deadened Bob's confession. "It's here—here in my pocket. You can take it all, if you'll help me,—if you'll pull me back. I'm slipping! O Lord, I'm slipping! I've been slipping ever since I fell. My arm's broken and I can't hold on. Pull me back. There's a hole right there behind you, under the rocks. I tried to wriggle to it, but I can't. Pull me there out of the storm—oh—oh!"

A blaze of lightning lit the ledge as Bobby spoke. It showed Billy that there was indeed an opening in the rough wall of rock behind him,—a deep recess or hollow under an overhanging rock,—a wild-cat's den perhaps, thought the young explorer, with a chill striking at his heart. But another piteous wail from Bobby settled matters. Den or no den, they must take shelter there; and, catching hold of Bobby's shoulder, Billy pulled. It was a painful operation, no doubt, but there was neither time nor space for scientific handling. Bob's shrieks and curses rose again in shrill unison with the storm.

"Stop that!" commanded Billy, sternly. "Stop that cursing, or I'll drop you, Bob Bryce! Don't you know you may be dead in another moment, and then *where* do you think you'll go?"

"Oh, you've killed me,—you've killed me!" howled the luckless Bob, as, with a final desperate tug, Billy hunched him into the sheltering hollow. "You've pulled every bone out of place! Oh—ouch—ouch! Oh—oh!"

"I'm sorry!" said Billy. "I couldn't help hurting. It was a tough pull, I must say. But you're safe now,—that is, if there isn't a wild-cat back here. Keep quiet and maybe the pain will go."

"Oh, no, it won't,—it won't! I'm broken all over. I'll never walk,—I'll never stand again. Oh, what did I run away for? Why did I take this awful cut over the mountain? Why did I ride that wild Indian pony over this ledge?" And another volley of wicked words burst from Bobby's trembling lips.

"If you don't stop that right now, I'll leave you," said Billy. "Did your horse throw you down here?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" moaned the despairing boy. "He stumbled over the rocks. I wanted to get to the railroad quick to-night. I took a short cut the Indian boys showed me. I'm killed; I know I'll never get out of this place alive. Oh, oh, oh!" The last exclamation rose into a piercing shriek as the mountain shook from peak to base with an awful thunder-clap, the black cloud burst into forked fire, the wind leaped forth in mad fury from the gorge, and the storm was upon them in all its terrors.

At that first dreadful outburst Billy-Boy's brave young heart seemed to stand still; the blood of all his sturdy ancestors fairly congealed in his veins; he could not think or feel. Crouching in the hollow of the rock in this dizzy mountain ledge, with the crash and roar of the thunder reverberating on every side, the black cloud flashing and flaming, the wind shrieking madly as it bent and twisted and snapped the shuddering trees, the rain pouring down in blinding floods, Billy-Boy felt his last hour had come.

"Our Father—Hail Mary—Holy Mary!" Though Miss Carmel's rosary was not in Tio José's pocket, the blessed words rose almost unconsciously to Billy's lips, mingling strangely with the despairing cries of his companion.

"Don't—don't pray! It frightens me to hear you. Don't—don't! I can't die. I won't,—I won't! I'm afraid! Oh, I daren't die, I've been so awful bad! I'm afraid,—I'm afraid!"

The crash of a thousand batteries echoed the words; a sheet of flame lit the black depths of the gorge below; but that cry of terror and despair pierced the depths of Billy's heart, rousing the young soul, trained by tender teaching to meet hours like this with faith and trust and love and simple boyish charity.

"You'd better pray too, Bob Bryce. You'd better be sorry for all that badness

pretty quick,—swearing and cursing and taking Pedró's money."

"Oh, I'll give it back,—I'll give it back!" wailed Bob. "I'll never cheat any more, if I get out of this. I'll never lie or steal. I'll pray,—I'll pray every night!"

"You'd better pray now!" said Billy.

"Now I lay me down to sleep—" began Bob, sobbing.

"That's no good," said Billy. "Say an act of contrition,—say you're sorry for all your sins; say—"

But a crash that seemed to rend the mountain asunder broke in upon Billy's spiritual ministrations, as a huge mass of rock and earth splintered from the cliff went hurling down into the depths below. In the madness of his terror, Bob tried to spring to his feet; but, with a shriek of agony, he fell back—dead, as Billy thought, when he caught the fainting boy in his trembling arms.

Dead indeed it seemed, as the rigid form slipped from his hold and lay there still and silent, all its despairing outcries hushed. Dead! And, with an awful horror numbing his heart, Billy felt he was left on Wild Cat Ledge, facing storm and darkness and death alone.

(To be continued.)

The Easter Bells of Feldkirch.

On the frontiers of Austria is a little town called Feldkirch, containing about three thousand inhabitants. In the year 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, carrying all before them, Massena, one of his generals, suddenly appeared on the heights above the town at the head of eighteen thousand men. It was Easter Day, and the rays of the rising sun glittered on the weapons of the French, as they appeared drawn up on the hills to the west of the town.

The town councillors were hastily called together to consult what was best to be done. To defend the place was utterly out of the question. What, then, were

they to do? Should they send a deputation to Massena with the keys of the town, and an entreaty for mercy? After much discussion, a good old priest rose and said:

"My brothers, it is Easter Day. We have been reckoning our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. It is the day of Our Lord's Resurrection. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter to God."

They agreed to do as he had said. Then all at once from the three or four church towers of Feldkirch there rang out joyous peals in honor of the Resurrection, whilst the streets were full of worshippers hastening to the house of God. The French heard the sudden ringing of the bells with great surprise; and, concluding that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp, gave the order to march, and before the bells had ceased ringing not an enemy was to be seen.

The Rose of Sharon.

The Rose of Sharon is in shape and hue one of the most exquisite flowers. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes; but its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East—throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia—it is regarded with the greatest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms lie close together when the season of blossom is over; and the stalk, withering completely away from the bush on which it grew, and having dried up in the shape of a ball, is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy wastes, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root, and springs to life and beauty again. For this very reason the Orientals have adopted it as emblem of the Resurrection.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Post Limina," gathered from the critical papers of the late Lionel Johnson, is announced by an English publisher.

—R. & T. Washbourne publish "The Commandments, Part I," a booklet of 96 pages, being the eleventh of the series of admirable "Doctrine Explanations," by the Sisters of Notre-Dame. Like its predecessors, this number is worthy of all commendation.

—Announcement is made of the death of Father Charles de Smedt, the head of the Bollandists. He has had during the last twenty-nine years a large share in the immense work which the Jesuit Fathers have accomplished in the publication of the "Acta Sanctorum."

—"Union with Jesus," by the Very Rev. Canon Antoni (the translation being by A. M. Buchanan, M. A.), is a booklet of 36 pages, giving excellent reasons why a Catholic should receive Holy Communion every day on which he hears Mass. The Angelus Co.; Benziger Brothers.

—The French Academy has founded a new "Grand Prix" in literature,—a prize of ten thousand francs, to be conferred annually on the author of a work (published within the two preceding years) in the department of fiction; or, more specifically, the book is to be a novel or other imaginative prose production, but it must be *d'une inspiration élevée*.

—The American Book Co. publish a new text-book: "Elements of Geology," by Eliot Blackwelder, University of Wisconsin; and Harlan H. Barrows, University of Chicago. The features which differentiate this volume from others of similar scope are the comparative fewness of technical terms, its teachableness, and the abundance of illustrations and colored topographical maps. The text is for the most part explanatory rather than descriptive; and the contents comprise 287 pages on physical geology, and 180 pages on historical geology.

—"Spiritual Instruction on Religious Life" and "Spiritual Considerations," both by Father H. Reginald Buckler, O. P. (Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros.), are volumes of religious essays well calculated to foster the spirituality of those within the cloister and the more needy world without. The first volume, it should be noted, although primarily addressed to those living in religious Orders, "is intended secondarily for all taking an earnest view of life, who wish to look clearly to their ultimate end, and to

direct securely thereto the ordinary duties proper to their state." Father Buckler's matter is excellent; and his style is direct, lucid, and rather terse than diffuse. His books can not but benefit all who read them.

—"Lays and Legends of Our Blessed Lady," a daintily bound little volume of 92 pages, is a compilation of interesting prose and verse tributes, gathered by a member of the Presentation Community of County Kerry, Ireland, and published by R. & T. Washbourne, whose agents in this country are Benziger Brothers.

—Among the recent pamphlets and brochures of Bloud et Cie, Paris, we find "Que'est-Ce Que le Ciel?" by Bishop Wilhelm Schneider; "Examen de Conscience," by Jean Triollet; "L'Acte de Foi: Est-il Raissonable?" by R. P. Schwalm; and a new work on Lourdes, "Les Pelerinages," by Count Jean De Beaucorps. This last, a brochure of 195 pages, is of exceptional interest as regards both substance and literary form.

—R. & T. Washbourne reproduce in pamphlet form a series of papers contributed to the London *Catholic Times* and the *Month* by the Rev. Charles D. Plater, S. J., on "The Apostolate of the Press." The subject is of ever-increasing importance in our day, and Father Plater's judicious treatment of its various aspects merits wide reading and sober reflection. The pamphlet may be had in this country from Benziger Brothers.

—In a readable brochure of a hundred pages, the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J., discusses "Why Should I be Moral?" (Sands & Co., B. Herder.) It is best described in the author's own words: "Practically a disguised treatise on the ultimate basis of morals handled in as light and popular a manner as possible; showing step by step the utter incapability of science and philosophy to explain the *rationale* of ethics without drawing on the principles, I will not say of Christianity, but at least of theism, and therefore appealing explicitly to religious considerations." An excellent fifteen cents' worth of enjoyable and instructive reading.

—The stories in F. Marion Crawford's "Wandering Ghosts" (Macmillan Co.) are said to be full of thrills; but we confess to have missed them, perhaps on account of having just read "New Evidences in Psychical Research." These stories have all been published before. The best of them is "Man Overboard!" Readers who revel in horrors will prefer "The Upper

Berth," which is as strange a tale of the sea as ever yet was told. There are numerous versions of the story of "The Screaming Skull," but Mr. Crawford's is the most effective of all. "Wandering Ghosts" is not to be ranked with the best of his work.

—Gaelic students will be glad to hear that the dictionary, for which Mr. Edward Dwelly, of Herne Bay in Kent, has been gathering material for thirty years or more, will presently be available. The *Dial* refers to it as "a marvel of lexicographic industry," and pays a cordial tribute to the compiler's spirit of self-sacrifice. "Twelve hundred pounds, saved in ten years from his modest earnings as a London clerk, have cheerfully been devoted to the great work; and, for lack of a publisher bold enough to undertake its issue, Mr. Dwelly has provided himself with a hand-press, learned the mysteries of typesetting, stereotyping, and printing; and at last the final sheets have been struck off, and the book itself, in three volumes and containing a vocabulary of more than eighty thousand words, is on the point of becoming an assured fact. A touching tale is told of the inexorable necessity that forced Mr. Dwelly to part with his painfully-acquired Gaelic library in order to complete the printing of the dictionary. It is also reported that he receives a civil list pension of fifty pounds a year, and it has been suggested that he be knighted. He certainly deserves the honor."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Apostolate of the Press." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. 25 cts.

"Spiritual Instruction on Religious Life"; "Spiritual Considerations." Father Buckler, O. P. \$1.15, \$1.25.

"Lays and Legends of Our Blessed Lady." 30 cts.

"Why Should I be Moral?" Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.

"Wandering Ghosts." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.35

"Chinese Lanterns." Alice Dease. 40 cts.

"Life of St. Lawrence Brindisi." Father Anthony Brennan, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.

"Father Damien. An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson. [With a statement by Mrs. Stevenson.]" 30 cts.

"Christian Mysteries." Right Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. 4 Vols. \$5, net.

"The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home." Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"Christian Pedagogy; or, The Instruction and Moral Training of Youth." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.50.

"The Intellectuals: An Experiment in Irish Club-Life." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50, net.

"The Story of the Bridgettines." Francesca M. Steele. \$1.80.

"The Art of Living." Dr. Friedrich W. Foerster. 90 cts.

"What the Old Clock Saw." Sophie Maude. 75 cts.

"Free Will, the Greatest of the Seven World-Riddles." Hubert Gruender, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Life of Blessed John Eudes." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"Won by Conviction." Rev. Denis O'Shea. 80 cts.

"Andros of Ephesus: A Tale of Early Christianity." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.25.

"Paul of Tarsus"; "John the Beloved." M. T. Kelly. 25 cts. each.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Sebastian Rabbia, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. Francis Sustersic, archdiocese of Chicago.

Mr. Charles Stone, Mr. John Schopfer, Mrs. Anne Devers, Mrs. Agatha Reade, Mrs. Patrick Burke, Hon. Désiré Giroud, Mr. Richard O'Reilly, Miss Mary Kohl, Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, Mr. Arthur Hostage, Margaret McGinnis, Louis and Josephine Brinckwirth, Mrs. Catherine Madden, Mr. George Ahsmann, Mr. Peter Klippen, Mr. Francis Westbrook, Mrs. D. Rogers, Mr. P. J. Graham, Mr. Joseph Weber, Mr. William Niehaus, Mrs. Ellen Devine, Mr. Charles La Barge, Mr. William Hemmen, Sr., Mrs. Mary McCusker, Mr. Frank McCusker, Mr. Alfred Basili, Mr. J. R. BerktoId, Mrs. Ellen McAndrew, Mr. Francis Wollenberg, and Miss Loretta Irving.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indulg.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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"That These May Stand."

BY FLORENCE T. ROBINSON.

DEAR and kind presumption that can seek
The richest gifts for those it loves the best,
And, from the fulness of a heart love-blest
And unafraid, will on occasion speak
E'en to the Highest, voicing love's behest,
As did the woman who her young sons brought,
And boldly of the King of Heaven besought:
"I pray Thee, Lord, that these my sons may stand
One on Thy right and one on Thy left hand."

Thus spake she; and thus still the mother heart,
Burning with zeal of love's divinest fire,
E'en to her God doth voice her high desire,
Seeking for its best loved the better part,
That not reward but service shall require;
Ay, and the chalice of the Lord Most High
E'en to the dregs; yet echoes still the cry:
"Lord, may my son before Thine altar stand,
And hold Thee in his consecrated hand!"

Easter Offerings and the Offertory in the Ages of Faith.

BY M. NESBITT.

EAR by year, as the great feast
of the Resurrection comes round,
we hear frequently repeated cer-
tain expressions which have been
familiar to us from childhood. We speak,
and others speak to us, of "making
our Easter duty." We are told, from the
altar and from the pulpit, that "the
time for fulfilling the Easter precept has
arrived." Missions and retreats are given,

all with the object of exciting the fervor
of the faithful. Yet, in spite of the fact
that we, as Catholics, know what is re-
quired of us, perhaps it is well sometimes
to turn to the pages of the past and see
how our forefathers carried out their
obligations.

It is interesting to read in the ordinances
which Edward IV. drew up for the direc-
tion of John Alcock, Bishop of Rochester,
and Earl Rivers, to whom he had en-
trusted the education of his son, the fol-
lowing regulations concerning the members
of the young prince's household: "That
every man at time of Easter bring
sufficient writing, or witness, where he
was shriven and when he received the
Sacrament, in pain of losing his service."
It may here be mentioned that, whereas
we now speak of persons making their
Easter duties, in mediæval times it was
said they "took their rights"; and "this
word" ("rights") says a learned authority,
"was used of Communion in general," not
at the Paschal season alone but at any
time. Examples of the expression "took
their rights" are quoted in the "Lay-
Folks' Mass Book" (p. 230); whilst in
the privy purse expenses of Henry VII.
there is an entry dated March 25, 1494,
which runs thus: "To the henxmen for
their rights, £1"; or, in other words, to
the henchmen for the offertory, on making
their Easter Communion.

It will be remembered that, in the
earlier ages of the Church, the people
made their offerings of bread and wine;
but it is interesting to note that Mabillon
has proved that, besides the ordinary

bread and wine offered by them, which was given away in alms, communicants were generally expected to bring carefully prepared hosts, made of unleavened bread, thin and round, and rather larger than what are now used.* They were baked between irons, and stamped with a cross or with some sacred letters, such as X P C or I H C; or with the crucifix, Our Lady and St. John standing at either side. Sometimes the impression represented our Divine Redeemer in His agony, or at the column, or rising from the tomb. Again, we find an *Eccce Homo*, a bannered Lamb, or Our Lady, or a church with Our Lady and the Holy Child. Indeed, the impressions are exceedingly varied; and, though we have no positive proof of the fact, it is scarcely unreasonable to suppose that they were used on different feasts. For example, Our Lord rising from the tomb at Easter; Our Lady, on her own feasts; and so forth.

But to return to the offerings. Owing, no doubt, to the circumstance of these being brought by the faithful who desired to communicate, the patens were then both large and deep; they could not otherwise have held the oblations. As time went on, however, the people ceased to make offerings of bread and wine. Offerings of money were substituted, and the paten took the form of the silver disc with which we are now all so familiar.

The subject of the offertory is an interesting one. We have abundant proof that it was voluntary, — in other words, it was in no sense a debt of justice, and its omission was not sinful; though, if the giver's means allowed it, it would certainly have been considered contrary to good taste and to established custom (as indeed we feel it to be in our own day) to hear Mass without making an offering. Authorities tell us that, in some places, the money was laid by the people themselves upon the altar; in others, where the laity were not permitted to enter the chancel, "the priest came for-

ward himself to receive the oblations; or, if he was assisted by deacon and subdeacon, it was in their hands that the money was placed." The offerings belonged to the celebrant, the rector of the church, or the vicar, according to arrangement.

Royal and noble personages were accustomed, throughout the whole period with which we are at present concerned, to make their offering at Mass. "To do this," we are told, "they left their places; and, advancing to the altar or to the entrance of the chancel, laid their gift in the hand of the celebrant or of the deacon." And in the life of that holy Queen, St. Margaret of Scotland, it is recorded that she trained her children always to do this piously and with dignity, the eldest taking precedence, and the rest following according to their age. Again, we read that the little Princesses Isabella and Joanna, daughters of Edward III., when they were eight years old, had two coins made for them; on one side was engraved a crucifix, on the other an *Agnus Dei*. With these "they made their daily offering, which was calculated at the rate of one penny per day." This account is particularly interesting, because it proves that these royal children heard Mass practically from the dawn of reason.

The offering of the great, which forms so frequent an item in the wardrobe and privy purse accounts of our Catholic sovereigns, was regulated according to the feast. On greater festivals, both king and queen offered a gold noble (6s. 8d.); and at the funerals of those of high state, chief mourners offered a noble, and the rest of the company according to rank or at their discretion.

Ancient documents afford incontrovertible evidence that special coins were struck for offertory money. For instance, Edward II. caused to be made a *magnus denarius oblatorius* (that is, a large "Mass penny"), as all similar coins were called, no matter what their value. He offered it each day, and it was redeemed for seven

* "Dissertatio de Pane Euch.," cap 8.

pence daily, — that is to say, the same coin was every morning placed in his hand by his attendant, carried by him to the priest; and then "the treasurer paid to the dean of the chapel, or head chaplain, every quarter, or every year, for the King's oblations, a sum of money, calculated at the rate of seven pence on ordinary days."

In the same ordinances of Edward IV., to which reference has already been made, we notice special mention of the offertory. "Item.—We will that our said son hear every holyday all the divine service of the day in his chapel or closet, and that he *offer before the altar according to custom.*" It must not be supposed, however, that the young prince was considered exempt from *daily* Mass. On the contrary, the ordinances distinctly state that *every morning* "his chaplains shall say Matins in his presence; and when he is ready, and the Matins said, forthwith to go into his chapel or closet to hear Mass there, and in no wise in his chamber without a cause reasonable, and no man to interrupt him during his Mass time." Again: "Item.—We will that the sons of nobles, lords, and gentlemen, being in household with our said son, arise at a convenient hour, and hear their Mass, and be virtuously brought up."

It is by the records of the offertory money given by royal personages that we are enabled to discover how often they received the Holy Eucharist. For example, we learn from the privy purse expenses of Elizabeth of York, in 1502, that she went three times to Communion during the year—namely, on the feasts of Easter, All Saints, and Christmas. There are also entries for "gifts at the housel of the servants" (including the "court fool") during the reign of Henry VIII.; and, in a letter written by Dr. West in 1513, from Scotland, whither he had gone as ambassador, he tells his sovereign that "on Saturday, Ester evone, the quene was houseld, and that day I came not at the cort, for so much as my

servauntes were busy also to serve God." It need scarcely be remarked that, prior to the Reformation, the English name for the Holy Eucharist was the "housel"; indeed, it was only just before the Great Apostasy that the words "communion" and "communicants" began to be used. Up to that time, as has been previously stated, communicants went by the name of "houseling people."

If we turn to the statutes of different guilds, we find it decreed that, "on their solemn days, each member shall offer a farthing or perhaps a penny." Good indeed was it that such questions should be solved by custom or etiquette; for it is certain that the laity of those days were no more exempt from human weakness than those of the twentieth century; and it may well have been that some were by no means free from pride and ostentation in their manner of offering, particularly when it came to a point of precedence. We are minded of Chaucer's picture of the "Wife of Bath." The portrait seems truly lifelike when we remember that, "in all the parish, wife there was none that should go before her to the offryng."

And if there did, certain so wroth was she
That she was then out of all charitie.

As this account of the offertory, however, has been written chiefly in relation to the Easter Communion, some words of John Belethus, a Parisian doctor of the twelfth century, may not be out of place. After describing how all prepared for the great festival of the Resurrection by "laying aside the dark-colored garments, worn in Lent, and putting on in their place the best in the wardrobe, especially such as were white and glorious," he goes on to say that even men condemned to the quarries or confined to prisons were allowed to share the common joy; whilst domestic servants, herdsman, and agricultural laborers joined in the general holiday. "Nothing," he remarks in conclusion, "should be eaten on this Easter Day that has not received a blessing from

a priest. In some regions the custom is to bring to the porch or neighborhood of the church, in large vessels, whatever is to be set on the table on that day; and the priest in sacred vestments and with the Easter holy water blesses all."

The words of this same writer, when summing up what he considers right to be done by devout Catholics, are singularly to the point as well as illuminating. "On this day, then," he says, "three virtues specially have to be practised: mercy toward the poor and strangers, by sending them what they are unable to procure; liberality, in entertaining friends and neighbors; and sobriety, by being bountiful to others rather than oneself."

Does not this little homily show us clearly what should be the spirit and temper of those who, truly believing that Christ our Hope is risen indeed, unite in solemnly commemorating that great mystery? Enough, however, has been said. Offerings, celebrations of festivals, every act of worship, — all are but means wherewith to honor our Divine Redeemer in the Most Blessed Sacrament of His love. "If, then," to quote the words of Walter Reynolds, Archbishop of Canterbury, written in 1325, — "if, then, a faithful man should with holy fear consider the magnificence of that Sacred Host which he receives, and with a firm faith admire its glory, and meditate on the too great condescension of its obedience even unto death, he would endeavor to prepare his soul to receive it by a purity and sincerity almost beyond the reach of human nature."

HE who year by year raises up the corn we sow, even though it dies as a seed, shall He find difficulty in raising our bodies for whose sake He Himself was raised? Thou seest how the trees which have stood for months fruitless and leafless, when winter is past, revive in all their parts as it were from the dead. Shall we not, then, much rather—yea, and much more easily—live again?—*St. Cyril.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVI.

IT was a week later when Mr. Wynne, coming in one day to luncheon, found his wife awaiting him with a very tragic countenance.

"What is the matter, Helen?" he asked. "No bad news of any kind, I hope?"

"Very bad news," Mrs. Wynne replied. "That man Raynor is so much better that he has been able to send a message to Madeleine asking her to come to see him."

"My dear," Mr. Wynne remonstrated, "I'm afraid that you are really forgetting Christian charity, so far as this unfortunate man is concerned."

"Oh, I know that I am!" Mrs. Wynne said. "It makes me positively unhappy. But what can I do? The matter grows worse and worse; for—do you know in what way he has sent this message to her?"

"How should I know?"

"Why, he has sent it through *us*!" Mrs. Wynne's tone was as tragic as her face in making the announcement. "Richard, you can't tell how dreadfully I feel in thinking that he would not have known that she was in Paris if he had not seen her in this hotel with me. And now, not knowing how or where to find her, the communication is sent through you! It seems intolerable that we, of all people, should be selected as the intermediaries to bring her into connection with him."

"It is certainly not what we would have desired," Mr. Wynne remarked; "but we could not have foreseen, and therefore could not have prevented it."

"But that doesn't make it less dreadful," Mrs. Wynne complained; "and I'm inclined to say that I will not be forced into playing such a part."

"But how," her husband inquired, "can you possibly avoid doing so?"

"I hardly know," she answered slowly; and then, pausing, looked at him, holding

the while her lower lip between her teeth, which he knew to be an old trick of hers when in doubt.

"Well, what is it?" he asked at last. "What are you thinking about?"

"*This!*" she answered, taking up a letter from the table beside her, and holding it out to him. "Here is the message which I feel as if I could not endure to give to her."

"Helen, I am amazed at you!" said Mr. Wynne, as he took the letter, which was addressed to himself, and drew forth the following brief and businesslike communication:

DEAR SIR:—I am instructed by Mr. George Raynor, of whose injured condition you are aware, since we have been in receipt of, and hereby beg to acknowledge and thank you for, your kind inquiries about him, to request you to be good enough to inform Mrs. Madeleine Raynor, whose address he does not know, but with whom he has reason to believe that you are in communication, that he desires to see her, and will be deeply obliged if she will come to see him at address given above. He adds that his condition must be his excuse not only for asking this favor of her but also for troubling you.

Trusting that you may be able to assist him in the matter, since he seems extremely anxious to see Mrs. Raynor, and his state is very precarious, I am

Yours truly,

M. F. CONYERS.

"Hum!" Mr. Wynne commented, when his rapid glance had covered these few lines of writing. "I don't know who M. F. Conyers may be—probably a friend, or more probably merely a secretary,—but there's a personal and solicitous touch about the last words which seems to imply that it would be well to lose no time in communicating this request to Mrs. Raynor. I don't understand" (he looked reproachfully at his wife) "how your conscience has allowed you to delay sending it to her at once."

"My conscience has had nothing at

all to say on the subject," Mrs. Wynne replied; "for of course I know that it can not be withheld from her—"

"Why on earth should you wish to withhold it from her if you could? The poor creature no doubt merely desires to make his peace with her before he leaves the world."

"I have no idea that he is going to leave the world,—that is, at the present time," Mrs. Wynne answered; "and I doubt whether his wish to see her has not a much more selfish basis than to make his peace with her. But, however that may be" (she sighed impatiently), "I fully recognize that the message must be given to her; and I have not transmitted it only because it has been less than an hour since the letter was delivered, and also because she is due here to lunch with me at the present time; for we were going out together this afternoon."

"Oh, she's due here, is she?" Mr. Wynne looked a little dismayed, and thrust the letter hastily back into his wife's hand. "Well, you had better give her this as soon as she comes. I must—er—wash my hands before going down to lunch."

Mrs. Wynne looked with a smile after the figure that so abruptly dived into the chamber which adjoined the sitting-room of their suite; but she knew the masculine dread of anything savoring of emotion too well to be surprised by the flight. Then the smile faded as she glanced at the clock and realized that Madeleine would no doubt appear in a few minutes. She rose and walked across the floor; while the same feeling of indignant revolt against the position in which she found herself—that of being forced to convey a message she instinctively disliked and distrusted—which she had expressed to her husband when he entered, rose again strongly in her breast. She looked at the letter in her hand, and then at the grate filled with glowing coal.

"I should like to put it there!" she said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Would you?" a soft, half-laughing

voice behind her asked. "Then why not do so?"

"Madeleine!" Mrs. Wynne turned to find herself facing the person of whom her thoughts were full. "I—I did not hear you come in."

"No: you were too absorbed to hear me," Madeleine answered; "and I never heard anything more full of dramatic intensity than your tone. I hope it is not anything of importance that you would like to put *there*?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," Mrs. Wynne replied. "But you can judge for yourself, since it concerns you."

"Concerns me!" Madeleine repeated, gazing with startled eyes at the letter which the other, with a sudden impulse, extended to her. "What is it? How does it concern me?"

"It is a message from your—from Mr. Raynor," Mrs. Wynne told her, gently enough now. "I wish I could have put it into the fire; but since I couldn't, take it, dear, and read it. There's no way of sparing you."

The compassionate sympathy of her tone seemed to act on Madeleine with strengthening effect. She put out her hand and took the letter.

"There is no reason why I should be spared," she said as she opened it.

The interval of silence which followed seemed long to Mrs. Wynne; but in reality, measured by the clock, it was a very short time before Madeleine looked up from the sheet of paper which she held, and said quietly:

"Of course I must go."

"Yes," Mrs. Wynne assented in a fatalistic tone; "I knew you would say that. And I suppose there is nothing else for you to do."

"Nothing else," Madeleine echoed. She sat down with an air of preoccupation, and gazed for a minute or two into the glowing heart of the fire, where Mrs. Wynne had longed to cast the letter which she still held in her hand. Presently, looking up again, she said meditatively:

"I wonder what it is that he wants?"

"Richard thinks that it is to make his peace with you before he dies," Mrs. Wynne replied, in a tone which sufficiently indicated her own incredulity on this point. "Whatever he wants, it is a most inconsiderate request, and demands a very painful effort on your part."

"Yes, it will be painful," Madeleine agreed, with the same quietness of manner and tone; "but that does not matter, if there is anything to be gained by it."

"But what is there possibly to be gained?"

"That we can not tell," Madeleine answered.

She paused, and her gaze returned to the red depths of the fire during another interval of silence, which Mrs. Wynne, on her part, felt no inclination to break. For she was that rather unusual person, a woman who knew when there was nothing to be said, and who on such occasions refrained from useless words. She was intensely surprised by the quietness of Madeleine's attitude,—by her lack of complaint, or of protest against what was demanded of her; and yet she told herself that she should not be surprised, since this unhesitating acquiescence clearly had its root in the mental and spiritual condition she had already divined, and, like Nina, had regarded with instinctive fear and distrust,—which fear and distrust, it is almost unnecessary to say, were not for the condition itself but for the consequences that she foresaw might in one way or another follow from it.

One of these consequences was at hand now. A voice which had forfeited all right to be heard uttered a call, which under the circumstances possessed a certain piteousness; and the soul that not long before had shrunk in horror from the faintest echo of that voice, rose now in quiet strength to answer the call. For there was no manner of doubt of the answer. If this had not been already made clear, it was unmistakably indicated when Madeleine spoke next.

"I will call up by telephone the address given here," she said, "and ask if he is able to see me this afternoon. There is no reason for delay."

"I suppose not," Mrs. Wynne found herself again forced to agree. "But would you not like Richard to call up the house for you? That letter, you know, is addressed to him."

"I should be very glad if he would," Madeleine replied. "But are you, then, expecting him?"

"I am not expecting him, for he is here," Mrs. Wynne answered, looking toward the curtain-hung door from which Mr. Wynne now emerged.

As Madeleine rose to shake hands with him, he said, in a tone which showed his consideration:

"Don't trouble to tell me anything. I have read the letter which you have in your hand, and I knew what your answer would be before I heard you utter it; for, being so near, I could not avoid hearing what you said. And now it will give me great pleasure to go and telephone for you."

"You are more than kind!" Madeleine told him. "Say, then, that I am ready to pay the visit requested at any time, but that I should like to know what hour will be best for Mr. Raynor to see me." Then, as Mr. Wynne left the room, she turned to his wife and said fervently:

"How can I ever be grateful enough for the chance—which I am sure was no chance—of meeting you two dear people!"

"O my dear," Mrs. Wynne cried, with a sound of tears in her voice, "I have been regretting bitterly that you ever *did* meet us; for that man whom you are going to see would never have known where to find you if he did not possess the clue of having seen you with me."

"And do you possibly regret that?" Madeleine asked in astonishment. "Don't you understand—you who understand so much!—that this is something for which I am also grateful? God only knows what it may lead to. But, whatever it is, I

can never forget that, in a certain sense, it will have come to pass through you."

And, as on another occasion, Mrs. Wynne felt herself afraid to ask what it was that the speaker thought might come to pass, and which (her tone implied) would be matter for gratitude.

A few minutes later Mr. Wynne returned, bringing the reply to his telephoned question. Mr. Raynor, he had been informed, would be able to see Mrs. Raynor at half-past three o'clock, if it would suit her to come at that hour.

"I answered that it would suit you," Mr. Wynne added; "so the appointment is fixed for that time. I hope that I made no mistake in settling it without consulting you?"

"You made no mistake at all," Madeleine assured him. "I am ready to go at any hour, and the time fixed suits me perfectly. I wonder" (she glanced wistfully at Mrs. Wynne) "if I might venture to ask a great favor of one whose kindness seems inexhaustible?"

"You can ask anything you like," Mrs. Wynne said quickly. "But first let me ask *you* if you would care for me to accompany you when you go to pay this visit?"

"It is impossible for me to say how much I should care,—what a comfort and support your companionship would be to me!" Madeleine exclaimed. "Of course you know that is the favor I was going to beg."

"I never had the remotest idea of allowing you to go alone, unless you declined to let me go with you," Mrs. Wynne told her. "And now we will have luncheon."

When luncheon was over, there was still a considerable interval of time to be disposed of before the hour appointed for the visit; and Mrs. Wynne looked interrogatively at Madeleine when Mr. Wynne proposed to call a carriage, in order that they might take a short turn in the Bois.

"That seems to me a good suggestion," she said, "since we can not carry out our original plan for the afternoon."

Madeleine hesitated an instant before answering, and then said:

"If I may speak frankly, I have been thinking that I would like to go to the Passionist church for a short time before paying this visit, which will be a trial in many ways."

"I should have thought of that," Mrs. Wynne observed hastily; "and of course it is best. But there are churches nearer at hand than that of the Passionists in the Avenue Hoche, you know."

"Yes, I know," Madeleine replied; "but the address given to us chances to be in the Avenue Hoche—had you not noticed that?—so we can take the church on our way to keep the appointment."

Mrs. Wynne looked unaccountably a little startled.

"There's no earthly reason why he should not be in the Avenue Hoche," she said, as if arguing with herself; "but it seems odd."

"What is there odd about it?" her husband asked, glancing at her with surprise. "Why should Mr. Raynor not be in the Avenue Hoche any more than in any of the other avenues or streets of Paris?"

"I have said that there is no reason why he should not be there," Mrs. Wynne replied. "It just struck me that things are sometimes curiously linked together,—by accident most likely; but, again, possibly not altogether by accident. It is a coincidence, at least, that Madeleine was received into the Church in the Passionist chapel in the Avenue Hoche, that we met her there, that it is through us that this man has been put into communication with her, and that she can now take the church so conveniently on her way to keep the appointment which he has forced on her."

"Human events often exhibit a tendency toward coincidence," Mr. Wynne remarked; "but we should not attach too much importance to anything of the kind. It leads to superstition."

"I am not in the least afraid of

being led to superstition by this kind of coincidence," Mrs. Wynne returned. "The effect is quite the other way. It seems to give us a glimpse of the design which controls the happenings of life, and teaches us to wait for the outcome of things we don't like with more patience than we might otherwise be able to exercise. One remembers that—

All things by immortal power

Near or far,

Hiddenly

To each other linked are,

That thou canst not stir a flower

Without troubling a star.

Now order the carriage, and we'll go, that Madeleine may have time to ask for the strength she will surely need."

(To be continued.)

The First Communion.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

THE joy of heaven on each young face,
God's angels are with them along the way,—
'Tis the smile of God in their hearts of grace,
Like the lights on the lilies' hearts that play.
Their eyes now look in the Saviour's eyes,

In the glow of purity's holy ray.

Ah, when morn is gone, and the shadows rise,
May their souls shine clear as they do to-day!

When the darkness comes, as the lights wax dim,
When the heart grows sick and faint on the way,

Will they triumph still through their love for Him,
In the light and dream of the joy to-day?

O little hearts, you are now so near—

So near to the kingdom of Christ's dear Heart,
Will you ever dare to falter and fear?

From the gates of Love will your feet depart?

O God of the little children pure,

And God of the good and innocent,

Keep, keep them close in Thy love secure

'Till the day is past and the night is spent!

O grant that the joy and grace divine

Will glow in the children's hearts for aye,

Like the lights on the lilies' hearts that shine,—

The smile and love of the Christ to-day!

Facing the Great Passage.

BY S. WALDRON CARNEY.

"NO," said the old priest, "I have never doubted the man, even when I have been dubious about the events. He was sincere; whether those things really happened or not, of one thing I am sure: he believed them."

"Did he tell you this when first you went to him?"

"No,—oh, no! In fact, he never told them to me at all, beyond the first assertion as to his identity. He gave them to me, just as you have them there in these pages, written out in his own round, strong sailor script. It was after I had heard his confession—poor fellow!—and promised to bring him the Viaticum and anoint him the next day. He was very old. Eighty seems a patriarchal age to a man not yet thirty." And the old priest smiled wistfully. "'Father,' he said, 'God bless you! My earliest and best friend was a priest. I am not sorry a priest is my last friend, and the best one left to me now.'—'No,' said I: 'your best Friend is above. And you are going home.'—'Home,' cried he,—'home? Father, I never had a home!'"

"And was it that day he gave you the box?"

"Yes. He made me get it from the bottom of his old battered sea trunk,—a good strong tin box, just as you see it here. He asked me to take the documents with me, and read them that night and fetch them with me next day. I did all he wished; and after the last Sacraments, when he was peaceful and happy as a child, he whispered: 'Father, the papers are yours; do what you like with them. People never believed me living and they will not believe me dead. But you believe, and you will say Masses for my poor miserable soul. And, Father—' he hesitated, and then stumbled out, 'when I'm buried (and you will see to all that) per-

haps—perhaps—on a little wooden cross you would get them to cut these words, only you will put them into good Latin: 'Here lies John, son of Henry Hudson. He was led by God's mercy from death and darkness into life and light. May his soul rest in peace!'"

The venerable priest was a little overcome, I thought; for he took his old-fashioned snuff in his old-fashioned way. Then he put the yellowed papers into my hand, and I began to read with a scepticism which took the edge from curiosity. The narration is copied here verbatim, though not literatim; for his spelling had all the freedom of the ocean wave. His English was fairly good, and the interspersed French and Dutch words are here translated to eliminate a confusing polyglot.

**

I am John, the son of Henry Hudson, discoverer of the river that runs to the sea by his name. What I write here is the truth as God sees it, or as I remember it; for some of the strange things in my life seem to me like dreams, and yet I think they all did happen. But, up to my father's end, I am certain of everything, because I still have the log, and it was kept faithfully until his last day. It has gone the world over with me, safe in my oilskin pocketbook; and I shall use it here, so far as it goes, to certify all I tell up to that day when my father's spirit went out into the Great Passage.

Merciful God! the numb terror in our hearts when, having cut us adrift with a few provisions, Juet and his men, with the stolen ship, hoisted the topsail and stood to sea! There were eight of us in the abandoned *shallop*, but for hours the brooding silence of despair was unbroken. Then the indomitable will of my father made itself felt.

"While summer and strength hold out," cried he, "let us put to the north! Food lies there and an exit to the sea,—perhaps the passage!"

"Right, Master!" said Staffe. "And one of the men that's—that's gone" (and his voice broke) "said he would leave a sign for us on the ledge where the fowl breed, if Juet would not see his wrong and wait for us."

"Ready, mates?" asked my father, and his glance covered me as I shrank by his side.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the men; and I, a boy of twelve, proud to have been included, made like reply. And thus, with Hudson's courage at the helm, began that perilous and uncharted voyage on those desolate waters.

Devoted to my father, Staffe, the ship's carpenter, had voluntarily accompanied him, and had secreted on his person various things of much use to us afterward. Meal and water sparingly distributed but once a day, we hungered frequently and our throats were parched; but of the later fasts, of the painful, screaming winds and cold, drizzling rains, the clothes dripping water in heavy seas, and the weariness of the stoutest hearts, I need not tell—nor indeed could not. And who would believe me if I could?

After many days we sighted land on our right; and Michael Bute died and was slipped overboard just before we drew into the wedge-shaped island, with its blade to the southwest. We haled our boat aground, but the water still lapped its stern; for it was heavy with the weight of two helpless men,—one of whom, Adam Moore, having lost his reason, had become violent and was bound hand and foot.

With stiffened hands the men broke bushes and made a welcome fire, in which we cooked meal. It was our first hot food, and Wydhouse and Faner took some to the sick men. Something moved in the brush. We listened. The evergreens made a noisy, crackling blaze; a stiff, northeasterly had sprung up; and the water, breaking on the windward side, made a confusing sound. So we paid no further heed, but lay down to sleep, when an unmistakable rustling near us

brought us to our feet. What might be lurking in the darkness we could only conjecture; but we, being in the fire-light, could be plainly seen.

A piercing shriek from the direction of the boat awakened a nameless fear. We could fight men in the open, and perhaps lose not the best of it; but what might strike from the shadows? Had we disturbed or destroyed the homes of the uncanny creatures who live on lonely islands and by strange waters? Then would our lives pay the forfeit! Tools, gun, powder,—indeed all that we had in the boat would not avail against such a foe.

Another cry: then, running breathlessly from out the dark, Moore fell on his knees at our feet. Crawling to the fire, where he cowered, extending his hands to the flames, he muttered a foreign language unremembered till that strange hour. We afterward learned that the men with the food had found Arnold dead, and had divided his portion between them and Moore, whose wrists they untied; but he, watching his opportunity, seized a knife, cut the ropes on his ankles, and with a shriek leaped into the shallow water. Pursued, he had again cried out. Arnold's death had unnerved him, but his unwelcome arrival had saved us. Peace to his soul!

Dawn brought a clear view of the island, and something more. Two savages, with their canoe drawn into a little cove, and fur skins thrown over their shoulders, were coming toward us. They were watching Moore, still crouched before the fire, holding his long thin fingers over the blaze, weaving his spell of words, as witches weave; or pointing his gaunt hand to the sky and the sea, his tensely drawn face disfigured by a horrible, mirthless laugh. We shrank from him; but the savages spoke together, and then held out the skins, having us understand that they were given, not sold, since Moore was of our company. They were for him. To them a person whose mind is gone must be left unharmed. The

Great Spirit had touched the man, and would send evil to any one who should molest him. A like safety is assured the company in which the insane man is found. For the same reason, he who bestows gifts upon him whom the Manito has visited brings added protection and victory to himself.

They laid the skins beside Moore, and went silently back to their boat, returning with a measure of corn, a good-sized piece of venison, and several fish; and for these they took some glass buttons. It was they we had heard the preceding night as they crept close to the fire, intending to kill us when we slept. Moore's escape had been timely. We should have been massacred before it became known that we had a "touched" man in our midst. The savages hastily departed; and the carpenter would have us remain there for a few days.

"What!" said my father. "Stay here to use up all our food, and then go to starve on the waters? No, no! To-day we put to sea. Who knows? We may be but a day's length from the Great Passage." And, placing Arnold's body in a shallow pit in the island, and persuading Moore much against his will to return to the boat, we ran out at noon and stood to the north for the rest of that day.

Some time after midnight a thick blackness blotted out the stars and made the water like ink. Flashes of lightning lit white faces sick with fear, and the awful stillness was broken by Moore's cry: "I am going back!" The boat gave a perilous lurch, and the poor crazed man had disappeared. He must have sunk immediately. The noise of the storm was over all; and, although we tacked to larboard as much as we dared, the next flash showed only an angry sea.

We steered away west by north for several leagues; and the days that succeeded each other were distinguished only by greater distress, privations, and sufferings. The painful record was writ deep on the men's faces, and the strain

told on their tempers, too. For four days we were caught in drifting ice, and could get no food. Again we passed islands where a few handfuls of coarse sorrel grass were gathered, and eaten with vinegar; and once we drank of a pool where the rain had settled, — it felt good on our swollen tongues. But Faner died that night in great pain, and sleeps in the deep water near that place.

On August 27 King sighted land full on the larboard bow. It was in about 63° N. lat. and 81° W. long. We made port at sundown to the lee of the island, tying the boat with a rope round a great stone near the water's edge. We found much driftwood there, and a cross of wood standing; and, farther back, many signs of fires; but saw no one.

The next day we killed some big white birds, found some of their eggs, and caught some fish. We ate ravenously. My father was sitting near the boat, urging Staffe to build a shelter there until enough strength and food were secured before pushing farther north in the spring. Whir-r-r! an arrow dropped into the boat in front of them; and Wydhouse, who had gone farther in for more brush, gave a sharp cry. We ran, but were too late. His murderer stood over him, with tomahawk raised for another blow. Dispatching him, Staffe aimed his gun at a neighboring tree where I had seen nothing, and brought down another Indian with his bow about to be drawn. We saw no more, but no longer felt safe, and sat in a circle to cover all directions. After a painful silence, Staffe, with apparent difficulty, spoke to my father:

"You see what to expect, and you would stay until spring! When the ice breaks up, we may be where he is" (he pointed to where Wydhouse lay). "And, like it or not, if we again sight the ship, which may be waiting at Digges Cape (for if they lay in a plentiful supply of food, they may not hold out against us), I shall ask them to take us back, even as prisoners. And as for the passage, look

you, Master, where we are for having tried to gain that end! Much good has it done us to continue down these accursed waters looking for it! I won't remain. Outnumbered and overpowered by savages, what chance have we? I will build no shelter here, nor will I stay longer to haggle over it. If need be, I'll take the boat alone; and, if I meet not our men, a fishing vessel may pick me up. But stay I will not; nor will I go farther north on such foolish errand, that has already lost us our ship, and at any moment may cost our lives. Little difference then if the northwest passage be near, or indeed if there be one at all. Either come now or remain and take the consequences. Are you coming? Even your boy sees your folly."

I took close hold of my father's hand. His patience seems to me yet as something wonderful. He spoke gently:

"Staffe, I am sorry you hold stubborn. Why do you not see, as I do, that an outlet must be near here? It was not to the south, as we found to our sorrow; and, having reached this place by what seems almost a miracle, it can not be that you will give up now. Be patient a little longer. I am unused to asking favors. I asked none when bound, deserted, and left to die. Nor would I now, were this long struggle not too much for me."

I know not if Staffe meant to leave him, or was but trying to persuade my father, weak and ill, to give up his cherished idea; but father could not bear the thought of his departure, nor did he like to quarrel with his brave companion; so, with a great helplessness and a new sadness in his bearing, he surrendered.

The wind serving us, we stood east and south southeast as we could. We held this tack, by our account, through ten days of incredible suffering and greater despair. We reached the looked-for ledge. Neither sign nor ship awaited us, and we were too weak to climb the rock for the fowl. King aimed at one, but the gun fell from his hands and the bird got away. We secured a few that came within reach.

Only for the current we could have made but little progress.

Finally, on October 1, a few hours before noon, in a thick wet white fog, we left the strait behind us, and were again in the open sea. Stiffened, cramped, and dizzy, too weak and too afraid to eat the last morsel of food or drink, it took all our strength to lower the body of King, when he passed away at the opening into the sea. It was then that the once self-willed, now broken-spirited Staffe said:

"Master, but three are left. We can not again see England. We can not live many days longer. It matters not in what direction we find our last bed, in which we soon shall lie. Your will is now mine, and to the very end will I search with you for the open flow to the west. Perhaps you were not mistaken, after all: we may reach port soon."

The land fell away to the west, and we drifted in ice-filled waters, weak and cold, with hope gone.

Here I copy from my father's last entry in his log:

"October 9.—Dawn.—I can only lie on the boat's bottom, and watch. For two days no food. When they had the sea fowl the other day I refused to eat. I was hungry, but I knew strength could not come back to me; while, if John and Staffe kept theirs a little longer, they might find what we were striving to reach. A great sickness is on the three of us, and each one's face frightens the others.

"Noon.—Just now the drifting ice bears in upon us. We are nearing a stretch of icebergs. If we do not come, before sunset, on a flow from the northwest, none of us will be alive to-morrow. I can not last beyond midnight; but I have instructed John, and Staffe is sturdy and faithful.

"Four bells.—I can hardly trace a mark, but let the man that finds this log note that at four bells past noon, on the ninth day of October, 1611, I, Henry Hudson, did discover the northwest passage to India. It is here, an open flow to

our left. Too feeble for an observation, but I judge we are in latitude $64^{\circ} 20'$, longitude 63° W.; mercury—"

This unfinished sentence was the last my father wrote. We watched him write it, lying on the bottom of the boat. His pencil fell. I picked it up. Staffe caught my arm and whispered: "He's dying!" We both leaned over him. His eyes closed, and then glared wide open, as the eyes of the dead stare. I tried to take the log from his stiff hand, but the fingers clutched it like iron clamps. Then I did not know what he had entered there. I put my mouth to his ear and said twice: "Father, father!" No answer. Staffe took off the rag of a cap on his head, bowing respectfully, and made me a sign that all was over.

Suddenly, straight up in the boat, the dead man (if he were dead) sprang, strong and all alive from head to foot. The sun was low and just going down. As he fronted west, it sent a red light all over his white face; his eyes flashed with another light that came from inside, and he was smiling.

"Look!" he shouted, his arm full length, waving and outstretched to the setting sun. "Look! The Great Passage!"

We looked. As sure as God sees what I write here, I declare it was there before us!

Now, whether it was one of those mirages that I have often seen in divers latitudes, or whether the soul in that man seized upon the souls of us two and we saw what he saw, I shall never know. In a flash a crown of shaking red beams surrounded the sinking sun, and we, looking by father's eyes, saw the rays reflected on the green cold waters of his Great Passage.

"There," he called out again,—“there are long floating palm branches swimming on the tide! India! The Great Passage!”

The sun went down almost suddenly; a freezing wind swept over us. My father fell flat in the boat. Staffe put our last drop of brandy to his lips. No need. He had found the Great Passage, and

gone straight through it to the Land Beyond. And Staffe and I never saw any open water to the west again. We wrapped the body in a piece of sailcloth. Staffe made me lie down in the stern of the boat, and I slept at once from cold and weakness.

At daybreak I woke. What had been in the piece of sailcloth was no longer there. In the night Staffe had given its own sailor back to his own sea. We two were alone. Neither of us spoke of that which was in our minds. We sat silent, watching the great waters that are always bewitching men to their ruin. A few hours later Staffe handed me something. I knew well my father's pocketbook, in its old sea-soaked oilskin case.

"Lad, put that in the inside pocket of your jacket, and, whatever happens to you, do not part with it. If the worst comes to the worst, as is like, some day it may be found on you."

I fastened it securely in the jacket pocket, and then we fell silent again. Many hours of that day I was in a stupor, or in dreams where waves of fire rolled over me through the ice, and I could hear my father giving orders to his crew just as I had heard him from my childhood. We drifted with the powerful current. Staffe was so weak that he made no effort to row, and I had no sense to help. Floating icebergs were to be seen constantly, but our boat kept fairly in the open flow.

Suddenly I was roused from my lethargy by seeing Staffe grasp the oars and bend them with all his might, and I saw that it was life or death for us. An immense moving iceberg was bearing down on us from behind, and the power of the current would add to its velocity. We could not race to escape, since we were no match for it. He was putting forth every muscle to turn the boat to the left out of our pursuer's road. All at once he grasped a rope and piece of spar from the boat's bottom, and seized me roughly. I made no resistance. With astounding swiftness

he had bound me securely to the wood, only arms from the shoulder free. Then he flung me out as far as he could cast, to the left, and shouted:

"God save you, my boy! If you go to another world this hour, tell your father I stood true to you."

I remember only the frozen horror of it all,—the darkness coming down, and the narrow chance of my spar escaping the iceberg. I saw the cruel green-white cliff approaching the boat, which was now at some distance from me. It was unbearable, and I shut my eyes. Everywhere the wailing of the sea and the roaring of a rising wind, and the frequent sharp crackle of parting ice, deafened me. I never saw the boat again. Staffe was a good swimmer, but no man could hold out in that sea; and, starving, freezing, dying, as he was, he could not have swum on a summer lake.

I was tossed and flung to and fro. Great waves sometimes lifted me and sometimes broke over me, and often I was turned face downward to the pitiless waters. About midnight I felt that I was dying. My father was a man who said little of creeds, but he was not irreverent, and I think he sometimes prayed, and we all read the Bible. I called out aloud to God many times. I do not think I asked to be saved from the sea, for that I thought impossible. But I know I repeated, "God have mercy on me!" And then the rushing sound in my ears overcame me, and I knew no more.

To this day I do not know what had happened nor what time had elapsed. It must have been that a line of billows had passed me on from one to another, and had flung me on solid, snow-covered land. A tolerably warm sun was about nine-o'clock high when I became conscious again, and knew that I was not in the water. I was still strapped to my spar, and my new dread was that some returning waves would grasp me again, helpless as I was, and carry me back to sea. I

sat up, and, fortunately, I knew how to undo sailor's knots.

Gradually I freed myself partly by means of a knife in my jacket pocket, still serviceable in spite of brine-soaking. I tried to get to my feet, and fell, and probably fainted again. Once more I came to, and made another attempt. I said, out loud, as if exhorting another coward: "Go on! Walk, run! You are freezing. It is death to lie down again." I began to run. I can not think how I got strength for it; and as I ran I saw phantoms coming toward me—shapes of ships and of icebergs and of moving trees. Then, one by one, they would fade, and others would appear; and my head was spinning, spinning, and spinning again.

At last I saw approaching me the phantom of a dark-robed man, the kind the Indians call Black Gown. I had often met Catholic priests in my father's voyages, but had shunned them; for the Dutch and English sailors had taught me what to think of them. The black-robe phantom did not vanish like the ghost ships and spectre icebergs. It came close; and I shrieked, covered my eyes, and fell in abject terror.

He stooped down and lifted me in his arms, which were real and substantial, and carried me along rapidly. I need not here go into all the events that followed,—the fever, the missionary's nursing, the kindness of a few Indians whom he had made Christians and who were devoted to him in their fashion. He was a Frenchman, and I knew enough of his language to talk it to him. For five years I lived with him, and I shall never again love any other human being as I loved him. He was a highly educated scholar of noble family, loving God, and loving all men for God's sake, and giving his life to God and men.

He instructed me in his religion, which became mine; though I confess here that my later life did no credit to my belief. He baptized me, prepared me for the Communion I made; and, moreover, he

taught me some Latin, much French, and astronomy and geometry, valuable to a sailor.

Meanwhile he was always on the lookout for a chance ship that would pick me up. But in that place ships were rare. At last came my chance. Another missionary, accompanied by a few Indians, visited him, and he committed me to their care when they went back.

Our parting was strange and sad, because I longed to go, and yet was loath to leave him. He blessed me and said:

"Remember, my son, how God has delivered you, and that you, more than any other, owe Him the debt of service and fidelity."

I never saw him again, I never heard from him. But whenever I was in great trouble throughout my life I asked him to help me and to intercede with God for me, because I knew he must be in heaven; for he was old and worn out, and he gave himself night and day to his poor savages.

I have followed the sea from that day on. Under many crowns have I served,—on merchantmen and on ships of war, and even under the Turks. Many a booty have I gained, and many a cargo have I picked up, and many a violent deed have I done. But one thing have I kept in my heart through it all, and that is the Catholic Faith the old missionary put there by the hand of charity. I have not always practised it, I have never denied it, and, please God, I hope to die in it. I have lived among hard men, but I have never taken the Holy Name in blasphemy; I have never harmed a woman, nor let another harm her if I could prevent it; I have respected priests always, and helped them often. These are my only claims on God's mercy, and I shall need that mercy soon; for I am going to face the Great Passage. This port is my last, I think, and I am glad it is Dieppe. Frenchmen always brought good to me. Finishing and signing, I pray God to have pity on my soul and wash out my sins, for the faith that is in me!"

I handed back the paper to my old friend, and shook my head.

"You do not believe him?"

"It is a queer tale, Father, and hangs loose in many places. The Almighty knows each man's paths on this earth, and He alone judges. But I am glad that the old mariner died in the persuasion that you, at least, credited him."

"I credited him then, and I credit him now. I buried him and offered Masses for him. The epitaph he chose is on a little cross over there in France, at a corner of the Dieppe cemetery. May he rest in peace!"

In the Wake of a Lily.

BY MARIE R. MELLING.

THE western sky was radiant with glorious colors. Crimson and gold, violet and amber, vied with each other in presenting every tint known to man; and from it all emanated the glow—the faint, indescribable glow—of an April sunset. In the suburbs of the great city or on the wide avenues of the residential section, where there was space for the passer-by to note the wonderful sinking of the sun below the horizon, few failed to pause and admire the more than usual beauty of the spring evening; but in the densely-settled, squalid closeness of the poorer districts, sunset faded into twilight unnoticed. Here, streets so narrow that they scarcely deserved the name were bounded by tall, ungainly tenements, with factories, warehouses—all the unsightly mechanism of a busy manufacturing city crowded between. What could one see of the vast arch overhead, of its lights and shadows, or its sunsets? Smoke and dust darkened the atmosphere; the blowing of factory whistles and the passage of heavy drays filled the air with discordant noises. There was nothing around of beauty, nothing calculated to instil a love for the beautiful. Yet even here Nature had her admirer.

In one of the numerous houses which lined the narrowest, poorest street of this section, a young girl watched breathlessly the wonderful changing colors in the panorama above. Her room, with its single window from which she now gazed, was on the topmost story of the tall building; but she would not have had it elsewhere, since its elevation permitted a view, over the roofs of the houses opposite, of the only beauty vouchsafed her—the ever-wonderful dome overhead. In former days, the long climb from the street had never been minded; while now for many weeks she had not taken that weary climb at all. Little Reddy Malone had become her willing errand boy, when the heavy cold which she had contracted at the beginning of the winter settled finally on her hip, and she found herself scarcely able to limp around her tiny room. So all day long she sewed—plain sewing or fancywork, whichever was demanded of her by the store that supplied her with materials, and offered a meagre compensation for her dainty work. The winter had thus been for her a very dreary one.

She raised her window and breathed deeply the cool air, which all the smoke and dirt beneath could not entirely rob of its freshness; then she closed it hastily, lest its crispness strike too sharply the one other thing which lent joy and brightness to her sombre life. On the sill beside her was a plant—an Easter lily,—so beautiful, with its half dozen or more opening blooms, that one wondered how it could have reached such perfection in this unfavorable atmosphere. But not so those who knew the unceasing care with which Nora had guarded it.

Months before, a lady, bringing assistance to an old servant who occupied the room adjoining Nora's, had observed the girl as she watered and tended a slender geranium slip she had found in the street; and because of a talk with her, in which she learned of the girl's fondness for flowers and sky—all those things of the

country life she could vaguely remember,—on a subsequent visit had brought the lily, which had ever since been the joy and pride of Nora's life. The old servant had died shortly afterward, and Nora had not seen the lady since; but the girl had always gratefully remembered the giver of the little plant which had proved so gentle a companion.

She was caressing the pot with an almost reverent touch when the partly opened door was suddenly flung wide, and Reddy Malone, whose mother occupied the flat beneath, bounded into the room. The little boy was always a welcome visitor to Nora. He brought her all the news of the inmates of the rest of the house,—how Mrs. Grady's baby was, and whether Granny's cough was improving. For Nora made the best of her surroundings, and, though of a better class than her neighbors, was always a tender sympathizer with their ills and joys. Besides, every week since Nora had been crippled, Reddy had taken her work to the store and brought back the payment; and, in return, Nora helped him with his lessons and heard him recite his Catechism. Just now he unceremoniously hastened to unburden himself:

"I say, Nora, you know the folks named Mason what lives downstairs on the fourth floor? There's a mother and five or six kids. Billy's the oldest; he's a little bit bigger than me. Well, the man's been a-comin' an' comin' there after the rent, an' they couldn't pay it, an' now he says they'll have to pay to-morrer or get out. Mrs. Mason an' Liza's cryin' an' cryin', an' Mrs. Mason says they ain't got no place to go to, an' she can't never get any money to pay it. Ma says she could let Mrs. Mason have three dollars toward it, but that wouldn't help much. Maybe" (halting abruptly as a thought suddenly occurred to him) "if we could get some of the other folks in the house to chip in to raise the money, they mightn't have to move out. Do you think we could?"

Nora had listened to this recital with exclamations of sympathy and encouragement; but now she shook her head.

"I'm afraid they're all too poor, Reddy," she said. "I've only half of my rent saved up. I've been so sick lately I couldn't do much work, and I haven't got a thing I could give them," as she glanced around her sparsely-furnished room. "But it wouldn't do any harm to try, though," she added hopefully. "They say Daddy Runtel has money hidden away; you might ask him, and maybe some of the others could spare a little."

"I think I'll try it. Golly, Nora, ain't your lily lookin' fine! I was down-town to-day, an' they were sellin' lilies not half as pretty as that for a dollar an' a half. My, wouldn't you miss yours if it should die?"

"It won't die, — I won't let it," she said. "And when it stops blooming this year, I'll take such good care of it that it'll bloom again next Easter, maybe. But you'd better hurry away, Reddy, if you're going to do what you said."

Good example is a powerful factor. In less than an hour Reddy was back, breathless and elated, but still looking somewhat dubious.

"I got it all but two dollars!" he exclaimed, exhibiting a box filled with quarters, dimes and nickels, and even boasting two or three bills. "Mrs. Minahan gave me a dollar, an' Pat O'Brien an' Mary Blake an' Pete Malley each fifty cents, an' old Mr. Abeson a quarter, an' Jimmy Flaherty a quarter; an'—an' guess what! Daddy Runtel gave me three dollars. He grumbled somethin' awful; but I told him he was goin' to die soon anyway, so he wouldn't miss it, for very long. That made him madder than ever, but he gave it to me all the same. Lots of the others gave me dimes, too. But I ain't took the money to Mrs. Mason yet, 'cause she says the man won't take a cent less than the whole amount she owes; an' I thought maybe I could get the rest in the mornin'. But I'm 'fraid I can't,

'cause I been to everyone in the house."

Nora clapped her hands in heartiest approval when the lad came to a pause.

"My, that is grand, Reddy! I didn't dream you could do it. But I wish I knew a way to help you get the rest. Don't I wish I had it to give you!"

The girl frowned thoughtfully into the depths of a slender lily-cup as she spoke; and from out its fragrance there was born a thought so hard, so exacting, that she put it from her in dismay. "What? Of course not! It is not possible!" Still, the idea seemed clothed in the pure, misty veil of its flowery birth, and beckoned her again and again to face its inviting presence squarely. She caught her breath involuntarily, with an expression of such pain on her face that Reddy asked in concern:

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, no! I'm quite well, Reddy," the girl answered, compelling herself to speak naturally. "I'm just a little tired, that's all. And I think you'd better run along now. It's getting late, and your mother will be looking for you. And, Reddy, don't say anything about needing that two dollars, but come up here again in the morning, and maybe—maybe we'll think of a plan to get it ourselves."

For a long time after the boy had departed, Nora sat motionless; gazing at the lily beside her. Her thoughts, however, were not of it, but of an incident in her childhood,—that childhood which, though the girl was yet in her teens, seemed very far away, so filled with loneliness and poverty had been the intervening years. She was again in the little parish school of her village home, at this same beautiful season; and the Sister in charge was showing her and her little companions a picture of the Resurrection and explaining its sacred symbolism. And, as she sat thus, the idea that had come to her lost its stern aspect, and appealed irresistibly to her warm, generous nature. Mystically, in a way she herself could not have expressed, in that dark, dreary room, the same glorious,

living Figure seemed speaking to her: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." As the beautiful thought took possession of her heart, it cast all other thoughts, desires, and even sacrifices into nothingness; and when Nora crept wearily into bed that night, after having watered her lily with a few tears she could not repress, the self-denial offered her had been cheerfully accepted.

Little Reddy Malone's blue eyes questioned in astonishment when, upon entering Nora's room the next morning, she dropped her sewing and held out to him the much-prized lily, which she had carefully wrapped in a newspaper.

"You know you said they were selling lilies for a dollar and a half, Reddy. I want you to take this down-town, please, and see if you can't get two dollars for it."

"What d'ye mean, Nora? You ain't goin' to sell your lily! You said you were goin' to keep it always."

"I've changed my mind: I'm not going to keep it, Reddy. I've had it long enough; and just now I want the two dollars more than I want the lily. You do what I tell you, like a good boy; and come back as soon as you can. It's so pretty"—Nora cleared her voice, which was a little husky,—“it's so pretty you won't have any trouble selling it, especially as to-morrow is Easter Sunday.”

The sun was setting again when Nora, her sewing finished, put it aside, and sat in idleness for the first time that day. She had worked, worked, worked as never before, not looking once toward the window-sill where, previously, her plant had always bent so cheerily toward her. It had not taken Reddy long to find a purchaser. A nice lady, he said, had admired the lily and paid him the two dollars without hesitation. So, securing the lad's promise of secrecy, Nora had given him the money to complete the amount Mrs. Mason required. The latter had paid her rent to the astonished agent; and her surprise and gratitude, Reddy said, were "great."

It was all very pleasant to think about, and Nora experienced a glow of satisfaction at having had a part in procuring so much happiness. Still, the poor girl indulged in a few silent tears as she looked around her bare room. But a sudden knock caused her to brush them away hastily.

"Come in!" she called.

A lady, richly though plainly dressed, entered the room; and Nora, instantly recognizing her visitor, started up with a cry of astonishment and pleasure. The lady, smiling brightly, came forward.

"Well, Nora,—that is your name, is it not? Did you think I had entirely forgotten you? You have remembered me, I see; though, after so long a time, I had scarcely thought to find you in your old quarters."

"Indeed I have remembered you, ma'am!" Nora exclaimed, her face glowing with surprise and welcome. "I could never forget your kindness, with the beautiful lily you gave me always ready to remind me of it." She pushed forward a chair; and the lady, still panting from her long climb from the street, sank into it with relief. "I never hoped to see you here again, ma'am; but I always wanted to tell you how much good the lily did me, especially after I got sick and had to stay up here by myself all the time."

"Then you have been ill, too?" Mrs. Lanson's voice expressed sincere sympathy. "That is too bad! I did not intend to neglect you so long, my dear; but I was away for some time, and since my return to the city have been quite ill myself." She motioned the girl to take the one other chair the room offered: "Shall I tell you how I chanced to come this afternoon? I was down-town this morning, and, among other things, I purchased a very beautiful lily. I intended to come to see you soon, as I had a little proposal to make to you; but the sight of the lily brought you particularly to my mind, and I determined to look you up before the day passed. But I am afraid" (glancing around the room) "your plant

did not prove a very lasting pleasure, as I do not see it here. It has died of course?"

Nora flushed painfully, but she answered with her usual truth:

"No, ma'am, it did not die. I took good care of it; and, oh, you can't think how pretty it looked when it started to bloom! I'm so sorry it isn't here, that you might see it. But—but—" her head was bent low, and Mrs. Lanson could see a tear resting on the cheek—"I sold it this very morning."

Mrs. Lanson wondered at the tears; she looked a little surprised, but did not appear offended, as sensitive Nora had fancied she would be.

"Sold it!" she echoed. "My poor child, you must have needed the money very badly to have parted with it!"

"I didn't sell it for myself, ma'am. I think I'd have done almost anything else first. But—"

Her explanation faltered; she did not care to tell this stranger, kind though she had been, the story of her sacrifice. But the latter came at once to her aid:

"My child, I really do not wish to hold you to account. I merely—" she paused, as a hasty knock was followed by the entrance of a red-haired lad of twelve.

"Hi! Nora! I thought you'd be lonelier than ever this evenin' without your lily, an' so—"

Reddy came to an abrupt halt on perceiving that Nora was not alone. He eyed her visitor for a moment in amazement; then he turned to Nora and said:

"Why, this is the lady that—"

The lady answered for herself:

"I believe this is the little fellow, Nora, from whom I purchased my lily!" She turned to Reddy with a smile. "Did I not meet you down-town this morning?"

"Yes'm—yes, ma'am," he stammered bashfully. "Wasn't it all right, ma'am?" he added in sudden alarm.

Nora, who had watched this mutual recognition with surprise, now understood the boy's fear, and hastened to set his mind at rest:

"This is the kind lady who gave me the lily, Reddy. To think that she should be the one who bought it from you!"

"Why, it 'most broke Nora's heart to sell it," said Reddy. "I just know it did! An' I bet she never would have done it if ol' Mrs. Mason hadn't wanted the money so bad."

Nora gave him a glance that was a signal for silence, but she was too late. Mrs. Lanson's interest had been aroused, and she proceeded to question the boy as to "ol' Mrs. Mason," and why the lily had been sold. Reddy remembered his promise of secrecy, but he had his own ideas on the subject. He was not going to tell the neighbors, of course; but if this nice lady with the sweet voice, who had given Nora the lily in the first place, wanted to know the reason of its being sold, she should know it. So, nodding defiance at the girl, he poured out the story of Mrs. Mason's rent; what the other people had done for her; and how Nora, who had nothing to give, made him sell the lily and take the money to make up the deficit. Reddy had lost his bashfulness, and was waxing eloquent, when Nora broke in with the story of Reddy's foremost part in the affair, which the boy had tactfully omitted to tell. Then, overcome by his friend's eulogy, and Mrs. Lanson's warm concurrence in it, he ran out of the room, leaving the lady to look at Nora with a smile on her lips and a tender moisture in her sympathetic eyes.

The kind lady did not say much, but her few beautiful words filled to overflowing the void left in Nora's heart by the sacrifice of the plant she had cherished. And then, when Mrs. Lanson finally rose to depart, leaving behind not only an abundance of fruit and other delicacies, but, of more value still, the lasting sunshine of her cheerful presence, she made a proposal so wonderful that the girl could scarcely credit her ears:

"I want you to come and live with me, Nora. I need a seamstress—some one whom I can like and trust, as I want

her to be a companion also. I will pay you more than you can ever earn in this way" (pointing to the bundle of finished sewing that was lying on the table); "and you will have a home as well,—a home in the suburbs, where I have decided to move, and where you may have all the flowers and fresh air you like—no, I won't listen to any thanks, my dear child! You will more than earn it, I am sure; and before long you will have regained the strength you have lost through this hard life. You know I am now the owner of your pretty lily; but I am sure it will not thrive without its usual mistress, so you must come to take care of it."

And, without giving Nora a chance to reply, the good-hearted lady hurried off; while the girl she had thus befriended poured forth the most fervent prayers she had ever uttered in her life.

An Easter Service in Madeira.

BY M. M. DIETRICHSON.

THE island of Madeira rises out of the Atlantic Ocean like an immense red coral. Its high mountain-sides, which tower straight upward, are covered with a peculiar soil, reddish in hue, which lends a strange coloring to the beautiful island; while the villas, painted white and pink and surrounded by high walls, look like so many bird's-nests clinging to the steep slopes. The villas are half hidden by blooming oleander trees and fragrant cedars, in which thousands of wild canary birds trill their sweet songs; while masses of rich grapevines hang over walls and trellises. Trees of every kind and fruits of all varieties seem to find a home in this fertile soil; flowers of every shape and color grow here in semi-tropical abundance, and fields of tall sugar-cane rustle in the sea breeze.

In the harbor, ships of every description rock with the waves, flying the flags of many nations; while seemingly every

tongue of the globe may be heard in the quaint old town, with its narrow streets and queer houses. Basking in the sunshine, the city is a picture full of bright hues and joyous life, to which the natives in their white garments and peaked caps lend charm and romance, until it all seems, in our prosaic days, like a dream. When some handsome Portuguese tinkles his mandolin or guitar and improvises good-natured ridicule of the foreign visitors; or when, on festive days, the population fire off rockets, ring bells, and make endless noises, they seem to us children with no serious thought in their minds. Yet underneath this mask of childish gayety lies hidden a wonderful, strong faith, primitive and strange, but so sincere and so deep that it may well warm the heart of the coldest spectator.

The Easter time is of course the holiest season of the year,—the time in which every Christian, no matter of what church, should cease from his work and dedicate his time and thoughts to the great Saviour, who suffered, died, and arose for the sake of man. The Portuguese of the island of Madeira certainly showed sincere belief in Christianity in the Easter service which we attended there.

On Wednesday of Holy Week all work ceased, stores were closed and street traffic was stopped. On Thursday morning there were services in the churches, and many received Holy Communion; but in the afternoon the Sabbath stillness was broken by a strange procession. A wooden figure, life-size, representing Judas Iscariot, was drawn through the streets on a cart; wherever it passed people spat upon it and threw stones at it; finally it was hung upon a tree. It was, however, only the lowest class of the inhabitants who joined in the hooting procession of this rather revolting spectacle.

On Good Friday the entire island lay wrapped in a mournful silence. No sounds were heard,—not a bell clanged, not a whistle blew, not a *carro* or sleigh was to be seen. No one walked in the streets;

the houses remained shuttered and silent; the flags in the harbor were all at half-mast, and no small boats were flitting to and fro as usual. The entire population was clad in the deepest mourning and spoke only in hushed voices; even the children walked about on tiptoe, with no laughter or playing. All human beings seemed to realize that the saddest day of the year had come. It even seemed as though Nature itself, and the animals too, joined in the spirit of stillness; even the birds ceased their twittering; while the sun did not glare out with its usual glory, and on Saturday was hidden by clouds.

The Catholics of Madeira say that Christ arose at the noon hour, and on Saturday at midday we witnessed a memorial service which will never be blotted from our memory. About eleven o'clock we went to the old cathedral in the Plaza. We were all dressed in black, and moved through the quiet streets without a word; while the natives, at other times so happy and joyous, passed us with only a silent bow. The Plaza lay dark and gloomy at this hour, and the exterior of the great cathedral seemed to be wrapped in a misty cloud. Within, the sacred edifice was filled with the deepest gloom. Heavy black curtains covered the windows and doors, so that not the faintest rays of light penetrated the darkness; the altar, the columns, even the walls, were draped in black veiling. The only lights were a few flickering tapers carried by the ushers as they led us to vacant seats; even these were extinguished when the last late-comers had found places.

Then came a solemn hush; there was no sound except the breathing of the many people and an occasional click of rosary beads. The darkness, instead of lightening, seemed to increase in its appalling blackness, and the air became stifling. A pall of nameless fear and agony apparently descended upon the kneeling audience, just as it must have fallen on that fatal day in Jerusalem so many hundred years ago. We felt like screaming

out against the awful sin committed that day; and at the same time an overwhelming pity swept over us for the miserable sinners who perpetrated that crime of crimes. The stillness, the darkness, the stifling air combined to bring the deed so much closer to us, until our very souls ached with the sorrow and the misery of it all. The endless moments seemed as so many weary hours, and some of the people began to sob and moan in a heart-breaking way.

Suddenly a muffled boom from the distant fort announced the noon hour. As by magic the darkness and stillness were dispelled; the black curtains and draperies vanished in a second, and the brightest sunlight poured in upon the dazed thousands of kneeling worshipers. With one accord the people sprang to their feet, and with raised arms, shouted, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Christ is risen!" while the mighty organ boomed out the glad strains. The joyous cry seemed fairly to shake the walls of the old cathedral to its foundation.

At the foot of the altar was placed a black coffin; as the hymn of rejoicing arose, the ceiling opened and millions of white and red rose petals fluttered downward, covering entirely the coffin. It was one of those sublime moments when the human soul is lifted above its earthly body and soars upward in heavenly joy until it stands face to face with its Creator. We were thrilled through and through. Our joy over the Resurrection of the Saviour was as sincere and heartfelt as that of the people of old in Jerusalem,—yes, more so; for we never doubted that the throng of people which later poured out through the widely opened portals into the sunlit Plaza had forgotten their earthly sorrows and troubles, and that a new strength and faith now filled their rejoicing hearts.

EVERY moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.—*Father Faber.*

A Modern Parable.

A RECENT issue of the *New Zealand Tablet* contains a modern parable whose application is not limited by geographical boundaries. The Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly is dealing with the stereotyped argument of public school advocates: "The State has provided an efficient and well-equipped system of schools. It is there for the Catholics, as for others, if they choose to avail themselves of it. If they do not, that is their own affair."

Let us imagine that the time has come for supplying every child in the State with a free breakfast. A measure authorizing the necessary expenditure has been piloted through Parliament. A clause, inserted while the Bill was in committee, provides that the principal feature of this breakfast shall be a pork chop. The peaceful citizens of the community are astonished, as they sandwich their morning paper between coffee and hot rolls, to find that the Jewish rabbi objects to this truly philanthropic measure. He points out that the members of his faith have a religious loathing for pork. The grounds of this dislike, he contends, are no business of the general public. The fact is, that it exists. And, as Parliament had no other end in view when putting the Children's Breakfast Act on the statute-book than the supply of free breakfasts, he concludes by proposing that, if the Executive finds any difficulty about procuring a substitute for the pork, it can hand over the cost *per capita* of the pork to the Jewish citizens, on the understanding that it shall be devoted to the general purposes of the Act. The State will thus have given effect to its benevolent design, and the feelings of the Jewish citizens will be spared. A few bigots are immediately up in arms, and aver that the adoption of the rabbi's suggestion is tantamount to a State endowment of the Hebrew faith. The Christians of the State are invited to band themselves for a new crusade. But the hard-headed common-sense of the people refuses to take these men seriously, and the Jewish child faces the school day on a mutton instead of a pork allowance.

The absence of definite Catholic doctrinal teaching is the "pork chop" in the public schools; and the day can not be far distant when the injustice of constructively forcing Catholics to pay a double educational tax will be remedied.

Notes and Remarks.

THE Rev. Dr. J. A. Ryan, whose work, "The Living Wage," won him recognition as an authority on economic questions, recently addressed the Madison (Wisconsin) Legislature on the subject "A Minimum Wage." The press reports state that the St. Paul priest held that the fixing of a minimum wage was not only constitutional, but that it was just and to the best interests of society. He did not stop with domestic conditions, but told how he believed the principle could be upheld even in competition with foreign countries. The speaker was asked many questions by the Social Democrats and others. A notable incident was that Senator Zophy and Assemblyman Weber, both Socialist leaders, paid a compliment to the accuracy and fair-mindedness of "the representative of an organization upon which Socialism has always frowned."

If the average Socialist would carefully study and leisurely digest the economic principles advocated by the supreme heads of the "organization" in question, Leo XIII. and Pius X., he would be less surprised at the opinions of Dr. Ryan and other Catholic publicists.

A current discussion in the *Ecclesiastical Review* as to the Scriptural text rendered in the Douay version, "Woman, what is it to me and to thee? My hour is not yet come," has led to the retelling of an incident published in our columns a good many years ago. As quoted by the Rev. Joseph A. Weigand, it runs:

Two Dominican Fathers, while travelling in Kurdistan, resolved to repair a dilapidated chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. Having obtained the necessary alms from France, they presented them to the archbishop of the place, who astonished them with the reply: "What is there to me and to you?" The native expression is: *Man bain anta unana?* For those who employ it, it is admittedly the same as the controverted text in St. John: *Quid mihi et tibi est?* On hearing it, the Fathers felt themselves taken aback and even offended, nor did

they fail to apologize to his Grace for having meddled with his affairs. Thereupon the archbishop informed them that the expression they had evidently misunderstood was an idiom signifying perfect harmony and unity of mind and sentiment. It was the most polite form he could call to mind; and, to verify his statement, he appealed to the use made of it by Our Lord at Cana. "The meaning Jesus wished to convey to His Mother on that occasion," said he, "was this: 'Mother, you are the lady, the mistress; whatsoever you desire I am ready to do: I feel as you do in this case.' Mary's subsequent action showed that she thus understood Him."

Whatever difficulties the controverted passage may present to textual critics, it is safe to affirm that the traditional Christian understanding of Our Lord's reply to His Blessed Mother on the occasion of the Cana marriage feast has always been in accord with the foregoing explanation.

At the risk of apparently piling "Pelion on Ossa," we quote from the *Denver Catholic Register* the following tribute to the efficiency of Catholic schools:

The results of the recent teachers' examination held at the Court House are, to us Catholics, gratifying in the extreme. Too many people regard our Catholic schools as an educational compromise for religion's sake; and there are not wanting, occasionally, even Catholics who assume an apologetic pose when the subject of parochial schools is broached. Six of the Sacred Heart High School girls presented themselves for examination, and passed with general averages ranging from 96 to 100. The authorities have declared that these were the best marks ever received from any individual school; and, besides, that they had also reached the highest average in the science of teaching.

When all is said and done, it still remains true that religious teachers are apt to be more thoroughly in earnest and more uniformly painstaking than their secular collaborators; and "by their fruits, you shall know them."

The essential nobility of the English character is shown in the unqualified praise given to the late Sir William Butler's "Autobiography." He was an intense Irishman; he strongly sympathized with

the Dutch in the South African war, and at other times openly disapproved of the action of the English Government, thus incurring for the time being the ill-will of many of its highest representatives and the ill-usage of the War Office; yet by the press of Great Britain he is referred to as one of the Empire's greatest soldiers, of whose valor and genuine ability as a military commander there can be no question. Says the *Academy*: "He died full of honors as of years; G. C. B., and a Privy Councillor of Ireland. But, most important of all to him, a man of the highest personal honor, he lived to see himself fully vindicated by the historian as an ill-used military officer, whose rejected counsels might have saved thousands of lives, millions of treasure, and long months of acute national suffering. . . . His was a noble nature; and, although the glory of his earthly crown was not perhaps so great as it might have been, after all, we poor humans do not know it all. He was a valiant soldier, who scorned wrong, fought always for his conscience and the right; and who knows but that the highest service to mankind is rendered without the world's acknowledgment?"

It seems strange that the death of so distinguished a man and so exemplary and zealous a convert as the late Dr. George Joseph Bull should have been so little noticed by the Catholic press. The *London Times*, and doubtless numerous other secular journals, did justice to his scientific acquirements; but the organ of the English Catholic Truth Society, for which he wrote a most interesting account of his conversion, is the only Catholic periodical in which we have seen anything like an adequate record of our loss. "This kindly, devoted, and charitable physician," as the *Times* calls him, was born at Hamilton, Ontario, in 1848. In 1886 he went to Paris, where he occupied a leading position as an oculist. In connection with ophthalmology he made many important discoveries, and his name is

connected with various instruments of his invention for examining the eye. In 1892 his naturally religious mind was directed to the claims of the Church, and, after instruction and inquiry, he was received into her communion in July of that year. The ardor with which he embraced the Faith never waned, and his anxiety to procure for others the happiness which he had himself experienced sometimes startled those who were not gifted with like enthusiasm. With the help of his devoted wife, he founded St. Geneviève's Club for the benefit of young English-speaking Catholics in Paris,—an organization which was attended by excellent results, spiritual as well as temporal.

Dr. Bull was of singularly retiring disposition and incapable of self-advertisement. This may account for the absence in so many papers of any notice of his death, which is mourned by a wide circle of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. It is gratifying to know that the account of his conversion has had many readers. It has been translated into French, and a Japanese version was lately published in Tokyo.

Of the eminent Norwegian convert, Dr. Krogh-Tønning, it may be said, *defunctus adhuc loquitur*. His death has revived interest in his conversion, and will doubtless promote the dissemination of his Catholic writings throughout Norway. It is no less surprising than gratifying to learn that his funeral was attended by as many as thirty-seven of his old colleagues of the Lutheran ministry. It was his reading of Newman which finally led him into the Church; and, as in the case of that great father of souls, his influence seems destined to increase rather than to diminish.

A correspondent of the *London Tablet* travelling in the Holy Land writes from Casa Nova, Nazareth:

It will be of interest to many of your readers who have visited the Holy Land to learn that

on the 19th of March, this year, Holy Mass was celebrated again in the crypt of the new Church of St. Joseph which the good Franciscans are erecting on the original foundations of the ancient church mentioned in a treatise on the Holy Places of the sixth century, and also by Arculf, and commonly called the Church of the Nutrition or House of St. Joseph. Destroyed in the eighth century, it was rebuilt by the Crusaders. The good Fathers of St. Francis, after years of waiting, have at length been able to acquire the site; and, after removing the Mohammedan houses, have been rewarded by the discovery of the lower layers of a beautiful church of Roman architecture, with two apses, and three naves 95 feet long by 48 feet broad. They have also discovered the cistern mentioned by early pilgrims, to which a channel once conducted the waters from the "Virgin Fountain," a crypt in the rock said by tradition to have formed a part of St. Joseph's house; and above it a cistern paved with early mosaic, to which a few steps give access. The new church follows the lines of the ancient one; and, whether or not the site be identical with the place where Jesus lived and worked, at least the Catholic world will here again join hands with the early Church in perpetuating devotion to the early life of our Divine Saviour.

We have frequently insisted that an equitable solution of the school question in this country—a solution eliminating what Archbishop O'Connell calls the "outrageous tyranny" of forcing Catholics to pay a double educational tax—is practicable, if our public men will endeavor to be more of statesmen and less of politicians; and we have emphasized our opinion that a State constitution is not a sacrosanct document, immune from change or amendment. We notice that a prominent non-Catholic of New York city shares both these views. He writes (in a pamphlet entitled "Socialism in the Schools"):

How can we have a God-fearing, religious people educated each according to his own faith? It is a simple thing. The State can take supervision of all schools, public and private, insist upon character and competence in the instructors, and then pay each school upon a *per capita* basis for the secular education furnished. It can conduct examinations yearly, and upon the result of these examinations base its appropriation to each school. This would not be

using the public funds for sectarian purposes, but for purely secular education. If, then, the churches, or the non-churches, desired to inter-mix religious teaching with the secular teaching, that could be paid for by the church. Thus the Roman Catholic could get his share of the taxes he pays for the secular education of his child, so could the Jew, so could the Protestant, so could the Socialist. This would require some slight change, in New York State, of the State Constitution; but the State Constitution has been amended before this, and for purposes much less important.

Some such solution as the foregoing is safe to come within the next decade. Earnest Protestants, not less than Catholics, are condemning with increasing volume and vehemence the deplorable outcome of the present religionless public schools.

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The arrest and suspension by the Portuguese Government of the Bishop of Oporto, for having ordered a joint pastoral of the bishops of Portugal to be read in the churches of his diocese, has not been noticed by the secular press of this country. The circumstance, however, is not regrettable, because very few editors of our great dailies would have had either the honesty or the courage to comment upon the matter as does the editor of the *Saturday Review*. The pastoral condemned the anti-religious policy of the Portuguese Ministry; and the *Review* declares that in doing this the bishops were within their right, and had good grounds for their censure. "For an anti-religious wave seems to be sweeping over Portugal, and is making itself felt in many ways. . . . To remain silent in the circumstances would have been neglect of duty."

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Apropos of a "cause of beatification" lately discussed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, *Rome* prints this interesting paragraph:

Outside of France, who knew that the once famous Felicité de Lamennais had a brother? While the brilliant writer, the head of the anti-Gallican school, was dealing his powerful blows against Liberalism, defending the liberties of

the Church, training men like Lacordaire, Montalembert, Gerbet and other defenders of Catholicism in France, and then, alas! turning his back upon his glorious past and breaking out in open rebellion against the Holy See, his elder brother Jean was becoming a saint. Born in 1780, Jean Marie Robert de Lamennais was, after the usual course of studies, ordained to the priesthood; from 1812 to 1817 he was Vicar-General of the diocese of St. Brieuc, and in this latter year he founded the Brothers of Christian Education and the Daughters of Providence. He collaborated in Rohrbacher's "General History of the Church." His death took place at Ploermel in 1860, and such was the veneration in which he was held that its citizens shortly afterward erected a public monument to him.

'Tis the old, old contrast between genuine humility and intellectual pride,—a contrast as patent in the case of the brothers Lamennais as in the more recent one of the Blessed Curé d'Ars and Père Hyacinthe.

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Press comments on the case of "Praying Andy Toth," the Austrian Catholic who spent twenty years in the Pittsburg penitentiary for a crime of which he was innocent, emphasize several points. One is that the Toth case "should serve as a warning to overzealous prosecutors, who feel it their duty to obtain conviction, and some of whom will sacrifice an innocent victim in order to make a personal reputation for themselves." The *Philadelphia Record* finds it "impossible to resist the conviction that the court that tried him and the prosecuting officer were remiss because Toth was of no particular account and had no friends"; and it adds that "it seems as though the State, or the county where he was convicted, owed him something more than a pardon for an act he did not commit."

As to this latter point, we should think it only elementary justice for the State to pay to the unjustly convicted prisoner a sum equivalent to what would equitably be considered his probable aggregate savings had he been at liberty during the time of his incarceration. The case of "Praying Andy Toth" is pathetic.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The Little Lad.

BY W. F. H., S. J.

MY darling, so brave, so fair,—

My little lad, whom God took away!
Yes, this is a strand of your sunny hair.
Dear, can your locks be brighter there
Than this of your life's short day?

Ah, many a year and long,

My little lad, since I saw you smile!
I'd wish you back, if it were not wrong,—
Yet what do I say? The angels' song
You heard, though I wept the while.

The angels' song! Raptured eyes

Heaven-turned—ah, me! that gaze,—
The sudden breath of an awed surprise
As you glimpsed a splendor beyond the skies,
And you smiled, and left our ways.

Alas! how the years have fled,

My little lad, since I stroked these curls!
This is all that is left me, since you are dead,
Of the locks that shone on my darling's head
Like the sky where the dawn unfurls.

But the Heavenly Father's love,

My little lad, now holds you fast.
How calm and tender your joy above,
Whither you flew like a homing dove,
And I shall come at last!

My darling, so brave, so fair,

My little lad, whom God took away,
Leaving me here but this lock of your hair!
Ah, dear, pray oft for mother there,
Till she come, in God's chosen day!

THERE is in Italy a church choir composed of birds, the only one of its kind in existence. There are 300 of the little singers, each in its separate cage; and they render certain parts of the service with skill and precision. It is said to take about two years to train these feathered choristers.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—ROOKER'S ROOST.

BONY BEN mounted Boris, and, although the storm was at its height, dashed up to the porch of Rooker's Roost,—a name that, despite all its present proprietor's efforts, still clung to the composite of eating and lodging house, saloon, post office, and general emporium, into which the old road house of the stage-coach period had rapidly evolved.

Ben sprang briskly from his smoking horse, and ordered him a double feed and rub down; and then paused for a moment to shake from his own dripping garments their superfluous rainfall before he ventured into the hospitable shelter of the "Roost," that, with all its newly painted and glazed windows, bright with brand-new lights, seemed flashing back electric defiance at the storm.

"Come in, man," said a full, deep voice; and burly Tom Connors, the landlord, stepped out on the porch to greet the newcomer. "Sure we don't mind a drop or two of cold water in here; and, betwixt you and me" (Mr. Connors lowered his voice to a cautious undertone), "there's some of yer own folks inside that would be none the worse for it."

"My own folks?" repeated Ben, as he stamped the water from his boots. "Who?"

"Who but the boss himself and the bunch he travels with, worse luck for the decent-born gentleman he is! They all came galloping up for shelter about an hour ago; and it's the devil of a night they are going to make of it, with the whiskey and the cards and the singing and blatherskiting, that they've begun

already. Sure, though it's dollars in me own till, I hate to see it," said burly Tom, shaking his head,—*"I hate to see it, on me soul. The lad's father was good to me when I was a bare-legged gossoon minding sheep for him five and twenty years ago. I hate to see John Dayton's son going to the dogs like this. Isn't there no one to stop him?"*

"No one," answered Ben, grimly. *"Far as I can see, he's got the bit in his teeth and is at the break-neck gallop downhill. And that ain't the worst of it,"* added Ben, his sunken eyes flashing. *"He's got a carriage load of innocents behind him, that's coming in for the smash-up,—mother and sister and brother that's believing and trusting and looking to him as if he was an angel out of the skies. Laws, ye ought to hear that little kid brother of his talk!"*

"And ye've never opened the lad's eyes?" exclaimed honest Tom.

"No," replied Ben. *"Every day I think I'll do it, but somehow I can't. The boy is no fool and is bound to catch on to things himself. It ain't up to me to throttle him with the truth, that will choke hard. And they're in for a night, you say?"* (he glanced in at the half-open door.) *"Who is with him? That blood-sucker Sandy Nick?"*

"Aye, Dalton and Bender and that black-eyed sharper they call Chips. I'm thinking between them they'll make a finish of him to-night. They were here last week for a bit, and it was all I could do to hold me tongue between me teeth and not meddle. It didn't take Tom Connors' two eyes to see they were playing hard and fast with the lad,—sending the luck up and down to keep him in heart, so they could sweep everything at last. He lost a thousand to them if he lost a penny last week. And they say that big Jim Rainey holds a mortgage on Bar Cross Ranch for more than it would bring at a forced sale, and he means to foreclose before the year is out."

"Not on all of it," said Ben, eagerly,—

"not on all. There's two hundred acres no mortgage has touched,—wasn't worth a mortgage, they said," and there was a gleam in the speaker's eye,—*"the Southwest Ridge along the Coyote."*

"The Southwest Ridge?" echoed Tom. *"That's what they were all shouting about a bit ago. Rackety Jack was cleaned out of ready cash, so they would play him for the Southwest Ridge!"*

"They would, eh,—they would, eh?" a fierce oath burst from Bony Ben's lips. *"Blamed if I don't break in on that there game, if I have to turn my shooting irons on the scoundrels! Blamed if I don't—"*

"Easy, man,—easy!" interrupted Tom, laying a soothing hand on Ben's arm. *"Keep yer head. I'll not have any bloody murdering in a decent place like I'm making of this. Easy now! Sure what can ye do? What right have the likes of us to meddle?—Eh, God have mercy on us, what's that?"*

Both men recoiled instinctively into the open doorway as, through the roar and blaze and fury of the storm, which in their shelter they had disregarded, there came a crash that shook the house to its foundations and seemed to rend earth and heaven asunder. There was a moment's breathless pause; and then, while the mountains far and near thundered back reverberating echoes, the guests of Rooker's rushed tumultuously out on the porch to see what had happened; among them Rackety Jack and his crowd, the fateful cards still in their trembling hands.

"A thunderbolt—an earthquake—a landslide somewhere!"

And while a score or more suggestions were voiced by the white-faced speakers, a startled cry burst simultaneously from Tom Connors and Bony Ben as Kicker came dashing madly up through the storm, his usually fearless rider crouching in terror in his saddle; while behind him galloped the riderless Marquita, with arched neck and flying mane, her silken coat white with foam.

With a sudden fear clutching his stout heart, Bony Ben leaped from the porch and caught his pet filly's rein, while Cub fairly rolled from the saddle to his startled father's feet.

"Is it dead or alive ye are, ye villain?" gasped Mr. Connors, picking up the breathless boy.

"I—I don't know!" stammered Cub. "Am I dead or alive, Dad?"

"Sure it's crack-brained he is!" cried the startled father. "What's happened to you, at all, at all?"

"And who—what brought this filly here?" thundered Bony Ben, his eyes a very lightning blaze.

Cub glanced desperately around for a moment before he burst into sobbing speech:

"Oh, I couldn't help it,—I couldn't help it! The little fool wouldn't come!"

"Who—what little fool?" cried Ben, an icy premonition flashing upon him as he looked at Marquita's empty saddle. "You—you don't mean our own kid from Bar Cross?"

"Yes—yes," faltered Cub, all his dash and spirit gone. "It wasn't my fault, I tell you, Ben Morris! I was bringing him home from Las Rocas. I'd have brought him home safe and sound, but there was some fellow hurt bad on the way, and the little fool stopped to help him right in the teeth of this storm."

"Billy—Billy Dayton—at Las Rocas? Billy stopped in this storm? Good heavens, sir!" Ben turned to the young master of Bar Cross, who had come out with his crowd at the startling crash. "Do you know what the boy means? Billy, your little brother, was at Las Rocas,—our own little kid, Billy."

"Billy!" repeated Rackety Jack, turning his bloodshot eyes on the speaker. "Eh, what is it you say, Ben?" Over the flushed, dulled features there broke a waking light. "There's—there's nothing wrong with Billy?"

"Wrong with him,—wrong?" echoed Ben, fiercely. "The kid is out somewhere

in this storm! Where did you leave him, boy? Speak quick!"

Cub almost collapsed under the iron grip laid upon his shoulder.

"Wild Cat Ledge," gasped Cub. "Let go of me, Ben Morris! 'Twasn't my fault. I told him I couldn't stay there and get killed too."

"Wild Cat Ledge!" shouted a newcomer, as he sprang from his horse amid the inquiring group. "It was Wild Cat Ledge that went a few minutes ago. Pretty nigh half of it slid down the gorge. Jingo, but it made things shake! Thought I was done for, as I came round the trail; but it missed me by half a mile. Give me a drink, Connors,—quick!"

"And the kid was there,—little kid Billy!" And as Ben stood speechless and shaken his arm was caught in a quick nervous grasp.

"What is it they say?" queried Rackety Jack, hoarse-voiced and sobered now. "Billy-Boy out—lost in this storm! My God, it will be his death!"

"Aye, it will,—it will!" All the fierce pain in Ben's heart found stern voice. "And that death will be at your door and mine and all the fools that left him to stray, blind and innocent and trusting, through a cursed, wicked world like this! Stopping to help a fellow that was down,—stopping on Wild Cat Ledge in a killing storm to help another fellow that was down! Here!" roared Ben to a passing boy. "Bring out that horse of mine quick! I'm off, Mr. Dayton,—off to the Wild Cat, or what's left of it; off to find the boy, or—or what's left of him!"

"I'm with you!" Rackety Jack, white-faced and shaken, broke away from his companions amid a chorus of protest.

"You're drunk, Jack! You're mad! Don't be a fool, Jack! You're throwing your life away, man!" said Sandy Nick, angrily.

"And if I am, a score of lives like mine are not worth that of Billy-Boy!" said Jack, hoarsely. "Stand back, boys! Don't try to stop me! Stand back, Nick! I'm

neither drunk nor mad now, whatever I may have been half an hour ago."

"But the Ledge—Wild Cat Ledge is down!" roared Sandy Nick, as he realized his prey was slipping from him at the last moment. "The boy can't be there now. Don't be a madman, Rackety!"

"Stand back, I tell you! I'm dangerous to-night!" cried Jack, wrenching himself from his friend and comrade's detaining hold, while his face grew ashen with the terror Sandy Nick's words conveyed. "If I had not listened to you, Brett, if I had not neglected the boy entrusted to my love and care,—if I had not been a false, weak, cowardly traitor to all that men should hold dear, Billy would be safe at Bar Cross to-night. Now I go to find him, if it costs me my own wretched life. I go to find him living or dead. Bring me my horse—any horse!" called Jack to the boy who had just led out Boris.

"Here she is, sir!" said Bony Ben. "Here is Marquita herself waiting for you. You couldn't find nothing surer nor safer than this same filly. She's got the sense of a human. Off now, my girl!" cheered Ben, as Jack leaped on Marquita, who had been standing under the projecting roof of the porch. "Back where you came from! Back to your little master, my girl,—back to him,—back!"

Marquita pricked up her ears at the familiar tone, and gave a low, comprehending whinny as she recognized her old friend Boris; and then, with the big bay beside her, galloped off into the storm.

Through blazing lightning and crashing thunder the two riders took their way, heedless of all peril. Jack held the lead, Marquita speeding through the tempest like a winged thing, as her rider, driven by torturing agonies of grief and remorse, urged her on. This was the end, the fitting end, of his wild, wicked, sinful course! This was the judgment he had brought on himself and on all he loved! And Billy—trusting, loving little Billy—the sinless victim!

Memories, such as perhaps are the

torture of lost souls, rose in agonizing clearness before the hapless man: Baby Billy toddling bravely at his big brother's side; wee white-frocked Billy, racing and tumbling to his order; Billy in breeches, venturing on all big boy tricks at his command; Billy-Boy, older, swimming, riding, skating, and fighting at his hero's word; trusting, true-hearted Billy, speeding joyfully over a continent to his love and care; honest, love-blinded Billy-Boy, seeing no evil in ruined home and reckless life; happy little Billy-Boy, from whose innocent, unconscious eyes Jack's own lost, ruined youth seemed to look out again in mute reproach, and from whose clear gaze he had fled.

So fierce was the pain rending the reckless rider's heart that for a moment Bony Ben's warning shout was unheard.

"Look out, sir,—for God's sake look out! The whole Ridge is down!"

It was Marquita, recoiling from the mass of crumbling earth and rock before her, that roused Jack from his torturing thoughts. The fury of the storm was past, its work of destruction done. Like the deadlier storms of human passion, its echoes were dying in broken plaints and murmurs, as if Nature were sobbing over the ruin she had wrought; though the thunder still muttered fitfully, and now and then a pale gleam of lightning flashed from the scattered clouds.

"Wild Cat's gone for sure!" said Ben, in an awe-struck voice. "No wonder the earth and heavens shook! Nothing living could stand against this. Poor little chap! Stopping to help a fellow that was down! He was clean through a little man. That's what he came out here for, he said,—to be made a man. Lord help him!"

"Hush!" said Jack, his senses quickened by agony that even honest-hearted Ben could not know. "Don't you hear something below there, to the right?"

"It's the wind, sir," said Bony Ben, hopelessly,—“the wind down there in the gorge. Nothing living could stand against

this, as you see. There must be ten thousand tons of rock and earth in this slide."

"But to the right there! The cliff stands!" cried Jack.

"And goes straight six hundred feet down. The boy couldn't be there, sir. Don't try it. 'Twill be just throwing away your life. Don't try it! For God's sake think of that mother of yours at home!"

"I am thinking of her and her little boy! My God" (the cry was a prayer of hope and rapture), "some one is calling there below! Billy!" and the brother's voice, in all its old strength and clearness, rang out on the dying wail of the storm. "Billy-Boy! Billy-Boy! Halloo there, Billy-Boy! Billy-Boy!"

"Here!" came the shrill boyish answer from unseen depths. "Down here in a hole in the rocks! Down here!"

"God bless us! It's him, sure enough!" gasped Bony Ben, springing from his saddle. "Leave the horses, sir! We must scramble for it. I'll show you the way. We'll get to the lad somehow. Come on,—come on. Call again, to hearten him up, sir,—call again!"

"Billy-Boy! Billy-Boy!" once more the old home name woke the echoes of the mountain. "We're coming, Billy-Boy! We're coming to you, Billy-Boy!"

And, reckless of all peril, Jack and Ben scrambled over the still shaking rocks and earth, over fallen trees and tangled vines, over all the wreck and ruin of Wild Cat Ledge, to the standing wall of cliff that upbore the terraced ridges that went down in steep, unshaken strength to the gorge below.

"Billy-Boy! Billy-Boy!" he called again.

"Jack! Jack!"

And it was the young athlete of Holmhurst that swung over in the darkness below, leaving Big Ben far behind. It was the Jack of old that reached the dizzy ledge, black now against the clearing sky, and caught to his heart the little figure standing there.

"Jack! Jack!" cried Billy-Boy, as, with a glad little break in his voice, he clasped two trembling arms about his hero's neck. "Oh, I knew you would come to me! I knew you'd find me somehow! I knew God would send you to me, my own dear, big brother Jack!"

(To be continued.)

The Swallow's Message.

The English poet Francis Thompson was extremely fond of birds, and in the habit of trying many strange experiments with them. One day, when it was time for the annual migration to the South to begin, he caught a swallow and fastened underneath its wing a bit of oiled paper, on which he wrote these words: "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter?" When spring arrived, the swallow came back with it, and went to housekeeping in the old nest in the garden. "I declare," said Mr. Thompson, "I believe that is my swallow, and that he has something tied to his foot." Investigation proved that fastened to the little fellow's ankle was another bit of oiled paper which read: "Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."

In the Heart of the Pansy.

People have woven all sorts of fancies about the pansy, and have found resemblances in it to various objects. One story runs that in the heart of the flower an old, cold man sits with his feet in a tub of water and a yellow blanket wrapped about his shoulders; and the children sing this song to him:

Friend so old,
Friend so cold,
Very pleasant is the weather:
Let us run
In the sun

Down the mountain side together!
But the little old man does not stir.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A study of Mickiewicz, the great poet of Poland, by Miss Monica Gardner, is announced by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons.

—An English version, in five volumes, of Father Denifle's great work, "Luther and Lutheranism," by the Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P., is announced by the Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio. The first volume is to be issued within a few weeks.

—Numerous allusions in Fogazzaro's last novel, "Leila," which has just appeared in an English translation, show that he valued the unity and authority of the Church above any private opinions, and that he was absolutely sincere in his submission.

—The most extraordinary praise of Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman's bright juvenile story, "Billy-Boy," now appearing in THE AVE MARIA, comes from a youngster in St. Louis. He declares that the author 'must have been a boy herself when she was little, she knows so much about boys and things.'

—"Easy Lessons in Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. Myles D. Kiley (Angel Guardian Press, Boston), is a booklet of 70 pages,—a catechism "intended chiefly as a help in preparing for the Sacraments older children, adults, and converts." It is published with ecclesiastical authority, and seems to be well adapted for its purpose.

—The American Book Company has added to its series of Eclectic English Classics "Old Testament Narratives," selected and edited by E. C. Baldwin. The book is designed to furnish students of high-school age with an introduction to Hebrew literature. The Bible text used in the volume is the American revision of 1901; and such notes and comments as are supplied are, of course, from non-Catholic sources. For non-Catholic students at least, the book may be cordially recommended.

—"Writ in Remembrance," by Marian Nesbitt (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Bros.), is a well-written and interesting romance, with charming English and German settings. Sibyl Stapylton, Charles Carrington, and Prince Max are delightful people to meet with, even in fiction; and the secondary characters of the story are sufficiently differentiated to furnish the harmonious variety needed to perfect the symmetry of the story. While any distinctly religious tone is wanting, no reader of our columns, to which the author has so frequently contributed, needs to be

told that the spirit of the book is uplifting and ennobling. Though not an especially long story, it is an eminently satisfactory one. The book is attractively produced, and should be in general demand as a school prize.

—The fact that "What's Wrong with the World," one of Mr. Chesterton's latest books, has already gone into a sixth edition is sufficient to show that the reading public is by no means weary of his paradoxes, as the critics so confidently asserted would soon be the case.

—Recent numbers of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets are: "Stories in Honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel," by Winnie Walsh; "The Expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal," being the protest of the Jesuit Provincial, Father Cabral; and "The Catholic Church and Its Mission," a brief course of Lenten sermons by Father S. M. Hogan, O. P.

—"Jacquetta," by Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny (Benziger Bros.), is a Catholic story of some fifty thousand words, expanded by means of large type and generous leading into a good-sized volume of 227 pages. The heroine, the Australian-born daughter of an Irishman, is a beautiful, capricious, somewhat unconventional, yet thoroughly lovable young woman, whose advent in the Irish town of Kilrush is effective in producing notable changes in the lives of several of its citizens. A rather unusual character is an Irish suffragette. Father McMahon suffers a little from the author's failure to present any other phase of his personality than his "breezy joviality." Father Gardyne, the Jesuit, receives better treatment. Dr. Desmond, Claire, Jack, and several minor personages are lifelike; and, on the whole—not a particularly bulky whole,—the story is an enjoyable one.

—If we were asked to name the best and most convenient prayer-book in the language, we should unhesitatingly mention the new edition of "The Roman Missal," published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. In every respect it is an admirable manual. As to matter, there could, of course, be no better; and it is arranged in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. The full Latin text is printed throughout side by side with the English, while brief but clear explanatory paragraphs are substituted for the rubrics proper. There is also an explanation of the Holy Mass; prayers of preparation before and of thanksgiving after Mass; preparation for Holy Communion,—everything, in fact, that the pious Catholic could wish for

in a book of devotion. The different indexes have been carefully prepared. The book is clearly printed, and bound as all such books should be—durably and flexibly.

—While the name of Constance Mary Le Plastrier, author of "Heirs in Exile" (William P. Linehan, Melbourne), is not one with which we are familiar, it seems tolerably safe to say that the lady who bears it is no novice in the matter of story-writing. Her book reveals a sense of proportion, a sureness of touch, and a facility of style to be found only in the practised writer. Very probably the name is well known in Australian literary circles, and we have no hesitation in declaring that it deserves recognition among English-reading Catholics everywhere. "Heirs in Exile" is as good a Catholic novel as we have read in a long while, and a much better story than the average fictitious work, Catholic or non-Catholic, that reaches our table. It is a genuinely interesting narrative, with an Australian setting. The plot, although not startlingly original, is excellent and excellently managed; there is abundance of local color, plenty of action, a tender love story, wealth of subsidiary episodes, and a thoroughly satisfying denouement. And, in addition—or, rather, permeating the whole book—there is a Catholic tone which, without aggressiveness or exaggeration, acts on the sympathetic reader as a stimulus or spiritual tonic. We shall look with interest for other books by Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Le Plastrier.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. 75 cts.

"Writ in Remembrance." Marian Nesbitt. 75 cts.

"Heirs in Exile." Constance Le Plastrier. \$1.25.

"The Apostolate of the Press." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. 25 cts.

"Spiritual Instruction on Religious Life"; "Spiritual Considerations." Father Buckler, O. P. \$1.15, \$1.25.

"Lays and Legends of Our Blessed Lady." 30 cts.

"Why Should I be Moral?" Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.

"Chinese Lanterns." Alice Dease. 40 cts.

"Wandering Ghosts." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.35

"Life of St. Lawrence Brindisi." Father Anthony Brennan, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.

"Father Damien. An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson. [With a statement by Mrs. Stevenson.]" 30 cts.

"Christian Mysteries." Right Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. 4 Vols. \$5, net.

"The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home." Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"Christian Pedagogy; or, The Instruction and Moral Training of Youth." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.50.

"The Intellectuals: An Experiment in Irish Club-Life." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50, net.

"The Story of the Bridgettines." Francesca M. Steele. \$1.80.

"The Art of Living." Dr. Friedrich W. Foerster. 90 cts.

"What the Old Clock Saw." Sophie Maude. 75 cts.

"Free Will, the Greatest of the Seven World-Riddles." Hubert Gruender, S. J. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Nerz, of the diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. John Cronin, C. SS. R.; Rev. James Doonan and Mr. Francis Goldbach, S. J.

Sister M. Roch, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. James J. Jordan, Mr. John Raleigh, Miss Mary Heagerty, Mrs. Susan Wren, Mr. Charles Campbell, Mr. James Moran, Mr. Carl Brozzicks, Mrs. Margaret Tormey, Mr. Lewis Blackwell, Miss Katherine Noon, Mr. John Clinton, Mrs. Catherine Maghran, Mr. Charles Clarke, Miss B. McBride, Mr. Robert Heron, Mrs. Jane Davis, Mrs. Margaret Coakley, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. Michael Reddan, Mrs. Emma Rhein, Mr. J. P. Daly, Mr. Charles Porter, Mrs. Lucy La Valla, Miss Alice McDonagh, Mr. Anthony Farnon, Mrs. Mary Bagmann, Mr. John F. Dooley, Mr. William Robinson, Miss Lucille Horan, and Mr. George Olcott.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

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NO. 17

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Vessel of Honor.

BY HENRY COYLE.

MARY, to thee, of all the sinful race
Alone found spotless,—unto thee the grace
Of God on high descended, and thine ear
Was privileged the Angel's voice to hear,—
The blessed message, bidding thee prepare
For Jesus' birth,—a mother's tender care;
Through years of patient toil, thy loving hand
Laborious wrought, fulfilling Heav'n's command.
O watchful Virgin Mother! oft the thought
Of that strange message the Archangel brought,
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!" helped fill thy breast
With anxious thoughts, to Heav'n alone expressed.

To bear the cross, endure with patient love,
Transcript of Him, the God-Sent from above,
His Mother, meek and gentle, thou didst tread
The blood-stained, hallowed path the Saviour led;

Thy spirit strung to Sorrow's deepest tone,
And every chord of sympathy thine own,
Thy hand in pity draws the rankling dart,
And with celestial balsam soothes the smart.

"Earth's solitary boast!"—no sin stained thee,
Thou spotless Lily fair of chastity!
Let angel choirs a mighty chorus raise,
And earth and heaven chant thy deathless praise.

The Ancient Coronation Ceremony.

BY M. N.



AT the moment when men's minds naturally turn to the coronation of King George V. of England, when the pomp and pageantry inseparable from this event are constantly under discussion, it may not be out of place briefly to consider those ancient rites and ceremonies which, in other days, were connected with so solemn an occasion. Such consideration is necessary when we remember how small is the number, even of educated persons, acquainted with our ecclesiastical antiquities. Catholics, however, must plead guilty, we fear, to a scarcely more intimate knowledge of old church customs than their far less favored "separated brethren." And this is doubtless due in part to indifference, but even more to the wanton and well-nigh wholesale destruction of our ancient liturgical books at the time of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century—the so-called "Reformation," which a noted non-Catholic writer has aptly termed "Confiscation."

We can form some faint idea of the thoroughness with which the work of demolition was carried out, by comparing the rarity of our ancient service books to-day with the astonishing number of them strewn broadcast over the land during the Middle Ages. Extracts from thirteenth-century inventories show us

In proportion as the bond of love which unites the soul to God is strong and great, it will bear from the Heart of Jesus Christ into the faithful soul drops, streams, or whole rivers of grace and mercy.—Bossuet.

that "every one of the 10,000 parish churches of England had a variety of service books." To these may be added those of the many chapels, chantries, and hospitals; while the cathedrals and monastic houses possessed hundreds of liturgical volumes.

Under such conditions, it is scarcely surprising that, except amongst a comparative few, the study of ancient rites and ceremonies should have fallen practically into disuse; though it is instructive as well as deeply interesting. Moreover, such a study brings vividly home to the mind the majestic beauty of that Faith, the ritual of which is so replete with hidden meaning.

It has been beautifully and truly said that during the Ages of Faith "the Blessed Sacrament lent a solemn sanction to whatever was most free, most noble, most peaceful, most just, and most beneficial in the institutions of society"; and where is this more evident than in the ceremony of coronation? The Holy Eucharist was the objective, so to speak, of all ritual; and as It sanctified the various epochs in a man's life, no matter what his social condition, so It was the centre, the supreme act, in all great functions, and gave sanction and sanctity to the ancient Coronation Oath and ceremonial; indeed, the whole coronation service bore a religious character, and was concluded with Solemn Mass and the Holy Communion of the king.

A few only of our English kings were thoroughly corrupt and impious; most of the queens were conspicuous for their religious devotion and Christian charity. "Faith," says a learned and reliable authority, "held some sway in the hearts even of the tyrannical and immoral." And it has been stated that no Catholic sovereign, save John, refused to receive Holy Communion at his coronation.

But to go back to earlier times. The account left by an eye-witness of the coronation of King Edgar, which took place at Bath on Whitsunday, in the year

973, is deeply interesting. It will be remembered that this King, whom eight vassal kings (so runs the legend) are said to have rowed in his boat on the Dee, whose "Law" became famous, and during whose reign there was so marked a revival of prosperity and good government,—this Edgar had for his prime minister Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with another canonized saint—Oswald, Archbishop of York,—performed the coronation ceremony. Besides the crowd of nobles and highborn ladies, with their suites, there were present numerous abbots, a large concourse of clergy, and not a few "abbesses, with their nuns, as attendants on the Queen; for the King and Queen had founded many monasteries."

The two Archbishops, clad in rich vestments, walked on either side of the King, who, wearing his crown upon his head, was conducted by them to the church, whilst the choir sang the anthem: "Let Thy hand be strengthened, and Thy right hand exalted. Justice and judgment are the preparation of Thy throne. Mercy and truth shall go before Thy face." Then, removing his crown, the King prostrated himself before the altar, whilst St. Dunstan intoned the *Te Deum*. At the conclusion of the hymn, they raised the King, and he took that noble oath, so worthy of a Christian monarch and a Christian people, which was administered by St. Dunstan in the following words: "In the Name of the Holy Trinity, three things do I promise to this Christian people, my subjects. First, that I will hold God's Church and all the Christian people in my realm in true peace; second, that I will forbid all rapine and injustice to men of all conditions; third, that I promise and enjoin justice and mercy in all judgments; whereby the just and merciful God may give us all His eternal favor. Who liveth and reigneth world without end. Amen."

The King was then anointed, and received the ring, the sword, the crown, and the sceptre. The latter was probably

the very one which he himself laid upon the altar of our Blessed Lady at Glastonbury, as an act of investiture when granting his great Charter of Privilege to that ancient abbey. William of Malmesbury tells us that it "was beautifully formed of ivory and adorned with gold"; and that "soon after he [Edgar] caused it to be cut in two in his presence, in order that no future abbot might give or sell it to any one; commanding one portion to be kept on the spot for a testimony of the aforesaid donation."

When the actual ceremony of coronation was over, St. Dunstan sang the Mass, during which the newly-crowned sovereign received Holy Communion; and at the conclusion of the service, we are told, "two great banquets were given,—the King, crowned with laurels and roses, accompanied by the archbishops and his nobles, assisting at one; and Queen Elfritha, surrounded by her ladies and the abbots and abbesses, presiding at the other."

It must always be remembered that it was the strong hand of St. Dunstan which restored justice, order, and peace to a kingdom which had been scandalously misgoverned by Edgar's brother Eadwig, and that even Edgar himself owed much to the fine character, vivid personality, and wise counsels of his adviser. Indeed, "the true mark of Dunstan's mind," says Professor Stubbs, "must be looked for in Edgar's legislation." And it is beyond question, that the very laws which bear the King's name are only fresh evidence of the unprovincial temper and statesman-like qualities of his great administrator. The canons passed in the ecclesiastical assemblies of the period, bear the same unmistakable impress.

The reference in the account of Edgar's coronation to the many monasteries which owed their existence to himself and his Queen, recalls the fact that in the British Museum there is a copy of Edgar's foundation charter of Newminster, A. D. 966, with an illumination which represents the

King, with Our Lady standing at his left side, in the act of crowning him. This is particularly interesting because it is precisely the type which appears three years later, on a gold coin of the Emperor John I., surnamed Zimisces (A. D. 969-975). Only the busts, however, are depicted; though the Blessed Mother of God is on the left of the Emperor, and in the act of crowning him. The Empire, it may be remarked, had already been consecrated to Our Lady by Leo VI.

No fair-minded historian would deny that the noblest names in English history appear in the list of the builders of abbeys, cathedrals, and parish churches. Moreover, if the facts be examined, they show that, while a few of these buildings were erected as acts of expiation, by far the greater number were founded or enlarged from the purest motives of devotion. Thus Canute, at the time when he was earning for himself the fame of a just and intelligent ruler, was also making his name known as a munificent benefactor of churches. Not only are his pious visits to Croyland, Ely, and Glastonbury on record, but we even have information concerning the valuable presents which he and his good Queen Emma (who seconded, or perhaps inspired, his generosity) were wont to bestow. Ancient chronicles tell us that, when they went together to Croyland, they left, besides other more costly gifts, "twelve beautiful white bearskins for the altars on festival days," and a "vestment of silk embroidered with eagles of gold."

Again, at Ely, Emma made an offering which her own hands had worked; for, like other royal and noble ladies of her day, she excelled in the art of embroidery. This altar cloth which she gave to Ely was "of a green colour, and beautiful with plates of gold, that appeared raised. If viewed lengthways along the altar, it seemed of a blood-red colour, and it was finished at the corners with rich gold ornaments which reached the ground." At Glastonbury, she and her husband

presented two splendid palls, or coverings,—one “of various colours, woven with the figures of peacocks”; and the other “embroidered with apples of gold and pearls”; whilst at Winchester their gifts in gold and silver are said by the chronicler to “surpass description.”

The munificence so noticeable in Emma and Canute had been a characteristic of the better class of English sovereigns and princesses from very early times. For instance, Venerable Bede says: “There is a noble monastery in the province of Lindsey, called Bardeneu [Bardney], which Queen Ostrida and her husband Ethelred much loved, and conferred upon it many honours and ornaments.” It was there also that “the Queen built and decorated, at her own cost, the tomb of her uncle, St. Oswald, hanging over it his banner of gold and purple.”

It is worthy of note that during the Middle Ages a kind of ecclesiastical character was believed to be bestowed by coronation, “as shown,” to quote the words of an authority, “by the right of the newly-crowned Roman Emperor to act at his coronation Mass as subdeacon to the Pontiff, and to sing the Gospel on Christmas Eve.” We also hear of the right of the kings of France to communicate in both kinds; and, though this does not appear to have been the custom of the mediæval kings of England, a chalice of unconsecrated wine was handed to them after their Communion.

The “*Liber Regalis*,” gives some details of the coronation of King Richard II., in the year 1378. “When the King and Queen,” says the author, “have received the kiss of peace, descending from their thrones, they go humbly to the altar to receive the body and blood of the Lord from the hand of the archbishop or bishop who celebrates Mass. But when the body of the Lord has been received by the King, the Abbot of Westminster, or his vicegerent for the time, will minister to the King wine to use after the reception of the Sacrament, out of the stone chalice

kept among the regalia.” This great stone chalice was ancient even in those days; for it was supposed to have been in existence prior to the time of Edward the Confessor.

From the foregoing account it seems abundantly clear that Richard II. received the body and blood of Our Lord under one species *only*, and then the unconsecrated wine; for even the most cursory glance into old records will suffice to prove that the expression, “the body and blood of the Lord,” was used in respect of Communion in one kind. To quote the words of Cardinal Pullen, written about the year 1130: “As the flesh is not without the blood, nor the blood without the flesh, whoever receives either of them thereby receives the other also.”

We find reference again to the unconsecrated wine given to monarchs, in the directions for the coronation of King Henry VII., where it is said: “While the offertory is in singing, the King crowned shall be led to the high altar; and the Cardinal having his face to the choir, as the observance at the offering is, the King shall offer an obley of bread laid upon the paten of St. Edward’s chalice, with the which obley, afterwards consecrated, the King shall be houselled; and he shall offer, in a cruet of gold, wine which he shall use in the said chalice after he is houselled.” Thus we see that not only did he “use” the unconsecrated wine as Richard II. had done long before, but he had it “ministered” to him out of the same venerable chalice. The Communion of the King is not specially mentioned in Bishop Lacy’s “Pontifical,” though the “Secret” prayer seems to presuppose it.

It is interesting to find that a chapel formed a necessary part not only of every palace but of the smallest and most temporary royal lodging. This, however, is not surprising when we remember that “not only on Sundays and festivals was Mass celebrated in the royal presence, but daily, and indeed several times daily.” It is related of William the Conqueror

that, besides hearing Mass every morning, he assisted at Matins, Vespers, and the other Canonical Hours; whilst Hovenden tells us that Richard I., "in his better days," was accustomed to rise betimes, in order to seek first the Kingdom of God, "never leaving the church till all the Offices were ended."

Of Edward I., we read that "every day he was wont to hear three Masses with music [*cum notâ*];" and the chaplain of King Henry V. shows us that the courage and gallant temper of this great King were fully equalled by his fervent piety. The services in his chapel were carried out beautifully, and with all possible reverence; for he was careful that his choir should be devout. He himself heard Mass with the deepest recollection and earnest prayers, putting aside all worldly cares, present or future,—*externas curas, præsentis sive futuras*. And indeed English literature is full of allusions to this the evidently established custom of English sovereigns.

It must not be forgotten that as the kings made frequent royal journeys through the land, so they always carried with them a "travelling chapel"; though the word "chapel" in this connection does not mean the actual building, but all those articles required for the celebration of Mass and other Offices. And we learn, from a letter of Henry III. to the Abbot of Battle, that it was the duty of the abbey of royal foundation to find sumpter beasts to transport these things from place to place.

A chapel, as has been previously stated, formed an essential part of every royal residence, and also of every house where the king might be pleased to stay. If not already there, it had to be built; for Mr. Wright, in his work "The Homes of Other Days," speaking of the simplicity of the arrangement of a house in mediæval times, and of the small number of rooms, even when needed for royalty itself, tells us that, "in the January of 1251, King Henry III., intending to visit Hampshire,

and requiring a house for himself, with his Queen and court, gave orders to the sheriff of Southampton to build at Freemantle, a hall, a kitchen, and a chamber, with an upper story, and a chapel on the ground for the King's use; and a chamber with an upper story, with a chapel at the end of the chamber, for the Queen's use."

It may here be remarked that, in 1245, Pope Innocent IV. granted to all road chapels and oratories in England the privilege of exemption from ordinary jurisdiction, and of immediate subjection to the Holy See. This privilege is mentioned by Archbishop John Stratford, who, at the provincial council of Canterbury, in the year 1341, decreed that "at all times it had been irregular to celebrate the holy mysteries in unconsecrated places without necessity. . . . Wherefore, any one in future celebrating in oratories, chapels, and houses, . . . without the permission of the bishop, will incur suspension from Mass for a month, *ipso facto*, unless the place or its master has an Apostolic Privilege, in which case it must be shown to the bishop within two months. This does not extend to the oratories and chapels of kings."

This decree is not only interesting because it refers to the well-known privilege attached to royal chapels: it also proves that the nobility almost rivalled their sovereigns in the splendor of their household, and the number of ecclesiastics who formed part of it. For example, we learn from the Northumberland Household Book that in the year 1512 there were attached to the service of that great family as many as eleven priests—namely, a Doctor or Bachelor of Divinity, as dean of the chapel; a subdeacon, "to order the choir"; a secretary, an almoner, a surveyor of lands, and a riding chaplain; a priest as chaplain for "my lord's" eldest son, one for the "Lady Mass," one to read the Gospel daily in the chapel, one as clerk of the closet, and one as master of grammar.

Of course this was the exceptional retinue of one of the great ducal houses.

But few families "of any distinction," says a learned authority, "had less than two or three chaplains; and private chapels must have been extremely numerous throughout the country." The son of Edward IV. had three chaplains of his own,—one of them to be his almoner, whose duty it was truly, discreetly, and diligently to gather and distribute the young prince's alms to poor people; and the other two chaplains were to say Mass and divine service before him.'

It is not surprising that the monarchs of a land for long known by the beautiful title of "Our Lady's Dowry" should have borne in their crowns her image together with that of her Divine Son; and during the Ages of Faith coins were stamped either with her likeness or with some mystery in her life, such as the Annunciation. These latter were usually called *Salutes*. Moreover, it has been truly said that, "from the time of the conversion of England down to the said period of the Great Apostasy, there was scarcely one king who did not leave some proof of his love for our Blessed Lady, either by building a church in her honor, or erecting and endowing a monastery, or giving large donations to her sanctuaries, or by going on pilgrimage to some celebrated spot where her power had been made manifest."

Let us conclude our brief sketch with the quaint yet charming words of an old "Balade on the Coronation of King Henry VI.," dated November 6, 1429:

Holde up oure yong Kyng, *Ave benigna!*
And send us peace in oure londe, *Ave Regina!*
Mater nunc, bright bee thy beamys!
Mooder of Mercy, save bothe reamys [realms]!

CHRIST died for us; surely, then, the bitterness of death is past, and nothing can be so grievous to human nature that it may not be mollified by this consideration. In that death of His is all my hope and trust. I plead no other merit, I ask no other refuge; this is my health, my life,—nay, my second and better life: my resurrection.—*St. Augustine.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVII.

HOW much strength Madeleine needed for the ordeal that was before her, only her own shrinking heart knew; not even to the friend who was so kindly sympathetic did she express the terrible reluctance which seemed dragging her back, the sickening dread she felt at coming again into contact with the man whose cruelty had darkened her young life and seared her spirit. But from the time when she bent her neck to the yoke of Faith, when she recognized the authority of the Church of God, and acknowledged that human law has no power to break the bond of marriage, which death alone can sever, she had not ceased to ask the grace to do whatever might be demanded of her in fulfilment of that still existing obligation, and in atonement for having adopted the standard of a godless world in the matter of divorce.

It was no doubt the grace obtained by this prayer which enabled her, when the news of Raynor's terrible accident came, to spend the hours of an unforgettable night in struggling, as it were, for his soul; in praying that he might be spared long enough to realize the need of repentance for the excesses of a sinful life; and which led her, with an heroic impulse of generosity, to offer her own life and happiness to obtain this inestimable favor for one who had so little deserved it. Rising at last exhausted, she had a distinct consciousness that her prayer had been heard; and she felt no surprise, therefore, when the next day, and many succeeding days, brought news of life still lingering in the shattered frame; nor did she doubt that some call to the fulfilment of her promise, some demand for payment of the coin of sacrifice, would sooner or later reach her.

And now it had come. Now she was summoned to take the first steps upon

what she felt instinctively would prove a *via crucis*, leading—it was impossible to say to what height of crucifixion. For the more sensitive the nature, the more keenly responsive to every demand upon feeling or emotion, the more does suffering, especially all forms of mental and spiritual suffering, mean to it a martyrdom which natures of coarser fibre are unable even to imagine. Such a martyrdom Madeleine knew herself to be facing; and hence had arisen the longing to cast herself down before the Divine Presence which dwells in every Catholic tabernacle, and beg, with the energy of a soul determined though recoiling, for strength to go forward on the road appointed for her. And it was only natural that her thoughts should have turned with a particular longing toward the tabernacle in the church of the English Passionists, before which she had knelt so often during her time of preparation for reception into the fold of Christ, where her soul had received extraordinary graces in the past, where the first realization of a still binding moral obligation in the legally discarded marriage tie had come to her, and where she felt that she might ask, with the assurance of a child returning to a familiar home, for the grace and help she needed so sorely now.

In this church, therefore, she and Mrs. Wynne paused on their way to keep the appointment made with Raynor. And since the generous soul rarely fails to win generous gifts from God—so that we might almost say that what we receive is, in a certain degree, proportioned to what we give,—Madeleine did not ask in vain for the strength she required. There was a new expression on her face, a new light shining in her eyes, when she presently rose from her knees and touched Mrs. Wynne on the arm, to signify that it was time to go. Silently they left the church together, and still silently were driven to the address given them, which proved to be that of one of the handsome modern houses which line these (comparatively) new avenues radiating from the Place de

l'Etoile. Their cab drew up before a cream-colored façade; and, in answer to an inquiry, the *concierge* directed them to the second floor. When they reached this, and paused before the door which faced them, Madeleine looked at her companion with mute piteousness for an instant, then made the Sign of the Cross, and, putting out her hand, touched the bell.

The summons was answered almost immediately. The door opened, and a tall young man, of rather prepossessing and distinctly American appearance, stood before them. With a quick glance, he said at once:

"This is Mrs. Raynor, is it not?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Raynor; and this is my friend Mrs. Wynne," Madeleine answered. "Am I speaking to Mr. Conyers?"

"I was about to introduce myself," the young man went on. "Yes, I'm Conyers. It was I who wrote the note to Mr. Wynne, because we didn't know how else to reach you."

"It was rather clever of you to know that," Madeleine told him as they passed into a *salon*, which would have been a very pretty and cheerful room if it had not borne unmistakable signs of masculine occupation and disorder.

"Oh, I was with Raynor the day he saw you with Mrs. Wynne in the Hôtel de France!" the young man explained. "After lunch he made some inquiries, and that's how we knew that Mr. and Mrs. Wynne were staying at the hotel, and you were not. Then came Mr. Wynne's telegrams, asking about Raynor; and—er—well, obviously the way to find you was to address him; so we took that way."

"And found me very quickly, you see," Madeleine said, smiling faintly. "Now, before I ask you to let Mr. Raynor know that I am here, will you tell me about his condition—how he is and something of the nature of his injuries?"

"Well, he's better, you know,—astonishingly better," Conyers replied. "Nobody expected him to live an hour when we pulled him out from under the car, he

was so awfully crushed, and barely breathing. The way he has held on to life, the doctors say, is most amazing; they all declare they've never seen anything quite like it. At first they said he would die immediately; then they thought he might survive for a day or two, but not longer; and now — well, now I don't believe they know what to think. He's in a frightfully smashed up condition: one foot taken off, hip crushed, spine injured, and the Lord only knows what else besides; but he has grown stronger straight along. He insisted on being brought back to Paris, and he wouldn't hear of a hospital, so I brought him here. These are my sister's apartments; but she's in America, and he and I were occupying them before we went away for the races. Then as soon as I got him settled, with a couple of nurses, he insisted that I should write to Mr. Wynne and ask you to come to see him. And now may I tell him that you are here? He knows the time you are due, and he's awfully impatient when he has to wait for anything."

"Yes, I know," Madeleine said hastily. "By all means tell him that I am here."

Then, as the young man left the room, she turned and caught her friend's hand in a tight grasp.

"Pray for me," she whispered urgently, "that I may do and say the right thing. It will be so frightfully easy to do or say the wrong thing! One never knew exactly how it was safe to take him; and he was always in such a fearful state when things went otherwise than as he wanted them to go that I can't even faintly imagine how he will bear anything so appalling, so hopeless as this."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Wynne cried, "it is a terrible ordeal for you! Is there no way of sparing, of helping you?"

"There can be no question of sparing me," Madeleine answered in the same tense tone. "Only pray that I may not think of myself, that I may think solely of him; above all, that I may say the

right thing. Just now I haven't a thought in my mind."

"The thoughts will come, and the right words, don't be afraid! It—it wouldn't do for me to go in with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, that would never do! And you couldn't help me in that way. But it is a great help to know that you are praying for me, and that I will find you here when I come back."

The first feeling of which Madeleine was conscious after she had entered the chamber into which she was shown, and heard the door close behind her, was one of compassion so poignant and overmastering that her prayer to forget herself was instantly granted, and she thought only of the piteous wreck of a man who stared at her with dark, sombre eyes, grown larger in an already wasted face, as she crossed the floor to the side of his bed.

"So you've come!" he said, as she paused beside him. "I rather thought you would."

"Didn't you know that I would?" she asked gently, with all the passion of pity which filled her heart expressed in face and voice.

"Well, yes, I suppose I knew," he answered, without graciousness. "You were always soft-hearted to any poor devil down on his luck, and nobody was ever more completely down than I am now. God!" (a spasm of mingled rage and anguish seemed to shake him) "to think what one minute can do! Here was I, as strong, healthy and well as a man could be, and in a minute converted into this—a shattered wreck, crushed, maimed, utterly ruined!"

"But you were spared to live," she said, "where others were killed."

"And you call that being spared?" he asked bitterly. "I'd infinitely rather have been killed than left alive like this. Do you know how hopelessly I'm injured? Do you know" (again a spasm contracted his face) "that I'll never walk again?"

"I know that you are terribly injured,"

she replied; "but you have astonished everyone by the manner in which you have rallied, and it may be that you will recover to a degree that you do not now anticipate."

"Recover!" The violent tone with which he echoed her word brought back memories of a past in which such tones had been familiar to her ears. "You don't know what you are talking about! It isn't necessary to enter into particulars of all these infernal doctors say has happened to me; but, according to them, I haven't any body left worth speaking of, only a collection of broken bones and crushed members, good for nothing but to suffer. It's—simply damnable! So don't talk any rot to me about being grateful to be alive. I'm not grateful for such life, and I don't intend to endure it. I'd have ended it before this if I'd had a chance, but I'm so damnably helpless—I shall end it as soon as possible, however. My mind's made up on that score."

"You don't mean," Madeleine gasped, "that you want to kill yourself?"

"What else?" he asked. "What else is there for a man in my condition to do? Don't you see?—don't you understand? *There's not one single thing which has made up life for me that I can ever do again.* I'm flung here like a broken log, just to lie useless and helpless and suffer until I die. And do you think I'll endure it? No!" (He swore a terrible oath, while his hands clenched in the energy of his passion, and a tide of blood rushed to his face.) "I'll end it just as soon as I can put my hands on the means to do so. You may be sure of that."

"No, no!" Almost unconsciously, overcome by the sense of horror which rushed over her, Madeleine flung herself down on her knees beside the bed. "No, George, you will not dare to do such a thing! What is any suffering you may have to endure here compared to the suffering upon which you would rush if you were so mad as to take your own life?"

"But you don't believe that?" He

stared at her in astonishment. "I mean about the suffering hereafter? I didn't know that anybody believed in that now. I thought it belonged to the Dark Ages, before men were—er—enlightened by progress."

"Do you consider it progress to fall from being sons of God and heirs of immortality to the life and death of an animal?" she asked. "It's quite true that many have ceased to believe in eternal punishment, but they forget that denying a thing does not abolish it. And the risk—O George, the risk, if we call it no more than that—is too great to take!"

"Hell couldn't be worse than this!" he declared passionately. "To lie here and think of what life has been, and what it will be under these conditions,—it is a torture beyond bearing!"

"But a torture which will end," she reminded him, "whereas the other will have no end."

"That's religious rot! I don't believe a word of it!"

"But if it is true, if just possibly it is true. Isn't it better to be on the safe side?" she urged. "As long as you are alive, however much you may be suffering, the grace of God can find and save your soul; but if you fling yourself out of life by your own act, you will have fixed your place and state for all eternity."

"Well, if this isn't the most extraordinary—" He broke off, and lay regarding her with an amazement which seemed altogether beyond his power of expression. "What has come over you?" he demanded. "I don't remember that you were particularly troubled with religion in the past."

"I wasn't,—you are quite right about that."

"But now you talk as if you had had a revelation of some kind. How can you possibly know that if I fling myself out of life, as I'm firmly resolved to do, my place and state will be fixed for all eternity?"

"I know it because I *have* had a revelation,—you are right again about that,"

she replied. "And I tell you these things on the authority of the Church which speaks in the name of God."

"What Church are you talking of?"

"There is but one which speaks with authority, and tells us, not what we like or wish, but what we must believe; and you know the name of that Church. Everyone knows it. It is the Catholic Church."

"And do you mean that you've become a Catholic?"

"Yes, I have become a Catholic, by the mercy and grace of God."

"Well, I'll be—damned!"

This was not the expression of a determination, and there was no intention of profanity in the exclamation which from force of habit suggested itself as the only one astonishment could utter. Then for a minute there was silence, while Raynor continued to gaze, as if in cumulative amazement, at the woman who still knelt beside his bed.

"This is the very last thing I should have expected to hear of you," he said at last.

"Why?" she asked.

"Isn't it plain enough why?" he returned irritably. "Everybody knows what the Catholic Church thinks about divorce."

"Yes" (Madeleine felt herself quite wonderfully calm), "as you have said, everybody knows that the Catholic Church does not acknowledge the possibility of divorce."

"Then, by entering that Church, you've put it out of your power to marry again."

"By entering the Church I have certainly put it out of my power to marry again, if I wished to do so."

Again there was an interval of silence, in which Raynor apparently meditated; while Madeleine waited with the same extraordinary sense of calm, as of one sustained by a power outside herself, for his next words. They came at last abruptly:

"You'll not believe it perhaps," he said, "but I'm sorry to hear this. I've always thought you'd find somebody after a while who would make up to you for all you had to bear with me. I know

how much that was; I've never denied it, and never defended myself. But I've had the grace to hope that you might one day be happy with a man of your own sort, which I never was. And now you've made it impossible."

"I have found something better than the happiness of which you speak," Madeleine told him quietly. "Let us not discuss the subject."

"Very well, then; we'll discuss something else," he replied. "And it's this. Matters being as they are—in other words, since it appears that you've bound yourself over again, although the law has freed you,—I'm at a loss to know why you object to the prospect of being freed, by my finishing an incomplete job, and putting myself out of the world. I should think that, instead of objecting, you'd be delighted to speed me on my outward way."

"That is a dreadful manner of talking," Madeleine said, "even though you do not mean it."

"But I *do* mean it," he asserted with energy. "Considering the part I've played in your life, and the position which you occupy now—a divorced woman in the eyes of the world, and a married woman in the eyes of the Catholic Church,—I regard you as neither more nor less than a fool, in desiring to put any obstacle in the way of a step on my part which would have the effect of freeing you once for all from an anomalous position."

"If desiring to put any and every obstacle in the way of such a step constitutes folly, then you must count me a fool," Madeleine replied. "And I will, moreover, tell you just how much of a fool I am, from your point of view. Since the hour that I heard of your accident (and the first reports declared that you were fatally injured, and could not possibly live), I have never ceased to beg God's mercy for you; and my special petition has been that your life might be spared long enough for you to repent of the sins of a wasted life. Understand that I am

not trying to preach to you. I am only telling you what I have done, that you may judge how far I am from desiring a freedom that would come in the way of which you have spoken; and because you may perhaps feel that, if I have gained an extension of life for you—as I firmly believe that I have,—it would be an act of cowardly ingratitude to cast that life, and the chances it brings, wilfully away, and go to the outer darkness from which I have tried to save you, at a cost of which I will not speak."

"Well, this is certainly the most amazing—" Again words failed, and Raynor lay and simply stared at her. "I'm not sure that you haven't thrown a light on something which has puzzled me," he said presently. "But I don't feel equal to telling you about it just now. As it is, I've talked nearly as much as I can; and yet I haven't said a word of the particular matter I had in mind in asking you to come to see me. It was about affairs at home,—some things I thought you'd be good enough to look after for me when the—end came. Of course I've no right or claim whatever to ask such a favor of you; but, all the same, I believed you wouldn't refuse."

"I would willingly look after anything that I could do for you," she answered, as, rising to her feet, she stood by the bed, serene, grave, and, as he felt, strangely strong. "But the end is not coming yet, and it will never come as you have planned."

"I'd like to know how you can be sure of that!" he said in a tone of defiance.

"I am sure," she told him, "because I am confident that God did not hear my prayer and extend your life for such an end."

"We'll talk about that later. I'd like to hear something more of what you've been doing in my behalf," he said, with a mingling of interest and suspicion. "Will you come to see me again? If you will, I'll promise to be here—as far, that is, as it depends on me."

(To be continued.)

Out of the Depths.

[N this heart's hour of conflict, Mother mine,
I hasten unto thee!

Life's sky is gray, and storm-clouds darkly lower:
In pity look on me!

God's Mother, hear my bruised heart's one cry,
Be near me lest I fall.

Temptations fierce assail my fainting soul:
Mother, on thee I call.

Refuge of Sinners, lo! to thee I come,
Who powerful art to save;

Speak to thy Son for me, that He may still
The storms that round me rave;

That as the sky, when tempests dark are o'er,
With light-beams oft is riven,

So to my sin-dark soul may He accord
One glimpse of thee and heaven!

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The Blind Man of Athery.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

A BROAD white road runs from Ardee to Athery. Through both little towns flows the River Deel; and where it divides Athery in two, it is broad and deep; but farther south, where it semicircles Ardee, it is so narrow you could almost jump across, and so shallow you can see the yellow sand and pebbles at the bottom. Athery used to be a thriving town, as towns go in Ireland. Into its small harbor, boats filled with turf and "cots" heavy with seaweed glided with the tide in the gray of the morning. Round about it lived many rich farmers, who sent butter to its markets and cattle and sheep to its fairs. Thither went the women to do their shopping of a Saturday, and the men with their grain to be ground at the mill.

The broad white road was beaten into hardness by constant travel. The well-shod horse made it hard, as he swayed, patiently pulling his heavy load of peat; so did the winking donkey, burdened with his "loadeen" of seaweed that had the

pungent odor of the ocean. In the early morning bunches of well-fed cattle, that bellowed for their native hills, passed over it on their last sad journey, to be sold to fatten the Saxon; so did flocks of sheep and lambs; so did the milk cars, driven to the creamery by whistling dairy boys; so did shy coleens, with donkey and trap going to the "millinery" to buy new hats or dresses; so did beggars, with small bags of potatoes and odds and ends of all kinds gathered in a foray of charity through the sweet air of the country; so did tinkers, with their procession of lean ponies of a like repute as their masters; so did huxters of many wares; so did the postboy, with his head up in the air, although he was a servant of the government; so, sometimes, did fat, lazy "peelers" in a side-car, to look over the farm of an evicted tenant, and to guard the "emergency man"—for want of something better to do; so did the travelling Jew with a package of linen done up in oilcloth; so did the school-children from the country, with their books held in a strap—when they had enough of them; so, too, in the endless procession, did the Blind Man of Athery and his dog.

Everybody knew the blind man, but not a soul in the whole town or country knew of him. Whence he came, when, why,—these were secrets of the Great Book. He was in town before the oldest inhabitant, and never seemed to have been younger or to have grown older. He was always blind, so far as anybody knew; and was led about by the same dog, that shared the mystery of his master. He was not a handsome dog, either; not such a dog as you would stop to look at, nor to waste a kind word on; certainly not a dog to entice you to descend to the familiarity of an encouraging pat on the head. He was scrawny and small and old-fashioned. He never played like other dogs. He never acted like other dogs. He did not pant in the heat, nor did he bark at the footfall of a stranger. His eyes were watery, and blinked so he never could

look you in the face. The fact is, he would never look anyhow; for he was always too busy with his own cares to bother about others. He went before his master, who held him by a brass chain, attached to his collar. The chain was always on the verge of being taut, and stayed there. The master walked at a fair pace, and the dog trotted the leisurely trot of a dog who has no special reason to hurry.

Everyday we school-children met them at the same place, at the same time, on the same errand. The place was Stoake's Cross,—so called because years before some one of that name had been killed there; thus does tradition obtain in Ireland. The time was half-past eight in the morning; the errand, to get a bundle of scollops from a wood of hazel saplings that grew about a mile out in the country. These scollops were sold by the blind man to people whose thatched roofs needed renewal or repair. Always he carried a large rosary of brown beads with a large yellow crucifix; and always he was murmuring "Hail Marys" as the little stones passed between his thumb and forefinger in endless procession. Always he said, "God save you, children!" as he heard our footfalls nearing him, and always we answered: "And you kindly, sir!" He never paused, but vanished around the bend of the road like a spirit from the other world.

If people knew nothing of the blind man's history, you may be sure they made up by conjecture and gossip and hearsay what they lacked in the way of positive information. Sure it was known he had been a great sinner once upon a time, and had travelled to the end of the world to find a spot where he could do penance; and Athery was the place, with its crumbling castle of the fighting Desmonds, and its ivy-clad abbey that looked down upon the placid river,—the abbey where the monks prayed in the bygone ages, when Ireland was still uncrowned by a great crown of sorrows. Some said he had committed murder and

was haunted day and night by the ghost of the man he killed. Others said he had been cursed by a priest because he had answered him back when the priest was speaking from the holy altar.

He was a strange man, too, in his way, like his dog that went before him. He never talked with the neighbors about the weather or the conditions of the crops. He lived his life alone, never visiting a body of an evening, and never asking a body to visit him. He went to Mass every morning and knelt in a quiet corner behind a pillar, holding the big brown beads with the yellow crucifix. He went to confession every Saturday at three o'clock; and, as he knelt in his corner after he had told his sins to the keeper of the seal, often and often his blind eyes were wet from weeping. There were those who said he was a miser and had money hoarded away somewhere; but nobody ever tried to make sure, for good luck never yet followed those who pried into the secrets of the blind man. "Let him alone," was the warning of the old to the young. "He is a strange man entirely, and 'tis an evil day for them that'll meddle with him or his affairs."

So the tradition was handed down from the ancients, and the blind man of mystery was allowed to go his way without let or hindrance. There was a story indeed that once a boy interfered with the dog, and the dog bit him, and the boy died howling within an hour, though the best doctor for miles around did all in his power to save him. There were stories of others who came to evil from interfering with the poor sightless man. But they were past and gone, if they ever lived; and the town showed kindness and consideration to the man whose story was as a sealed book.

One morning in mid-April we were making our regular journey to school. It was the season of what is called the "spring showers." Strange, melancholy, fascinating, showery Irish weather! A

patch of black cloud soils the blue of the west and spreads like a cancer over the face of the sky. A low moan of the wind that rises to a dismal roar and tosses every leafing tree and shrub. Then a rain that is blown across the country over broad fields, up hills and down valleys for twenty minutes or half an hour. It is all over soon—cloud, wind, rain—and a blue sky and warm sun look down upon the emerald of Ireland. Thus the cloud and the light come and go for weeks at a stretch, reminding one in figure of the character of the race.

It was one such morning in the period of sun that we hurried on our way to the school that stood on the crest of a little hill overlooking the river. Some of us were talking, some were silent, and a few took a last look at a difficult lesson. We turned the bend in the road, and that which had never been recorded in the memory of living man was to be recorded then. The Blind Man of Athery and the dog that guided him were nowhere to be seen! By a strange coincidence, the long stretch of straight, white road ahead of us was vacant and silent. A mysterious fear took possession of us all, and we grew silent too. We felt that somewhere near us his spirit hovered, and that the man of mystery had made himself invisible and was passing by on his daily journey.

We hurried to the town, and there passed from tongue to tongue the news that the blind man was dead. That morning at seven o'clock the postman brought him the only letter ever known to have come to him; and when he entered his cottage, found him lying dead in bed, with his beads twined about his fingers. The dog that had been his light and guide for so long sat watching and waiting a few feet away. The postman placed the letter on the bed and ran out to tell the neighbors. In a short time a silent, sympathetic, and perhaps a curious group was in the room. After the first flush of excitement was over, the postman thought of the letter, which he would take to the

priest, who might decide to read it, and perhaps solve the mystery. But the letter was gone! They searched and searched, but it was never found, and it is a long time now since people have given up the hope that it ever will be found.

Two days later it was a large gathering that saw the blind man laid away in a little corner of the abbey. It was a dark afternoon outside, and darker still within the ruins. The wind shook the new spring leaves, and moaned dismally through crumbling windows and vacant doors. The priest said the prayers, and the people answered. The earth was heaved upon the yellow coffin; and when the work was done, at the head of the mound was placed a little black iron cross with this inscription: "The Blind Man of Athery is buried here."

The dog followed his master's funeral, and never after left the abbey. Because of the strangeness and sadness and mystery of it all, people sent him food, which the mute animal scarcely touched, though you may be sure the crows devoured it without ceremony. He did not need people's attention for long. Just three weeks after his master's burial, he was found dead near the grave, upon which the long grass is growing now, and on which is renewed every three or four years the simple words that tell all that is known and all that will ever be known of the Blind Man of Athery.

BUT perhaps you will ask how the particles of a body dissolved to dust can be made to rally and reunite after such a dissolution? Reflect upon yourself, O man! and in yourself you will find an answer. Consider what you were before you had existence. You were nothing at all. As, therefore, you may be said to be nothing before you were in being, to just such a nothing will you return again when you cease to be. Why, then, can not you be recalled from this second nothing by the same Almighty word which called you from your first.—*Tertullian*.

A Happy Mistake.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SWAIN.

WHEN Father James, reading the banns of marriage between Agnes Jones and John Dean, paused and said, "I have been stationed here four years now, and this is the first announcement of the kind; so that I wish to take this occasion to remark that I hope more of you people will imitate the example of this young couple," there were at least four couples in his congregation who thought that he meant them, and listened with heightened color and a look that was patent to those who knew them, who now slyly smiled their approval of what their pastor had said. Consequently, there was a new feeling of unrest among these couples as they wended their way homeward after the Mass; and, under the stimulus of this feeling, William Banks found sufficient courage to ask Jennie Carr to give him permission to hand in their names, which she did.

But the other couples were still in the throes of indecision—or, rather, the masculine part of them were so assured of their own imperfections that they could not muster up courage to ask the angels of their hearts' desire to have them; though the aforesaid angels were plainly willing to abide with these alleged imperfections, which they could not possibly admit; so that these young couples stared with unseeing eyes at a state of affairs quite visible to all others, and the cause of many a sly joke at their expense from friends.

And good Mrs. O'Gowney, who was a widow, although still on the sunny side of thirty, and fully endowed by nature to hold her own among the younger beauties of the village, was almost in despair at the obtuseness of "Jimmy" Ryan. He alone of all her admirers was, in her estimation, worthy to take the place of the departed O'Gowney; but,

though faithful in attending upon her, he could not bring himself, out of his overwhelming bashfulness, to ask the fatal question, for fear that it would be against him, and shut him out from the heaven he now enjoyed in her presence.

Now, Agnes Jones had been the organist; and, upon deciding to be the presiding goddess of John Dean's home, she gave her position to Ruth Devine, a recent addition to the congregation, but one who was everywhere received with favor, as much among the girls of her own set as among the young men of the parish,—which is saying a great deal; for there was scarcely one among them, even to the crusty bachelors, who would not admit her captivating influence. We must except the above-mentioned young swains, who were already too much engrossed in their own affairs to see any but the maidens holding their heartstrings; albeit, we may add, these maids took a tighter hold upon said strings after the advent of the charming Ruth.

But their fears were groundless; for Ruth had no thoughts of such conquests, and went her way scattering sunshine and happiness; as sympathetic, kind, pleasant, eager and willing to do a favor, as were all her family, who soon made themselves felt in the affairs of the parish.

Besides her wonderful ability to make herself useful, Ruth, as organist and head of the choir, found herself the natural and unexpected leader in the social doings of the parish; and as the annual tea and bazaar was to take place the following week, she found the task of arranging the details of that affair agreeable and absorbing,—so absorbing, in fact, that on this Sunday, instead of practising the music of the coming Sunday, as was usual, after Vespers and the removal of the Blessed Sacrament to the basement chapel, she sat silent, pondering over the selection of "aides" at the various booths; so that she did not notice the entrance of the tall and shapely man, who stood a moment at the door, lost in admiration

at the picture before him. Her lithe, slim figure, outlined in the mellow light flowing through the beautiful stained windows, the little hands lying on the white keyboard, and the fair, youthful face, surmounted by a mass of dark-brown tresses, gave him a curious impression. Involuntarily he thought of the pictured face of St. Cecilia opposite the organ. Then, advancing closer, he detected a perplexed little pucker on the white brow; and, with the manner of an old and trusted friend, asked:

"What weighty matter troubles the mind of our musician?"

She laughed ruefully.

"I'm afraid I was forgetting my music, but I could not help wondering who would be best to put in charge of the fancy booth."

And soon she was fully launched on the subject just then nearest her heart; for, this being her first year in the parish, she was anxious to make a success of the affair; and so told her visitor all her plans, not deeming that a large share of the interest and attention he gave was directed to herself.

Norman Roberts was a grave, quiet man, whose business called him to the city daily, but whose inclinations drew him back every evening to this peaceful little village, where a fond mother and proud father gave of their love to form an ideal shelter from the stormy world. He was their youngest born, and all that was left to them of a large and happy group of children, who one by one had gone to take their allotted place in the quiet graveyard. Perhaps the sorrows caused by their going had left their imprint on his nature; for he was grave and thoughtful, though kind and considerate to those under him. He was still young—only thirty,—and, even among handsome men, attracted notice; yet, somehow, the girls of the village could not effect an entrance to his affections, and gave it up as hopeless. Either he had no heart or considered himself

above them,—which could not be the case; for he made no ostentatious display of his wealth, though the little church bore evidence of his generosity, and he was always ready to lend his talents in any affair that concerned the welfare of the parish.

The truth was that Cupid's darts had not yet struck him; and the only thing he loved, outside of his parents, was music. The sweet-toned organ that raised the spirits of the congregation to heavenly heights was his gift. He was known to go up to the gallery frequently after the last service on Sunday to play the organ, or to help the organist over some difficult passage; and so the people did not pay any attention to his visits there. Had they done so, they would have realized that, since the advent of Miss Devine, he had seldom missed a Sunday.

Of course it never entered the pretty little head of Ruth that she could be the cause of his increasing regularity. It was owing merely to kindred inclinations, she thought; for she was a skilful organist,—which fact the congregation soon noticed in the quality of the music. Besides, she was only nineteen. Mr. Roberts would consider her a child; and so, like a child, she ran on with her plans, while he listened and offered suggestions.

"There! Everything is settled but helpers for Elizabeth Stone and Jane Callan. Now, what young men would you suggest for those booths?"

He knew the state of affairs between those two couples, and smiled as a thought struck him. Then he answered:

"John Steel would help Elizabeth, and Clarence Fahey might assist Jane."

"Yes, that will be all right now," she said thankfully; then added, with a gasp of dismay: "Oh, I forgot Mrs. O'Gowney! I might put her with Mrs. Nolan, but she might feel slighted. O dear!" and she sighed, as the little pucker came again on her brow.

"May I offer another suggestion?" he asked. "Why not have an Irish booth,

with Mrs. O'Gowney in charge and have Jimmy Ryan help her?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Ruth, delightedly. "And now I will give these names in to Father James. I hope the affair will be a great success, don't you?"

"I do, and I know that it will be with you managing it," he answered,—which brought him a bright smile.

Father James was very busy when Ruth called to see him, but he gave her his characteristic welcome.

"Sit down, child, and tell me how you are getting on with your work,"—saying which his busy eye caught sight of a letter unopened, lying in the waste-basket, which he rescued and read. "Dear me, how careless I am growing! But excuse me, child! I am also forgetful. Now, what was it you were saying?"

"Well, Father, I have just brought you the list of booths and helpers, so that you may read them next Sunday, and all arrangements will then be complete."

"Oh, yes, I see!" assented the priest, thoughtfully. "Then you have everything happily arranged?"

"Yes, Father," Ruth replied enthusiastically, as she saw that her work was appreciated; "though I did have a little trouble at the last. But Mr. Roberts helped me out by satisfactorily placing John Steel, Elizabeth Stone, Clarence Fahey, Jane Callan, James Ryan, and Mrs. O'Gowney,—the last two having charge of an Irish booth suggested by Mr. Roberts."

While Ruth was eagerly telling all this, Father James was writing down the names mentioned. Finally, he looked up with a puzzled expression, and asked:

"Eh, what about that last? I don't quite understand."

Seeing that the good priest was taking unnecessary trouble, Ruth exclaimed:

"O Father, I shouldn't bother you about these details! Here is the list; and if it suits, you can announce the names on Sunday."

"All right, my child! And I will see

that you get proper credit for the interest you have taken in this matter." And he wrote her name on the sheet with the other names, thinking that it was the list she had given him.

So the following Sunday the announcement was made; and, judging by the expression of those interested, was satisfactory. Next Father James opened his reminder book, for he was very absent-minded and usually made a note of any announcement. He looked puzzled a moment, then with a smile turned to the people and said:

"I am glad to see that some of you took heed to my remarks about marriage. Therefore, the banns are announced for the second time between Agnes Jones and John Dean; and for the first time between William Banks and Jennie Carr, John Steel and Elizabeth Stone, Clarence Fahey and Jane Callan, James Ryan and Mrs. O'Gowney; and—" Here the good priest flushed and stammered: "I am sorry, but through some stupid blunder I find that the gentleman's name has been erased. However, this can be fixed up later by the gentleman betrothed to Ruth Devine." Beaming affectionately upon his people, he added: "I congratulate all these persons, and desire to express my willingness to hear from any others that may be matrimonially-inclined."

Needless to say, those announcements created quite a stir among the congregation. The principals blushed and looked sheepishly at their friends, who regaled them with a broad "I-thought-so!" smile. But the effect on Norman Roberts was startling. He had listened with an amused smile to the calling of the first three couples, but when came the unknown and Ruth Devine—his Ruth, as he fondly thought of her,—the color left his face, and a feeling of sickness came over him. "Too late!" he groaned. "What a fool I was to keep my dreams to myself, and not tell her! Perhaps she would have listened to me." Then he realized with what bonds his heart was bound to her,

and in the bitterness of his soul sent up a prayer that he might be able to accept his cross patiently. Suddenly reason and hope came to the rescue, and suggested that there must be some mistake; for Ruth would not keep from him such an event in her life.

Bearing up surprisingly well under the congratulations showered upon them, the three happy couples went homeward. The young girls thought that their partners had taken a fit of courage and thus surprised them; and they, wily men, knew better than to enlighten them, and so winked slyly to each other. In reality, they were even more astonished than their future brides, but choose to regard it as a piece of rare good luck for them; and in this spirit John Steel threw his hat up in the air and shouted, "Hurrah for Father James!" in which he was joined by the other two.

"Why, John," said Elizabeth, with a fine air of loving reproof, "what *is* the matter with you?"

"Nothing, dear! Only I was just thinking what a great priest is our Father James! Sure he can turn Stone into Steel, and make the six of us only three."

And, thus laughing and joking, the happy couples passed gaily along the flower-strewn road leading to Matrimony.

Norman ascended to the organ-loft after Vespers as usual; and, looking for the little organist, he beheld her kneeling as in prayer. Once again his heart sank despairingly. "She is giving thanks for her great happiness," he thought, and turned sadly to depart, when a suspicious shaking of her shoulders attracted him, and he listened. Yes, surely she was crying! Going closer, he heard a little sob. Instantly all his love was aroused, and, crossing swiftly, he asked tenderly:

"What is it, Ruth?"

Growing calmer in the presence of a friend she trusted, she told him the whole story,—of reading those names which were called out, which the priest had copied; of his abstraction and erasing of

words relating to the Irish booth, which he said he did not understand; and, lastly, of his putting her name down, that he might not forget to express his appreciation of her work. Evidently this piece of paper had gotten into his "memo" book, she said,—which was the case; for the priest had left his "memo" of marriage banns on the table, and, the title being covered up by other papers, had mistaken it for blank paper.

"And now," she finished tearfully, "I am afraid this awful mistake will create ill feeling and spoil our bazaar."

"Never fear, little girl!" said Norman joyfully, as he saw through the mystery. "I happen to know that everything is going to end pleasantly. But how about yourself?" he asked. "Remember your name was called out also."

"Oh, I had not thought of that! But it will make a laughing-stock of me, won't it?" she said.

Taking her hand in his, and gazing earnestly into her eyes, he answered:

"Give me permission to hand my name in to Father James, to fill up that blank; for I love you, Ruth."

Surprised at this revelation, she turned her startled eyes to the handsome face bending above her, to see if he was laughing at her troubles; but the look in his eyes and the pressure of his hand touched a responsive chord and brought a rosy glow to her cheeks. Then, dropping her eyes, she said in sweet confusion:

"O Mr. Roberts—"

"Norman, please!" he commanded lovingly, as he saw her look of surrender.

"Well,—then,—Norman" (with pretty hesitation), "you,—oh, you are not in earnest! You just wish to cheer me up."

"Yes, I am in earnest," he replied. "And I wish to cheer you up, if you will let me, to the end of my life."

"Well," she said roguishly, "seeing that you have made a success of your first attempt in that direction, I think you should be given the contract."

And so it was settled.

Some Books Worth While.

A MOST curious and interesting book is Father Thomas J. Gerrard's volume entitled "The Wayfarer's Vision," published by Mr. B. Herder. Its thesis is indicated by the motto on the title-page: "We see now through a glass in a dark manner." Its method is cleverly and even humorously described in a brilliant Introduction, which discovers to us the personality of the author, the reasons for the book and its sources, and the important part which St. Thomas Aquinas and Cardinal Newman have in the sequel. Its interest is intensified by the fact that the argument includes the refutation on many points of both pragmatist and Modernist, the elucidation of difficult points in St. Thomas and in Newman, and an illuminative chapter on the *felix culpa* of St. Augustine. While a study of the vision of God as seen by the pilgrim on earth, it will prove impossible reading for any but those respectably versed in philosophy and theology.

Mr. Herder sends out another book of a more popular character, "Messianic Philosophy," by Dr. Gideon Marsh, an English writer, whose work is published under the editorship of Dr. Francis Aveling. Dr. Marsh investigates briefly but most effectively the evidence that Christ lived, died, rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven; refutes the Rationalist opponents of Christianity, and completes the task in less than two hundred pages. The book is, therefore, a handy volume for the man in the street, for the inquirer after truth, for the interested faithful; and both its style and method make it as easy reading as such a work is able to be.

The same may be said of "The Morality of Modern Socialism," by the Rev. John J. Ming, S. J., brought out by Benzigers. It is perhaps the best book so far published in explanation of the true character of Socialism. This dangerous "ism" has

passed from a theory into a world-wide movement, which affects every department of human life and activity, and aims at nothing less than the destruction of Christian civilization *in toto*. Its most pernicious characteristic is the protean changes which it can take on to suit different regions. Not a few Catholics maintain its necessity, its moral purity, and its beneficence. They declare that it is not bound to Marx, Bebel, or any particular leader, and that it is not of its nature anti-Christian. Father Ming shows conclusively, by essential quotations from the utterances of all kinds of Socialist leaders, that Socialism is openly, consciously, joyously anti-Christian, and anti-everything that hints at the eternal life for man.

"The Catholic Church in China," by the Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S. J., is a very readable and instructive work on the missions in China, incidentally giving a view of the workings of a divided Christianity among the Chinese. Protestants talk very glibly here at home of doctrinal differences and sectarian divisions; but in Far Cathay the matter has another aspect, when the interested pagans inquire why the religion of Christ should be so hopelessly contradictory, if indeed it is divine. While every part of the book is teeming with interest, this special feature of it makes fine reading, and should give deep thought to the ardent missionary boards of the United States.

The Rev. Eugene Baffie's curious volume on Bishop Charles de Mazenod, the famous founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, is not without value, although its form tends to baffle the reader's interest rather than to arouse and maintain it. It is really a biography, because it narrates the origin, education, career and death of the Bishop, with some attention to interesting detail; but as the chapters deal rather with the virtues of the Bishop than with his place in history and his relations with the Church and the world, the view given is unsat-

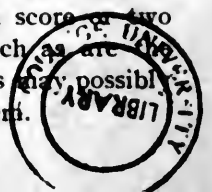
isfying, even misleading at times, and always distorted or deficient. Bishop de Mazenod was a remarkable man in his achievements, and his fame has grown with the success of his community; but few would discover these two facts from the book, interesting as it is.

Obsolete Falsehoods.

IN the "Flotsam and Jetsam" department of the current *Month* we find a list of some eleven obsolete falsehoods which have long served the purpose of Protestant arguments against the Church.

Mr. Le Lievre, the secretary of the Protestant Press Bureau, in his recently-published "The Protestant's Treasury," has definitely withdrawn from circulation some dozen ancient mendacities, as being altogether too discredited for fellowship with the fresher falsehoods he retains. In other respects, this "Treasury" is singularly barren of anything valuable, even from the bigot's point of view. Any well-read Catholic with some sense of logic could compile a much more telling indictment against the human element in the Church than can be found in this *réchauffé* of malicious fables, distorted facts, and unwarranted inferences. But the abandonment of the lies aforesaid makes the publication rather momentous in its way, and it may be well to set them forth here. If their death-certificate has been signed in such a quarter, it must surely be that, like M. Tonson, "they are very dead indeed."

Among the lies thus officially declared dead we may note St. Augustine's supposed protest against Auricular Confession; the Jesuit Oath; the extravagant number of Huguenots slain in the Bartholomew Massacre; the American historian Motley's statement that the Inquisition in 1568 sentenced all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics; the *Monita Secreta*, or Secret Instructions of the Jesuits; and Bishop Strossmayer's alleged speech before the Vatican Council denouncing the Papacy. "The Protestant's Treasury" contains a score or two of other lies, as patently such as the foregoing; but future editors may possibly eliminate some more of them.



Notes and Remarks.

WE noted recently the conclusions, as to religion in schools, arrived at by an American non-Catholic — Mr. Coler, of New York. Of similar tenor was a speech lately made by an Englishman whose word carries something of weight even in this country — Mr. Arthur Balfour. Addressing an audience in the Mansion House, London, this statesman said:

I hold it dangerous for the State to ignore the subject of religious education, and to treat it as a matter not of public but of private interest. But I recognize the difficulty of discovering a satisfactory solution, and consider that, if the State will not provide one, it should at least permit and encourage societies or communities or individuals to do what it declines to perform. Certainly, for myself, I have always looked forward to the time when it will be found possible to give in the public elementary schools that religious teaching to every child or to the great majority of the children which the parents desire. That, it seems to me, is the only solution perfectly consistent with the idea of religious liberty, with the idea of parental responsibility, and with the fundamental principle that it is a grave misfortune for a child to be brought up without any religious knowledge whatever. I plead for a solution which will give us a school system wherein it shall not be made difficult to teach religion. But do not let us frame our system so as to produce the fantastic illusion that there is such a thing as undogmatic religion. Let us frame it in such a manner that the legitimate wishes of the parent can be effectively carried out in the case of the vast majority of the children of this country.

What is possible in England, what has been found practicable in Germany and other countries, is clearly not impossible or impracticable in this land of self-satisfied liberty, this home of the theoretical "square deal."

An interesting and prominent feature of the ceremonies planned for the beginning of work in connection with the Panama-California Exposition will be a complete review of the work of the Franciscans on the Pacific Coast,—a parade and attendant

pageantry of twenty-one missions of the Order of St. Francis in California, which were strung along the Camino Real from San Diego to San Francisco, a distance of four hundred miles. The celebration will be held July 19-22, at San Diego, where Padre Serra founded the mission of San Diego de Alcala, thus inaugurating the work of religion and civilization on the western shore of what afterward became the United States. The programme is announced to open with a procession from the church of St. Joseph to the great floral altar in Balboa Park, on the site of the Mission City, that is to be erected for the Exposition. Here Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by the Bishop of Los Angeles. The altar will be, as nearly as possible, a replica of that which stands in the church of San Francisco in Mexico City, from which, in 1768, Father Serra and fourteen companion friars took their departure for Lower California.

The memory of the humblest of saints is thus to be honored publicly in the United States,—“a glad tribute,” says the circular of the Pageantry Committee, “to the man that organized the Order for the good of humanity and the spread of Christianity; and we Californians feel that one of the most worthy successors of ‘the Seraphic Saint’ was Father Junipero Serra, whose memory is revered by the citizens of this State, irrespective of creed or prejudice, above that of any other actor in the great drama of civilization and conquest on these shores.”

In declining to lend the crucifix said to have been worn by Mary Stuart on the day of her death—her martyrdom?—to be shown at the Scottish Exhibition at Glasgow, the Queen Dowager of Spain graciously expresses regret; but “she does not feel able to part, even for a short period, with a relic which, as a lineal descendant of the Queen who possessed it, she naturally regards as being invested with a peculiar and even sacred interest.” The *Guardian* is not surprised at her

Majesty's refusal. "Why, indeed, part with the crucifix for the pleasure of tourist and tripper, who would possibly find it by the side of an autograph of John Knox? There are relics which may be shown to those who can approach them in a spirit of reverence, but they should be presented only in an atmosphere of their own. The spirit of mere curiosity need not be condemned; it is innocent in itself, and, given the right circumstances, is laudable; but there seems no particular reason for encouraging its every whim. All the World and his wife can find plenty to excite their minds agreeably without staring in holiday mood at the religious emblem worn by a Queen who, with all her faults, did virtually die for her Faith."

Persecution is no less persecution because it masquerades under another name; and the *Catholic Herald of India* sees the reality of genuine oppression of the Church in what is going on in France, Spain, Portugal, and even Italy. As an illustration of the point, it declares:

The brutality has disappeared, but it is not tolerance we have instead. The religious Congregations in France, for instance, are not stamped out by exile or starvation. Exile and starvation offend modern sensitiveness. But these Congregations, formed to pray, teach, and nurse, are condemned to exile by refined hatred, which destroys their works and forbids them to live together in their country, while their calling and works demand life in common. Their property is confiscated, and thus they are practically sent away from the country to earn their bread.

In the same way, to close the churches was never seriously contemplated; and when at the elections of 1906 some clear-sighted persons announced that the French Government meant to close the churches, the Government loudly protested and even initiated legal prosecutions against the outrageous calumniators. Faith is yet too strong in France, and to resort to so violent a measure would be to rouse even the most indifferent Catholics. Again, there is a refined way to gain the same object. Churches are allowed to remain unrepaired till they threaten to fall down. The clergy, who are only occupiers without legal rights, may offer to undertake the repairs at their own cost.

Catholics may come forward to help the clergy. But municipalities not only refuse to repair the churches; they do not allow Catholics to do so at their own expense. Then comes the order to close the sacred edifices, and next to dismantle them, as dangerous to public safety. Is this not persecution?

It assuredly is, and it is all the more execrable because of its indirectness. The hanging, drawing, and quartering of former ages was at least frank, and incidentally fortified the faith of the surviving Catholic onlookers; the present style is hypocritical in method but effective in results.

Referring to the decay of good manners, now apparent on all sides, and most strikingly shown by the lack of courtesy, even of ordinary civility, toward women, R. C. Gleaner, of the *Catholic Columbian-Record*, quotes a capital story, told in a recent article by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, of an old gentleman of his acquaintance who, on a journey to Niagara Falls, in a crowded car, noticed with no less indignation than surprise that many men remained seated while women, young and old, were standing in the aisle. Presently an Irish workman, who had evidently been expecting a general movement on the part of his sex, stood up and offered his seat to a lady near him, saying: "I always rise for the ladies,—my mother was a lady."—"Yes," added Mr. Page's friend, "and her son is a gentleman!" It would be pleasant to know that these remarks were overheard by all who should have been on their feet, and that the Irishman's rebuke was not lost on a single one of them.

The industrious and discriminating Gleaner also quotes an extract from an open letter to President Taft by Wayne MacVeagh, which is worth reproducing here. The writer declares that the real need of the country is not a New Nationalism but a New Statehood; that what has led to infringement upon and usurpation of States' rights by Congress is the

disregard of many of its obligations by States' governors; that the efforts of too many Congressmen and aspiring young politicians are directed toward securing for themselves, and their constituents a share of the spoils of office, or enabling some corrupt party in Washington to squander public monies; and that, in consequence, due consideration for the poor is lost sight of.

"Considering the poor," he says, "is not at all to give away, with even the best intentions, large sums of surplus money to which we have no moral and, perhaps, no legal title, which we can not longer use here even to add to our luxuries, and which we can not take with us when 'we go hence,' as we soon must. Such giving may be accompanied by sounding a trumpet before the giver, 'as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets that they may have glory of men'; or the giving may be in the modest guise, 'When thou givest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.' In either case such giving does not even approach compliance with the injunction to consider the poor, for this implies looking into their poverty, visiting them in their wretched homes, seeing with one's own eyes the many hardships entailed upon them; and, above all, fully realizing that their deserts, weighed in any scales we might select, are at least equal to our own. While they are thus suffering, and, as almost every day's newspapers now tell us, actually dying of hunger, cold and nakedness, the members of our class are fairly 'wallowing' not only in comfort, but in all the luxury of the most abounding extravagance and waste."

Mr. MacVeagh might have added that indifference to the hardships of the poor on the part of the rich accounts for the rapid spread of Socialism in this country. That, more than anything else, is the nation's menace. Forgetfulness of God and the hereafter is the sure result of luxurious living. The poor man may

forget God, too, through envy and discontent. Then will be taken up the cry of that French Anarchist: "They have robbed us of any hope of good things in another world, let us make them share with us all the good things of this."

From the London *Catholic Times* we learn that Mr. Frank Lascelles, pageant master, has, through his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, asked Catholics to take part in the Empire Pageant at the Crystal Palace, which will be opened next month by their Majesties the King and Queen of England. The scene reproducing the episode of "the bringing of a fragment of the Holy Cross from Wales to Westminster" will be enacted by Catholics. To the number of four hundred they will appear in the rôles of monks, abbots, and other ecclesiastics, choir boys, knights, and soldiers. "This," adds our London contemporary, "is as it should be; for only those who have preserved the traditions of the past unbroken can enter fully into its spirit and make it, so to say, live again. The work of preparing for the pageant will be to Catholics a labor of love, and we feel sure that they will prove themselves equal to the occasion."

In an appeal for assistance urgently needed by their flocks, the missionaries of Central Mongolia write:

.... Never have we been in such need as this year. Since March of last year, nine of our fellow-priests have suffered of typhus fever. Four of them have died; the others—thank God!—have recovered, but have been for a long time incapacitated. And now another trial awaits us and our flocks: a terrible famine is inevitable. We have had none these nineteen years. But the memory of the year 1892 is still too vivid in our minds to enable us to forget the misery such a famine entails. The prospect of having to endure again such a calamity, without other help than the alms of European Catholics, compels us to issue this appeal.

That these particular missions have special claims on the sympathy and practical charity of more favored Catholics

is clear from the account given of their rapid progress during the past few years. Ten years ago there were in the Vicariate about 16,000 Catholics. Then came the Boxer riots, during which 5 of the missionaries and 1800 Catholics were massacred. And now, nine years after this cruel persecution, the number of Catholics is 28,000, and that of the catechumens, 4000. Never have there been more numerous conversions than in these last two years.

Of all human miseries that appeal to the charitable, none pleads more strongly than famine; and so we trust that a goodly number of our readers will spare a little of their superfluous income or earnings to be forwarded, for their brethren in Central Mongolia, to the editor of *Catholic Missions*, St. Teresa's, Irlam, near Manchester, England.

Simply for the sake of the contrast afforded to the views expressed of late months by certain of our "great newspapers," we quote this paragraph from the *Saturday Review*:

The existing condition of Rome and the position of the Pope are standing reproaches to Italian statesmen and a trouble to the conscience of Europe. Fair-minded people can not help asking themselves whether it is compatible with the dignity of a great nation, or of one that claims the title, and that has the privilege of harboring in its capital the spiritual head of so large a part of Christendom, to allow a deliberate policy of menace and insult to be pursued against him by municipal officials, if not by the direct agents of the Government. It is not necessary to be a supporter of the Temporal Power, or even an advocate of its restoration in a very modified form, to understand this. Insulting speeches, the sale of filthy, libellous, and blasphemous journals, and other overt acts of hostility, to say nothing of the complaisant toleration of blatant atheism, make it difficult for a great sovereign, who has any respect for the sentiments of large masses of his own subjects, to give his personal countenance to these celebrations.

Equally at variance with the views of many American editors is the English writer's opinion of Italy's general condition. "To-day," he says, "Italian art,

literature, and statesmanship have fallen to mediocrity, if not below it; the administration is notoriously inefficient and corrupt; the management of the railways is the laughing-stock of Europe; the condition of the people in many places is deplorable; and, owing to the fault of the Government and the insane ambitions of the late Signor Crispi, the burden of taxation is most oppressive." The writer's general conclusion is that, every excuse being made, "modern Italy is a grave disappointment to her friends, who include all that care for art, history, or literature."

Even in a pessimistic mood Mr. Chesterton can be vivacious. Referring, in his "Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens," to the conditions which exist to-day—conditions "which Dickens would have detested and denounced,"—Mr. Chesterton writes:

At this moment it is vain to discuss whether Socialism will be a selling of men's liberty for bread. The men have already sold their liberty, only they have not yet got the bread. A most incessant and exacting interference with the poor is already in operation; they are already ruled like slaves, only they are not fed like slaves. The children are forcibly provided with a school, only they are not provided with a house. Officials give the most detailed domestic directions about the fireguard, only they do not give the fireguard. Officials bring round the most stringent directions about the milk, only they do not bring round the milk. The situation is, perhaps, the most humorous in the whole history of oppression. . . . If we insist on sending the *menu* in to them, they will naturally send the bill in to us. This may possibly result (it is not my purpose here to prove that it will) in the drilling of the English people into hordes of humanely herded serfs.

"Appreciations and Criticisms" are the separate prefaces originally published to the works of Dickens in the "Everyman" Library. Mr. Chesterton remarks of these prefaces that "they were harmless, being diluted by, or rather drowned in, Dickens." But as one of his critics aptly remarks: "Rather they are drowned in Chesterton."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

My Bicycle.

BY DOROTEO JALANDONI.



JUDGING from what I have heard and read, many false notions about the Philippines prevail among people in this country. A member of Congress, Mr. Shafroth, who visited the Islands a few years ago, writes: "There is a general opinion among Americans that the Filipinos are savages. A visit to their country would certainly dispel any such notion."

When I first came to the United States, I was often tired of giving the most common information about the Philippines. What funny questions people used to ask me! Sometimes I had to laugh to myself. "Do you come from Manila?"—as if this were the only place in the whole archipelago! "Do you have snow in the Philippines?"—"Have you railroads there?"—"Are there street cars in Manila?" One person even asked (I think he must have been joking): "Is it the same moon in your country that we have here?"—"Are most of the people Igorrotes?" was a frequent question. Now, I never saw an Igorrote, and I suppose many Americans have never seen a wild Indian.

But the last question asked is the one that leads me to write this little story—"Do they use bicycles in the Philippines?" I can say that most of the High School boys in my town owned bicycles, and could ride them very well. We found them most useful, because the school was in Iloilo, the principal city, which is two miles from where I lived. The distance is not great, of course; but a walk at noon

(when school was over for the day), with the thermometer perhaps as high as 80-120 degrees, is no joke. The girls, however, do not use bicycles in my country. They are lucky, too; for they go to school in carriages or other vehicles. Poor children have to walk, and they are to be pitied.

We had lots of fun with our bicycles during free time. Our games are not numerous. Football, track-meets, and of course skating are unknown; though we often play baseball. Our greatest outdoor amusement was racing, especially ribbon racing, of which most American boys and girls have probably never heard.

All through the month of May we have devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin called *Flores de Mayo*. Prayers are said and hymns are sung, after which little girls dressed in white, with long veils, offer flowers, which are beautiful as well as plentiful in the Philippines. The last time I was at home, when the devotions were over, we had a ribbon race with bicycles. The young ladies of the village each gave a ribbon from a yard to a yard and a half in length, with a ring at one end; these ribbons, of different colors and neatly rolled, were attached to a horizontal wire, a few inches of the end of the ribbon with the ring hanging down. The riders, in passing under the wire, selected a ring and tried to catch hold of it with a pointed stick held firmly in the hand, so as to secure the ribbon, which unrolled and flew behind the racer. Each ribbon bore the name of the giver.

During the race the ladies were seated on a sort of grand stand erected for them, so that all might watch the ribbons and see the winner of each. As the contestants were obliged to go at full speed, it was not an easy matter to get hold of a ring.

The day was beautiful, and I had lots

of "pep" for the occasion. I cleaned and oiled my bicycle, and was firmly resolved to win a ribbon if possible. There were thirty of them and as many as fifty contestants. I was among the lucky ones. After many trials and mishaps I managed to secure two ribbons, one of which was the gift of the prettiest girl on the stand. As I was not a very skilful rider, my success is to be attributed to good fortune, though I had great confidence in my bicycle.

At the conclusion of the contest, all who had secured a ribbon went to the grand stand, where the committee in charge introduced the boys that were unknown to the young ladies. In my case no introduction was necessary, because all the girls were from my town and I was known to them. When I approached those whose ribbons I had won, I assured them that I felt I had been very lucky indeed. From one of the girls I received a watch for a prize; the other presented me with a beautiful silk necktie, handmade,—a small gift in itself, but to me the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. The giver had made it herself, and that was its virtue.

Next day I called on Miss —, and she welcomed me as if I had known her all my life,—which was indeed the case, though I had never paid a visit to her home. She was very kind and gracious. I asked her if she was sorry I won her ribbon. She answered frankly: "I knew you were to take part in the races, and I hoped when I was making the necktie that it would go to you." I then remarked that my good fortune was entirely due to my bicycle; but she would not admit this, declaring that I had deserved the prize. We became good friends, and her letters to me since I left home always recall the dear old times. She once wrote that she never gave another ribbon, because she had no sympathy with the contestants.

I must admit that my bicycle did not always give me pleasure, for I had several

falls from it. Sometimes I scratched my face, hurt my knee or elbow, and tore my clothes. These accidents did not amount to much, but on one occasion I came very near being killed, or at least badly crippled.

It was the last day of our examinations at the High School, and I was hurrying thither, as it was beginning to rain. Two other boys were walking in the same direction; while coming toward us was Bishop Rooker's carriage, returning from Iloilo. I put on more speed, hoping to pass the boys; but I miscalculated. It was too late to cross to the right, and impossible to keep more to the left, as there was a deep ditch on that side of the road. Realizing that a collision was inevitable, I shouted a warning to the two boys. They did not hear me, and the next moment I struck one of them, knocking him down and losing my balance. My wheel slipped, and I struck my chest against the horse, and was thrown backward. My feet were still on the pedals when I fell to the ground. The bicycle slid under the wheels of the carriage, which also passed over me. Fortunately, it was not a very heavy vehicle, or my legs would have been broken. My bicycle of course was wrecked.

The two boys, one of whom was a cousin of mine, picked me up and put me on my feet. The Bishop, who had not been aware of the accident until it was over, ordered his carriage to turn back; he took me in and urged me to go home. But I assured him that I was not seriously hurt, and explained that it was the last day for examinations, which I should be very sorry to miss. He finally yielded to my pleadings, and said he would drive me to the school. He knew me well, because his residence in Jaro was just opposite to our home.

Many boys and girls were assembled at the High School when we reached there, and they were all surprised to see the Bishop. I thanked him for his kindness and asked his blessing. Forgetting about

my accident, I ran up the steps without looking round. All I realized was that my trousers were torn and that I was covered with dust. But after the examinations were over I found I could not walk, so I sent for a carriage and was taken home. For about a week I was obliged to remain indoors to recover from the effects of my fall. My bicycle remained out of commission, and I never tried to use it again. And, as that was the end of my bicycle, this is the end of my story.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—THE LIFE TURN.

"A letter, Miss!" The rosy-cheeked Irish maid appeared smiling at Miss Carmel's door. "And I'm thinking from the looks of it, that it's from that darling little boy beyond, God bless his purty face!"

"Billy!" said Miss Carmel, as she took the letter eagerly from Norah's hand. "Oh, it *is* from Billy,—the dear, dear boy to write so soon again!" and, dropping Mr. Page Ellis' American beauties that she had been arranging in a vase, Miss Carmel sank into her rocking-chair, and tore open the very fat envelope that seemed to promise a lengthy communication within. She was not mistaken in her hopes. Three sheets of paper heavily and hastily scribbled claimed her attention. The letter, which was more carefully written than the first one, ran thus:

DEAR MISS CARMEL:—I am writing again, because you are my best friend; and I promised that I would not worry mamma writing about any troubles, so far away. I will now tell you all that has hapened, so you will understand how things are all rong here.

Jack and Bony Ben went away on bisness, and it was very lonesome at Bar Cross; and Pedro, the Mexican boy that

I told you about, was going to Las Rocas, a place away off in the mountains, to sell rugs that his grandmother had made, and which are fine as Colonel Woodvilles, and lace that his sisters make, which is beautiful enuff for ladies like you to wear. I went along with Pedro, which was rong I know now, though I did not think so then. Martina, who is Pedro's grandmother, dressed me up in her dead boy's close, all blue and silver, because it would disgrace me she said to go to so fine a place in a gray sweater like mine.

It was a long way, longer than I thought; and the road, an Injun trail that we took, went over mountains and rocks and high places which it makes your head dizzy to cross, and got to Las Rocas at last. It is an Injun town and they have a fair there every year, and it was grate Miss Carmel. It beat any fair I ever saw. There were Injuns and cow-boys and all sort of men drinking and betting and gambolling. And there were races and cock-fights, and a snake-charmer that made me sick to look at. And there was hot chocolate that you would like I know, and nut cakes that were fine. And we sold old Martina's rugs for 60 dollars. And then we met Bob Bryce, who was running away from his father, though I did not know it then, or I would have looked out for him sharply, you bet.

He got Pedro away from me in the crowd, and played cards with him, and made him drunk and took his money, and left him asleep on the rocks, where I could not find him, and it was getting late. So Cub Connors, another boy who knew Jack, said he would take me home with him. We were crossing a very bad place called Wild Cat Ledge, when we heard some one crying dreadful: "For God's sake help!" He was so hurt he could not move. And Cub said no, we must not stop; for a bad storm was coming and we would all be killed. But I said when people call for God's sake we must help if we can; and so I stopped

and climbed down the rocks to see who was there, and it was Bob Bryce, nearly all his bones broke, and hurt dreadful. I pulled him back in a hole in the rocks, which Bony Ben says was likely a wild-cat's den once; and then the storm caught us.

If Dolly could see a storm like that she would die, I know. It looked as if the end of the world had come sure,—everything roaring and blazing and crashing, and the rocks breaking loose; and then Bob Bryce was so scared he tried to jump up on his broken bones, and fainted, and I thought he was dead and that I was left there to die alone. I felt bad then sure, Miss Carmel, when I began to think I would never see home again or mother or you or Dolly or the dogs, and nobody would know where I was when I blew off the Ledge into the river below. I did feel bad, you bet! I tried to think of all the good things you told us, and that I had not been bad like Bob Bryce, and God would take care of me even in that dreadful blackness. But I don't think any boy could die real happy on Wild Cat Ledge. I just kept praying, and crying that God and the Blessed Virgin would let Jack know where I was; for Jack would come and save me I knew. And when I was crying and praying loudest, I heard some one calling: "Billy-Boy! Billy-Boy!" I'll never forget how good it sounded,— "Billy-Boy! Billy-Boy" — through all that dreadful blackness and storm. For it was Jack true indeed. Cub Connors had told him where I was, and he came jumping, swinging over the rocks just like he used to swing and jump at home; and he caught me tight in his arms, and most cried over me he was so glad.

Then Bony Ben came too, and they found Bob Bryce was not real dead, but only fainting; and Ben poured whisky in his mouth and brought him back to life. And we waited a while longer until the moon came up, so we could see, and then Jack climbed up to where Marquita

was waiting for him. And Bony Ben lifted Bob Bryce, who could not move himself, on Boris, and we started to a cabin of an old hunter that Ben knew, and we stopped until morning, when Jack and I rode back to Bar Cross Ranch. And Ben took Bob to Rooker's, and sent for his father to forgive him and take him home.

But by the time we got to Bar Cross Jack's head was aching so he could scarcely see, and he had a high fever and had to go to bed, where he has staid ever since. And he don't know me or anybody, but talks about flushes and antes and jack-pots, and all sorts of queer things I don't understand. But I do understand when he cries out: "Don't let mother know. I'll make all things rite yet. Don't let mother know." And then he calls you in low whispers like he was saying his prayers: "Carmel! Carmel! Carmel!" And he says something about your being lost forever, which is only a dream of course, for you are not lost at all. But I almost cry when I hear him, it sounds so sad. I wish I could tell all this to mamma, but I promised Jack I wouldn't; but if you think she ought to know, you tell her all this yourself, so I can keep my word still true.

Your affectionate friend,

BILLY.

Miss Carmel's sweet face had grown whiter and whiter as she read on. When she reached the end of Billy's letter she was trembling like a frightened dove. But Billy's mother must know indeed, and Miss Carmel's tender heart ached with redoubled pain as she realized the shock of anguish and fear this knowledge would bring. Miss Carmel herself had guessed for long weary months that things were "rong," as Billy said; she knew that only something very "rong" could have caused Jack to write that brief, desperate letter she had received a year ago, telling her he was unworthy of her love and trust; to forgive and forget him. "Forget him!" The words

would have struck a death chill to any heart less warm and true; but Miss Carmel still loved and trusted and prayed for the Jack of old.

Now, however, as she took her way over the brown hills, through the woodland paths that only a few weeks ago were arcades of sunlit green, an icy breath of fear seemed to touch the sweet flowers of hope and love she had kept abloom through all these silent months. The dead leaves that lay in drifts about the gates of Holmhurst, the bare boughs standing stark and stiff against the grey stone wall, the withered rose vines clinging to the porch,—all added gloom to a picture in which life and love and joy had no place.

And Mrs. Dayton, meeting her at the door, caught the new look on the white strained face.

"Carmel," she cried, "you have heard something, learned something of my boy—my boys, Billy and Jack! My God, what has happened?"

"Nothing yet, dear Mrs. Dayton." Miss Carmel tried vainly to steady her faltering voice. "I have just had a long letter from Billy, which I think you should see. Jack is ill, he writes; and—and—"

There was no need to say more. Mrs. Dayton had caught the letter from the speaker's hand and was scanning it with a mother's quick comprehension.

"Jack! Jack! Oh, this means that he is ill indeed,—that he is dying! I must go to him,—I must go to my boy! Oh, it is so far he will die without me! My poor boy will die out there alone!"

"No, no!" Miss Carmel's sweet voice rang out strong in its returning trust and love, as she gathered the trembling, sobbing mother in her arms. "He will not die alone. I have prayed so long for him. God will hear my prayers, I know. Dear mother, Jack's mother, as I have held you in my heart and love for his sake, let me go with you; for Jack is calling me night and day. Let us go together to help him and save him."

These were dark days at Bar Cross,—the darkest that Billy-Boy had ever known. True, the sun was shining brightly as if it never had been clouded. Coyote Creek, full-fed by the autumn rainfall, was dashing merrily over its rocky bed. Old Martina had her sixty dollars returned to a cent by Bob Bryce, whose father had taken him to a sanitarium, where, done up in a plaster jacket, he was being reformed morally and physically. Pedro had made his way back from Las Rocas, a sadder and wiser boy. Jack's "comrades" had scattered with their winnings, as such false friends and comrades will, leaving their late companion in his sore need, with only Billy-Boy, Bony Ben, and Daddy to help him in his fight for life. The doctor came and went; but it was a long mountain ride for him every visit, and there was not a nurse, trained or untrained, within a hundred miles at least. But old Martina had hobbled up to the Ranch and taken her place by the "señor's" bedside; and Pancha and Wichita had dropped their lacework and were moving deftly about the sick room, doing her bidding; and Chang made teas and broths that no diet kitchen could excel; while Bony Ben, with an anxious heart, watched night and day over all.

But it was Daddy who took command of the darkened chamber in which the master of Bar Cross lay burning in the deadly grip of a brain fever that nothing could break. It was Daddy who knew strange secrets of soothing and healing, learned in Nature's own book. It was Daddy who, strong in the wisdom gained in forest and plain and mountain, would not give up even when the doctor abandoned hope.

"It's all up, I fear," said that gentleman. "He can't pull through with a temperature like that."

"Don't know nothing about *temper*," said Daddy, grimly; "but I'll hold on while there's breath. Do you throw up your hands?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I can do nothing more."

"Then stand back and don't meddle," said Daddy. "I'll pull him through."

And, with Martina as an able second, the old man began to "pull." It was heavy pulling; but both Daddy and old Martina had already waded far out into the River of Death, and did not fear its chill. They held on stoutly; though Jack's talking and whispering had stopped, and for two days he had lain weak and silent, only the burning fever flush on his face, the quick, short breathing, the fluttering pulse telling that he still lived.

"Done for, I'm afeard, sonny!" said Bony Ben gravely, as one chill evening he and Billy turned from the sick room. "Just naturally burned out. Don't you folks have a priest or a Padre come and do something for chaps in a fix like this?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Billy, with a sob in his throat. "If—if Jack is dying he ought to have a priest, but there is none out here."

"Yes, there is," said Ben. "There's an old missionary been preaching and praying at that lunger's camp across the mountain. I'll send Dick for him right away."

And Dick went galloping over the hills to the "lunger's camp," and returned with the nice white-haired missionary who had travelled in the Pullman with Billy. But, though Father Francis brought the blessings of holy prayer and sacramental unction to the sick man, Jack lay dull and unconscious of the sacred rites, unaware of the priestly presence.

"Give me a place to sleep and I will wait," said Father Francis. "Often there comes light at the last,—beautiful light. We must only pray and wait, my little son,—pray and wait."

"What's the chances?" asked Bony Ben, as he and Daddy went out into the deepening twilight.

"Bad!" said Daddy, hopeless for the first time. "If something could rouse him, stir his dull heartstrings, he might

take the life turn yet. But looks now as if he was done for, sure."

And so indeed it seemed, as the night came on and the chill darkness settled around Bar Cross. Father Francis had gone to the little room assigned to him. Bony Ben was on guard below. Old Martina nodded in her dusky corner. Daddy kept his steady watch by the pillow, now and then wetting the linen bandage around the patient's head, moistening the parched lips with the fever draught he brewed every morning from herbs and roots of his own gathering. He was 'pulling' still, though against all hope; for the wrecked young life seemed sinking fast. A grey mist was gathering on the wasted face; the pulse was very low. Billy-Boy was kneeling by the bedside, praying as Father Francis had told him,—praying as he had never prayed before in all his young life. He had early imbibed a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and his golden "Hail Marys" could not fail now to win her protection and her love.

"Come, sonny,—come!" Daddy laid his shaking hand on the boy's shoulder. "Go to bed. There's no sort of use for you to stay here."

"Oh, I must,—I must!" said Billy, brokenly. "I can't leave Jack now. There's no one but me. If mamma were here, or—or somebody that loved him. O God save him,—save my own dear, dear, good, grand brother. Holy Mother, bless him and cure him!"

Billy buried his face on the pillow and whispered passionate pleadings from the very depths of his innocent heart, heedless of all the world beyond the death chamber; deaf to the strange sounds and murmuring voices and coming footfalls on hall and stair below, until suddenly the door of the darkened room opened, and Bony Ben ushered in...

Billy looked up and started to his feet, thinking surely he was dreaming.

"Mamma! Miss Carmel!" he cried, forgetting for the moment all grief and

fear and pain as he recognized the dear familiar figures.

"Carmel!" The last clear, glad cry seemed to pierce the mists and depths into which Jack was sinking. "Carmel!" The dimming eyes opened, the parched lips echoed the word: "Carmel! Carmel!"

"Lord!" cried Daddy, starting to his feet as he caught the gasping whisper. "It's the life turn! Hold on to him, lady! Grip his hand! Speak to him brave and clear! It's the life or death to him now! Hold on to him while you can!"

"Carmel! Mother! Carmel!" and; as soft, warm hands clasped his icy fingers, as the music of dear-loved voices reached the dull ear, as his mother's kiss fell upon the death damps on his brow, Jack's glazing eyes kindled into wondering light and love. Billy-Boy's prayers were heard. Jack had made the "life turn."

(Conclusion next week.)

Forms of Salutation.

We seldom think, as we tip our hats to friends and acquaintances whom we meet, how varied are the forms of salutation used in different countries. Each formula reveals something of the characteristics of the people who have adopted it as an expression of friendly greeting.

The Arab says: "May the morning be fine!"

The Ottoman: "May God grant you His favors!"

The Persian's salutation is: "May your shadow never grow less!"

The Chinese say: "Have you eaten your rice?"

The ancient Greeks said: "Rejoice!"

The modern Greeks, with their spirit of commercialism, inquire: "What do you do?" or, "How is your business?"

The old Roman's salutation was: *Vale!* *Salve!*

The Italians say: "How are you?"

In Spain they say: "How do you pass the time?"

In France: "How do you carry yourself?"

In Germany: "How goes it?"

The Hollander's well-known interest in navigation is shown in: "How do you travel?"

The Swedes say: "How do you feel?"

The hospitable Scotchman says: "How do you live?"

The laconic Russian says: "Be well!"

The Americans and our English-speaking brothers say: "How do you do?"

But of all forms of salutation, that used by the early Christians was certainly the most beautiful, expressing the best of all good wishes: "The Lord be with thee!"

The Bamboo.

The bamboo is becoming domesticated in the United States, although it was formerly considered incapable of flourishing away from its home in the Far East. In its native land it is used in various ways,—its tender shoots eaten as a vegetable, its juices made into a drink, and its wood adapted to countless purposes where strength and lightness are desired.

France tried to naturalize the bamboo in some of its colonies, but the attempt was a failure. It has remained for California to succeed where France failed. The inhabitants of the Golden State, seeing their forests despoiled, have turned to the bamboo and already have great plantations of these useful trees. The wood is used for dwellings in place of the high-priced timber, now so rapidly disappearing.

Easter Term.

As a legal phrase in England and her colonies, Easter term is a session of court beginning on the 15th of April and continuing until about the 8th of May. As a University phrase, it means a session held in the spring and lasting for about six weeks after Easter.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by Mr. J. H. Whitty, and soon to be published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., will include, it is stated, several texts supposed to be lost, revisions made by Poe a few weeks before his death, and half a dozen hitherto uncollected poems.

—Another addition to catechetical literature is the Rev. John E. Mullett's booklet, "The Chief Ideas of the Baltimore Catechism,"—with some additions arranged according to the method of the Redemptorist, Father John Furness. The method in question, as herein applied, consists in resolving the principal ideas of the Baltimore text-book into simple questions and answers.

—It is to be hoped that Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's lecture on Cardinal Manning, which is founded entirely on unpublished matter, will soon appear as a pamphlet, or eventually be embodied in a book. Mr. Bodley, as the *Athenæum* reminds us, was designated by the Cardinal as his biographer, and is said to be in possession of a collection of letters written to him by Manning during the last seven years of his life.

—"Sonnets and Songs," by John Rothensteiner (B. Herder), is a slender booklet of twenty-seven pages. Sixteen sonnets and five other poems form the contents. Father Rothensteiner's technique has improved somewhat since he published his last volume, although he is still too fond of introducing anapestic and trochaic feet into the regular iambic sonnet line. The thought in his poems is usually exalted, and his vocabulary is excellent.

—The object of "An Appeal for Unity in Faith," by the Rev. John Phelan (M. A. Donohue & Co.), is "to overcome, amongst English-speaking people, the obstacles to the prayer and wish of our Divine Saviour for unity amongst Christians." The book is chiefly made up of extracts from Catholic and non-Catholic writers bearing directly or indirectly on the subject of Christian unity. The twenty chapters of the body of the work are supplemented by one hundred and twenty pages of notes, Scriptural, historical, etc., relative to the compiler's appeal. A Final Word, Non-Catholic Testimony Relative to Reunion, Catholic Testimony Bearing on Reunion, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons on Church Unity, His Grace Archbishop Ireland on Modernism, and the Eminent Editor of the *Western Watchman* on Christian Action, occupy twenty-seven additional pages. Needless to

remark that Father Phelan's book, which is attractively produced, contains a great amount of good reading. A serviceable index would entitle it to rank among works of reference.

—The Macmillan Co. announce the third volume of "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," by Dr. James Gairdner. This will take up the story from the death of Henry VIII. and cover the reign of Edward VI. An Introduction of considerable extent discusses various points that have been raised in the earlier volumes, and also defines more clearly the scope and object of the work.

—The Pantograph Printing & Stationery Co. of Bloomington, Illinois, publish "Mistakes in Life: An Essay," by the Rev. Edward C. Hearn. A neatly printed pamphlet of sixty-nine pages, it contains a readable discussion of thirteen great mistakes of life, the first and the last of which are: "To set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly"; "To live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity."

—"The Story of Modern France," by H. A. Guerber (American Book Co.), is a new illustrated historical reader for upper grammar grades. It is a 16mo of 350 pages, and gives the story of France from the death of Louis XIV. to the present time. The author's treatment of the involved affairs of French Church and State is rather colorless than partial, and the most recent outrages of the anti-clerical French governments are but lightly touched upon. Dreyfus, M. Guerber thinks, "was unjustly accused of the crime of some other man, known and shielded by those in authority."

—In his copious work on "The Romance of Book Selling," already referred to by us, Mr. Mumby quotes the following passage from George Wither's "Schollers Purgatory," describing the honest bookseller or stationer of the early seventeenth century:

An honest Stationer is he that exercizeth his mystery (whether it be in printing, bynding, or selling of Bookes) with more respect to the glory of God, and the publike advantage than to his owne commodity: and is both an ornament and a profitable member of a civill Commonwealth. He is the Caterer that gathers together provision to satisfy the curious appetite of the Soule, and is carefull to his powre that whatsoever he provides shal be such as may not poyson or distemper the understanding. And, seeing the State intrusteth him with the disposing of those Bookes which may both profit and hurt, as they are applyed, he (like a discreet Apothecary in selling poysonous druggs) observes by whom and to what purpose such bookes are likely to be bought up, before he will deliver them out of his hands. If he be a Printer he makes conscience to

exemplify his Coptic—i.e., to compose his book fairly and truly. If he be a Bookbinder, he is careful his work may be strong and serviceable. If he be a seller of Books, he is no mere Bookseller—that is one who selleth merely ynick and paper bundled up together for his own advantage only; but he is the Chapman of Arts, of wisdom, and of much experience for a little money. He would not publish a book tending to schisme or prophesie, for the greatest gain; and if you see in his shop any bookes vaine or impertinent, it is not so much to be imputed to his fault as to the vanity of the Times: For when bookes come forth allowed by authority, he holds it his duty rather to sell them than to censure them: Yet he meddles as little as he can with such as he is truly perswaded are pernicious or altogether unprofitable.

—A chapter of religious history of more than local interest is furnished in "The Story of the Old Faith in Manchester," by John O'Dea (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers). Manchester (England) is, as the author takes pride in asserting, "no mushroom city." As Mancenion, it flourished, a Roman fort, fifteen centuries ago; and as a Christian town it dates back as far as the seventh century. Mr. O'Dea's work is a concise yet comprehensive narrative, well calculated to stir the hearts of Catholic Englishmen with gratitude to their confessors and martyrs of other days, and to nerve them to valiant service for Mother Church in their own times.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "An Appeal for Unity in Faith." Rev. John Phelan. \$1.10.
- "Songs and Sonnets." John Rothensteiner. 50 cts.
- "The Story of the Old Faith in Manchester." John O'Dea. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic Church in China." Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S. J. \$3.
- "Bishop de Mazenod." Rev. Eugene Baffie, O. M. I. \$1.80, net.
- "The Morality of Modern Socialism." Rev. John Ming, S. J. \$1.50, net.
- "Messianic Philosophy." Dr. Gideon Marsh. \$1.
- "The Wayfarer's Vision." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. \$1.35.

- "Mistakes in Life." Rev. Edward C. Hearn. 40 cts.
- "Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. 75 cts.
- "Writ in Remembrance." Marian Nesbitt. 75 cts.
- "Heirs in Exile." Constance Le Plastrier. \$1.25.
- "The Apostolate of the Press." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. 25 cts.
- "Spiritual Instruction on Religious Life"; "Spiritual Considerations." Father Buckler, O. P. \$1.15, \$1.25.
- "Lays and Legends of Our Blessed Lady." 30 cts.
- "Why Should I be Moral?" Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Wandering Ghosts." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.35.
- "Chinese Lanterns." Alice Dease. 40 cts.
- "Life of St. Lawrence Brindisi." Father Anthony Brennan, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.
- "Father Damien. An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson. [With a statement by Mrs. Stevenson.]" 30 cts.
- "Christian Mysteries." Right Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. 4 Vols. \$5, net.
- "The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home." Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Campbell, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Francis Brady, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. John Price, diocese of Pittsburg.

Brother Leander, C. S. C.

Mother Josephine, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Joseph Bates, Miss Mary L. Ball, Mrs. Peter Rehlinger, Mr. Charles Richards, Mrs. Susan Cavanaugh, Mr. John F. Reid, Mr. Augustine Brady, Mrs. Mary Maddocks, Mr. James F. Ford, Mrs. M. Thompson, Mr. Timothy Crowley, Mrs. Mary E. Riester, Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, Mr. Frank Laurain, Mr. R. P. Laurain, Mrs. Rachel Larkin, Mr. C. J. Higham, Mrs. Mary Mulcahy, Mr. A. H. Bain, Mr. Joseph Healy, Mr. Frederick Becker, Mrs. Mary Casey, Mr. Charles Kazda, Miss Sarah McLane, Mr. P. J. Doerr, Mrs. Margaret Doherty, Mr. Joseph Frye, Miss Catherine Murphy, Jessie Lanier, Miss M. T. McCoy, Mr. James Lohe, Mrs. Catherine Cullen, Mr. Peter Mariano, Mrs. Mary Garvey, Mr. Henry Ruhmann, Mr. Thomas McCormick, Mrs. Cecilia Canty, Mr. William Bacon, Mrs. Elizabeth Deiber, and Mr. Frank Walter.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 6, 1911.

NO. 18

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A Welcome.

BY E. BECK.

WELCOME to May! Then the long, long day
Comes robed in red and gold;
And gorgeous dyes light the sunset skies,
And the marsh flags are unrolled.
Welcome to May, when the hawthorns sway
'Neath a weight of scented snow;
When the landrails cry, and the swallows fly,
And the purple violets blow!

In the fair May days the gorses blaze
And the lilacs scent the breeze,
And the buds of red and of white are spread
On the boughs of the orchard trees;
And the rivers croon full many a rune
And in many a changeful key,
And the daisies white as stars are bright
In the green of lawn and lea.

Then the merle and thrush in brake and rush
Are rivals the long day through;
And with outspread wings the skylark sings,
And the skies above are blue.
Oh, welcome to May, when from dawn to gray
The praise of Mary sounds,
From old and young, in every tongue,
To the wide world's farthest bounds.

HOW much better are ye who before death begin to be what men will be after the resurrection! Keep yourselves for your honors. The resurrection of the dead is compared to the stars in heaven: "As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." The brilliancy is unequal, but the heaven is the same.—*St. Augustine.*

Early Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE CATACOMBS.



WHEN the pilgrim enters the Catacombs of Rome for the first time, he experiences a strange, indefinable emotion. The gloomy darkness of those subterranean abodes; the long, narrow corridors, the sides of which are lined with tombs, placed one above the other; the thought of the frightful persecutions which during three centuries filled this bloody cradle of Christianity,—all are calculated to produce a kind of religious terror. But as he slowly passes from room to room, and attentively fixes his eyes upon the paintings of the vaults and the numberless inscriptions of the tombs, little by little terror vanishes. There is in all these paintings a youthfulness, a lively freshness, almost a gayety,—a radiant hope which is as unexpected as it is cheering to the soul. No cry of pain is heard, no sound of lamentation, nor any of those lawful outbursts of holy anger with which the Psalms abound. The soul, gently moved, feels that this is the kingdom of the Lamb, whose sweet image, everywhere appearing with that of the dove, fills the whole being with peace, hope, love, and mercy.

Some inexact and coarsely made copies of these incomparable paintings have given the world the idea that art was wanting in the Catacombs. This is an error, and the most superficial observation

suffices to show, beyond doubt, vestiges of great genius. True it is that often a rapid, and as it were extemporized, sketch is seen; but is this not enough for genius sometimes to make striking effects? How many hours do not artists spend in the Uffizi galleries at Florence, studying some drawings or pen-outlines of Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci? Here and there a connoisseur meets with the figure of a Madonna sketched by Raphael upon a small sheet of paper, which, unfinished as it is, moves him even to tears. This is often the case in the Catacombs. In paintings which at first glance appear rude and unfinished, examination reveals those beauties of art that never fail to fill the observer with admiration.

It frequently happens that, after studying the sculptures of the Antonine column, or the paintings of the mansion of the Cæsars at Ostia, a curious traveller descends into one of the Catacombs. There at each step he finds again the same process, the same dash of the pencil; but more vigorous, and as if inspired by a loftier motive. For instance, in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla there is the admirable painting of the Virgin Mother, where the Child has an expression of divine gracefulness, which reminds us of Raphael's picture in the museum of the Louvre; in the Cemetery of St. Domitilla there is also the same Virgin Mother, where the Child, divinely thoughtful, clad in white, and delightfully radiant, recalls to our minds the miniatures of Fra Angelico. Again, there is that inimitable scene of the Annunciation, the style of which is wholly Grecian, and which is found in the crypts of Lucina. Assuredly these are all splendid works of art, or there is no such thing as art. And this is not the language of mere enthusiasm: it is the verdict of the most competent judges—men such as De Rossi, the distinguished scientist; Vitet, a critic of most refined taste; Kùgler, Northcote, and Brownlow, of England; and Welcker, Germany,—well-known antiquarians.

What has led to error in these obscure investigations is this. Almost everything is to be found in the Catacombs; and as every discovery was published, many valuable frescoes of the earliest ages, unfaithfully reproduced, and mixed up with shapeless pencil sketches, could not possibly be remarked; and such a heterogeneous collection gave a wrong bias to public opinion. It was, indeed, high time that De Rossi should appear, and that true science should begin its work. This patient, indefatigable specialist may be called the Columbus of the Catacombs. As a result of these profound inquiries and intelligent criticism, it is now admitted by all that the more antique the crypts, the purer is the style of the paintings, so that the oldest go back to the same epoch as the famous frescoes of Pompeii, and the "Golden House of Nero." And this verdict is really important, not only from an artistic point of view, but also and especially as a grand expression of Christian faith.

The whole Catholic Creed, in all its details, is depicted upon the dark walls of its first prison, and day after day rises to life again from the sepulchre which had for more than eighteen centuries buried its significant symbols. Since the publication of "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman, and "Callista," by Cardinal Newman, these symbolical characters have become more popular, and their study has revealed new evidences of the principal dogmas and practices of the early Church. We need not say that the first Article is to be read everywhere, and that the belief in one only God and the faith in His Adorable Trinity are particularly conspicuous by various inscriptions in Greek and Latin. Though the pictures representing the Creation are few in number (because the early Christians were too well convinced of this old tenet of the patriarchal tradition ever to have any doubt about it), the fact of the primitive Fall, which destroyed the beautiful work of Creation, is deeply engraved

on all the tablets of subterranean Rome. Sometimes Adam and Eve appear before the Fall, standing, and separated by the tree, around which the serpent is coiled; Adam fixing his eyes on Eve, and Eve looking at the fruit. Again they are painted just at the moment when the sin was committed, as in the beautiful representation in the Domitilla Cemetery, where, between the branches of a large tree laden with reddish fruit, can be seen the head of the serpent holding an apple in its mouth. These great paintings of the Fall are innumerable; some of them can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, perhaps even to the age of the Apostles; and most of them express an exquisite beauty, at once simple and majestic.

But if the early Christians so eagerly covered the walls of the Catacombs with representations of the Fall, they were far from forgetting the mysterious promise which was made soon after, to console and encourage the afflicted souls of our first parents. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one too often disregarded, that beside the painting of the Fall there is sometimes seen a figure, pure and radiant, in the attitude of prayer, and called by archæologists *Orante*. Who can this suppliant female be? It is true, the name *Maria* is not written under the picture, but it would be impossible to doubt the identity in this case. The position which she holds in relation to the Fall; the ornaments which surround her (as if the painter had feared and wished to prevent a mistake); her arms not always raised to heaven, but lowered toward the earth, as in the modern statues of the Immaculate Conception; the two vases of white lilies placed on either side to do her honor; those two venerable-looking personages who point to her respectfully; the dove lying at her feet,—all these symbols sufficiently declare that she is indeed the Virgin of whom it was said, after the Fall: "She shall crush thy head."

Let those who smile at the devotion of the Catholic Church to the Blessed Virgin go to Rome; let those who charge us with paying too much honor to Mary, the Mother of God, read calmly and without prejudice the works published on the Catacombs; let those who accuse us of idolatry, and pretend that this homage is a novelty in the Christian world, descend with us in mind and heart, and visit those mysterious places of burial and worship. Soon will they be convinced that, after the Saviour, whom the inscriptions called Christ-God, no other painting is made with greater care or more loving tenderness than that which represents Mary, "of whom was born Jesus." When a person has a deep feeling, when he earnestly wishes to trace out the image of one dearly beloved, even without the assistance of genius or talent he will paint with respect, delicacy, and enthusiasm. And if he is anxious to inspire others with these noble sentiments, had he nothing but a piece of chalk or charcoal, he will give his work a spark of the flame which burns in his soul. This is the character of the frescoes to be found in the Catacombs, particularly of those which represent our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother.

It has often been stated that the image of Mary is nowhere to be seen in the Catacombs, except, perhaps, in a few historical representations of the Adoration of the Magi. Again, it has been said that it was only after the Council of Ephesus that paintings relative to Mary began to appear. This is a mistake, and originated from the fact that in the beginning only a part—a very small part—of the Catacombs had been explored, and, moreover, this narrow corner* but superficially investigated. The fact is that there is not one of the extraordinary privileges of the Mother of God—not one of the marvels of her life, such as her Virginity, the Annunciation, the Visitation, her Divine Maternity, her inviolable purity, her power with God—which is not to be read in a

* Called the Cemetery of St. Agnes.

thousand shapes and forms on the walls of the Catacombs. And not only did the early painters omit nothing of what concerns the Blessed Virgin, but never, perhaps, were they more happily inspired. Nowhere is it possible to point out in a higher degree that inventive spirit, that originality, that instinctive return to the great traditions of antique art, which are the sweetest delight of the artist, and the irresistible charm of the man of taste. What renders it more wonderful is that the most beautiful among these paintings are of the highest antiquity, dating back even to the Apostolic Age.

Let us first enter the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, to which a most learned critic* has appropriately given the name of "Crypt of Mary," on account of its many frescoes representing her. Let us take our stand before a painting wherein the chaste inspiration of newborn Christianity is harmoniously mingled with the graceful forms of the Grecian style. It is the picture of the Annunciation, the oldest known to us, and contemporaneous with St. John. The groundwork is carefully prepared and tastefully adorned; and upon it is laid a circlet of five layers of precious stones, within which two personages are depicted—the Blessed Virgin sitting on an antique chair, and a mysterious being standing before her at a certain distance, who seems to speak to her. The Virgin listens, her eyes modestly cast down, her right hand leaning on the arm of the seat, her left somewhat thrown forward, as if making an objection. But the mysterious being appears to insist. With one hand he holds the pallium which covers his tunic, and he stretches out the other toward the Virgin, as if wishing to persuade. His eyes are wide open, and full of a heavenly fire. The attitude of both personages, the arrangement of their garments; the modesty of the one, the dignified insistence of the other,—all produce the greatest effect.

* Dom Maurus Wolter. "The Catacombs of Rome," p. 40.

One can never grow tired in looking at that image of the Virgin, exhibiting such calm, angelic majesty, such a pure expression on her sweet countenance, such amazement and emotion, as she gently reclines on a simple but well-carved chair. Certainly all this is most refined art. The four doves placed at the four angles of the little room seem to speak the words of the Archangel, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee." This painting, according to the best critics, dates from the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

In the same Cemetery of St. Priscilla, so remarkable for its antiquity, is to be found another image still more beautiful—the incomparable picture of the Virgin Mother and the Prophet Isaias. The Virgin is seated, with the Infant God in her arms. Beside her stands the Prophet, wearing the Greek pallium; in one hand he holds a scroll of parchment, and with the other points to a star in the heavens. In this painting there is displayed an artistic power which even the ancients seldom attained. The Child is truly worthy of Raphael, as He gently leans upon the breast of His Mother, and at the same time turns His head toward the Prophet with an admirable motion of grace and liveliness. The manner of turning His head, His deep, beautiful eyes, His little hand laid with so much grace on Mary's bosom,—all the details reveal an art so consummated that if in Raphael's time these frescoes had not been buried in the ground, you would believe that he saw them and derived his inspiration therefrom.

In this instance the countenance of the Virgin fairly rivals that of the Child,—with her pure, broad forehead, her eyes wide-open and yet so modest, her small mouth, and her whole air of profound astonishment. Though she holds the Divine Babe in her arms, she appears still to doubt of her happiness, and seems to believe that the *Quomodo fiat istud* of the Annunciation has not been answered.

This picture may certainly be classed with the Madonnas of Raphael, being a child of the same inspiration. It must have been made during the lifetime of St. John. De Rossi, who published accounts of several pictures of the Blessed Virgin taken from the Catacombs, was right in giving this one the first place, as it is both the oldest and the most beautiful of his selection.

In the Cemetery of St. Domitilla there is another painting of the Virgin Mother which may well be compared with the one we have just considered. The Blessed Virgin is represented sitting in a curule chair, and wearing a dalmatic adorned with purple bands; her head is covered with a short veil, wrapped around the shoulders; her right hand is raised, and her head slightly turned, seems, as it were, to sink under feelings of astonishment, admiration, and thanksgiving,—a perfect expression of the *Magnificat*. The Child, sitting on her knees, seems to look at you. He is clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, and makes one think of the miniatures of the *Beato*.

To these three paintings we must add that of the Virgin Mother in the Cemetery of Saints Peter and Marcellinus; not that it equals the others in antiquity or beauty, but on account of a curious peculiarity which commends it to the attentive consideration of all Christians. Mary appears clothed in a tunic with a purple border, seated in a chair, and holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. But while all the other pictures represent her with her head covered with a veil, in this one she has no veil. This led De Rossi to conjecture that, as it was the custom for married women only to wear a veil, taken on the day of their betrothal, the design of the artist was to typify the virginal integrity of Mary.

However this may be, the idea of the immaculate purity of the Blessed Virgin, blended with her glorious maternity, we find expressed in a mysterious and striking manner in another page taken from the

book of the Catacombs, in the Cemetery of St. Valentine on the Flaminian Way. There may be found a remarkable painting which has, so to speak, three subjects, or divisions. On the right side is depicted the Visitation, in which Mary and Elizabeth are charmingly represented embracing each other,—the one older, the other younger,—both with the nimbus. In the centre-piece the Virgin Mother is portrayed holding the Child-God on her knees, with this inscription, *Sancta Dei Genitrix*. On the left side is a representation of the apocryphal legend of the woman who, doubting Mary's virginity, was punished by the loss of her right arm, and, having addressed a fervent prayer to the Divine Infant, recovered it. It is strikingly evident that the early Christians in this picture intended to profess their faith in the perpetual virginity of Mary.

In an *arcosolium* of the Cemetery of St. Agnes may be seen the first picture of the Blessed Virgin discovered in the Catacombs; and, owing to this circumstance, it soon became famous all over the world. It was for a long time believed that no other was extant,—an opinion actually expressed in the "Early Christian Symbolism" of Palmer. Archæologists have shown that this painting is not older than the fourth century; and it is consequently far inferior, in point of antiquity and beauty, to all the others that have been previously sketched, and which must undoubtedly be referred to the second and even the first century. Its importance and dogmatic value, though greatly lessened, are still considerable. The Virgin is enveloped in a long veil; she wears a necklace of pearls, and her attitude is that of an *Orante*, or praying female, with hands and eyes raised to heaven. The Child is seated before her. There is in all these details a degree of stiffness and conventionalism, which places the picture at a great distance from those in the Cemeteries of Saints Priscilla and Domitilla.

But it was not under this form only that the painters of the Catacombs took pleasure in representing Mary. They very often painted the "Mother"; but with no less tenderness did they frequently portray the "Virgin" in her ideal purity, dressed in a robe of dazzling whiteness, her eyes and hands raised to heaven, or at times lovingly turned toward earth. It is true that all the suppliant figures called *Orante* which are to be found at each step in the Catacombs can not be said to represent the Blessed Virgin, but it would be a very grave error to hold that her ideal portrait is not found in any of them. How, for instance, can one fail to recognize Mary in that grand and graceful *Orante*, of almost Grecian design, wrapped in the floating folds of her tunic, covered with the *peplum*? The same may be said of the *Orante* on a tombstone in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, where the kneeling figure appears like the Good Shepherd, with two sheep at her feet, which look at her with eyes expressive of ardent prayer; while by her side are two precious vases, from which arises the smoke of spices.

In many rooms, the Queen of Patriarchs and Prophets occupies the very centre of the ceiling, in company with the greatest saints of the Old Law. Oftentimes she is seen wearing a diadem; often, too, her arms, instead of being raised to heaven, are outstretched toward the earth. Sometimes two personages are seen bowing before her, and respectfully pointing to her, in the same attitude that marks them in the presence of Christ; while more than one painting represents her placed between Saints Peter and Paul. But we need not insist any further; it suffices to say that above many of these beautiful *Orante*, the painter, wishing to prevent any mistake as to the identity of the figure, has written the sweet name of the Blessed Virgin—*Maria*.

Thus it is that there is no novelty in our divine religion. The two great classes of images representing Mary which we

venerate in our modern churches had adorned the primitive sanctuaries of the Catacombs more than eighteen centuries ago. On the one hand, Mary contemplated in her spotless virginity, covered with a veil, clothed in a long white robe, her arms or eyes either majestically raised to heaven or lovingly lowered toward the earth, as in our representations of the Immaculate Conception; and, on the other hand, Mary contemplated in her most glorious maternity, holding her Son in her arms, and presenting Him to the adoration of the world. And that which during eighteen centuries has been vainly attempted by Christian genius, that which the grandest efforts of human art have never been able to realize—that incomparable union between virginity and maternity,—was first the inspiring motive of Christian painters, imprisoned for religion's sake in the dark, subterranean caverns of pagan Rome. But those hands which on the morrow were to be loaded with chains; those hearts which neither rack nor fire nor the lions of the Amphitheatre could terrify; those souls filled with the Holy Spirit of God, were not more successful than were those sublime geniuses, the blessed Angelico, the divine Raphael, who, at a later period, raised Christian Art to so lofty a plane.

One who has passed hours and days before the mystical paintings of the Catacombs, lost in contemplation till his eyes were bathed with tears of admiration and piety, has left those sacred places, carrying deep in his soul an image of the Blessed Virgin more expressive than any picture. The beauty of Mary, like that of her Divine Son, is never understood but by the heart that loves her.

WITH every confession man draws nearer to God, gains a clearer knowledge of his interior state, becomes more active in the exercise of virtue, more fit to merit mercy, and better disposed to receive the higher gifts.—*St. Laurence Justinian*.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVIII.

MRS. WYNNE, who waited in great anxiety for Madeleine's return from the distressing interview to which she had gone, was more amazed than can readily be expressed by her appearance when she re-entered the salon. Remembering the aspect with which she went away—the pale face drawn into lines of pain, the eyes dilated with the shadow of fear, the nerves strung to their utmost tension of endurance,—it was difficult to realize that it was the same person who returned with step and bearing which were almost buoyant, with the tense lines smoothed from her face, the lips relaxed to softness, and a light of positive exaltation shining in her eyes, as if fresh from a vision of wondrous things.

"Madeleine!—" Mrs. Wynne exclaimed; and then, remembering the presence of the young man who had been politely making conversation for her benefit during the time of waiting, she gasped quickly: "I—I hope that you found Mr. Raynor better than you expected."

"In some respects, much better," Madeleine replied. She turned to Conyers, who had risen at her entrance. "He had not strength to finish all that he wished to tell me," she said to him; "so I have promised to come back whenever he feels able to see me again. Will you be kind enough to let me know when I shall return? I will give you my address, so that there may be no delay in communicating with me." She drew a card from the bag which hung on her wrist, and wrote the address on it; adding, in a low, significant tone, as she handed it to him: "I suppose you know that there is one particular danger to be carefully guarded against."

"That he'll kill himself?" Conyers

answered, with instant apprehension of her meaning. "Oh, yes! We've had to fight that straight along. The first thing he asked for, as soon as he realized his condition, was his pistol. He cursed me fearfully when I refused to give it to him, but I—er—couldn't take the responsibility. I'd have felt, you know, as if I had killed him myself."

"It would have been almost the same thing," Madeleine assured him gravely. "You would certainly have shared his guilt in equal degree."

"Do you think so?" The query was not unmingled with surprise. "I'm glad you do; for some of his friends, to whom I've spoken of the matter, say that I had no right to prevent his doing as he liked; that if he wanted to put himself out of the world, I shouldn't have prevented it."

"I advise you to keep those friends, as far as possible, away from him; and if it is necessary to let them see him, do not leave them alone with him," Madeleine said earnestly. "Any one who believes that a man has a right to end his life would be willing to give him the means to do it."

"Well, now you don't know what a relief to my mind it is to hear you talk in this way!" Conyers declared, though surprise seemed deepening in his eyes as he gazed at her. "It was only an instinct that I followed in my refusal; and I've since wondered, especially when those fellows argued as they did, whether I *had* a right to refuse to give him what he wanted. After all, his life is his own—"

"That is just what it is not," Madeleine interposed quickly. "His life is not his own: it belongs to God, who gave it. Surely, as a Christian, you believe this?"

"Really, I—er—can't exactly say," the young man answered, looking as uncomfortable as the average Protestant generally looks when called upon to formulate his hazy beliefs, or when the unaccustomed name of God is suddenly and, as he feels, without warrant introduced into the con-

versation. "I'm afraid I'm not much of a Christian."

"At least you have acted like a Christian," Madeleine told him, with a smile so winning that from that moment he swore allegiance to her in his heart. "You have saved your friend from the terrible crime of self-murder; you have given him greater chances than you know; and," she went on with a gentle, altogether exquisite dignity, "as one who has in the past shared his life, and still feels a deep interest in it, I thank you for what you have done. Moreover, I am quite sure that God will reward you."

"Oh—er—you're very good; and I'm glad to have saved him, since you think it was the right thing to do. But there's really no—er—necessity for anything of that kind," the young man stammered confusedly, quite overcome by so unwonted a mode of address. Then, as he glanced at the card in his hand, he added: "I will certainly let you know as soon as he expresses a wish to see you again, since you don't mind coming—"

"I shall be glad to come," she said with a sincerity there was no mistaking. "Don't hesitate to let me know at any time."

A few minutes later, as Mr. Conyers closed the door of the apartment after the departure of the two ladies, he stood for a moment, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, staring blankly before him, while his thoughts found expression in the emphatic words, "Well, of all fools I've ever heard of, Raynor is undoubtedly the greatest!"

Meanwhile, as soon as they were seated in the waiting carriage, and driving again down the broad avenue toward the Arc de Triomphe, Mrs. Wynne turned to Madeleine.

"O my dear," she cried, "how thankful I am that it was not as bad as you feared it would be!"

"I can never tell you how thankful I am that I did not yield to my own cowardice," Madeleine said in a low, thrilling tone. "I was near doing so.

I felt, even at the last moment, as if I must turn and run away; as if it were more than I could bear to enter that room—"

"But you didn't run away!" Mrs. Wynne interrupted. "You did enter the room. There was never the least danger of your doing anything else; so don't be unjust to yourself. But tell me what you found there."

Madeleine turned and looked at her with the same expression in her eyes that had been in them when she came from the room of which they spoke.

"What did I find there?" she repeated. "In the first place, I found what I had expected—a man flung down and broken to pieces, and wild with rebellion over his fate; one who can never again live the life of self-indulgence which is the only life he has known, and whose thoughts consequently are set on self-destruction. This is what I found, in the first place. But in the second place, I found the most wonderful revelation of the power and goodness of God which I have ever known. And that is saying much; for more than once the spiritual world has seemed to come so close to me—or, rather (for I express myself very badly), to be made so clear to me, as when a flash of lightning sometimes rends a cloud apart to give a glimpse of glory beyond its darkness—that faith was changed, as it were, into knowledge. So it has been now. In that room which I shrank from and feared to enter, such a revelation awaited me. I could not doubt, after I saw him and heard him talk, that the extension of this man's life has been granted to my prayers; and, strangely enough, it was quite clear that he has some perception of this also."

"How extraordinary!" Mrs. Wynne found herself ejaculating. "And did you tell him anything of—all this?"

"Yes, I told him in order that he might understand why his life had been spared, and that it was not his own to cast away."

"But—what is to be the end?"

"Ah" (Madeleine made the gesture of one who surrenders absolutely to higher force), "that I can not tell! I am sure only that there is a work before me to do which I dare not refuse,—which may be painful and difficult, but which is required of me, and which no one else on earth can do. How I shall do it I don't know. But no doubt that also will be made clear to me."

"No doubt," her friend echoed, and said no more.

For, indeed, there seemed nothing more to be said. Evidently something had occurred, some revelation had been made in that room dedicated to suffering and despair, which had set Madeleine's feet more firmly than ever on the road marked out for her,—that road leading to the heights of sacrifice which only elect souls are called upon to tread; and those who loved her could only stand aside, and watch with aching hearts and wistful eyes as she mounted its rugged way. But even the most indifferent Catholic has this great advantage over those who are not Catholics: he or she has no doubt of the existence of the supernatural in human life, and recognizes it when it is encountered. So Mrs. Wynne, who was by no means an indifferent Catholic, knew the nature of the force with which she had to deal, and, wiser than Nina, made no attempt at remonstrance. Only to her husband, later, she expressed her misgivings.

"God only knows how it will end," she said. "Madeleine has been, as it appears to me, foolish enough to make the man aware of the fact that he has a new hold upon her, through her desire to save his soul. I suppose I mustn't say that I don't believe he has any soul worth saving, or which it is even possible to save—"

"No, I really don't think I would say that," Mr. Wynne observed.

"Well, anyhow, one thing is clear," Mrs. Wynne continued: "that, being what

he is, he will trade upon this knowledge ruthlessly. Already his demands have begun. He has announced that he wants to see her again, and she has promised to go back to see him whenever he sends for her."

"But if by doing these things she may perhaps save his soul," Mr. Wynne ventured to suggest, "don't you think they will be well done?"

His wife looked at him reproachfully.

"Why do you force me to say that I *don't* think so?" she asked. "I can't regard the possibility as worth the price to be paid."

"What price are you talking of? It seems to me that even the bare chance of helping the poor wretch spiritually, is worth the pain of a few visits."

"If a few visits were all! But you can't think it will end with that."

"I am afraid I am just so stupid. What else could it end with?"

"There are some things," Mrs. Wynne replied solemnly, "that one does not like to put into words. It seems to bring them more within the limit of possibilities, outside of which we would wish to keep them. If you had seen Madeleine's face when she came out of that room to-day, you would feel with me that she would not hesitate at anything. It had the exaltation which makes martyrs."

"But I don't understand what particular form of martyrdom you are anticipating for her?"

Mrs. Wynne rose hastily from her chair.

"Don't ask me to explain myself," she said. "That is the last thing I wish to do."

But to explain—that is, to express herself—was by no means the last thing which Miss Percival wished to do, when Madeleine returned and told her where she had been.

"You have gone to see him!" Nina cried. "O Madeleine, I wouldn't have believed it even of you! What conceivable claim has he upon you that you should have done such a thing?"

"I might answer that he has the claim

of suffering and of piteous need," Madeleine replied. "But, if you think a moment, you will see that even this does not cover his claim upon me."

She spoke with the utmost quietness; but this very quietness had a startling effect upon Nina, for it seemed instinct with a spirit which would prove unbending as steel.

"I can't imagine what you mean," she said. "I can't conceive any claim beside that of his suffering and need which this man could have upon you."

"O Nina," Madeleine remonstrated gently, "you know perfectly what claim, what unbreakable claim, he has upon me! 'Those whom God hath joined—'"

"Madeleine," Nina interrupted fiercely, "I think you are mad! It is impossible that, if you were sane, you could so forget your true position toward this man! Remember all that he has done." She rehearsed the long list of brutalities and indignities, ending with: "And now he is married to another woman!"

"You mean," Madeleine answered calmly, "that the law calls the woman of whom you speak his wife; but she is not his wife. According to the law of God, a man can have but one living wife, as a woman but one living husband."

"But, good Heavens! you can't force the world to acknowledge your religious view of the matter. You are facing cold, solid, legal facts. You divorced the man for cause which amply justified the action, and he went out of your life, he married the other woman; and now you have no more to do with him, he has no more claim upon you, than any stranger you meet in the street."

"Poor Nina!" Madeleine said pityingly. "How hard you fight! And how good it is of you to care so much! But your 'cold, solid, legal facts' have nothing to do with this situation, dear heart! Here is a man who, as far as the world is concerned, is practically dead. He is flung helpless by the wayside of life. Everything for which he lived is lost to him; and, even before

this terrible misfortune happened, the woman for whom he left me had left *him*. Didn't you know that?"—as Nina started. "Have you forgotten the morning in the Cathedral of Chartres, when she came to me and told me that she was on her way to America to obtain a divorce?"

"I remember the morning you saw her," Nina answered, "and the dreadful effect her visit had upon you—"

"Do you call it a dreadful effect to have showed me in the clearest manner what happens to those who have only their own undisciplined desires and passions for guides?"

"I call it a dreadful effect which made you send away that poor young man who had crossed the world to seek you, and condemn yourself to loneliness and sadness."

"To loneliness perhaps, so far as the companionship you desire for me is concerned; but not to sadness,—never to sadness, Nina, while God gives me His faith and His sacraments."

Nina made a gesture of impatience which was not without irritation.

"I have heard all that before," she said. "I know that just now, in your *exalté* state, you find these mystical things sufficient for happiness; but you ought to have sense enough to comprehend that this will not last. No such unnatural states of feeling last—"

"Nina dear," Madeleine interrupted gently, "this is very unnecessary and—forgive me for saying—quite useless. We have gone over the matter very often, you know, and it has served no purpose. Let us not discuss it further."

"I should be only too glad never to hear of it again," Nina replied. "But it is you who force the discussion, by your mad folly—I must call things by their right names—in trying to ignore the laws of man, whether they are the laws of God or not, and the conventionalities of society."

"You can not really think that, even if I had never been married to George Raynor, I should violate any convention—"

ality in going to see him in his present condition?"

"If he were merely a friend or acquaintance, of course you would not," Nina rejoined. "Then you would only be performing an act of charity."

"But as it is, do you not consider him a subject for the exercise of charity?"

"For others, yes, but not for you. Because you have been married to him you can not act as others might, without exposing yourself to misconception. It is extremely undignified, to say the least, to be visiting a man who was your husband and who is now married to another woman."

"I grant that it might be undignified—though, if there were need to go, I should not think of dignity—if the woman were with him; but, as I have told you, she has left him. In this his hour of desperate need he is alone in the world—for you know he has no near relations—except for me. And on me he has a claim for help and service, which, God helping me, I will never forget or disregard."

There was no mistaking the resolution behind these words any more than the light which came into the eyes,—that light of supreme exaltation which had startled Mrs. Wynne, and which was the reflection of some inward vision of things too high for speech.

Nina gasped a little as she looked at her, catching, with the keen artistic instinct, all that her expression meant.

"Madeleine," she said, "you are surely made of the material of which heroes and saints are fashioned, but I never realized before how unfortunate it is to be made of this material. To the most of us, selfish motives appeal irresistibly; but to you they do not appeal at all, and so you are ready for any heroic folly."

"Do you call it heroic folly to answer a plain call of duty, to fulfil obligations which I voluntarily took upon myself, to acknowledge a bond ratified by God?"

"Oh, I do!—I do!" Nina wailed. "But I see that there is nothing to be gained

by arguing further. Your point of view is fixed. Only tell me this: what did the man want with you?"

"His object in sending for me was to ask me to attend to some matters for him at home. He said that he had no one else of whom to ask this, and he believed that I would be willing to undertake the fulfilment of his wishes."

"And of course you told him that you would! How like *him*, and how like *you*! He is expecting to die, then?" (This rather hopefully.)

"He was expecting to make death certain by killing himself," Madeleine answered gravely.

"Oh!" Nina's eyes expanded widely as she gazed at her. "And what did you say to that?"

"What could I say but the obvious thing, that to escape from present suffering by such a road would be to condemn himself to an eternity of much worse suffering?"

"But he would never believe that, I know."

"In his present condition he will be more likely to believe it than if he knew nothing of what suffering is. He was good enough to say that he was surprised to find that I was struck with horror at the thought, and that I was not anxious to speed him on his way out of life."

"He might indeed have been surprised. Well, and what then?"

"Then he promised that he would take no immediate steps to 'cast off this mortal coil,' but would, as far as it lay in his power, still be there when I return."

"When you return!" Nina echoed sharply. "Is it possible that you have agreed to go back? What excuse did he offer for such a request? What else has he to say to you?"

"He has nearly all that he wished to say in making the first request. We were talking of other matters during this visit—"

"You mean the question of his committing suicide?"

"Yes, of that, and—other things."

"Madeleine" (Nina rose, in the keenness of her anxiety, the gravity of her reproach), "you *didn't* tell him that you had become a Catholic?"

Madeleine met her friend's appealing gaze fully, with the lucent seriousness of her own gaze unchanged.

"Yes," she answered quietly, "I told him that I had become a Catholic."

Nina fell back into her chair and flung out her hands, as if, once for all, casting from her any share of responsibility in such madness.

"Then," she said in a voice of ominous calm, "the end is plain."

(To be continued.)

Sancta Maria, Ora pro Nobis!

BY G. R. WOODWARD.

HOLY MARY, pray for us:
 Jesus, an it may be thus,
 Shall, in answer to thy plea,
 Grant whate'er we ask of thee.
 It was ever thus of old.
 In the Gospel we are told,
 When thou wast in Galilee,
 And in Cana, He with thee,
 Son with Mother, each a guest
 At a certain wedding-fest.
 Gentle Maiden, on that day,
 As it was thy wonted way
 When thou saw'st, with woman's eye,
 Shortage of the wine supply,
 Noting well the sorry case
 Of the master of the place,
 Sympathizing with mine host
 And the feasters, least and most,
 On thy Son thy love didst call;
 Though He knew the matter all,
 As He kenneth everything,
 God on earth, in heaven King.
 Not of Him requiring aught,
 But with care for others fraught,
 Looking, in that hour of need,
 Unto Jesus for the lead,
 Trusting to His loving skill

For to bring good out of ill,
 Thou didst to thy Son Divine
 Simply say: 'They have no wine.
 'Lady, what is that,' spake He,
 'Unto thee and unto Me? .
 Not as yet Mine hour is come.'
 That is of His answer sum.
 Not thereby did He intend
 Thy remark to reprehend;
 Nor to slight thee, Mother fair,
 But to go before thy prayer,
 Whom He honored as He could,
 And as Son in duty should.
 This alone He signified,
 How that the appointed tide,
 When His wonders, passing thought,
 Should in Jewry-land be wrought—
 Miracles for all and some,—
 Was, as yet, scarce fully come.
 Ne'ertheless He, for thy sake,
 Pity on His folk did take,
 And at their implied request
 Did, 'fore serving-man and guest,
 There and then, with word divine,
 Redden water into wine.
 Hereby, Maiden, 'tis well seen
 How thy Child, the Nazarene,
 God omnipotent and kind,
 Did on earth fulfil thy mind,
 So, in heaven, pray for us:
 Jesus, an it may be thus,
 As before, shall, at thy plea,
 Grant whate'er we ask of thee

THE resurrection which Christ manifested in His own person He will one day bring to pass in ourselves as well; for the resurrection He exhibited in Himself He pledged to us, seeing that the members follow the glory of their Head. Thus our Redeemer underwent death that we might not fear to die; He manifested the resurrection that we might have a sure hope that we are capable of rising again. And hence He would not have that death to be of more than three days' duration, lest, if the resurrection were deferred in Him, it should be altogether despaired of in ourselves.—*St. Gregory the Great.*

The Irish in Canada.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE history of the Irish in Canada remains fragmentary. It is scattered through volumes of archives, biographical sketches, parochial registers, mortuary notices; and it may be frankly admitted that there is little evidence of any conspicuous part which they played in the pioneer days of the primal colonies. It is asserted by a contemporary writer* that, during the seventeenth century, about one hundred of the twenty-five hundred families who composed the population of Quebec were Irish, without counting those in which husband or wife was of Celtic origin. An eminent authority upon genealogical subjects, Abbé Tanguay, gives some thirty or forty distinctively Irish patronymics amongst the natives of Quebec between 1625 and 1670. He also shows the Irish origin of families supposed to be entirely French. Thus, at the marriage of Jean Houssaye, *dit* Bellerose, it was found that he was the son of "Matt Hussey" and his wife Elizabeth, both of the parish of St. Lawrence O'Toole, in Dublin. So when a certain Tec Corneille Aubry was about to enter into matrimonial bonds with Jeanne Chartier, he was discovered to be Teague Cornelius O'Brennan. Jean B. Riel, surnamed "Sans Souci," was in reality Jack Reilly, and an ancestor, by the way, of the ill-fated Louis Riel.

Such was also the case with Dr. Timothy O'Sullivan, son of an officer in the army of James II., who, after having himself seen service with the Irish in Spain, was captured by pirates while proceeding to his native country in search of recruits. Brought to New England, he escaped to Canada, and married the widow of a French officer, Madame Dufrost de la Jemmerais; thus becoming the stepfather of one of the most beautiful characters

in the early Canadian annals, Marguerite D'Youville, foundress of the Gray Nuns. Dr. O'Sullivan, whose surname was later changed to Sylvain, obtained, through the influence of the Sulpicians and of other friends, letters of naturalization from the French court, and practised medicine in Montreal, though his title of "doctor" was purely a brevet one.

During the war that finally decided the question of British supremacy in this Northern land, it is certain that the Irish took a large part on both sides of the struggle. A writer* in the Catholic Encyclopedia gives interesting details on this subject, and discusses the moot question as to whether or not a battalion of the Irish Brigade in the service of France—either as such or as a portion of the famous Béarn regiment—took part on the losing side in some of the battles of that memorable campaign. One thing is certain: at Louisburg there is a record of such officers as Admiral MacNamara, Captain McCarty, and M. de Hagerty; and Montcalm mentioned for distinguished service McCarthy, Floyd, and Carlan.

There was, without doubt, at that time a close bond of friendship and sympathy between the Irish and the French,—a bond which, let it be said, advisedly, should always be maintained here in Canada. For they are natural allies, and have all their deepest and most intimate sympathies in common. On both sides there is an outstanding debt of gratitude. The Irish exiles found a home and generous treatment on French soil; and they in turn fought the battles of that country, and, as at far-famed Fontenoy, turned the scale of victory in favor of their benefactors. Montalembert, Dupanloup, and many another illustrious Frenchman, urged in no measured terms the claims of Ireland; and O'Connell responded by a generous admiration of the Eldest Daughter of the Church. In Canada, the fever-stricken Irish of the pestilential epoch of '47 were objects of the tenderest ministrations on

* O'Farrell.

* The Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J.

the part of the French-Canadian clergy and religious; and the orphans and waifs cast upon an alien shore were adopted by the charitable and kindly French farmers of Lower Canada.

Racial friction does, and probably must, appear from time to time in this or that locality; but it is only an ill cause which can be served by anything that tends to interrupt the mutual good understanding uniting the two races, who worship at the same altar and have a common cause at heart. And while recalling the words of such Irishmen as D'Arcy McGee, Sir William Hingston, and Senator Edward Murphy—words of appreciation and of admiration for that sturdy pioneer race which wrested dominion from a savage nature and a rigorous climate,—it may be in order to quote the glowing tribute of the most national of all French-Canadian poets, Octave Crémazie:

All hail, noble sons of Hibernia the green!

O race that the martyrs with blood vitalize!
On these happier shores we extend you the hand;
Beneath the same banner together we'll stand;

United by faith 'neath these azure-hued skies,
No more shall you fear a power unblest.

The poet stigmatizes those who would break the alliance, and continues:

For us, who keep warm in the depths of our souls
The life-giving warmth of that holiest fire
To which Ireland owes those prodigies new,
Which she brings forth for aye in sufferings dire,
To honor and power we'll ever prefer
The martyrs whose blood has been shed.

And the Harp of fair Erin, with maple-leaf
crowned,

Shall with Canada's flag forever be bound,
And shall thrill to the touch of some poet inspired,
Who in future shall sing, with a sacred heat fired,
Those words which God blesses and all men
adore:

"Freedom, Country!"

Whatever part they may have played in the contest, it is tolerably certain that, after the struggle, many Irish people found a home in Canada. They were either prisoners who had been released, deserters, or emigrants fleeing from penal persecution, and settling in various parts of what was afterward the Dominion. Those who took up their abode amongst

the French-Canadian peasantry seem in general to have lost their identity, and to have become assimilated with the dominant race. Father Devine instances a group of twenty-two young Irish girls who were aboard a British ship captured by the French. They were brought to Quebec and dispersed amongst various families there. "Facts like these," as he remarks, "prove that, at the close of the last century, a larger percentage of Irish blood flowed in French-Canadian veins than was generally suspected." There are, in reality, traces of the Irish in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but especially in the early part of the nineteenth, even prior to that great wave of emigration which flowed from Ireland into Canada about 1830, and which, as Nicholas Flood Davin asserts, brought eighty thousand Irish to these shores. Mullhall, in his "Fifty Years of Progress" (that is, between 1837 and 1887), declares that some 4,000,000 left Ireland, and without doubt a considerable portion thereof came to Canada.

In what are known as the Maritime Provinces—in New Brunswick, in Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island—Irish settlers were found quite early in the eighteenth century. No later than 1759, contemporary records show them to have been the victims of as virulent an anti-Popery agitation as they could possibly have experienced under the misrule from which they fled. At the date mentioned there was passed an Act which gave legal status to ministers of the Established Church and even Dissenters, but banishing "Popish priests"; and providing that any persons harboring or concealing a priest should be fined fifty pounds, set in the pillory, and compelled to find security for good behavior. Government officials were required, before taking office, to subscribe to an oath disavowing all belief in Transubstantiation.

Nova Scotia was early placed under the direction of a Vicar Apostolic, Edmund Burke,—probably following upon a visit

made to that region by Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, then spiritual ruler of Canada, and who tells in his "Journal" of the Irish whom he found there, and the great reception which they gave him in Halifax. Its first Archbishop was William Walsh, who was followed by a very distinguished prelate, Thomas L. Connolly, a Capuchin, who had made his studies in the south of France. Coming out to Canada as secretary to his predecessor in the See, he was made Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick, and was promoted to Halifax. There he did a most important work in the conciliation of all classes of the community. As a churchman, he labored unremittingly for the advancement of his diocese; and, as a citizen, took a considerable part in public affairs, winning the respect and gratitude of people of all denominations by his efforts for the social, moral, and even temporal interests of the city. An ardent advocate of Confederation, he was largely instrumental in bringing Nova Scotia into the Union. At the Vatican Council he voted with the Non-Opportunists; but none more frankly, more loyally accepted the dogma of Papal Infallibility, once it was promulgated, than the Archbishop of Halifax.

He was succeeded in the See by Archbishop Hannan, who, after a too brief episcopate, gave up the crosier to the gifted author and exceptionally distinguished churchman, Cornelius O'Brien. On his lamented death, still another cleric of Irish blood, of broad and generous sympathies, of marked administrative ability, was chosen as his successor—Dr. McCarthy.

Meanwhile, as early as 1831, came to Canada a young Irish lad, who, seeking a mercantile position, shortly afterward distinguished himself by saving, at the risk of his own life, the son of his employer from drowning. This was James Rogers, destined a decade and a half later to wear the purple robe of authority and to be the head of an extensive diocese. Turning his attention to the priesthood, he made

his studies at St. Mary's College, Halifax, and at the Sulpician Seminary, Montreal, where, on the testimony of the superior he won the love and esteem of fellow-students and professors. Ordained in 1851, he devoted his labors to the scattered population of Annapolis and Digby counties, enduring hardships, conquering obstacles, and altogether indifferent to his personal comfort or well-being. He was subsequently sent to act as chaplain to the North American squadron of the British Navy, in winter quarters at Bermuda. There his tact, his winning qualities, his zeal for souls were long remembered.

Later on, Father Rogers was appointed secretary to Archbishop Connolly and called to the See of Chatham, a part of the pioneer diocese of New Brunswick, which had hitherto consisted of an immense territory, extending northward to the Bay of Chaleurs, and westward to Maine. It was sparsely inhabited, and gave promise of a continuance of those same hardships which the Bishop had known as missionary. He characteristically embarked for his new scene of labor in a fishing smack, and on nearing shore was met by the inquiry: "Got any fish aboard?" In that vast district of "mixed creeds, mixed nationalities, and mixed tongues," Bishop Rogers found only seven priests. When he died in 1903, after more than forty years of pastoral labor, he left sixty secular and regular priests, the same number of churches, nine academies for girls, a college for boys, four hospitals, two orphan asylums, including the celebrated Lazaretto of Tracadie, which he may be said to have founded, and in which he always evinced a particular interest. His successor was the Rt. Rev. Thomas Barry, the present Bishop.

Regarding the Church in New Brunswick, the same remark is to be made: its ecclesiastical rulers were all children of the Celtic race. The first incumbent was the Rt. Rev. William Dollard, grand-uncle of the poet of that name, to whom

further reference will presently be made. Bishop Dollard was born at Mooncoin, Kilkenny, in one of those "golden misty vales" which his kinsman has illustrated, where "the hawthorn hedges are white," where "the Suir shines in golden light," and where Slievenamon raises its solemn, verdure-clad head. The Bishop is remembered in that diocese, which he governed after his enthronement in 1843, for many saintlike qualities, and especially for his heroic charity, which led him to deprive himself of actual necessities for the sake of the beloved poor. In the time of pestilence he went fearlessly and freely amongst the humblest of his flock, and many a fervent Irish blessing followed him in his ministrations.

To Bishop Dollard succeeded the Rt. Rev. Thomas Connolly. He was followed by the kindly, warm-hearted Bishop Sweeney, who remained till a ripe old age as incumbent of the See of St. John. His vacant place has been filled by the Rt. Rev. Timothy Casey, who, needless to say, is maintaining the splendid traditions of his race and of the Irish episcopate.

In glancing backward through the early history of Quebec, the first celebration of St. Patrick's Day is discovered to have been in 1819, when the members of the Irish colony assembled for Solemn High Mass in Upper Town. Then, and for some years later, they were in the habit of attending Mass at the parish church an hour before the regular service, Father Lawlor ministering to their needs. This good priest was in due course replaced by the celebrated Father McMahon, who was so long and notably identified with the spiritual and temporal interests of the Irish Catholics of Quebec.

The historic little church of Notre Dame des Victoires was presently set apart for the use of the Irish, until, their numbers having outgrown the quaint edifice, Father McMahon collected funds for the building of the present St. Patrick's. The laying of the corner-stone was delayed by a dreadful visitation of cholera; but it

finally reached completion, and was later enlarged and incorporated "by the pew holders of St. Patrick's, and those thereafter to be pew-holders."

Meanwhile that splendid priest and champion of the Irish, of whom so many characteristic anecdotes are told by old Quebeckers, was replaced by Father McGauran, another of those eminent Celtic ecclesiastics who illustrate the history of Quebec and were virtually the guides and the lawgivers of their people. Father McGauran remained pastor till the church passed into the hands of the Redemptorist Fathers, who have since endeared themselves to the Irish of Quebec.

(To be continued.)

"Love will Find a Way."

A GENTLE tap at the door and a soft "Come in!" and in shuffled a diminutive black figure with a basket as big as himself.

"Is you got any errands to-day, Mess?" asked little Paul, in his soft darky drawl, addressing the lady who represented to him the *alpha* and *omega* of all his dreams.

She was sitting by the window in a rolling-chair, wrapped in soft blue and white coverings. She was very young, only a girl in her first youth; but for some time past she had not trod the soft, fair earth. Paul was her "Black Knight," and ran her errands sped by devotion and loyalty. He would have essayed all his powers on any dragon threatening harm to "Mess Mary."

To-day Miss Mary looked down smilingly at the little figure, and somehow he seemed more forlorn than usual. A glance at his feet disclosed the reason. He was undeniably "standing in another man's shoes," and that man had attained a larger growth. Little Paul looked smaller than ever in those shoes, with "room to let" written all over them. Miss Mary smiled as she questioned Paul,

"But, Mess Mary, them is my father's shoes. Minie has holes in 'em. I can't wear 'em at all."

Miss Mary's smile disappeared. The old, old story: Paul needed shoes, and she had not enough in her meagre purse to supply his want. But hopefully she remarked:

"Paul, we shall have to see what can be done."

And Paul, full of confidence in her powers of making the rough way smooth, answered cheerfully, as he glanced at his big feet:

"Yes, Mess, that's so."

Paul departed on his errand, and Miss Mary fell into deep thought. Here was a problem hard to solve, but the known quantity was ever before her mind's eye: Paul needed shoes and she must provide them; for who else would, if she did not? Poor little Paul! From the window she could almost hear the "slush, slush" of the big shoes as he vanished out of sight. Then suddenly her serious face lighted up. An inspiration had come.

"Yes, I will do it and Paul shall have his shoes!" And she laughed low to herself at the thought.

A week passed. Never before had Miss Mary been so busy. Her fingers fairly flew as she sat all day by the window. Paul was sent for paper and twine and wire; and eagerly he watched the evolution of roses and pinks in his lady's busy fingers, as she fashioned first a red bud, then a white one; and, with a deft turn, bent the wire till the flowers looked so real that Paul clapped his hands with delight, and exclaimed:

"Dey almost smells!"

Nothing more had been said of the shoes. Miss Mary evidently had a secret; but Paul's faith was large, and he waited. Finally Decoration Day dawned in Washington,—one of those soft, balmy days that visit our Capital. The air was redolent with tender growing things, and the birds chirped their message of "love again, leaf again, life again."

Miss Mary fairly beamed with joy as

she arranged the dainty blossoms into boutonnières and bouquets,—roses that wanted only the perfume, pinks that defied the eye of a connoisseur; and, to lend reality to the whole, soft maidenhair fern grown in God's own gardens peeped out here and there.

Then was the plan unfolded. Paul was to stand at the busiest corner possible, and offer the labor of Miss Mary's fingers to the passers-by, and compete with the venders of the first arbutus and the jonquils and daffodils of spring. Off went the Black Knight with his trophy, showing two rows of white teeth.

The evening sun was setting and Paul returned to the invalid's room.

"Mess Mary, I done sold 'em all."

And into Miss Mary's lap he poured the pennies and dimes and quarters. Never did miser count his gold more eagerly.

"Paul, you will have your shoes, and fine ones too."

There it was, the full amount and over.

Only a crippled girl and a little child and bits of colored paper, and—yes, a discerning public, and "Love had found the way." Miss Mary's face shed in the room a radiance not borrowed from the setting sun; and little Paul's beaming countenance spoke the blessing re-echoed down the ages from Galilee: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

"ROSEMARY."

LET us beware of complaints, resentments, and evil-speaking against those who are ill-disposed to us, discontented with us, or hostile to our plans and arrangements; or who even persecute us with injuries, insults, and calumnies. Rather let us go on treating them as cordially as at first, or more so; as far as possible showing them esteem, always speaking well of them, doing them good, serving them on occasion, even to the point of taking shame and disgrace upon ourselves, if necessary, to save their honor.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

On a Queer Request.

IT would be interesting to know the nationality, age, religious belief, etc., of those students of the University of California who requested that Rossini's "Stabat Mater"—which was rendered by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices and an orchestra of forty performers, in the Greek Theatre of that institution on Good Friday—"be sung without any reference to the Blessed Virgin Mary." Possibly this was a mere pleasantry on the part of the students, who had heard one of their number objecting to what ultra-Protestants call Mariolatry, the object being to show him the absurdity of his views. Rossini's "flood of golden melody" without the Blessed Virgin!

It was the absence of devotion to the Mother of the World's Redeemer—the lack of a very potential element of Christianity in Protestantism—that made Dante Gabriel Rossetti declare "that the world would come to see that the lasting grit of Romish Faith—a grit which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects—was based upon the idealization of humanity through the mother-idea, in the person of Mary; and that whatsoever potent development the Protestant sects might have, they would always, lacking exalted recognition of Mary, be like church services without music which all can join." Dante Gabriel Rossetti can not be unknown at the University of California.

But Rossetti is only one of many non-Catholics who have expressed like sentiments. "I have always envied the Catholics," wrote Hawthorne in an oft-quoted passage of "Blithedale Romance," "their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness." Lecky, the champion of Ration-

alism, does not hesitate to assert: "The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. . . . All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of civilization." Again: "Whatever may be thought of its theological propriety, there is, I think, little doubt that the Catholic reverence of the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman, and to soften the manners of men. It has had an influence which the worship of the pagan goddesses could never possess. . . . It supplied in a great measure the redeeming, ennobling element in a strange amalgamation of licentious and military feeling, which was formed around women in the age of chivalry, and which no succeeding change of habit or belief has wholly destroyed." Less familiar is a paragraph, to be found in Mr. Mallock's "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption":

The devotion to the Virgin Mary first sprung up amongst the mass of believers naturally, because the idea of God's Mother, with all her motherly love, with all her virgin purity, and with all her human sorrows, allied so closely to Omnipotence, touched countless hearts in a way which was, in all cases, practically similar; just as the offer of a helping hand would make a similar appeal to each one of a multitude of men drowning. The official teaching of Rome with regard to the Virgin's sinlessness, and the degree of worship which is her due, has been the work, no doubt, of the few, not of the many—of priests, of theologians, of Councils. But the doctrines which have been thus defined have not been fabricated by themselves. The doctrines have had their origin in the pious opinions which have spontaneously shaped themselves in the minds of innumerable Christians, as a result of a multitude of independent, spiritual experiences. Gradually theologians have reduced these to logical and coherent forms, and at last they have been submitted to one great representative Council.

It would be easy to multiply quotations like these. The California students must know that there is no fear of honoring too much Her whom the Almighty honored so highly.

Notes and Remarks.

ATERSE and reasonably adequate answer to a very common question at present is thus given in the *Pilot's* "Talks to Young Men":

The query is often made: "Why is the Church so shamefully treated in countries supposed to be Catholic?" The answer is easily given: chiefly on account of the un-Catholic lives of multitudes who were baptized but who neglected religious instruction, remained away from the Sacraments, criticised and ridiculed the clergy, weakened their influence and power whenever possible, and who were always ready to follow political schemers even against the advice of the clergy,—in one word, because they were unworthy of the blessings showered upon them by Christianity, and were traitors to their God and to His Church.

This is well put, as is also this excellent corollary to the foregoing: "Men of this kind may be found in every parish and in every diocese of this land. As yet they have not been able to go to extremes; but the spirit of ingratitude, of rebellion, and of unreasonable opposition to their ecclesiastical superiors is strong within them. Their conceit and pride lead them to rebel against any kind of restraint or direction, even when they know that the clergy act and teach in conformity with the law of God."

The manly protest of Col. Roosevelt against the prejudice of the Y. M. C. A. in limiting active membership to members of Protestant denominations while doing all in its power to influence Catholic young men to affiliate with the association, was called forth by Mr. Charles Phillips, editor of the *San Francisco Monitor*. His object was not to facilitate affiliation with the Y. M. C. A. on the part of Catholic young men, but to justify their holding aloof from it, while condemning its sectarian spirit and dishonorable proselytizing methods. It is to be hoped that Col. Roosevelt's protest will have the effect of jarring the leaders of the sectarian organization to such an extent as to make

them realize their inconsistency and unfairness; but no future action of theirs should blind our young men to the patent fact that the Y. M. C. A. is thoroughly sectarian,—an organization which, desirable as it may be for Protestants, is one for Catholics to shun. Great efforts have been made to extend the Y. M. C. A. in the Philippines; and the incautious approval by an American prelate of its work in one of our large cities has been construed into an unqualified approbation of the organization, and a recommendation to young Filipinos to enroll themselves in its ranks. There is now no shadow of an excuse for ignorance as to the true inwardness of the Y. M. C. A.

The *Tidings* credits Mr. Phillips with yet another important service, not only to Catholics but to the entire community of San Francisco, in preventing the presentation in that city of a grossly immoral and irreligious play, one that should not be permitted anywhere. Mr. Phillips has set an example which ought to be noted and followed by his confrères of the Catholic press.

The following extract from a letter addressed to the Central Council for the Propagation of Faith by a Canadian Bishop shows how an humble layman may do the work of a missionary priest. The writer of the narrative embodied in the Bishop's letter is a poor Irishman, who had settled in a remote part of North America, and whose neighbors were all Protestants. He himself had to be married before a magistrate, as there was no priest to be found, and he would not go to the Protestant minister:

After fifteen years of weary waiting, a priest, who had just arrived from Ireland, came to give a mission to the poor Catholics in these remote regions. He was like an angel from heaven come down to us. He blessed our marriages, christened our children, heard confessions, and offered Mass under my own roof, more humble than the Stable of Bethlehem. I was overpowered, and I wanted to stay no longer in this place; where I could not enjoy such blessings

every day. But the good Father advised me not to quit the post where the Lord, for His own wise ends, had placed me; and he promised to come again and give me the consolations of our holy Faith. He kept his word. Returning, six months afterward, he told me that he had described to the Bishop the state we were in, and that his Lordship told him to secure an acre of land on which to erect a little mission chapel, and promised to give us some help toward the building. Having received such encouragement and such substantial assistance, we soon set to work, and even our Protestant neighbors did not refuse to help us. Before long a plot of ground was secured, and we raised the first small chapel, which you now see replaced by the beautiful little church your Grace has just dedicated to the service of the Almighty.

Among the faithful who have received the Holy Ghost this day in the Sacrament of Confirmation are thirty members of my own family—my wife, children, and grandchildren,—while twenty belong to the families of my Protestant neighbors. And though these were always good neighbors, they were at first very hard on our holy religion; and thought it worse than Mahomet's. But since they have had an opportunity of hearing our priest's sermons and reading the books he left with us, they have studied our Faith seriously, and—thank God!—with a happy result; for they are now better Catholics than we are ourselves. All we want to make us perfectly happy is that a priest should fix his residence either here or in one of the nearest missions, so that we may hear Mass and receive the Sacraments frequently.

Admirers of Napoleon—who does not admire his great qualities?—will be interested in a recently published book, recording Captain Henry Meynell's conversations with him during the years 1816-17, when that English officer was serving on the flagship of Rear Admiral Pulteney Malcolm, commander-in-chief at St. Helena. ("Conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena," by Henry Meynell; Arthur L. Humphreys, publisher.) The conversations range over the whole list of human interests, almost from battles to gardening, from the method of electing the Scottish Peers to the construction of an ice machine. Everything seemed to interest Napoleon, and he directed the conversation in such a way that he always

managed to obtain the information he required. Here is a sample as recorded:

In answer to Lady Malcolm, who had remarked that if he had remained on the throne of France he would never have liked the English, Napoleon exclaimed: "I have worn the Imperial Crown of France, the Iron Crown of Italy, but the English have done more for me than they: they have given me a more glorious one—that which was worn by the Saviour of the World—a crown of thorns! Every insult and oppression offered to me by the English adds to my fame, and I want nothing more to complete my renown but to bear my misfortunes with firmness." This saying of Bonaparte will probably be new to most readers, but in all Napoleonic literature can a greater one be found?

Life in a large city has its drawbacks, one of them being that questions of elementary honesty or dishonesty sometimes lose their simplicity in the regions of high finance and speculation—and graft. In a small town a collection taken up for the relief of sufferers from a fire or other disaster would reach such sufferers without any unnecessary red tape or loss of time. Not so in Chicago. Naming a quintet of wealthy citizens of that metropolis, the *Inter-Ocean* says:

These gentlemen have in their possession considerably over \$200,000 intrusted to them by the people of Chicago—handed over to them by public subscription—for the relief of the widows and orphans of the city firemen killed in the Morris packing plant fire at the Stockyards on Dec. 22 last. They have had this money in their possession for some months. Most of the widows designated by the givers as beneficiaries of their gifts are dissatisfied with the arrangements made by these gentlemen. The widows say that, as the money was given to them, it belongs to them and they want their respective shares of it now. Curiously enough, Messrs. . . appear to be utterly averse to giving these widows their money, and resolved to hold on to it until such time as it shall please them to give the widows so much of it as they see fit. So the widows have gone into court to get their money. According to

Mr. —'s public statement to the press, he and his associates are going to pay their expenses, in fighting off the widows, out of the funds in their hands belonging to the widows.

This, we submit, is an utterly disgraceful state of affairs. The use of the money in concerns with which these gentlemen are identified is doubtless a matter of interest and profit to them; but the moralist would be taxed to find a more appropriate term for its retention against the will of its owners than swindling.

To the current *Dublin Review* the Marquis de Chambrun contributes a thoughtful paper on "Church and State in France." After discussing the views of different bodies of French Catholics as to the present conditions in their country, the Marquis says:

There are also two currents in the free-thinking majority of Parliament. The less intellectual—those who do not rise above the mere question of the moment, just as they do not think otherwise than what is expressed in the leader of their daily agnostic journals—say: "The days of the Church are numbered; she is now poor; she is despoiled of her property; she will shortly have trouble to recruit vocations. We have vanquished her and so we will be soon able, through school and politics, to establish the reign of free thought." Another contingent in the Radical party, more learned, more versed in historical research, holds a different view. It admits that the religious tendencies of the French mind are still deeply inrooted; that the separation of Church and State has singularly lessened the power of the State, and has not much diminished the power of the Church. They already perceive the drawbacks which, from an external and international point of view, have accompanied the cessation of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican. They look forward with apprehension to the possibility of the Church's gathering up property in her independence and acquiring power as well as influence. They are beginning to measure the mistakes made under the ministry of M. Combes and of his successors, who prepared and organized disestablishment. In consequence of all this, the press has become in a way less violent: criticisms of the Vatican policy are no longer what they were.

We notice that the predictions of a good many American prelates as to the

result of the rupture of the Concordat seem to be borne out by this French writer. He declares:

The acts of the new Papacy were at first supposed, by many politicians, to be unfavorable to the French Church. To-day some are beginning to wonder whether the State is not the loser. A very noticeable result of the separation of Church and State has been the importance acquired by the bishops under the new régime. Prior to 1905, when bishops were chosen by the government, what they said or what they did attracted public opinion chiefly in proportion to the interest excited by their talent if they were good writers or good speakers; but their action always seemed exceedingly limited, as they were in so great a measure bound to the State. To-day they are appointed directly by the Holy See. They exercise a scarcely limited power in their jurisdiction. What they say has become a subject of interest. Their action on the educational question became the topic of the day a year and a half ago, when, by a collective letter, they placed an interdict over certain books in use in the public schools. . .

At no time, perhaps, at least in recent history, have the acts of Church dignitaries been so commented upon in the press, at the Bar, or in the Chambers of Parliament. The advocates of disestablishment had not foreseen this consequence of their act. Thus we see that the Church has in a way gained by separation from the State. Her chiefs have a far greater independence and more extensive authority, if fewer dignities.

We have touched upon merely one point in an article of considerable importance. The Marquis de Chambrun seems personally to favor a new treaty between France and the Holy See; but even those readers who disagree with that policy will be interested in his study of the whole question.

We notice that Mr. Griffiths, Minister of Public Works in New South Wales, although a member of a Labor Government, does not purpose to be browbeaten by discontented workers. To an unreasonable demand for increased pay, accompanied with a threat to strike if the demand was not conceded, he replied:

I am going to pay the recognized wages as fixed by legal tribunals, and I am going to get the best men and treat them well. If they

don't like the wages and conditions they need not take them,—there are plenty of others who will. The Union will see that, in these circumstances, the Works Department will always get a full supply of good men. . . . I anticipate there will be little trouble in dealing with a few rebels here and there. The rates offering are the full Union rates. If the men on the job don't care to work after next Saturday, it is their funeral, not mine.

We opine that the "funeral"—the threatened strike—did not occur. A Labor Government will be all the stronger for resisting the unjust demands even of laborers.

It is pleasant to learn that the fund for the erection of a memorial hall at the Catholic University of Washington, to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons' ordination and the Silver Jubilee of his elevation to the Sacred College, already amounts to nearly \$50,000; and that all creeds are represented among the contributors. The following gracious letter from Mr. David Silverstein, of Fall River, Mass., accompanied his contribution:

On December 15, 1890, on the occasion of the formation of the Jewish Alliance, Cardinal Gibbons wrote: "Every friend of humanity must deplore the systematic persecution of the Jews in Russia. For my part, I can not well conceive how Christians can entertain other than kindly sentiments toward the Hebrew race, when I consider how much we are indebted to them. We have from them the inspired volume of the Old Testament, which has been in all ages a consolation to devout souls. Christ our Lord, the Founder of our religion, His Blessed Mother, as well as the Apostles, were all Jews, according to the flesh. These facts attach me strongly to the Jewish race."

As a Hebrew, I wish to add my sentiments of appreciation of the character, ability, and lovable qualities of that great dignity of a great Church, Cardinal Gibbons.

Apropos of the laying of a federal building's corner-stone by a Masonic Lodge, the *Catholic Bulletin*, of St. Paul, has this to say:

The American Constitution demands no religious test for citizenship. In the dedication of government institutions, which is a civic

function, there ought to be no place for purely sectarian ceremonial. It is the business of the citizens to dedicate their buildings. Some non-Catholic societies find it difficult to realize this truth and abide by it. They try to obtrude their sectarian rites on the public whenever it can be done. In this regard the Masons have been notorious offenders for many years; and no doubt they will continue to be such as long as no vigorous protest is made against their officiousness. Everyone knows they are usurping an authority which they do not possess, and which the government can not officially countenance. They have not a shadow of a right to constitute themselves the agents of the government on such occasions. It is time for the public to insist on participating in such civic functions in its own way.

We suggest that Catholic citizens notify their press, beforehand, of the prospective corner-stone laying of new federal buildings in their respective localities. The prevention of the intrusion of Masonic rites in the case of one such ceremony would be worth more than the futile denunciation of a dozen instances—after the thing is done. There is not half enough use made by us of that legal instrument known as an injunction.

The Director-General of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People publishes a warning to the Catholic public against a number of colored men, who are roaming about the country, ostensibly collecting money for charitable and educational institutions, especially in the South. They wear Roman collars and represent themselves as priests, zealous for the uplift of their race, and eager to secure all the funds possible for so worthy an undertaking. Certain of them are described as "good talkers," and are said to have imposed upon many priests and Sisters. The most plausible of these knaves had the effrontery to join the procession at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal. His complexion, like his ways, is particularly dark. All such collectors should be referred to Father Burke, whose headquarters are at No. 1 Madison Ave., New York city.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

For a May Day.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

WHAT rapture thrills along the hills
In welcome of the Spring!
In bright array they greet his way
With flowery offering:
Abloom 'are trees with melodies
Where birds all joyous sing.
Yet fairer far the lovelands are
Within our souls to-day!
Like wondrous flowers in springtime hours,
Our hearts in fragrance sway,
And bloom all sweet before the feet
Of Mary Queen of May.
O here we bring for offering
The lily's heart of white,
The love that blows from lilac rows
In purple splendor bright;
And every hue that blossoms drew
From mines of golden light.
Dear Mother, take the gifts we make
From springtime's flowering;
And take, above the Maytime, love
Our hearts all gladly bring.
Eternal be our praise of thee,
Mother of Christ the King!

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

I.—HOW THEY BEGAN.

IF it hadn't rained that one particular day, I'm quite sure it never would have happened. But, of course, of all the days in May, May Day itself was the one it picked out for a fine, steady downpour that settled any plans for outdoor fun once and for all. Jerry was the one to break the news, for he was first awake. He lay quiet as long as he could, listening

to the slow, determined drip-drip outside; then, when human nature could bear no more, he reached the window in one bound, and wakened the other three with a great shout of—

"Greg! Hughie! It's raining!"

Gregory sat up in the bed his brother had just left, and shoved the hair out of his eyes with the back of his hand. He was a chubby nine-year-old, who was always tumbling into scrapes and tumbling out again, without so much as a scratch to show for it. He and Jerry—three years younger—were very much alike and the best chums in the world. Both of them agreed that no one knew quite so much as Hugh, their older brother; and I think all three of the Heathecote boys united in devotion to their little cousin Pancred.

Did you ever think what a difference a year can make? Even in the most uneventful life it brings changes, and I am certain a twelvemonth never brought stranger or more bewildering changes to any little boy than this one had to Pancred. However well you might have known him a year ago, you would scarcely have recognized him now, as he, too, turned over and sat up to see what Jerry was making such a fuss about.

To begin with, last May there had been only Pancred in the little room across the hall that was their workshop now. Then, those big, gold-brown eyes of his had been both wistful and lonely; now they sparkled with merriment. Then, you did not need to look twice at him to know that he was ill a great deal, for there was only the faintest stain of color in his cheeks; but to-day the delicate face was rosy, flushed even, with the warmth of healthy sleep. And there was something else more wonderful still; for when he slipped out of bed a moment later, he

did not reach for the crutches that used to lie close at hand, and the little knee that had been so twisted was now as straight and dimpled as its companion.

Think what it would mean if all the eight years of your life you had limped about on crutches and been obliged to hold your bright curly head *very* high and your shoulders *very* straight indeed, to make up for a crooked knee; if after you had watched other boys running and leaping so splendidly, and had told yourself over and over that you didn't care much about it and would rather read anyway, — if after all this, I say, you should come home from six months in the hospital as strong and straight as any of them!

All this the year just past had brought to Pancred. It was so wonderful that sometimes he could hardly believe it himself. But the gift that was most wonderful and dearest was the companionship that had grown up between himself and his grandfather, the Earl of Courtland. If it was pleasant to have boys of his own age for playmates, if every day he found some new reason to love Uncle Will and Aunt Cicely, it really seemed that every hour drew him closer to his grandfather. The Earl had always before been absorbed in politics, — far too absorbed to notice Pancred, who, after all, was only a frail little cripple, never likely to take any active part in the world of affairs. But last summer, in some mysterious way of her own, Aunt Cicely had managed to bring the old man and the little boy together; and since then Pancred, on crutches or not, had been, and would always be, "grandpapa's boy."

Not that the Earl had abandoned politics. No, indeed! Affairs for English Catholics were in too precarious a state for that. No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could rest quietly while the struggle for Catholic freedom went on. But nowadays, even if he and Uncle Will were talking gravely of such tremendous subjects as the School Question, the Earl

liked to have Pancred beside him, where he could occasionally look down into the adoring amber eyes, or ruffle the sunny curls. And, between whiles, is there anywhere in the world another such comrade as a little boy's grandfather?

On this May Day morning, that should have been so lovely, the Earl and Sir Wilfred had promised to go with them all to a certain farm a mile or two beyond the village, — a farm whose quaint, gabled house had long since been abandoned. The children might romp through the empty rooms to their hearts' content, peopling them once more with life and laughter, and no other place was quite such a playground in their eyes. There, amid the fragrant beauty of an English May, Margery was to be crowned queen of the festivities, and rule through the sunny hours, each brimmed with some new pleasure.

"But, of course," said Jerry dismally, as he glared at the dull skies, — "of course we can't go now. And I think it's just mean of the old weather to rain the first day of Our Lady's month, — so there!"

"But it isn't raining in heaven," Hugh reminded him; "and we can all go to Mass anyway."

"And I know grandpapa and Aunt Cicely will think of something nice for us to do," Pancred chimed in.

Nevertheless, the faces that greeted Aunt Cicely at the door of the chapel half an hour later were more sober than usual, — so sober that she pinched Gregory's cheek and asked him mischievously if they were to have no sunshine to-day, indoors or out. That seemed to break the spell; so by the time Mass was over, and they had gathered about her at the organ to sing a May hymn, their eyes were shining once more, and the clear childish voices rang out in praise of Mary as jubilantly as though the world beyond the windows were not washed in rain. The white-haired chaplain, watching them from the sacristy, thought he had seldom seen a more winsome picture. And the

old Earl, who stood in the doorway a moment later, as they danced off down the corridor to breakfast in the nursery, was quite of the same opinion.

"You have made this a different place in the last few months," he said, offering Lady Cicely his arm. "I'm beginning to think you're a witch or an alchemist, able to distil sunlight from anything. That flock of yours is never downhearted long."

But Lady Cicely laughed and shook her head.

"It is Pancred's blind faith in your powers as fairy godfather, and a hint or two as I came out of Mass!" she retorted.

It was not until nearly ten o'clock that the children learned the meaning of those hints. Then Margery was whisked off from the midst of a romp with Jerry, to have her brown curls put into some sort of order; and Uncle Will, with twinkling eyes, bade the boys follow him. A moment later the doors of the long room where the family portraits hung were swung wide by footmen, and from somewhere out of sight came the strains of an old English march. The four boys would have broken away on the instant if Uncle Will had not restrained them forcibly; for at the other end of the gallery grandpapa's great carved chair, raised on a velvet-draped platform, awaited its royal occupant; and in the centre of the room, its gay ribbon streamers fluttering invitingly, stood the promised Maypole.

"Hurrah!" shouted Gregory, turning a double somersault. "We're going to have our May party in spite of the rain!" For the Heathcote children, having lived all their lives in far-off India, knew nothing about Maypoles and May queens except what they had read.

"Greg! Greg!" remonstrated his laughing father. "This is a coronation. Where is your dignity?"

Gregory sobered only just in time; for at that instant Margery appeared, looking very like a fairy princess in her white frock and filmy lace veil. Grandpapa

escorted her down the room to her throne, and the boys fell in behind them, while Uncle Will and Aunt Cicely brought up the rear of the little procession. It was Pancred, flushed and tremulous with excitement, who placed the wreath of rose buds on the little maid's bowed head and put the lily sceptre into her hand. Grandpapa lifted her into the huge old chair; and then, one after another, Hugh, Gregory, Jerry, Pancred and grandpapa, Uncle Will and Aunt Cicely, knelt at her feet and kissed her hand, swearing to obey her commands. Margery dimpled and smiled, as bewitching a little sovereign as you can imagine; but the instant the pretty ceremony was ended she caught Hugh's hand and slipped to the floor.

"Now that's over," said Queen Margery; "and as long as I'm *Queen*, why, mother darling, please to help me take this veil off, and then we'll wind the Maypole!"

That was the beginning of such a merry day as the Towers had not known for many a year. After they had finished the Maypole dance—which was almost too stately a name for the race Greg and Margery led them—that little lady ordered everyone, from grandpapa down, to join in a game of hide-and-seek. For once every room in the great house was open to them, and the children flew through the splendid apartments, dashed up the wide staircase, or coasted down the baluster with shrieks of laughter. Uncle Will and Aunt Cicely romped with them, as a matter of course; for they had always been the best of playmates. But even Margery was a bit amazed, and I am sure the old butler was quite scandalized, when grandpapa was discovered hiding under the couch in the nursery with Pancred. But grandpapa himself was not one whit abashed. He merely frowned prodigiously at Pancred as he dusted the knees of his trousers.

"You young scoundrel!" he growled—and a year ago the children might have thought him really angry,—"you young

scoundrel! You knew perfectly well I couldn't get out if I once got in; and that precious cousin of yours would capture me, while you made off as fast as your legs could take you!"

Whereupon both Pancred and Margery flung themselves upon him in a perfect gale of merriment; and he went back to the picture gallery, with one of them clinging to each hand.

At one o'clock luncheon was served there before the great fireplace; and though, "in consideration of his white hairs," grandpapa was allowed to occupy a hassock, the rest of them sat on the rug that the footman had spread out—"to represent the village green," as Margery said. It was after the box of sweetmeats had been opened that Gregory, who had been quiet a long time—for him,—burst out suddenly:

"Mother dear, just look at that fellow in the big ruff—no, on the other wall! He's got his hand on his sword. There, do you see? And see that long cut right through his sleeve! What do you suppose made it?"

"Somebody did it with the scissors, maybe," volunteered Hugh. "They might have been trying to steal it, you know."

But Aunt Cicely shook her head.

"I hardly think so, Hugh," she told him. "A thief would have cut the picture close to the frame. But I believe Pancred knows," and she turned to the eager boy beside grandpapa.

"I *do* know, Aunt Cicely!" exclaimed Pancred. "It's all in my Brown Book,—the one that has on the cover: 'Pancred Gervase Guilbert, His Book.' I've forgotten some of it; but there was a boy in it, and a little girl, and a priest; and a man did that with his sword to see if the priest was hidden behind the portrait."

"Oh! Oh!"—"Was he trying to kill the priest?"—"O Pancred, do tell us about it!" The young Heathecotes turned to him, eyes big with excitement.

"I don't remember it all," said Pancred;

"and, besides, I can't tell it nicely. But I'll run down to the library and get the book—if grandpapa doesn't mind,—and perhaps Aunt Cicely will tell it."

"I'm sure Aunt Cicely will," agreed grandpapa. "Run fetch the book, Pancred!" And his eyes watched the slim little figure fondly as the child sped away. It had not been so many months since Pancred could run.

So, while the servants disposed of the lunch baskets, Aunt Cicely settled herself on the rug, with her back against a heap of cushions, and Margery beside her. Gregory promptly dropped down on the other side and put his head in his mother's lap, where she could stroke his hair back as she talked. Hugh stretched himself out, chin in hand; and Jerry rolled into a restless ball at his father's feet. And Pancred, returning, put the Brown Book in Aunt Cicely's hands and slipped into his usual place, on the floor between grandpapa's knees, leaning his yellow head there confidently. The old man's hand crept down presently to fondle the bright curls; and I am afraid he did not hear much of the story, he was so intently watching the boy's glowing face.

"Everybody comfortable?" asked Aunt Cicely, as she opened the book.

There was a little murmur of assent. Aunt Cicely tucked back a loose lock of hair, drew a long breath, and began the first of the stories that were to be famous in the Heathecote annals as "The Cicely Stories from Pancred's Brown Book."

(To be continued.)

THE Rose of Sharon is an emblem of our Blessed Mother; indeed, this is one of her titles. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys" (Cant., ii, 1). The rose is the queen of flowers, and she is the Queen of all creatures. It is an emblem of love and beauty, and she is the "Mother of fair love," and the most beautiful of earth's children.

Billy-Boy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—OUR HAPPY HERO GETS A NEW NAME.



ALTHOUGH Jack had taken the "life turn," as Daddy said, it was painfully slow pulling back to the safe harbor of Health. The long, anxious days stretched into weeks, and he still lay white and weak and restless,—the mere wreck of the strong, splendid Jack who had left fair Holmhurst three years before. For thought and conscience awakened with returning life; and even the presence of the dear ones ministering so lovingly to him, brought tortures of remorse as, little by little, the remembrance of his wild, reckless career returned to the sick man, and he realized the ruin he had wrought. He had lost all that his gentle mother had entrusted to his keeping; all that would have entitled him to ask Miss Carmel, whom he had loved so long, to be his wife; all that might have made life bright and beautiful and blessed.

But for Billy-Boy, unconscious of any threatening evil, these were halcyon days at Bar Cross Ranch. The coming of mamma and Miss Carmel had roused all the Western and Eastern chivalry that lay dormant there, and the Ranch tried to do fitting honor to its fair guests, while Bony Ben fought off the impending ruin that he knew he could not altogether avert.

"It's bound to come," he confided to Daddy, who still kept professional watch on his patient. "I can't stave things off much longer. Land and money and credit and everything gone, except that stretch of rock and sand, the Southwest Ridge. Those sharpers of Brett's were round yesterday offering fifteen hundred dollars for it. Gone back on their first price, as such sharpers will when they know a fellow is down and out. But sonny has got the maps from home that show the

Curado lead striking right through that Ridge; and if we can hold on a while all may go right. But blamed if I ain't purty nigh down to the last dollar!"

"And he knows it," said Daddy, with a grim nod to the sick man's window. "That's what's keeping him down like a stone weight, that all those sweet ladies' love can't lift, try as they may."

But some one besides the "sweet ladies" happened to be at work even as Daddy spoke. It was a pleasant November morning, and Billy-Boy had made an early start for the banks of the Coyote to fish. As he drew out his hook and line he noticed a tall stranger leaning against a tree and watching him.

"Think you can catch anything?" asked the big man, good-humoredly.

"I'm going to try, sir," answered Billy. "Last week I caught a Friday dinner."

"So you're a Friday fish man?" laughed the other. "So am I. Seems to me I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?"

"Why, yes, sir!" said Billy, staring up in the keen, strong face. "You're the gentleman I met when I was coming out here. I've got your name in my pocket."

"My name," echoed the stranger,— "in your pocket?"

"Yes," replied Billy, diving into that receptacle and bringing out the usual boyish collection of strings and stones and pencils and pennies. "Here it is!" And he produced the torn envelope signed James J. Rainey, Grizzly Gulch, Wyoming. "You said, sir, I might want a friend away out here, and if I did to call on you."

"I don't remember," said the stranger, with another laugh. "But that is my note of hand sure, and I'm ready to stand by it whenever you want me."

"Oh, I don't want anything now, thank you!" said Billy pleasantly, as he baited a hook. "Jack is getting well and mother and Miss Carmel are at Bar Cross, and everything is hunky-dory again."

"Jack—Bar Cross! Thunderation!" exclaimed the stranger. "I do remember now! You're the little Dayton kid that

told me about his grandfather, and—and—by George!" the speaker burst into an odd laugh as his keen eyes rested on the rosy young fisherman busy with his hook and line. "So everything is 'hunkydory' with you and—your brother, eh?"

"Fine!" answered Billy. "He has been very sick,—came near dying. You see I got left on the mountain in the storm on Wild Cat Ledge. There was a boy hurt very bad there, and I had to help him."

"Do you mean that you were the boy that stood by that young devil, Bob Bryce, and came very near being killed with him?" asked Mr. Rainey, excitedly.

"Yes, sir," answered Billy, simply. "And Jack came after me, but he was so frightened and worried about me that it made him very sick. He wasn't well when I came here: he had the malaria dreadful, and looked so yellow and hollow-eyed I scarcely knew him. Then he had been working hard, too. You see he had to work hard for mother and Dolly and me; for there was no one else to manage things. And it takes a lot of money to run a big ranch like Bar Cross. I suppose it was all these things together, and then my getting left on Wild Cat Ledge, that brought on the brain fever. My, Jack had it bad! I thought he was going to die, sure. He didn't know me or anybody. He didn't even know Father Francis was giving him Extreme Unction—"

"Father Francis?" interrupted Mr. Jim Rainey. "You had him? If anybody can break the devil's grip, it's that same old priest. He hauled me out of Old Nick's claws half a dozen years ago. And so your brother has had a close shave of it! Who pulled him through?"

"Hard praying," answered Billy, simply. "Daddy says it was just hard praying and nothing else; for he had touched the life line and was going over. Then mamma got here and Miss Carmel, and that roused him."

"Oh, it did?" said Mr. Rainey, who seemed to find Billy's story most in-

teresting. "And who is Miss Carmel?"

"My Sunday-school teacher," said Billy, "and just the prettiest, sweetest, nicest lady in the world. Jack kept calling her all the time when he did not know anybody else. You see they have been friends ever since they were little boy and girl, and he knew how good she was. I guess he felt if anybody could help him into heaven, it would be Miss Carmel. I wrote her all about it. I had promised Jack not to tell mamma anything that would worry her, so I wrote Miss Carmel—there she is now!" added Billy.

And Mr. Rainey was forced to confess to himself that his young friend's description of his Sunday-school teacher did scant justice to the slender, graceful figure hurrying down the slope.

"Billy," she began eagerly, heedless of the big man who had hastily snatched off his hat in the fair presence,—“O Billy, there are two men putting up a red flag at the gate,—an auction flag, Billy! Run and ask them what it means. Oh, I hope there is some mistake—”

"There is, Miss," interposed Mr. Rainey quickly,—“there is! I'll see to it at once. I have—well—a little claim on some grounds in this neighborhood; but my men are on the wrong track, as I have learned from sonny here,—altogether on the wrong track. I am sincerely sorry if you have been annoyed by any intruder. I will have the flag removed immediately.”

"Oh" (Miss Carmel's soft eyes were lifted in grateful relief to the stranger's), "if you please at once! Jack—Mr. Dayton is to be wheeled to the window to-day, and if he should see it—see any sign of a sale—" the sweet voice faltered.

"He shall *not* see it, I promise you, Miss," interposed Mr. Rainey. "I'll have the thing pulled down at once. And if you have a foreman or manager, or anybody of that sort about the place, I'd like a few minutes' talk with him on business—important business,—business that will make any red flag, present or future, quite unnecessary and impossible. Maybe you

will introduce me to this young lady, sonny?"

Billy drew the paper from his pocket, to be quite sure he was correct before he said:

"Mr. James J. Rainey, of—of Grizzly Gulch,—Miss Carmel."

"Mr. James J. Rainey?" echoed Miss Carmel, who had heard of the multi-millionaire even in her Eastern home.

"Just big Jim Rainey at your service, Miss. I've heard that Bar Cross is a little strapped just now. It happens to the best of us sometimes. I met sonny on the cars coming out, and we had a friendly talk together. He told me a good deal of family history—away back to his grandfather and great-grandfather. Grandfathers, to say nothing of great-grandfathers, being rather uncommon on this side of the Great Divide" (Mr. Rainey's shrewd eyes twinkled), "I took him to be rather an uncommon boy; and, thinking he might need a friend out here—"

"You have come to help—to befriend him" (Miss Carmel's face flashed into glad comprehension),—"to—to save Bar Cross Ranch."

"No, Miss," was the honest rejoinder. "I came, I must confess, to sell it. That lurid banner at your gates was mine; but I found sonny with my note of hand in his pocket, and big Jim Rainey has never gone back on his word or note, and never will. So I stand ready to honor Master Billy Dayton's demand for any reasonable amount that he or Bar Cross Ranch may need just now."

"Whoop-hurrah!" shouted Billy, who, quite unconscious that he was saving the family future, was watching his rod and line. "I've got him—yes, and he's a buster!" added the young fisherman jubilantly, as he hauled in a fluttering prize. "Won't Jack open his eyes when he sees what I am bringing home to-day? He said it was too late for any luck."

"That is where he was mistaken," observed Mr. Rainey. "It's never too late for luck, you can tell your brother

for me, sonny,—never too late for luck with a chap like you."

And so indeed it proved; for, after a "few minutes' business talk" with Bony Ben, and an inspection of the "geography game" which Dolly had put in mamma's trunk, Mr. James Rainey found that his generous offer of help promised to be a most profitable venture for all concerned. Abundant means were placed at Bony Ben's immediate disposal; all debts and obligations were paid off; and, relieved of the weight of remorse and despair that was crushing his young life, Jack speedily regained health and strength; and by Christmas, when mamma and Miss Carmel returned home, he was quite the Jack of old again.

Bar Cross Ranch was a busy place that winter, though there was no drinking or "gambolling"; no Sandy Nick or black-eyed Chip to play friends and comrades; no reckless nights or "mornings after" for the young master. Mining experts, surveyors, assayers, men wise in old Dame Nature's secret ways, came and went; old maps were studied, and old charts examined, and old leads explored. And when the spring came, a triumphal telegram went flashing along the lines to Holmhurst:

"Curado lead rediscovered, as per map. New mine, the 'Billy-Boy,' to be opened at once. Will be home in June."

And with the June roses came Jack: a stronger, braver, nobler Jack than the idol of old; a Jack who had gone through the fire and flood of temptation and purification, and had come out redeemed. And with Jack came Billy-Boy, "expanded" beyond Dr. MacVeigh's wildest hopes,—a broad-chested, square-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked Billy-Boy, who could sit a bucking broncho fearlessly, and shoot a wild bird on the wing; a Billy-Boy in heart and mind as well as in every one of his growing inches,—a coming man.

And one bright day, when the roses were at their sweetest and best, they were gathered from near and far to deck St.

Monica's little altar; and Miss Carmel's Sunday-school turned out, to the smallest tot, in festal array, for the Nuptial Mass of Jack and his lovely bride. All Holmhurst was there, of course—excepting Mr. Page Ellis, who had gone off to Egypt. Dolly was bridesmaid; and Billy-Boy, as he deserved, was "best man."

Wreathed with climbing roses and clinging vines, Bar Cross Ranch stands among its guarding cottonwoods; its velvet lawns and blooming hedges sloping down to the sparkling waters of the old Coyote, that, guided by skilful ways, carries its fruitful benediction into the thirsting valleys far and near. And like the sunlit waters that have brought bloom and beauty into barren lands is Bar Cross, in the blessed influences that flow from it in ever-widening streams as the happy years go by.

The cheerless, half-ruined old house, on which Billy-Boy looked with doubt and perplexity half a dozen years ago, has spread into a beautiful home, restful and tranquil in spite of the ceaseless activities pulsing beyond its sheltering groves. The "Billy-Boy" Mine is an achieved success; the Southwest Ridge is a hive of busy life; the mining camp is giving way to the mining village; a branch railroad has cut its way down to Buckston, which is once more on the map.

Miss (or "Mrs.") Carmel now has her gentle hands and her loving heart full. To say nothing of the guests that the genial master and amiable mistress gather in their hospitable home, there is the little log church in the valley, where Father Francis finds his way every other week; and every Sunday the gentle lady of Bar Cross has her queer mixed school of little Pedros and Patsys, Gretchens and Noras. There is the little frame "Infirmmary," where she is head nurse in every sudden need. There is the sewing school, where, under her guidance, Pancha and Wichita teach all sorts of dainty handiwork.

And she has her older pupils, too.

Under her gentle influence Bony Ben has learned to say with faith and love the Beads of his lost Dolores; and Daddy went down into the valley of the shadow hearing and heeding old Père Jean's call: "Etienne, Etienne! It is growing late. Come home to thy old father, Etienne!" And the rough stone cross on the slopes of the Coyote bears that name alone: "Etienne."

Pedro, who can rattle off English now to match any vendero, is the steadiest of house servants; and old Martina rounded out her years in peace and pride on the wonderful sale of her rugs. Dolly had her four years in Paris; and Billy-Boy is going triumphantly through a college course, with credit to the mind and muscle tried on Wild Cat Ledge.

Every summer Holmhurst closes its doors, and the whole family, including Miss van Doran, take the wild, free sweep that first tried Billy's wings, over valley and mountain to Bar Cross, where mamma sees life widening into wonderful new interests, and Miss van Doran's malarial cheeks take on a wintry bloom, and pretty Dolly holds the gay court of a Western queen; while Billy-Boy finds his story strangely reversed. He is now the hero—the big boy hero,—whose word is law to the chubby four-year-old that toddles after him in baby love and trust; only now it is "little Jack" and "Unkey Billy-Boy."

(The End.)

A Botanist's Favorite.

The favorite flower of the great botanist Linnæus was the fragrant rose-colored little twin flower; and the only picture of him in existence shows a sprig of this blossom in the buttonhole of his coat. Of his tiny favorite he said in his broken English: "In the woods she lives and clings with her little arms to the moss. Her face is pink like a milkmaid's, and she is much sweet and agreeable."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Perhaps the best of manuals for the Month of May, one equally suitable for public or private use, is the late Mother Angela's "Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary." There have been several editions of this little book, the last of which was revised and enlarged.

—The English edition of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's delightful work, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., contains eighteen illustrations, including two photogravure frontispieces. Three editions have already been issued. The volumes are less bulky than those of the American edition, and more attractively bound.

—A remarkable anagram on the first words of the "Hail Mary," quoted more than once in these pages, is repeated in a footnote to an interesting article in the *Irish Monthly*. The letters of *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum* exactly form this sentence: *Deipara inventa sum, ergo Immaculata*—"I am the Mother of God, therefore Immaculate." Even the word *inventa*, as the editor of the *Irish Monthly* remarks, is not used here arbitrarily: it occurs in the Gospel narrative of the Incarnation.

—Part III. (Nos. 157-250) of the "Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge," just issued by the Cambridge University Press, completes the first volume. This part describes two manuscripts of the eighth century—the Hexameron of St. Ambrose (the oldest complete copy known), and a fragment of the Gospels of St. John and St. Luke; one ninth-century manuscript—Bede's Life of St. Cuthbert,—five manuscripts of the tenth century, fourteen of the eleventh, and nine of the twelfth, out of forty-three in all.

—In pre-Reformation days, the town of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, England, was known as "Spalding St. Mary's"; and one of the invocations common in those Catholic days was, "Our Lady of Spalding, swift to hear, pray for us." The first Catholic church to be re-established in Spalding after the Reformation was erected in 1877; and, on its completion in 1879, was dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of Mary under the special title of "Our Lady of Lourdes." Three years ago, during the celebration of the Lourdes Golden Jubilee, a Grotto and a Lady Chapel were added to Spalding's Marian memorials; and these, together with the devotion to the Blessed Virgin now

being manifested in the old English town, fully justify the title "The English Lourdes" which Father Clement Tyck, C. R. P., has given to the interesting booklet that furnishes the foregoing and much other information of utility and charm. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Those who are fond of declaring that they have heard many appeals for, but no argument against, granting the franchise to women should read Molly Elliot Seawell's new book, "The Ladies' Battle," just published by the Macmillan Co. Perhaps it will not influence or change their opinion—but, then, again, perhaps it will.

—"Toward the Sanctuary," by the Rev. J. M. Lelen (B. Herder), is a booklet of 160 pages, devoted, as were the author's former little works—"Toward the Eternal Priesthood" and "Toward the Altar,"—to informal meditations on God's call to the priesthood. The foreword says that the booklet has been culled from many works, but the gatherer deserves the credit of making good selections and of skilful co-ordination.

—B. Herder publishes Arthur Preuss' authorized English version (with some abridgment and added references) of "God: His Knowability, Essence, and Attributes," a dogmatic treatise by the Rev. Dr. Pohle, former professor in the Catholic University of America. The scholarly work is prefaced by a brief general Introduction to the study of dogmatic theology, and will be of interest and value to both the youthful seminarist and the studious priest who desires to review or supplement the more or less imperfect knowledge acquired during his seminary years.

—"Science of Education," by T. P. Keating, B. A., L. C. P. (Benziger Brothers), is recommended by the Rev. T. Corcoran, S. J., Professor of Education, National University of Ireland, as "a competent piece of work, accurate in statement, and in fulness of treatment and practical value up to the level of any work of its size as yet published in English." This expert testimony is corroborated by that of the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., who declares that the work "is of genuine scientific value, at the same time that it forms an excellent practical guide for the teacher in the exercise of his profession." In recording our agreement with the foregoing opinions, we can not forbear noting one inexcusable defect of this otherwise

satisfactory volume—the absence of both an index and a table of contents. The publishers should see to it that this imperfection is remedied in future editions, of which may there be many!

—Although the editorship of the *Academy* has been for some time in other hands than those of Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, its poetical contributions are still of a notably high order. In a recent number we find this gem, entitled "Prima Vera," by D. M. S.:

The Hand of God is on the harp of Spring;
How else were there such music in the air,—
Music that makes the silent furrows sing
With joy, and wakes the slumbering seed they bear?
A golden veil burns like an aureole now
About the world's grim forehead old and grey;
The lips of Spring salute her brooding brow,
And April lifts the banner blue of May.

My soul, an anchorite on Heaven's wall,
Looks from its charmed and chosen solitude;
Looking, I listen, hear the blackbird call,
And know that violets wake, and God is good.

Here we have the truest poetry, written under the influence of the highest mood,—a poem that will be admired by ordinary folk no less than by those who alone can thoroughly appreciate the naturalism of landscape in such wonderful creations of the School of S. Rocco as the "St. Mary of Egypt" and the "Flight into Egypt,"—"silvery with breaking light and tremulous with dawn." Such a poem as "Prima Vera," even with a lax rhyme or two, would still be worth more than a bookful of pedantically perfect verse. Many critics, however, would see only the flaws, missing the poetry altogether.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The English Lourdes." Rev. Clement Tyck, C. R. P. 70 cts.
 "Toward the Sanctuary." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.
 "Science of Education." T. P. Keating, B. A., L. C. P. 90 cts.
 "God: His Knowledge, Essence, and Attributes." Rev. Dr. Pohle. \$2.
 "Messianic Philosophy." Dr. Gideon Marsh. \$1.

- "An Appeal for Unity in Faith." Rev. John Phelan. \$1.10.
 "Songs and Sonnets." John Rothensteiner. 50 cts.
 "The Story of the Old Faith in Manchester." John O'Dea. \$1.50.
 "The Catholic Church in China." Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S. J. \$3.
 "Bishop de Mazenod." Rev. Eugene Baffie, O. M. I. \$1.80, net.
 "The Morality of Modern Socialism." Rev. John Ming, S. J. \$1.50, net.
 "The Wayfarer's Vision." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. \$1.35.
 "Mistakes in Life." Rev. Edward C. Hearn. 40 cts.
 "Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. 75 cts.
 "Writ in Remembrance." Marian Nesbitt. 75 cts.
 "Heirs in Exile." Constance Le Plastrier. \$1.25.
 "The Apostolate of the Press." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. 25 cts.
 "Spiritual Instruction for Religious Life"; "Spiritual Considerations." Father Buckler, O. P. \$1.15, \$1.25.
 "Lays and Legends of Our Blessed Lady." 30 cts.
 "Why Should I be Moral?" Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
 "Wandering Ghosts." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Wagner, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. D. W. Murphy, diocese of Manchester; Rev. Lawrence O'Toole, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Edmund Buckler, O. P.

Mother M. Augustine, of the Order of the Presentation.

Mr. David Vanentine, Mr. Thomas Singen, Miss Mary Kavanagh, Mrs. Ida Bourden, Mr. Martin Ryan, Mrs. Mary Johmann, Mr. Michael Costello, Eva Mary Stockover, Mr. Edward Gorman, Mr. J. F. Schmitt, Mr. J. F. Andrews, Mr. Thomas Maguire, Mrs. Mary Conway, Mr. John Clark, Mrs. Anna Shields, Mr. E. F. Boland, Mr. Jeremiah Cashman, Mr. Bernard Hegger, Miss Mary Keenan, Mr. Thomas Kidwell, Mrs. Bridget Lovett, Mr. William Kistner, Mrs. Catherine Burns, Mr. William Riha, Mr. James Buckley, Mr. John Hyland, Mr. J. J. Riley, Mr. Frederick Oswald, Mr. E. W. Blaha, Mr. John D. Keiley, Rose Stratmeyer, Mrs. Louisa Rose, Mr. George Hay, and Mr. Charles Reck.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXII.

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NO. 19

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Mother of Art.

BY C. R. ROLL.

THY Raphael dreaming of an earthly face,
Inspired of thee, a heavenly beauty sought;
Thy Michaelangelo on marble wrought,
And hewed a Moses of heroic grace;
Thy sainted Gregory, who mused apace,
Heard angel melodies from heaven brought;
Thy Dante in his lonely exile caught
The highest message sung of any race.

Through all the ages they have learned of thee,
The painter, sculptor, singer, poet,—all
Carved on the roll of immortality.
These to the inner temple didst thou call
Where Thought sits silent in a place apart
And gives a life, a meaning, unto Art.

Christian Science and Catholic Teaching.

BY THE REV. JAMES GOGGIN.



I.—INTRODUCTION.

HERE can be no doubt that the many and diverse movements in the direction of occultism, which characterize the thought tendencies of our time, mark a reaction against the materialism of the age which is passing away. They evidence the thirst of the human soul for spiritual waters, and its dissatisfaction with the motto of materialism: "Let us eat, drink, make merry; for to-morrow we die."

Now, this reaction, like every other reaction, is itself characterized by a tendency to run into excesses and exaggerations; much in the same way as medical practice, when it departs from a view which has been in vogue, works its new theory to death, and sometimes, unfortunately, to the death of its subjects. The truth is generally found to lie somewhere between the two views. Similarly, the reaction which has set in against materialism swings, like the pendulum, into the opposite extreme of exaggerated spiritualism. Whereas matter was regarded as everything, and spirit as nothing, now spirit is being regarded as everything, and matter as nothing. Whereas formerly we were asked to believe that there was no God, now we are expected to believe that everything is God. In reality, the truth will be found to lie between these two extreme views, and will take due account of both matter and spirit (or mind). The exaggeration of the truth in either direction will be error, and erroneous spiritualism is no more commendable than erroneous materialism; for each equally departs from the truth, though they depart in opposite directions. When I go to my hatter I want a hat which fits,—one that is neither too large nor too small.

We are led by this consideration to another, and one which is of a very important character. It is this: there is not, nor can be, any such thing as absolute error. Though too large or too small, and hence not quite the hat wanted, still for all this, the excessive hat or the

diminutive hat remains a hat. So also there is truth as such in every error; the error consisting not in absolute non-truth, but in the excessive or diminutive nature of the truth as set forth.

It is just this element of truth in all erroneous systems which makes these systems attractive to the mind. For when the truth presented, be it excessive or defective, is novel, or marks a reaction, it invariably proves attractive; not, however, on its erroneous side, but precisely because there is some truth present, though, in the case under consideration, not without a considerable admixture of error.

The Hottentot who sees a hat for the first time is not apt to be so fastidious regarding its fit as the brigadier general might be; and the young lady who wishes to move with the fashion is apt to overlook the lack of proportion between her stature and her sunbonnet. Every error, then, is a partial truth obscured by defects and excrescences. Or, expressed in another way, error is always truth stressed in a wrong way. There is an immense difference between the statement that Lucifer is a very good devil, and the statement that the devil is very good. It is all a matter of the right and the wrong stress.

Now, our contention is that there is just this kind of error in all modern movements against materialism and in the direction of the various forms of occultism. The reactionists are making in the direction of error because they are exaggerating, and thus obscuring, the truth. They are so pleased with—one may even say they are so overwhelmed by—the truth discovered, that they are stressing it in the wrong way, and are, in consequence, really moving from one form of error to another.

This is true of each and every movement in modern occultism,—of Theosophy, of Spiritualism, and of Christian Science. The result is that, in effect, there are being served up, in a new dress, old

errors which were long ago tested and found wanting. Men are reintroducing under new names the old and rejected errors of Pantheism, Gnosticism, and Manicheism,—the novelty of the names deceiving the unwary.

It is with these safe-guarding principles well in mind that we shall undertake a critical examination of the special system known as Christian Science,—a system presenting a truth by which it is made attractive to the mind wearied and dissatisfied with the emptiness of materialism, but which is at the same time so over-stressed and exaggerated as to constitute a dangerous form of error.

II.—THE ELEMENT OF TRUTH IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

We shall treat the subject with all seriousness, making an endeavor to examine its doctrines and their tendencies, and leaving aside all criticism of a personal nature. In the first place, we wish to insist upon the large and important element of truth which is contained in Christian Science; for it is this which makes the system attractive, and which, moreover, has this special importance for us, that it emphasizes this same element of truth in our own religion, which contact with a materialistic atmosphere has tended to obscure. This truth may be stated briefly as the power of mind over body, and the general predominance of goodness in the universe. Materialism had obscured these two aspects of the truth. It has represented man as an organic machine, and has excluded spiritual mind from the scheme of things, while it has also limited the nature of goodness to the blind working of blind laws and forces.

Now, the truth is that mind is a far greater and a far higher reality than matter, organized matter being inexplicable without it; and, the goodness is much more than the regular working of blind forces, consisting ultimately in the movement and designs of an intelligent

will-power. But it needed not Christian Science to reveal this truth to man, since the truth is not new. Nor is there need of strange and abnormal phenomena, and much less is there need of "the demonstrations" of Christian Science to make us aware of the truth.

Happenings of the most ordinary nature, which are the common property of all men, suffice to make it manifest. One finds it difficult to understand why, at the present day, men seem to think that they can establish the truth in any given subject only by having recourse to rare, obscure and abnormal phenomena. We do not require "Siamese Twins" and other human freaks in order to be able to understand human anatomy and the general structure of the human frame. Why, then, must this appeal be made to abnormal phenomena in order to be able to establish the truth in any matter under inquiry? Surely the normal and ordinary phenomena must suffice.

Now, the normal and ordinary phenomena of life make it abundantly clear that man is not all body; that the bodily organism is the lesser part of him; that there is a central self which shapes and controls this bodily organism; in a word, that the mind of man possesses an extraordinary power over his body. The little child begins its life in a condition which is far more helpless, and on the material side far more hopeless, than is the condition of any other animal at birth. The young duck can swim, while the young child can not walk; but it soon catches and overtakes the duck, so to speak, in all the functions of life. Its hands and legs and eyes and ears, its tongue and its physical brain will soon be performing feats which will raise it immeasurably above the duck-world. In its weak and helpless condition it may be a potential Aristotle or Newton.

For the fuller appreciation of this truth, let us consider the two common powers of penmanship and playing the piano. We might go on forever, did we choose to

follow along every direction in which the mind displays its control over the bodily organism; but these two examples must suffice. What an extraordinary and God-like power it is, behind the physical organism, which gradually acquires control over the nerves and muscles of eyes and arms and hands, enabling the growing child to write complicated signs, to pen designs, to translate, as in a flash, black dots on a scroll of paper into a harmony of sounds! We never realize what power and control of mind these simple acts involve, because we never stop to think and analyze. Our sense of the sublimity of these powers only deepens when we recall how abstract thought, weird fancies, subtle and fleeting emotions are expressed by these means. We say nothing of the feats of gymnasts and acrobats, and of the thousand other things in life in which this power of mind over body is made manifest. But more wonderful still is the power, possessed even by the growing child, of acting contrary to and in opposition to the inclinations of the physical organism. The hero faces pain and death, against which the bodily organism revolts, for an abstract motive of love. The martyr dies for unseen truth. A Dorando can drag his resisting body to the Stadium, and only falls in exhaustion when the excitement of present victory disturbs the steady poise of his mind.

Have you ever thought of the mental power called forth in the telling of a simple lie, in which the power of speech is employed in order to conceal what we really think? There is, then, in man an inner self which controls, and should control, the body. Its highest dignity consists in its power of self-determination, or free will; and this will is exercised and developed by the very fact that it is attached to a bodily organism. In this centre alone can true character be formed. "If by the spirit you overcome the deeds of the flesh, you shall live." "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" "Fear not them that kill the body."

This is by no means an adequate treatment of an interesting and important subject, but it suffices to suggest the lines upon which the truth of the mind's power over the body is based. At the same time the limitations of this truth are also faintly indicated. Of these we shall treat in a subsequent section. We must pass now to the consideration of the second aspect of this truth—the general preponderance of the good in the universe.

Good and evil are very much like truth and error. An excessive or defective departure from truth is error; and similarly, an excessive or defective departure from good is evil. A good hat is one that fits, a bad hat is one which is either too large or too small. A sufficiency of food is good, too little or too much food is bad. There is, then, an element of good in every evil, and this good preponderates. In other words, the good in the whole universe far outweighs the evil; and many evils exist only because, in this finite universe, on one single thing can be good from every point of view. Fire is a very good thing in the grate or furnace, but a very bad thing if it gets into the middle of the floor of one's room.

Now, many people are apt to make the mistake of failing to see the good in the presence of a disturbing evil. Yet the truth is that good is always present. Evil comes into existence whenever a wrong relationship is introduced in the good, but if the good thing were not there the wrong relationship could not be introduced; and it is better to have the good thing with the possibility of a wrong relationship than not to have the good thing at all. We must, however, in handling this difficult subject of good and evil, be careful not to travel too far afield. The subject is one which is capable of very extensive treatment: this is not possible for us here and now. We must content ourselves with endeavoring to make clear the one point—that good preponderates

in the universe. And here again we shall appeal for evidence to the most common facts of experience.

The good of life and growth outweighs the evil of decay and death. The greatest good which we possess is life itself, and this life forces itself through on all sides as water is forced through the crevices of a rock. If hemmed in on one side it will burst forth on another side. It preponderates while there is breath in the body; or, as we say, "while there is life there is hope." People sometimes make the most astounding recoveries, or they live on in spite of seemingly overwhelming disease and disaster, because the good of life holds the balance of power so long as death does not supervene. The good predominates in the individual so long as the individual is alive. Again, the life of the individual is not content to remain confined within its own boundaries: like the good in every order of being, it strives to communicate itself, and is borne on by an irresistible inclination to bestow life; or, as we commonly express it, every life-form strives to reproduce its kind.

In a certain sense, it is even true that the life of the individual is subordinated to the life of the race. Many animals destroy themselves as individuals in order to communicate life more abundantly in others. In every case there is individual expenditure of life involved in the bestowal of new life. Are we not all fully aware that this is the strongest inclination in our physical human lives, and that about it centre the romance and the tragedy of human affairs? We call this movement love, and precisely so because love is the movement from and toward the good; and truly, as poets have always sung, the pleasure or the good would disappear from this world if love were silenced. Hence the indulgence of these inclinations for selfish ends is unnatural, and race destruction which is procured by selfish methods is also unnatural. It is only man, who by his noble gift of free will can direct his

own actions, that is capable of such unnatural procedure.

The same truth, the predominance of the good, is observable throughout nature. How the tree and the shrub strive upward against all odds! What unimaginable immensity of forces shall be silently at work in good Mother Earth before next year's harvest, at the moment non-existent, shall be gathered and stored! What power within the human race which shall produce a new generation of myriads of men! When these life-forces can burst through gross, lifeless, inert matter and can make it live, can make it touch, taste, see and hear and smell, run and reproduce its kind,—nay, can even produce from this same matter the delicate fingers of the human artist—the fingers which make a watch or work a tapestry,—the human brain, the very instrument of thought,—need we wonder that these same life-forces can heal a sore, close a wound, steady the eye and the nervous hand? And need we wonder that man, who is capable of understanding these things, can, by a will-effort, so steady his whole being as to allow these forces full play?

We see how really simple and natural is this truth, and how absurd it is to suppose that we are in any way indebted to Christian Science for its discovery. At the same time Christian Science, or any other movement away from materialism, deserves credit for emphasizing this truth; and that credit we willingly yield. If this were all, it would be well.

And of course it is possible to draw from the rich fount of the Scriptures testimony in support of both these aspects of the truth which we have been considering. Particularly is this the case when we are treating of the spiritual significance of the truth as regards man. From cover to cover, the Scriptures emphasize the spiritual nature of man, the power of mind over body, and the preponderance of the good. Man is not all body; the real, inner, and enduring self

of man is not body at all. But there are not two things in man—a body and a spirit. Man is one thing composed of body and spirit. The spiritual or mental part of man is of more importance than the bodily part. Now, these are the truths which the Scriptures set out to teach; and in consequence it is possible to draw a limitless supply of testimony which emphasizes the paramount importance of spirit (or mind or soul). One thing is certain: the Scriptures do not deny the reality of body and of bodily pain, of sickness and disease. Of this we shall speak later.

And, lastly, in the matter of physical disease, we all have had experience of the power of mind, and of the good of life, in the sense explained, in resisting and combating the forces which make for decay. It is one thing to say that the latter are overcome; it is quite another thing to say that they do not exist. We know the value of sleep and rest and calm in all cases of sickness. The organism must be steadied from its highest controlling centre, as a condition of recovery. While the organism is in a state of excited unrest, the forces within can not exert their salutary influence. An artist would find it impossible to introduce delicate touches of light and shade upon a ship's canvas flapping in the wind.

Now, the most natural way of steadying the whole being of man is by getting him to fix the highest and the controlling centre of his being upon God, the only fixed point, so to speak, in the universe. In this connection, prayer and religion do, without a doubt, possess a most effective therapeutic value in the natural order. And the reason of this is not far to seek. God is the central point of the universe, in the sense that all things are ultimately centred in Him, as the source of their existence and as the object of their final destiny. The significance of this truth for man may be made clear by means of the following analogy. The only direction in which the needle of the compass will

find rest is in the direction north-south. Similarly, the only direction in which man can find true rest is in the direction God-creatures. He must be "pointed" Godward, and "tailed" creatureward. Hence nothing is so well calculated to induce the reposeful calm necessary for recovery as religion and prayer. Unfortunately, those who surround the sick bed in these present days of unbelief, often do not realize the cruelty they inflict upon the sufferer by belittling the value of religious influences.

Up to this point we have been concerned with noting the large element of truth contained in the system known as Christian Science, and in pointing out that this element of truth is in no sense new. That it has been, and still remains in some quarters, obscured, is due either directly to materialistic beliefs, or indirectly to the influence of an all-pervading materialistic atmosphere. On this score, while Christian Science deserves credit for reminding us of an important truth, it stands condemned for its arrogant claim of having made a new discovery, and for its assertion that now only, after twenty long centuries, do we possess a scientific interpretation of the Gospel records.

(Conclusion next week.)

THERE is no new ideal imaginable by the madness of modern sophists which will be anything like so startling as fulfilling any one of the old ones. On the day that any copy-book maxim is carried out there will be something like an earthquake on the earth. There is only one thing new that can be done under the sun, and that is to look at the sun. If you attempt it on a blue day in June, you will know why men do not look straight at their ideals. There is only one really startling thing to be done with the ideal, and that is to do it. It is to face the flaming logical fact and its frightful consequences. Christ knew that it would be a more stunning thunderbolt to fulfil the law than to destroy it.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIX.



IT was not long before the summons which Madeleine was expecting, and her friends were dreading for her, came. In fact, there was no more than the interval of a single day between her visit to the apartment in the Avenue Hoche and the telephone call, when Conyers' voice, pitched in apologetic key, told her that Raynor wished to see her again.

"I've tried to induce him to wait a little before asking you to come back," the young man said; "but he's so impatient, and—er—irritable that there's no doing anything with him; and he has set his mind on seeing you again as soon as possible."

"Is his condition worse?" she asked.

"Oh, no! On the contrary, the doctors say it's getting steadily better. But he told me to tell you that you'd better come quickly, because he doesn't intend to endure his present state a minute longer than he can help. But I assure you that there's no need to inconvenience yourself on account of that threat; for I'm keeping my word, and watching him closely."

"You are very good to consider me," Madeleine told him gratefully; "but I promised that I would go back as soon as he was able to see me again, and there is no reason for delay. At what hour shall I come?"

"He would like you to come as soon as you can."

"Does that mean immediately?"

"It means immediately, if that suits your convenience."

"It suits my convenience perfectly, and I will start at once."

Fortunately, as Madeleine could not but feel, Nina was not at home; so she was spared the protest which would have been inevitable under the circumstances,—

that protest with which our friends are apt to express their disapproval of our actions, even when they know it to be unavailing. Nina would have known her protest to be absolutely unavailing; yet she could not possibly have refrained from making it, since she disapproved so strongly of all that Madeleine was doing. In her opinion, nothing wilder or more uncalled for could be conceived than the attitude of the latter toward the man whom she would have described as her "former husband." The fact that he was lying helpless, broken in body and despairing in soul, gave him, from her point of view, no more claim upon the woman who had divorced him than any other victim of unfortunate accident might have possessed. But, misplaced as she considered charitable ministrations in this case, she would have been more inclined to be tolerant of them if she had felt any assurance that the matter would end with the ministrations in question. But, so far from this, she had been conscious from the first — from the hour when she burst in upon Madeleine at her prayers — that there was in the soul of the latter a force to be reckoned with, which argument and persuasion were alike powerless to move, and which might finally lead to a degree of self-immolation, the mere thought of which inspired Nina with an exasperation beyond her power to control.

These things being so, it was, therefore, as well that she was absent when the second call from her "former husband" came to Madeleine, and she promptly set forth to answer it. This time she drove alone to the Avenue Hoche; but, as on the occasion of her other visit, she did not fail to pause at the familiar Passionist chapel, which had become the best-loved home of her soul, to pray not only for strength to endure what was so repugnant to nature, but also to beg with passionate earnestness for light and direction, that she might be enabled to "say the right thing" to the soul which awaited her in a darkness more dreadful than its pain.

When she finally reached the apartment, she found Conyers eagerly awaiting her.

"It's awfully good of you to come so soon!" he told her as soon as they met. "Raynor's so uncommonly impatient, even for him — and the poor beggar's impatient enough all the time — that I'm really afraid he's got something up his sleeve—that is, that he's found what he's been so anxious for—"

"You don't mean that you think he has got something with which to kill himself?" she asked quickly.

"I'm really afraid of it," the young man repeated. "I don't see how it would have been possible for him to get hold of anything of the kind; but he has a self-satisfied air, as if he had achieved something gratifying, which is—well, rather extraordinary under the circumstances, you know."

"Yes," she agreed. "I should say that such a frame of mind is so extraordinary as to demand explanation. Have you asked for one?"

"Yes, I have; and he replied: 'Never you mind what I've got in my head. It doesn't concern you. Just see that you get Mrs. Raynor to come to me as soon as possible. I've some matters to settle with her.' Now, he told me, before I asked you to come the first time, that he wanted to see you in order to beg you to attend to some things at home for him after he was dead; so there seems only one conclusion to be drawn from his impatience at present—or at least that's how it has struck me,—and I thought I'd better tell you. Perhaps you'll be able to find out what is in his mind."

"It's possible that he may tell me," Madeleine said quietly, though she had grown very pale; "and if so, I need hardly say that I will do all I can to—prevent what we fear. Now may I go in to him?"

It was the same partially darkened chamber into which she had been introduced before, with the antiseptic odors which every sick room has now, and the white-draped bed, where the shattered

figure of what had been a powerful man lay motionless. He turned his head as the door opened, and said something to the nurse beside him, who rose at once, and, with an inclination full of French grace toward the entering visitor, left the room by another door. Conyers had already closed the door behind Madeleine; and so again she found herself alone with the man who had wrought such havoc in her life; but whom fate—or was it merely fate?—had once more thrust into that life.

Again, as she approached the bed, his eyes gazed up at her out of the hollow face, from the low pillow on which he lay; but there was in them a light of something like eagerness which had not been there before; and, with an apparently involuntary impulse, he put out his hand. She could not refuse to lay her own in it; and yet the action, slight though it was; recalled so vividly the last time their hands had met that the memory of all that lay between that time and this rushed over her with sickening force. Rallying, however, her powers of endurance, she sat down in the nurse's vacated chair, and said gently:

"I am glad to hear that you are better."

"I suppose Conyers has told you that those fools of doctors say so," he answered. "They call it being better that I'm not going to die offhand, but that there seems to be a prospect of my living indefinitely in my present condition. Well, you know whether or not I consider *that* as a thing to be grateful for."

"I know that you do not," she said; "but, nevertheless, it may be. We are often very blind with regard to the things for which we should be grateful."

"There isn't a doubt of that," he said, as if some new light had dawned upon him on this point; "but you'd find it hard to convince me that there's any matter for gratitude in being left to lie here, like a useless log, instead of getting quickly out of a world where there's nothing left for me."

"You are mistaken," she assured him.

"There is very much still left for you."

"In the name of God, what?" he demanded with angry impatience.

"If I told you all that there is, I'm afraid you would hardly believe me," she replied; "so I will only mention one thing. You have time left you,—time which has been called 'the purchase money of eternity,' and with which even now you may attain great things."

"What kind of great things?"

"The strength which comes from enduring that which is painful and hard with courage and patience, to mention only one of the most obvious. I am afraid it is an unfamiliar idea to you; but really the only things which matter are the things which relate to our spiritual growth, to the forming of character and the perfecting of the soul. Up to this time you have lived only on the material side of your life; but now God is giving you an opportunity to do something for the development of your spiritual nature, and for the expiation of your sins."

Mr. Raynor could be heard swearing softly to himself, as he lay staring at her much as he had done on the occasion of her former visit, but with more curiosity, though perhaps with less wonder.

"All this is a most extraordinary way of talking—or it seems so to me," he said. "You are quite right about such ideas being unfamiliar to me. They're as unfamiliar as anything possibly could be; and as for the spiritual side of my nature, I take leave to doubt that I've got one. The material side has been good enough for me up to this time. But now there's no material side left, except for damnable suffering—"

"Exactly. And that being so, why not pay a little attention to the other side, and derive some profit from suffering which you can not escape?"

"I'll show you whether or not I can escape it!" he declared, with a flash of defiance in his eyes and tone. "Just wait a bit and see."

"I shall never see what you are threat-

ening," she said calmly, though her inward feelings belied her outward confidence.

"I am sure of that."

"Why are you sure?"

"I told you when I saw you before. I am sure because I do not believe that God spared your life, in answer to my prayers, to allow you to throw it away in such a manner."

"You speak as if you had no doubt whatever of my life having been spared (that's your word, not mine: *I* should describe it otherwise) in answer to your prayers."

"Have *you* any doubt of it?" she challenged boldly.

He did not answer at once; and, looking at him, she was struck with surprise. For a moment he seemed to have forgotten her presence. His sombre eyes gazed straight before him, as if seeing or recalling some vision of the mind, not visible to material sight, which was not without power to awe the defiant spirit. Then, as he turned his gaze back to her, she caught a strange expression in his eyes, as if something heretofore unknown looked at her.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "It's all very vague and confused—what I remember of the time just after the accident. Of course of what happened immediately after the car went over, I remember nothing: all that is completely blotted out. But later—I couldn't say how much later—I came back to consciousness,—if you call it consciousness just to know that I was alive, but to be unable to give any sign of life. And what I chiefly roused to was a sense of being on the verge of falling into a great, black, formless void—as when one slips down a smooth incline with no power to help oneself,—together with a great sense of horror at my own helplessness. Then somehow—I can't tell how or why—I seemed to become conscious of you. No, it wasn't as if I saw you,—there was no impression of your presence at all; but I felt your influence, and I had a consciousness that you were exerting a strong force

to hold me back from the dark gulf into which I was on the point of falling. It was an experience that I don't particularly like to recall. You know what a dreadful thing a nightmare can be sometimes. Well, this was worse than the worst nightmare. It was awful beyond expression—to feel that I was slipping away hopelessly, and that nothing held me back from the depths into which I was about to fall, but the strength, or influence, or whatever it was, that you were exerting. I suffered unspeakable agony in fearing that you mightn't hold out." He lifted his hand and wiped a few drops of perspiration from his brow. "It was the worst experience I've ever known," he said; "and I can't think about it even yet without turning cold. I didn't consider then how odd it was that *you* should be acting as my support: I was only in a deadly funk lest you should let go. I don't in the least know how long the state lasted, but after a while it passed away. I felt as if I were finally drawn back to safety—and—well, that's all."

Madeleine's eyes were like stars as she gazed at him, listening to this strange testimony, from such unaccustomed lips, to the reality of a spiritual experience which on her side she could never forget.

"Thank God I didn't let go!" she said simply, remembering the long vigil of that night. "And yet, in the face of such knowledge as this, you can dare to think of casting yourself voluntarily down into the gulf you then escaped!"

He made an uneasy movement.

"Of course that was only a mental delusion, arising from my physical condition," he replied. "I had just fallen over a real precipice, you know. Oh, it's all very easily explained! But it was infernally unpleasant while it lasted."

"And is my part in it also easily explained?" she asked. "You can not say that it is. All that night I was praying for you,—praying that you might be spared long enough to repent of your sins and save your soul. And whenever I

paused from sheer exhaustion, something seemed saying to me, 'Keep on!—keep on!' And I kept on; and when morning came I felt that God had granted the extension of your life in answer to my prayers, and—and in consideration of what I offered for you. And I tell you now that you shall not cast away this life, and your soul with it, into the dark gulf from which I saved you."

He regarded her—the light shining in her eyes and illuminating her face—with a wonder which was again beyond his powers of expression.

"I'll be shot, if this isn't the most extraordinary thing!" he said. "I can't get over your *wanting* me to live, considering how my life embarrasses you—"

"It doesn't embarrass me in the least, I assure you."

"It does embarrass you, since you can't, as a Catholic, marry anybody else while I'm alive."

"I think I told you, when we spoke of this before, that I have no desire to marry anybody else."

"Well, in that case—" He paused for a minute, and appeared to hesitate. A struggle was apparently going on in his mind; for he opened his lips once or twice to speak, but closed them again without speaking. Then at last he said abruptly: "See here! I'm about to propose something which you'll think the limit of selfishness and audacity; but, since you've put yourself in such a position that you can't use the freedom the law has given you, and since you seem to feel an interest still—the Lord only knows why—in me and my affairs, I'm inclined to ask—only it seems too damnably selfish—"

Madeleine, whose pulses were beating in her throat as if they would suffocate her, heard her voice like something which was not her own, as she said faintly:

"Never mind that. What is it you wish to ask me?"

"Why, simply whether you'll be fool enough to marry me again," he blurted

out. "Brute as I've been to you, do me the justice to believe that I'd never have the audacity to ask such a thing if you were really free or even if you were like other women. I always knew you were not like them, but I never realized how unlike you are until now. When I try to fancy myself making such a proposal as I am making to you to any other woman I've ever known, I—really I can't express the impossibility of it. But something seems to tell me that the fact that I'm helpless, and never shall be anything else, that I'm miserable beyond expression, that I've a perfect devil of a temper raging within me and driving me to hurl myself out of life, will appeal to you more than if I could offer you everything that was mine when we met first."

"You are right," Madeleine told him, in the same low voice. "It appeals to me far more."

"Then" (his manner had now an almost pathetic eagerness) "will you consider it? I suppose" (he hesitated) "that the Catholic Church holds that, in spite of the divorce and my—er—marriage with some one else, we are still married?"

"Yes, the Catholic Church teaches that marriage once validly entered into can be dissolved only by death."

"And you've held death off from dissolving this marriage! Well, you must bear the penalty of your folly. I don't want to threaten—that's cowardly,—but the only way to finish your work is to take it in hand yourself. I can't face life, if I'm to face it alone, under these circumstances. You may be sure of that."

She was sure of it,—sure to the very depths of her sick soul; for, even if she had not known him so well—known him as no human being can know another except in the intimacy of marriage,—it would have been quite clear from his manner and expression. There was no longer any surface defiance visible in either, but a certain grim resolution which was not to be mistaken.

"Once more," he said, glancing at her

when, after a silence, she did not speak, "understand that I'm not urging this on you. Probably I'm a shameful cur to mention it at all; but it flashed on me, when you said that the Catholic Church admitted no grounds of divorce, that perhaps you might be willing to overlook the past sufficiently to come back and take charge of things and make life bearable for me. There's nothing else could make it even that; and—er—you know perhaps that the way is clear. I mean that the woman who held your place in the eyes of the world, has obtained a divorce from me. It's pretty bad," he added cynically, "to offer you a place that has been so deeply smirched, but you see I've no power now to offer you anything better; and, after all, *it's yours.*"

"Yes, it is mine," Madeleine said calmly. The pulses had by this time ceased beating suffocatingly in her throat, and strength "which equalled her desire" had come to her. With a gaze as gentle as it was grave, she met the eyes wistfully regarding her. "It is certainly mine," she repeated; "but I can not tell you now whether or not I will take it again. You must give me a little time for consideration, and—for other things."

"If that means to consult your friends, I can tell you what they will say."

"It does not mean to consult any friends of whom you are thinking. It means that I must seek direction where I sought help for you in your extremity. This is all I can say to you. And now it will be best that I should go."

As she rose from her seat, he put out his hand appealingly.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked. "When will you come back? You can't think worse of me than I think of myself to have asked such a sacrifice of you, but it means everything for me."

Then she answered him with a strange saying.

"Because it is a sacrifice, perhaps it means everything for me, too," she said.

(To be continued.)

"Auf Wiedersehen."

BY M. K.

OH, God be with you till we meet again,
Dear friend of mine; although I know not when
That day shall be! I trust that through the years
Your path may lead in smiling ways; may tears
Ne'er blind the eyes I love, though in the rain
The knowledge comes that joy is born of pain.
I wish for you the happiness you ask
Of Him each morn. I hope each daily task
Of yours shall be fulfilled as you desire;
That love may warm your heart in love's own fire.
I trust you find true friends; that enemies
May do no harm; and, dear! on bended knees
I pray that danger shuns the path you tread.
I want to feel that time has ever led
Your steps to all that's sweet and best in life.
And, heart of mine! in joy, in care, in strife,
My friend you are. Oh, sail the deepest sea,
Or climb the highest hill, the widest lea
Cross over: my love is yours,—'tis ever yours,
And it shall reach you e'en through locked doors.
O friend, dear friend! the parting time is near.
Your way is yonder way, and mine is here.
The Lord be with you till we meet again,—
In life, in death, dear one, *auf wiedersehen!*

The Irish in Canada.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONTINUED.)

IN Montreal, as in the ancient capital, since there was no Irish bishop, the pastor occupied a unique position—almost that of a high-priest or patriarch. In 1820, Father Richards, of the Seminary, assembled at the church of Bon Secours a handful of Irish Catholics, so small that, as an eye-witness quaintly relates, "they could be readily covered by a good-sized parlor carpet."

About the same time a young man set out from his native Kilkenny, where he was already highly esteemed as a student and teacher. Landing in Boston, he was kindly received by the celebrated Cardinal

de Cheverus, and sent to the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal, to make his theological studies. He was ordained there in 1825, and obtained permission from the Cardinal to enter the Sulpician Order, and to remain in Montreal and devote himself to the Irish Catholics, who by this time were beginning to increase in numbers. The ancient church of the Recollets was put at their disposal, and Father Phelan began that ministry which lasted for seventeen years. His influence was boundless, as was shown during the famous Lachine Canal riots, in which some of his flock were involved. The appearance of the pastor on the scene effectually quelled the disturbance as neither police nor military could have done. He was an ardent advocate of temperance, founding the first temperance society in Montreal. During the visitations of cholera, he was indefatigable in his attendance on the sufferers. To the inexpressible sorrow of his people, he left Montreal for Upper Canada, where the need of priests was sorely felt; and acted as Vicar General to the Bishop of Kingston, and as pastor of Bytown, since Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. A few years later he was called to the See of Regiopolis, or Kingston, where he did yeoman service in laying the foundations of a flourishing Catholicity.

In Montreal, besides those worshipping at the old church of the Recollets, there were a number of Irish Catholics who still assembled at Notre Dame an hour before the regular services; and these included the Irish soldiers of the British garrison. Nevertheless, the church of the Recollets had become too small to accommodate its worshippers. Not only was the edifice overcrowded, but on Sundays and holy-days the congregation extended out into Notre Dame Street and into Dollard Lane. Such a state of affairs could not continue; and, largely through the good offices of the Abbé Quiblier, superior of the Sulpician Seminary, ever a devoted friend to the Irish, land was purchased, blessed by the

Bishop, and marked by the planting of a large cross; and there was built the present church of St. Patrick. The ceremony of dedication, in March, 1847, synchronized with the celebration in honor of the patron Saint. There was High Mass and a grand procession; and Father Connolly, the first pastor, preached the sermon of the occasion.

This beloved priest remained at his post until 1860, when he passed into Massachusetts, and died there a few years later. On the occasion of his departure he was presented with an address. His reply thereto may be reproduced here, because of the reference which he made to that melancholy event which overshadowed some of the years of his ministry—the typhus fever plague of 1847:

"You make allusion to the painful scenes of the still too-well-remembered '47, and remind me that God has blessed my ministry. True, God has spared me to labor for a length of time amongst you. True, some of my labors in '47 were in the midst of disease and death. But in all trying circumstances the priest must be mindful of his duty; he must feel the important embassy committed to his charge; he must realize that he is the mediator between God and man, commissioned to 'bind and to loose'; that he must stand in the midst of danger, contagion, and death, to administer to the dying Christian his passport to the throne of God. Duty, strict duty, demands this from every priest. If I passed through the trying ordeals of '47, '49 and '54; if, for a period of six weeks or more, I prepared for death and consigned to the silent grave some fifty adult persons per day, I was but doing what every priest would be bound to do under similar circumstances. I was discharging my sacred duty. And if, of all the clergymen who labored from the beginning to the end of that dire visitation, I was the only survivor, it makes me tremble lest I alone should have been found unworthy of the reward to which they were called in the midst of their labors."

Other clergy in connection with St. Patrick's lost their lives during those same sad years, among them Fathers McInneirney and Morgan (both Irish); Father Dumerle, S. J., one of the five Jesuits who came from New York to fill the places of those who had fallen in the ranks; and the venerable Father Richards.

This devoted priest, the Sunday before his holy death, addressed the most touching words to the congregation of St. Patrick's, declaring that those poor exiles who filled the fever sheds of Point St. Charles were veritable martyrs in their saintlike patience and endurance of almost intolerable woes. As sketches of that disastrous time and its melancholy happenings have appeared on two occasions in these pages, it suffices to say that the Catholic clergy and Sisterhoods covered themselves with a mantle of heroism and glory; that bishop and priest stood shoulder to shoulder in the fetid and death-dealing atmosphere of the plague; that the French-Canadian clergy earned the undying gratitude of the Irish; and that the sufferers themselves, in the pathos of their exile, their misfortunes and their death, in their ardent faith and hope in the blessedness to come, will ever remain as bright exemplars in the history of the country.

It may be of interest to remark that of the Irish priests who devoted themselves to the service of the typhus patients in Quebec were two afterward well known in the United States: Dr. Nelligan, author of a valuable work on Rome, and other volumes; and Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, to whom were addressed the following lines by the poet of French Canada already quoted:

Amis, vous souvient-il de ce jeune levite
De ce noble Irlandais, de cette âme d'élite,
De Bernard O'Reilly. Jamais un Canadien
N'oubliera ce génie à l'ardente parole,
Qui brillait à nos yeux, de la double aureole
De prêtre Catholique et de grand citoyen.

Edward John Horan, afterward Bishop of Kingston, was another who, in those melancholy years, shone forth as a hero of duty. In the celebration attendant on

the erection of the monument at Grosse Isle, which took place in the summer of 1909, but one priestly survivor of that dismal epoch appeared there — Father Hugh McQuirk, — who had come from New Brunswick for the purpose.

To return to Montreal. No sketch of the Irish in Canada would be complete without some reference to the commanding personality, the extraordinary administrative abilities, the piety and devotedness of the Rev. Patrick Dowd. This priest, who exerted so remarkable an influence over his parishioners and was held in such exalted estimation by the community at large, was born in Louth, Ireland, in 1813; made his classical course at Newry, proceeded to the Irish College in Paris to complete his theological studies, and was ordained in that city by Archbishop Quélen in 1837. He spent the ten following years in his native country, being part of the time in Armagh, where he acted for one year as president of the diocesan seminary. In 1847 he entered the Sulpician Order in Paris. When the Abbé Quiblier, of the Seminary in Montreal, applied for Irish priests, Father Dowd was sent thither, being accompanied by Father McCullagh and a scarcely less remarkable cleric than himself, the eloquent and learned Father O'Brien, who was identified with St. Patrick's and with the Irish of Montreal till his death.

What Father Dowd did for the flock which acknowledged his spiritual sway can scarcely be overestimated. He was the centre of their life; to him they appealed in every circumstance, and over them he exercised an unbounded influence. To give but one slight example. A run upon a local bank, owing to disquieting rumors, menaced the very existence of the institution. It was surrounded by a threatening multitude. In their desperation, some of the directors thought of Father Dowd. He was easily able to quiet the disturbance, and to disperse the agitators by a few words, — which, however, were not spoken until

he had examined the books, and, with the wonderful business acumen for which he was remarkable, satisfied himself that the fears of the people were unfounded.

He headed an Irish Catholic pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, which was threatened with shipwreck, and was so long upon the ocean as to excite the gravest apprehensions in Montreal. It is a noteworthy fact that, during that time of suspense, prayers for the safe return of the travellers were offered not only in the Catholic but also in the Protestant churches.

Through humility, Father Dowd twice refused a bishopric, though on one occasion the Bulls were actually made out. Unbounded in his hospitality to prelates and brother priests, his name was widely known from one end of the continent to the other. In 1866, when there was question of the dismemberment of the parishes, his quick and observant eye saw that St. Patrick's and other parishes might suffer, and he promptly petitioned the Holy See, and obtained the confirmation of the original rights and privileges of Irish Catholics. He laid the foundations of those flourishing schools, the orphan asylum, Home for the Aged, and other charitable works which are the glory of St. Patrick's.

Perhaps nothing could give a better idea of the unique position which he occupied in Montreal than the demonstration on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, which happily coincided with that of a brother clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Toupin, who, though French-Canadian by birth and in speech, became by his long ministry at St. Patrick's, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Not only was this auspicious anniversary honored by the congregation, the various societies, religious, charitable, or national, and by numerous personal friends, but deputations were sent and addresses presented by the Mayor and Municipal Council, by the Provincial and Federal Parliaments,—the latter sending as its representative the Minister of Justice, the

late Sir John Thompson. There was a public reception, with music, the recitation of poems composed for the occasion; and old friends gathered about the two venerable priests with interchange of memories and the warmest of congratulations. A touching circumstance was the reception by Senator Murphy of the two letters, which may be given here, to show the good feeling which it had been his care to maintain with all sections of the community. They were, respectively, from the Rev. Gavin Lang, a Presbyterian minister of Inverness, Scotland, late of Montreal; and the Rev. W. Barnes, Unitarian, pastor of the Church of the Messiah:

DEAR SIR:—I see in a recently received Montreal paper the announcement of an impending celebration in honor of the Jubilee in the ministry of my old friend and neighbor, Father Dowd, of St. Patrick's Church. . . . Though no longer residing in Montreal, I feel a strong desire to offer to the venerable priest my tribute of respect and best wishes for continued usefulness. . . .

Even the slightest reference to the name of good Father Dowd brings up many and various memories. I had occasion more than once to ask his advice upon public questions, and was always received with the most pleasing courtesy. I well remember the time of intense anxiety during the perilous and, as it was supposed, disastrous voyage which he made many years ago *en route* to Rome; and the relief we—all Montreal and Canada—felt when the news came that the travellers in the ship had been spoken at sea, and that no worse fate had befallen them than the breaking of a shaft. Very thoughtfully, the *Star* sent me a communication of the welcome tidings, to St. Andrew's Church, during service; and, it being handed to me in the pulpit, we joined in giving thanks then and there to Almighty God for His merciful preservation of our fellow-citizens. Nor do I forget the season of suspense caused by an illness through which Father Dowd

passed; and I have the most grateful recollection of the kindly things which he said when I left Montreal for Scotland.

You will have many gatherings round Father Dowd at the Jubilee celebration, to render in person their desire for his prolonged life and happiness. I will be with them and of them in heart and spirit. Even before then, will you give him my kindest regards? And, with the same to yourself, believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

GAVIN LANG.

MY DEAR SIR:—I trust that it will not be intrusive on my part if I take the freedom of conveying to you, and, by your kindness, to the Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin, whose Jubilee of priestly service will be so justly celebrated to-morrow, the assurance of my personal interest in so beautiful an occasion. I have not the honor of an acquaintance with either of the reverend gentlemen; nevertheless, in view of the cordial relations which formerly existed between the Rev. Dr. Cordner [his predecessor] and your honored pastor, and also in view of the fact that many years ago, in time of trouble, the Church of the Messiah found a generous friend in Father Dowd—who, I beg to add, is known to me, as to all our citizens for his noble character and work,—I can not resist the impulse to join by these words in the general tribute of the morrow.

Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin have rendered eminent service to the cause of religion and the well-being of the city; and I, for my own part, am glad to share in the common expression of respectful appreciation. I congratulate you all that they have reached so honorable a period of clerical usefulness, and most sincerely hope that they may be long spared in health and happiness.

My personal esteem for yourself justifies me in addressing you these familiar words, and in remaining, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. BARNES.

That good understanding with those outside the Church had long existed. On the departure from Montreal of the first-named clergyman, the Irish Catholics had presented him with an address and a gift; and had done the same on the elevation to the episcopate and farewell to the city of that eloquent preacher and devoted friend of Ireland, the late Bishop Carmichael, of the Anglican communion.

Father Dowd was succeeded in the pastorate of St. Patrick's by that much beloved and notable ecclesiastic, the Rev. Father Quinlivan, who was all too soon called from the scene of such fruitful labor. He was followed by a member of that truly Levitical family, the Callaghans, who, in a long term of connection with the church, endeared themselves to the congregation. Father Martin, who thus assumed the pastorate, became known as the convert-maker, so remarkable a number of persons did he bring into the Church. His brother, Dr. Luke Callaghan, is a canon of St. James' Cathedral; while Father James, famed for his eloquence, died at St. Patrick's. To Father Martin Callaghan, who resigned and retired to St. Sulpice, succeeded the Rev. Gerald McShane, a nephew of the former popular representative for Montreal, the Hon. James McShane; he has already added embellishments and improvements to the beautiful Gothic church. During the memorable week of the Eucharistic Congress, it was the scene of many and notable religious celebrations, which proved that it still remained the centre and focus of the Irish Catholicity in Montreal; though there are now in that city seven churches presided over, with one exception, by Irish pastors, and filled for the most part by Irish congregations. It may be of interest to mention that the second Irish church—St. Ann's, now in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers,—was at one time governed by the Rev. Michael O'Farrell, the eminent preacher, who afterward became pastor of old St. Peter's

in Barclay Street, New York, and Bishop of Trenton.

As early as 1803, Talbot de Malahyde, of the Irish branch of an ancient baronial family, secured an immense tract of country in that part of Western Ontario known as the "Paradise of the Hurons," and brought thither a large contingent of his countrymen; beginning there a settlement on the same lines as that which, as shall be seen, was afterward attempted by the Scottish Earl of Selkirk. This settlement was followed by another, when one Peter Robinson brought out about 2000 men and placed them on the banks of the Olanatee, near Peterborough. Irish Presbyterians, too, after the treaty of 1763, settled near Windsor and London-derry; so that Hibernia had its full share in the colonization of what was then Upper Canada. When Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, visited the Upper St. Lawrence in 1816, he found there some seventy-five Irish families. Priests were few, and churches at rare intervals; for when Bishop McDonnell, the apostle of all that region, settled at Glengarry in 1803, he found only three churches and as many priests in the whole province. He set to work to remedy that state of affairs, especially after he became Vicar Apostolic, and later Bishop of Regiopolis, or Kingston. Indeed, Kingston can claim four bishops of the Celtic race. Its third, fourth, fifth and sixth were, respectively, Patrick Phelan, Edward John Horan, John O'Brien, and James Vincent Cleary,—the latter, who was its first Archbishop, being a son of old Maynooth.

From Kingston sprang those other centres wherein the Irish have been the chief factors in building up the Church and in contributing their full quota to the prosperity and well-being of the State. Thus Toronto's first Bishop was an Irishman, the Rt. Rev. Michael Power, who, after a brief episcopate of five years, died a martyr to duty while attending the plague-stricken sufferers of '47. After the ten years' administration of the

saintly Bishop de Charbonnel came another Irishman, Bishop Lynch, whose name and fame as an eminent churchman and influential citizen still remain in all that region.

John Joseph Lynch was born at Clowes, Co. Monaghan, Ireland, and made his preliminary studies at Castleknock with the Lazarists, which community he later joined in Paris, being desirous of devoting himself to Foreign Missions. He was sent to Texas, and labored for some years in the Southerly missions; later being made president of a college in Missouri, which was a stepping-stone to his future career as founder and first president of the College of the Holy Angels, overlooking the majestic Falls of Niagara, and standing a monument to his name, and a nursery for the priesthood of the country. Called to the See of Toronto, he seized upon the reins of government with his customary vigor, having an Argus eye for the interests of Catholicity. These were stirring times, when bigotry was rampant, and the celebrated George Brown was using all his batteries, journalistic and political, in the anti-Popery cause. But he found in Bishop Lynch a doughty champion of the truth, whether in speech, in act, or in writing.

That rapidly growing and influential See had, too, as its successive rulers, Irishmen or men of Irish descent,—the courtly, the polished, the eloquent Archbishop Walsh succeeding the last named; and he in turn being followed by the learned and pious Basilian, Denis O'Connor, who, after some years of highly successful rule, laid down the burden of the episcopate and returned to the safe shelter of religious life. The present incumbent, the Most Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, has fairly exhausted himself in progressive and enlightened schemes for the advancement of the interests of the Church and the uplift of his people, who are largely of the Celtic race.

There, in the very centre of a hostile population, in the teeth of those faction-

ists who for so many years have striven to keep alive on the peaceful soil of Canada the hateful memories of the "black North," have grown up a splendid cathedral, numberless churches, educational and religious institutes; one of the former, St. Michael's, Basilian College, having already celebrated its Golden Jubilee of usefulness. An Irish Catholic, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, who has been honored by the Holy Father with the title of Private Chamberlain, has amongst his other numerous and continual benefactions made the princely donation of funds for a seminary for candidates to the priesthood; which splendid pile, crowning Scarborough Heights, in all the years to come will preserve his name, and repeat the oft-told story of the services of Irishmen to the cause of truth.

Toronto is likewise the centre of a great work, which has just been specially blessed, placed on a permanent basis, and encouraged by the warmest commendation of the Holy Father. The reference is to the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, a branch of that which has already done such magnificent work in the United States. Its president and prime mover is an Irishman, at least by descent—the Very Rev. A. E. Burke, D. D., I. L. D.; though it must be admitted that it is Prince Edward Island, the fostering place of many another distinguished Irishman, and *not* Toronto, which can claim the credit of Father Burke. He has all the verve and initiative of his race, their sanguine hopefulness, their courage, and their zeal. Purchasing the existing Catholic paper, the *Catholic Register*, he has made it not only the organ of the Extension Society, but the chief mouthpiece of Catholicity in Western Canada. Associated with him on the editorial staff, or as contributors, are many of the foremost Catholic litterateurs of the Dominion; and the Irish folk amongst them include such names as the Rev. Hugh Canning, the Rev. Dr. Roche, the Rev. J. P. Treacy, Thomas

O'Hagan, and Father Dollard. Thomas O'Hagan has but recently left Canada, where he had for so many years enriched its literature with brilliant essays and admirable lectures, and done yeoman service in the cause of education. In assuming the editorship of the *New World*, of Chicago, left vacant by the death of the lamented Charles O'Malley, he has found a new scope for his useful labors.

Amongst other Irish-Canadian litterateurs, past or present, may be mentioned Dr. J. K. Foran, who, as editor of the *True Witness*, raised the standard of that popular Catholic weekly, which, once more through Irish enterprise, has lately taken on a new name and a new dress, to be known henceforward as the *Montreal Tribune*. As a lecturer on historical or religious subjects, Dr. Foran has few equals.

Another Celt who has engraved his name forever in the hearts of the people, chiefly by his "Habitant" poems, which treat, in so true, so sympathetic, so characteristic a fashion, of the people of the sister race, is Dr. J. T. Drummond. Too early he heard the final call, and laid down the pen when in the very summit of his fame. Though not a Catholic, Dr. Drummond was the tolerant, kindly, true-hearted friend of his fellow-countrymen of the Catholic Faith, by whom he was exceedingly beloved.

That charming and versatile writer who, under her pseudonym "Françoise," received recognition beyond the seas as well as in her own land, was on her father's side Irish, being the daughter of an Irish lawyer—John Barry. Though conversant with the English language, "Françoise" wrote almost exclusively in French, publishing delightful sketches of the French-Canadian villagers, editing a column in *La Patrie*, and contributing to some of the leading French journals. Gay, spirituelle, and attractive in manner as in her writings, her premature death was deeply deplored not only by a wide circle of friends, but by all who are interested

in the development of Canadian literature.

Another gifted woman writer who belongs to the past was also an Irish-woman of the most pronounced Celtic sympathies—Mrs. Leprohon, who in her maiden days was Susanna Mullins, and who wrote the first novels by a woman which appeared in the English language in Canada. Her best-known books, "Armand Durand" and "Antoinette de Mirecourt," deal with Canadian life, and were published about the time when the writer's mother, the late Mrs. James Sadlier, was producing her novels of Irish and Irish-American life. Some of the latter's early literary work was done in Canada, where she lived for a time, when her husband, the late James Sadlier, had come to Montreal to establish an agency of the New York firm.

A singer of sweet songs and a writer of charming prose articles is Miss B. Guérin, sister of the Hon. James Guérin, the present Mayor of Montreal, who represented that city in the Provincial Parliament, and who during the Eucharistic Congress so ably did the honors of the Queen City of the North, proving himself in all respects well qualified to fill his present onerous position. Miss Guérin is also a sister of Judge Edmund Guérin, of the Superior Court.

There are many more Canadians of Irish descent scattered through this broad Dominion, doing literary or journalistic work, but it would be impossible to recall them all in this article, which is merely indicative, and can in no wise claim to be an exhaustive résumé of the subject.

(To be continued.)

The Cloud.

BY T. E. BURKE.

ART thou the thought-wrapt pilgrim of some dream,

Treading the silver sands all silently?

Or art thou what to love-deep eyes doth seem

The Master moving on the sleeping sea?

A Piece of Good News.

BY RÉNE BAZIN.*

MARIE had come in first, then Jeanne, then Cécile. In the little flat which they occupied—a kitchen, dining-room, three bedrooms connected by a passageway—you could hear at the same hour every night the same kisses, as well as the same words said by the sisters and repeated by the mother:

"Well, mamma darling! You are not all tired out?"

"You have not worked too hard, my pets? Sure? Now you are going to rest, aren't you?"

"Isn't it nice to be together again?"

Sometimes the mother added:

"Have they paid you?"

Marie, the eldest, was a tall blonde, elegantly and strongly built; cold and reserved with strangers, but gentle and tender in the home, where smiles were not misconstrued, where there was no part to play, equality was established, and the family reunited. As she had her diploma, she taught French in all parts of the town. She went about all day, never showing the least fatigue in her appearance, which was one of blooming youth.

The second, Jeanne, frailer, more smiling, more supple, more sensitive to a word or a look of praise, gave piano lessons. She suffered from long periods of anæmia, alternating with intervals of superabundant strength. Last year they had to send her to the seashore, and it took the savings of the whole family to do this. She was the only one who had to take care of herself.

Cécile, the youngest of the sisters—the one they called "Tot," and who had neither beauty nor color, nor feminine charm,—was a child of eighteen, who had just taken her examination for the

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by H. B. Churchill.

brevel supérieur. She never complained, never stopped working, never seemed haunted by the dream of any other life than the one she was leading; and this was explained by the fact that, having been the latest born, she was too young at the time of her father's death to realize the meaning of the business failure and the change in their circumstances.

Night fell,—the slow-coming night of late spring, when the windows opening on the street admit until far into the evening a little daylight, a little dust, a little soft warmth. Cécile had just come in. She took off her hat and laid it on her bed, carefully folding the little veil in four, when Marie, who had just kissed her sister and was looking at her in the half light, exclaimed:

"Something has happened!"

The mother, passing by in the corridor, with the soup and a dish of meat she had prepared, said without stopping:

"Yes, there is a piece of news,—something important."

The mother was really the chamber-maid and household cook,—a faded, worn-out woman, embittered by ill fortune, and by anxiety for the daily bread, and incapable of seeing anything beyond that. She sat down at table and continued:

"I have to inform you, my children, that Cécile has been asked as governess by a family living in a castle."

Marie and Jeanne were straightening the tablecloth with slow and deliberate movements, as though engaged in a work of art,—changing the place of a bottle here, and a saltcellar there, and two dishes of fruit. They leaned forward, and the light from the hanging lamp fell on their red aprons.

"Governess?" exclaimed Jeanne.

"In a castle?" added Marie.

"Yes, and a great one too. She will have a bedroom, with a dressing-room attached, in a tower over the nursery; permission to dine in the dining-room even when there are guests; two hours a day for reading; the promise of being

taken on frequent excursions; and the privilege of seeing us once a month, on Sundays. The dear child!"

"How far is it, mother?"

"Fifteen leagues."

"How many children to teach?"

"Only one, aged thirteen years. Cécile is eighteen. That will do nicely. She has been out this afternoon trying to get her diploma from the administration.—What have you found out, darling?"

"Not for six months yet, mother; and I shall be lucky if I get it even then."

"Luck! We never had any until now. I have not told you, children, that I obtained fifteen hundred francs for Cécile. She would never have dared ask so much, but I did. I said: 'Madam, there are teachers and teachers. A young girl who stands as mine does deserves a reasonable salary.'"

She related the whole incident in every particular, as she helped the children at table. Marie and Jeanne were not looking at her, but they stared with intense anxiety and trouble at Cécile, who was nodding her little brown head—"Yes, that is so, and that too,"—and who, very pale, was scrutinizing the faces of her sisters, as though to read what they thought of it all. Was it really a good thing? Ought she to be glad? *Was it a piece of luck?*

Jeanne calculated that the sum promised was equivalent to the pay for seven hundred and fifty half-hours at the piano, at two francs a half-hour. She reflected that Cécile would have no expenses except for clothes; and had not each of them bought, just two weeks ago, a dress and hat for the summer?

"It is magnificent!" said she.

"As for me," added Marie, always the second to speak, but whose opinions were more deferred to than those of the others, "what attracts me most is that you will have only one child to deal with, and that you will have her all the time, so that you will know her and take her mother's place. With lessons given here and there, no matter how often, the influence is

always interfered with. You can't make the pupils love you. I have suffered more than once, morally, from the perpetual coming and going."

"And I have suffered physically," said Jeanne. "I have borne such fatigue as I am sure Cécile never could withstand. Then there will be the change of scene. Mamma, you have not said when she is to go?"

"We shall know in a few days. I expect a letter. They must have time to dismiss the present governess and to prepare the child for the reception of Cécile."

Cécile, with her eyes dull and heavy from anxiety, decided that she ought to rejoice. She became very gay, and began to make plans, also little witticisms.

Even after dinner was over the piece of good news continued to dominate the hour. The mother cleared the table; and, as she passed from one room to another, was surprised to notice that her daughters were less silent than usual. Marie, Jeanne and Cécile, having only the evening in which to do their mending, were sewing, gathered together under the lamp. The two oldest discussed the difficulties of their profession; not as though complaining, but with a fine spirit, and as though the better to establish their sister in hope and joy.

Nevertheless, just at the end, when they rose, the silence of the deserted streets allowing the rustling of their garments to be heard, Marie suddenly awoke to the fact of the departure which was imminent. As she kissed her mother good-night, she could just see her sister half hidden by the darkness. She thought:

"In four days she will leave us for years!"

And that thought, against which she had fought for several hours, for fear of the suffering it would give her and the others, took complete possession of her. Marie brushed the tears from her eyes.

The next morning, on awaking, she said to herself, as though it had been discovered during the night:

"What if this piece of news is a mis-

fortune? If one of the three leaves, the home is spoiled!"

Toward evening, Cécile having again opened the subject of conversation of the day before, Jeanne let fall such words as "castle," "liberty," "excursions," as if she did not believe in their existence.

The third day Marie, who had waked and risen very early in order to hear Mass before beginning her lessons, had scarcely been on her knees two minutes in the church, when she heard a familiar footfall on the pavement behind her.

"Oh," she thought to herself, "it is Jeanne! She is suffering too!"

It was, in fact, Jeanne who passed, and shortly after Cécile appeared.

Finally the fourth day dawned. Marie and Jeanne had stayed later than usual, in order to see if the postman brought a letter. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Suddenly the bell rang. The mother said:

"It has come!"

As excited as when she had first learned of her daughter's opportunity, she opened the door and took in the letter. The children, silent and pale, awaited the reading. Instantly the mother cried out:

"Always unlucky! The governess they have is going to stay!"

She was about to complain again and to read the letter aloud, but her three daughters had fallen on one another's neck and were hugging and kissing as though they were crazy. They laughed, they cried; and their cheeks, to which the color had come back, were wet with tears. Then Marie said:

"Oh, what happiness!"

Jeanne replied:

"If Cécile had gone I should have died!"

In her turn Cécile declared:

"I had decided to refuse the offer."

The three had pronounced their life's decision:

"We will never separate!"

And all day, whenever they thought of it, they cried for joy, because they had discovered the secret of how to be happy, though poor.

About a Vexed Question.

WHILE a goodly number of our Catholic publicists now recognize both the advisability and the feasibility of the State's bearing its share of the expense attached to the purely secular portion of the education of our Catholic children, many of them apparently believe that the only practicable plan would be for the State to take over our present parochial schools, placing them and their teachers on the same footing as the public schools and *their* teachers. And it is pointed out that, economically, such action would not diminish, if indeed it did not increase, the burden of educational taxation now borne by Catholics. "If the State took over our schools, and paid the same salaries to our teachers as the public-school teachers receive, the expense of the whole system would be so greatly increased that all the citizens would be taxed at a far higher rate than at present. This would affect Catholics even if we deducted the cost to which they are at present put by supporting the parish-school system."

But, surely, this plan, of the State's taking over our schools and paying our teachers the same salaries that the public schoolteachers receive, does not exhaust the possibilities of an equitable solution of the problem. As the case stands at present, Catholics support their own schools entirely, and partially support the public schools as well. Would it be altogether impracticable to have the State reimburse us for the expense incurred in the conducting of our schools on the basis of their actual cost?

That cost is admittedly very much less than that of the corresponding public school, and so the State would be getting a good bargain. And, provided State inspectors found the secular instruction given to our children up to the standard required in the public schools—as it uniformly is,—the State might well leave the actual government of our schools in the

hands of those who now conduct them. Even if our religious teachers received no higher salaries than at present, some portion at least of the oppressive burden of double taxation would be removed from the shoulders of our Catholic people. And, pending the reception of a whole loaf, a half one is not to be despised.

It is a discouraging fact, and perhaps the greatest present obstacle to the settlement of the School Question, that Catholics themselves are not united as to how this should be done. They take different views of what is due them and of the means to be employed in obtaining their rights. Some do not even seem to realize just what these are. Until there is concert of action on our part we can not hope to influence outsiders. The advice given by Dr. Brownson many years ago is worth repeating. The first step to be taken, he declared, is to effect the union of the entire body of Catholics on the question of the public schools. "A great wrong is done us as Catholics and citizens, and we must unite—combine, if you will—and act with an eye single to its redress. If we do this and labor perseveringly with the earnestness and zeal the greatness of the end demands, we shall in time gain our rights, and induce the majority so to amend the public-school system that all classes of citizens can cheerfully support it and share in its benefits. We demand only our rights; we have no wish to interfere with the rights of others or to destroy or to impair the efficiency of the public-school system properly worked. We accept cordially the essential principle of the system,—that is, the support of public schools for all the children of the land at the public expense or by a tax levied equally upon all citizens. We ask only that we may have the portion of the fund which we contribute to use in the support of schools under our management, and in which we can teach our religion and make it the basis of the education we give our own children."

Notes and Remarks.

The lamentable lack of union in religious doctrine and practice so frequently noted in the Church of England was strikingly in evidence on Good Friday last in London. In one quarter of that city there was a reverent procession, in which the cross was publicly carried before the Anglican clergy and the bishops of London and Kensington, as an open profession of faith in Christ and an act of solemn supplication for London and the nation at large. In another part of the city, at a church under the jurisdiction of the same bishop of London, an attempt was made to carry out the ceremony of the Veneration of the Cross. And we read:

When the members of the choir were about to kiss the unveiled crucifix, Mr. Kensit, who was accompanied by Wycliffe preachers, rushed to the front of the chancel and shouted, "This idolatry in the Church of England must cease!" Alarm, indignation, and serious scuffling followed. Amidst cries of "Shame," "Sacrilege," and "Idolatry," blows were exchanged in the central aisle of the church. One chorister, being seized by the throat, was almost suffocated. Several had their surplices torn. The cross on the "altar" was snatched from its socket and was broken in the struggle between the contending parties. A clergyman who had been endeavoring to protect it was carried off his feet and fell to the ground. Only after the police had arrived on the scene in response to an urgent summons did the fighting, shouting, and screaming cease.

Is it any wonder that Anglicans in constantly increasing numbers are leaving the "City of Confusion" and flocking to the old Church, whose faith and practice are one, not merely in the same city, but in all the cities and towns and hamlets of the whole world?

Illustrating the manifold ways in which converts are won to the Church, and how great may be the influence of the most obscure Catholic who faithfully practises his religion, the editor of *St. Peter's Net* tells of a learned jurist in Washington who became a convert through hearing

the Preface sung at a High Mass which he happened to attend. Another gentleman in the same city became so indignant at the abuse heaped upon the Church, of which his wife was a member, by a Presbyterian minister, that he seized his hat, left the church in disgust, and some time afterward became a Catholic himself. A young lawyer in Ohio was converted by a discussion between an overzealous Protestant and a Catholic overheard in a railway train. A candidate for the Protestant ministry in Baltimore bought by mistake a Catholic book at a second-hand bookstore, and through its instrumentality joined the Church. A priest, on a missionary journey in Indiana, sought lodgings for the night at a house in which a woman lay dying, praying God to enlighten her as to the true religion in the midst of so many conflicting sects; and before morning she died in peace of soul, a member of the True Faith. One of our best known American priests was in his boyhood converted by reading a scrap from a Catholic paper. The Faith came to the village of Newton, N. C., by a doctor's reading a sermon of Archbishop Hughes in a newspaper that came wrapped around some goods; the doctor not only himself became a Catholic, but was the means of converting the entire village. But by far the most fruitful source of conversions is the good example of humble Catholics. To live up to our holy religion is to propagate it, as is proved by innumerable instances.

The "Ne Temere" decree about mixed marriages, having been exploited over in Ireland for electioneering purposes, has now set the Canadian pot of bigotry boiling. Ontario, as was natural, began the protest against a "foreign power's" interference with the State's legislation concerning the marriage compact or contract; New Brunswick followed suit, and British Columbia has also joined in the hue and cry. The Rev. Lashley Hall, of this last-mentioned Province, recently

exposed his ignorance of the real import of the decree in the *Daily Province*; and the *Vancouver Western Catholic* gives him a little information which he should have secured before writing about the matter at all:

Let it be distinctly understood that the Catholic Church does not claim the power to change the civil law of marriage. Hence her laws and regulations do not override those of the State so far as the civil effects of a marriage ceremony is concerned. A marriage regularly entered upon under the civil law is civilly binding on the parties, even though by the ecclesiastical law the celebration should have been irregular and null. A divorced Catholic, for instance, who, in defiance of the divine law, presumed to enter into a new marriage alliance while his first partner was living, might secure a license and enter into a new civil contract in presence of a magistrate, or of the Rev. Mr. Hall himself. In this case the Church would not dispute the binding legal effect of this union; but, nevertheless, she would judge it canonically null and void.

When *will* the average Protestant clergyman endeavor to get the Catholic interpretation of Catholic doctrines, decrees, encyclical letters, and the like, before impetuously bounding into the argumentative arena to do battle with an opponent that has no existence save in the shadowy folds of his own distorted imagination!

A timely contribution to the *Catholic World* is Mr. W. H. Sheran's paper, "Newman's Devotion to Our Lady." "One characteristic," says this writer, "of the remarkable man, John Henry Newman, to whom English Catholicism and English letters owe so much, is the warm devotion invariably shown, through his long life, toward the Blessed Virgin. From the beginning of his conversion he took kindly to such Catholic prayers and customs as cluster round the shrine of Mary. He was proud to be enrolled among her most devoted children. In his letters, sermons and public addresses, covering a period of more than forty years, he refers time and again to the Virgin Mother and pays to her the homage of

a devoted heart; her name is charmingly associated with that of the blessed St. Philip Neri, whenever he would invoke a favor upon the little community at Egbaston. 'The Fathers of the Oratory,' said Dr. Ryder, who was one of them, 'often heard their dear Cardinal recite for their delight and edification the glories of Mary.'"

Commenting on the fact that, together with a most gentle and amicable nature, Newman possessed in later years the sweet serenity of soul which he admires so much in Mary, Mr. Sheran quotes from the Cardinal's book of meditations this typical utterance:

The storm does not last always; darkness does not always overspread the earth. The hour of adversity passes away. To the most bitter winter succeeds a cheerful spring. After the most fearful tempest comes a most restful and gentle calm. If now thou pinest in the prison of the flesh, beset and tormented with many afflictions, look up to Mary, the Mother of peace and consolation. Ask from her the peace that this world can not give,—the blessed peace given first to her by our Divine Lord, and afterward to His Apostles,—the peace which she has so often sent down from heaven to wounded human hearts.

We wonder whether it ever occurs to the downright Low Church English Protestant who still talks about Mariolatry that there is possibly something to be said for a devotion to which so unique an intelligence as Newman's gave whole-hearted adhesion.

Commenting on the year-book issued by the Hospitalières Sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu, Quebec, *l'Action Sociale* of that city declares: "There is one truth which we must never tire of reiterating, since the public are constantly prone to forget it,—it is that the Hospital does not pay expenses, and that the Sisters are obliged to make up from their personal resources an annual deficit. Sixteen hundred and fifty-two indigent patients were gratuitously lodged, treated, fed, and often enough clothed by the Hospitalières during the past twelve months. We know

how large a sum that represents; and it is a sum that is due in honor from the city, which pays nothing for these patients, of whom by good rights it should take charge."

To some extent, the foregoing facts and the inference drawn therefrom are true of all Catholic hospitals in all cities. Even when a nominal sum is paid by municipal authorities for indigent patients, it rarely bears any equivalent proportion to the service rendered and the expense incurred. 'Tis well that the Sisters work primarily for charity.

In the course of an earnest address delivered at the annual meeting of the promoters of the International Catholic Truth Society, its president, the Rev. Dr. McGinnis, of Brooklyn, touched upon the importance of placing racks filled with Catholic booklets and pamphlets in the vestibules of churches for the benefit of inquiring outsiders or of Catholics themselves having special need for such literature; and he instanced a number of cases in which the reading produced most gratifying results. Writing on the same subject, the editor of the *Missionary* says:

Who can tell the good that has been done through the Question Box in the last decade of years? It has stimulated a knowledge of Catholic teachings, it has dissipated a cloud of ignorance from the minds of non-Catholics, it has softened antagonisms to the Church in the minds of her enemies, and it has done more than any one thing to push the Church forward to the advanced position she now occupies in this country. The whole reason for it is simply: the Church has become better known....

On these same lines, and supplementary to the living voice that answers through the Question Box, is the speaking page of the useful pamphlet. There are still some who will come only to the door of the church; there are others who want to take home an explanation of Catholic doctrines, that they may think it all over. For this large class of people, the book-rack at the church door becomes an invaluable auxiliary. If it could be brought about that every church in the country could be supplied with a generous book-rack, that is kept constantly filled with the best pamphlets of the

Catholic Truth Society, and attention constantly drawn to these valuable documents, and the Catholic people urged not only to read themselves but to put them into the hands of non-Catholics, so that the entire land may be flooded with Catholic literature, who can estimate the good that would be done, and the mighty forward impulse the Church would receive?... What a good thing, then, if in every diocese there were instituted a Catholic Truth Society Committee whose principal work would be to see that every church in the diocese was equipped with book-racks?...

Reviewing at length a new work on "Marriage and Divorce," by Cecil Chapman, a metropolitan magistrate, who contends that divorce should be made much easier and much more accessible than it is now—that difficulty in gaining divorce encourages immorality,—a writer in the *London Academy* remarks:

If he is speaking as a Christian, then the remarriage of a divorced person is against the Christian law, and is, therefore, profoundly immoral, since immorality is nothing more or less than an offence against the rule of religion. So the result of Mr. Chapman's license would be to substitute for the immorality of adultery the immorality of adultery *plus* the immorality of profaning a sacrament of the Church by a bigamous remarriage. One hardly sees reason in disturbing the law of the Church for so small a gain as this. If, on the other hand, the Christian Church be dismissed from the case, and it is merely a matter of Mr. Chapman saying, "What I like is moral" and "What I disapprove of is immoral,"—well, it is extremely interesting and pleasant to hear Mr. Chapman's views on the matter; but one would like to know who has made him a defining authority on the subject of morals. As he must be aware, if we once set the Christian ethic to one side, morals become a mere matter of taste and climate and period.... Speaking with an authority the sources of which are to me at least obscure, he says it is not immoral to divorce one's wife and marry another woman, while it is (apparently) immoral for a married man to have a mistress. And I really can not see that Mr. Chapman's opinion matters in the least....

The fact is, of course, that the author of "Marriage and Divorce" thinks that he has made out a strong, an irresistible, case for the "reform" (as he would call it) of the marriage laws of the Church, because he proves without any difficulty that these laws are attended in many cases by

great hardships. But he should have remembered, as a lawyer, that hard cases make bad law. You can take any law on the statute-book and show that in certain cases its enforcement must be attended by well-nigh intolerable hardships; but it has always been held that this fact is no argument for the repeal of the law in question, though it may afford good reason for treating this or that offender with a wise leniency. . . . So the marriage law of the Church, in so far as it makes for hard cases, is perfectly congruous with the rest of the Church's discipline. We readily allow, of course, that not only in the matter of marriage, but in many other matters—nay, in all matters,—we fall very far short of the ideal placed before us. We confess that we must not steal from our brother, or defraud him, or go beyond him in any way—and some of us are burglars, and some of us are company-promoters, and some of us know how to frame a prospectus so as to rob our brother with security and dispatch. Still, in spite of all these divagations, we have not yet had the gross indecency to demand the erasure of the Eighth Commandment and the laws against theft and swindling, on the ground that these regulations are "counsels of perfection." We are vile sinners, and we know that we are vile sinners; but we have not yet fallen to that dark depth which denies the existence of sin.

Mr. Chapman's arguments are so weak that the wonder is how a metropolitan magistrate could ever have advanced them. Evidently, he does not mean by immorality what most other people mean; and perhaps his definition of "reform" also would differ from that of the dictionaries. Whatever Mr. Chapman may be as a magistrate, as a writer, he is certainly very much muddled.

It is one of the commonplaces of Catholic pulpit and press during the Lenten season that the notably severe oldtime discipline of the Church in the matter of fasting has been so modified in our day that the Lent of our grandfathers is scarcely recognizable in that of their multifariously dispensed descendants. Nevertheless, a very considerable number of Catholics do fast, and we presume that the number would be multiplied many fold if Rome were to adopt the fasting régime

which a Mr. Basil Levett suggests in an English Ritualistic paper, the *Church Times*. Says this liberal exponent of penitential ideas:

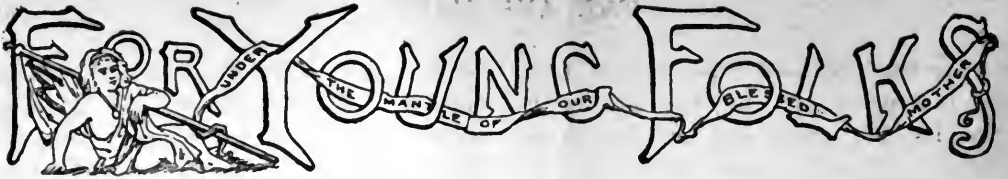
I may as well give a practical illustration of what I mean by fasting. The following specimen diet for a fast-day meets, I venture to suggest, both the Church's requirements as well as the most recent scientific requirements. Breakfast: plenty of brown bread and butter, oatmeal porridge, milk, tea or coffee, and a banana. Midday: plenty of macaroni, or rice, or their allies, roasted potatoes, spinach, brown bread and butter, roasted apples or dried figs; tea, if required. Evening meal as at midday. If any man can call this starving, all I can say is that he must be a very greedy man, and richly deserves to be ill.

Whether or not any man can call such a dietary starving, no sane person can presume to call it fasting. Mr. Levett is talking about abstinence, or about vegetarianism, both of which may or may not be excellent practices for the health; but if he wants to fast, in the religiously accepted sense of that term, he will have to manage to worry along on one full meal a day, with an ounce or two of bread in the morning, and in the evening a much lighter collation than he prescribes for breakfast, dinner, or supper.

Our Scotch contemporary, the *Glasgow Observer*, is inclined to be jubilant over the result of a recent contest in that city:

The Catholics of Glasgow scored a signal victory in the School Board Election on Friday last. They returned their five candidates close to the top of the poll, one after the other, with a splendid solidarity, at once the despair of their opponents and the marvel of their friends. . . . The election settles a good many things and some things for all time. It has shown that the Catholics in Glasgow are entitled to at least a fifth of its School Board representation; and there can be little doubt that the victory registered on Friday will suffice to save, or at least simplify, later contests in later times.

The Catholic minority in Scotland are waging a good fight for their rights in all directions, and we can both understand and share the gratification their late victory has occasioned.



His Answered Prayer.

(In Memory of a dear little Boy—F. B. M.)

BY T. A. M.

ALWAYS talking, talking, talking;
Never balking,
Wagged his restless little tongue;
And he never seemed to weary,
Always cheery,
Always blithesome friends among.
Like a noisy little starling,
Mother's darling
Chattered, ever on the wing;
Or he romped and played the rover
'Mid the clover,
In the meadow-lands of spring.
But betimes he quelled his motion,
Through devotion
To an image pure and fair,
Which he loved to deck with flowers;
Making bowers
With a simple, boyish care.
For that image was his treasure
Beyond measure—
Mary, with her sleeping Child,—
And amidst his romps and races,
Their sweet faces
Always stilled his antics wild.
Once an evening found him kneeling,
Love-light stealing
From his upturned, eager eyes,
While he prayed in accents wary,
"Holy Mary,
Let me sleep where Jesus lies."
Soon that boy indeed was sleeping,
Silence keeping,
'Neath the cross-o'ershadowed clay;
And his mother smiles, though grieving,
Well believing
That he sleeps where Jesus lay.

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

II.—SIR CUTHBERT'S PORTRAIT.



T was when Elizabeth was queen," began Aunt Cicely, "more than three hundred years ago. The Guilberts were Catholics in those days, just as they are now; but they had no beautiful little chapel, as we have; and the church in the village was in ruins. For you know Elizabeth and her ministers had made it high treason to say Mass or to hear it, and many and many a priest and layman had died on the scaffold. It was a crime punishable by death to receive a priest into your house, even if that priest were your own brother—"

"Why, mother dear," Margery interrupted, "couldn't we even have asked Father Hugh here?"

Aunt Cicely smiled down at the little girl and shook her head.

"No," she said; "not openly, in broad daylight. But we would have done as other Catholics did—brought him here at night and hid him in a secret room."

Gregory, who was curled up, with his head in his mother's lap, gave a delighted wriggle at that.

"Oh!" he cried. "Are there secret rooms, and trapdoors and things? Won't that be jolly! Go on, mother dear,—do!"

Aunt Cicely waited a moment for them to quiet down; then she took up her story once more.

"Courtland Towers, too, was very different in those days; for this wing and the east turret were all that was left of the beautiful home to which Sir Pancred Guilbert had brought his young bride at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. In

the days that followed they were so persecuted that at last he had fled with her to France, where she and her three children might live in some sort of peace. For his brothers, one died on Tyburn Hill, one was a hunted priest in the North, and one was still alive in Newgate Prison.

"Then came the dreadful year of the Armada, and Lord Guilbert himself was killed in a battle with the Spaniards. Of his children, there was left only Lady Ursula, a slim, pale woman, who was little more than a girl, in spite of her white hair. Poor Lady Ursula had come back to England with her mother, who wished to spend her last days in the home so dear to her, caring for her two grandchildren, Pancred" (and Aunt Cicely smiled across at the little boy leaning on grandpapa's knee) "and eight-year-old Catherine. The motherless children were doubly orphans now; for in the last year they had lost not only their grandfather, but their uncle and father as well. For, you see, Sir Cuthbert, their father and the younger of the two brothers, had died on the rack in prison—"

"Oh," Pancred broke in, "that is his picture! I remember now. And he wouldn't tell where his brother the priest was hidden, so they—they—"

"Tortured?" supplied Uncle Will.

"Yes, they tortured him and he died."

"And were Pancred and Catherine his children, mother?" asked Hugh, studying the grave young face in the portrait with new interest. "He looks like that, somehow,—so brave and quiet, as if he had forgotten all about this world."

"Yes," said Aunt Cicely, "they were his children. And I'm sorry to say his bravery did not save his older brother; for he was found a few months later, and hanged for saying Mass. So there were reasons enough why Lady Ursula's hair should be as white as her mother's. As a young girl she had lost one uncle in that same way, had seen another imprisoned, and the third hunted like a wild beast. And now her father and her

two brothers were dead, too; and she alone was left to care for her widowed mother, Lady Margaret, and the two children. Lady Margaret's health was quite gone since that dreadful night when her younger son had been dragged off to his death, and the west wing of the Towers burned over their heads in an effort to drive out the priest who the pursuivants were sure was hidden there."

"And was it this same east wing, where we are now, that was left?" asked Margery.

"The very selfsame. If you children will notice how thick the walls are here, you will see why the fire did very little damage. This long gallery was used for the private sitting-room, here Lady Ursula used to sit with her embroidery or book; here the two children had their lessons; and I suppose it was in that very same warm corner where your father is now that Lady Margaret's chair was placed on the days that she was well enough to occupy it.

"On the summer morning I am going to tell you about, the whole family and the servants, old Giles, and Winifred the nurse, were gathered here for Mass. Pancred was serving it, as befitted the head of the house; and I don't believe you could ever guess where the altar was before which they knelt."

"In the east window?"—"Between the mirror and the doors?"—"Here by the fireplace?" cried the children eagerly; and Jerry, who never liked to be left out of anything, echoed promptly: "By the fireplace and right in the middle of the floor!" with such conviction that everyone had to laugh.

"No, no, you are all wrong," said Aunt Cicely, when the last peal had died away. "Pancred, you are his namesake: will you show us where it was? Lift Sir Cuthbert's picture just a little; now run your hand down the left side under the frame and press—press *hard*. It's rusty, I expect. Go help him, Gregory."

Gregory sprang up with alacrity, only too glad to have a share in these mysterious doings. And after a moment, under

the united pressure of their fingers, the smooth oaken panelling seemed suddenly to drop out of sight; the picture swung out and back as easily as a door, and that portion of the wainscot that had showed below the portrait was revealed as a high step leading into the tiny room beyond. Such a little room as it was, musty from century-long disuse, and lighted only from a narrow slit in the cobwebbed ceiling. A great carved table stood just opposite them, so close you could almost touch it with hand outstretched,—a table where Mass must often have been said in the old days. Beside it there could barely have been space for the priest's pallet.

Awe-struck, the children gazed in silence until Gregory scrambled through the narrow aperture to investigate for himself. Then the others followed him,—one at a time, for the room would not hold more than two or three. When they came back to their places on the hearth-rug they were strangely quiet, even Gregory himself.

"Let me see! Where was I?" Aunt Cicely said, as she fluttered the pages of the book on her knee. "Oh, they were hearing Mass, weren't they? Well, it was very early in the morning, scarcely light yet; for of course the Holy Sacrifice had to be offered at a time when there were few people about. No one was ever quite sure whom to trust, you know. The priest, young Father Hurst, who had been in England only a short time, was just beginning the last Gospel when Lady Ursula's ears caught the beat of a horse's hoofs on the turf below. She was on her feet in an instant and at the window; but she drew a quick breath of relief when she saw it was only Godfrey Kent, the son of one of their Catholic neighbors. She sent old Giles down to fetch him; and he entered breathless, his garments all mud-stained, as the priest finished.

"And, indeed, it was bad news he brought; for the pursuivants were already on the road. Thomas, one of the serving-men whom they had all trusted, had proved a spy, and, under pretence of a

journey to London, had betrayed them to Topcliffe, Walsingham's lieutenant. He had even gone so far as to describe the secret room behind the portrait. Topcliffe had searched the Grange (the home of the Kents) the night before; but Godfrey had managed to escape and come to warn Lady Ursula.

"Much as he would have liked to stay, Sir Godfrey was obliged to depart, with a heavy heart enough, as he thought of the helpless ones he left behind. Yet he knew that he would only injure them by remaining; for should the pursuivants find him there, they would be certain that Lady Ursula had something to conceal. Ere the last echo of his horse's hoofs had died away, Father Hurst had quietly laid aside his vestments and stepped down into the gallery where the family knelt. His face was flushed, his eyes shining with joy, as he drew Lady Ursula aside.

"'Bid your mother take these little ones and retire to her chamber, my child,' he said; 'then let the servants go about their tasks. As for me, I will go and meet them, as did my Master; and mayhap, if the bird falls into their snare so readily, they will not destroy the nest, and you will be left in peace. Hush!' he went on, as she would have interrupted him. 'Poor Lady Margaret could hardly survive another visitation, and yourself and these babes are unfit to deal with those rough men. And you know,' he added gently, seeing her still undecided, 'that the short road to heaven lies over Tyburn Hill.'

"All this time Lady Margaret had been obliged to wait helpless in her corner, her pale cheek pressed against Catherine's bright curls, her arms wound close about the frightened child. Old Winifred and Giles were beside her; but Pancred had followed the young priest, and stood eagerly drinking in every word; his amber eyes (I'm sure they were amber, just like our Pancred's) bright with the thought that had come to him. Now, before his Aunt Ursula could answer the priest or begin her objections, he said respectfully:

"Father, please don't think of such a thing! We can not spare you yet. Catherine has not even made her First Communion, and my good grandam will need you these last years of her life. But I have a plan' (and he raised his curly head bravely),—'I have a plan; and, since I am the head of our house, it is but fitting I should take some share in the risk.'

"And he went on to explain it to them, so clearly and seriously that even his Aunt Ursula watched him in amazement. But as she listened the color began to come back into her face; and when he had finished she, too, turned to the priest pleadingly.

"Father, I believe it is possible, unless Thomas is with them,—and Jesu and His Holy Mother grant he may not be!" she added fervently. 'But at least it is our only hope, and its very boldness may make it successful. Oh, thanks be to God I sent Ann to Gammer Benton's farm last night to stay with her sick child!'

"And if it should not succeed," replied the young priest, smilingly, 'you must remember only that I have attained the dear wish of my heart—'?"

"But why did he want to die, mother?" Gregory interrupted. "I should have thought he'd rather have stayed and helped the poor people."

"Why, Greg, don't you remember?" Hugh answered him before his mother could speak. "It was in our church history lesson only the other day. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.' And he knew he could do them ever so much more good by praying for them in heaven."

"Hugh is quite right," said Aunt Cicely, stroking Gregory's hair. "It is the blood and prayers of those holy martyrs that have made our English Catholics what they are to-day. But I must go on with my story."

"And if you chaps don't quit interrupting," threatened grandpapa, "I'm going to pitch you all out!"

"And so," went on Aunt Cicely, "Lady Ursula bade old Winifred help Lady Margaret back into her room, and sent Giles down to meet Topcliffe and his followers when they should come, while she and the priest disappeared down a private stairway. In the meantime Pancred had explained it all to his little sister, and the two of them slipped into the secret chamber, and swung the picture back into place without closing the panel.

"I think Topcliffe must have been very much surprised when, later that morning, Lady Ursula met him herself in the half-ruined hallway, looking so calm and self-possessed, in spite of her paleness. He was a big, brutal sort of man, who had hunted more priests to their deaths than any man in England, and was very proud of the fact. And he had made so sure that Father Hurst would be here at the Towers that he almost expected to find the household in the oratory at Mass. He had not brought Thomas with him; for he might want to use him again as a spy, and he didn't want Lady Ursula to suspect who had told him her secrets.

"I had thought," said Lady Ursula, after her first cool greeting was over, 'that you would have spared us another visitation after you bore my brother to his death and burned the roof over our heads. Since that time there has been scarce shelter enough for a wild beast, to say nothing of ourselves. And I would beg you to search as quietly as may be; for my good mother has not been well since then, and can bear but little.'

"Her Majesty has learned that you have hidden here a massing priest, contrary to her gracious laws," retorted Topcliffe; 'and if you deliver him up at once, you will not be disturbed.'

"But Lady Ursula raised her head proudly. 'Nay, that I will never do,' she answered him. 'If he be here you must find him for yourselves.'

"Topcliffe began his search by calling the servants into the great hall, and setting one of his men to guard them,

that he might be sure no one left the house. He accounted for Giles, Winifred, and Ann, who appeared an awkward, stupid country girl, not likely to cause him much trouble—”

“Why, mother dear,” gasped Margery, “you just said—”

“Will you young rascals let Cicely tell her story in her own way?” demanded grandpapa; and Margery subsided, though she still looked puzzled.

“So,” continued Aunt Cicely, “having disposed of the servants, he came straight upstairs to this very room, with half a dozen rough men-at-arms trooping after him. He knew quite as well as Lady Ursula which portrait it was that concealed the sliding panel; but, perhaps because he liked to make her wretched, he proceeded to drive his sword through the others, too.

“‘If Sir Priest is in hiding behind them, methinks this will spit him finely,’ he said, as he raised his sword to send it through Sir Cuthbert’s.

“And instead of stopping short just behind the canvas, as it had done with the others, it crashed straight through, up to the very hilt! Yes, you can still see the mark there, in Sir Cuthbert’s sleeve. And from beyond the picture came a little, half-stifled cry, as though some one were hurt. At that Lady Ursula started forward, in spite of herself; and Topcliffe, with an evil smile, swung the picture out, sure that he had found the priest at last, though why they had been so careless as to leave the panel open he could not guess. And what do you think he saw? No one at all but a slender, fair-haired boy, one hand pressed to his doublet where a scarlet stain was spreading, for the sword had grazed Pancred’s shoulder. And beside him was a little girl, with a spaniel wrapped in a scarf held close in her arms. Their books were scattered about; it was evidently their playroom.

“‘You are in fine business, my lord,’ said Pancred, with flashing eyes,—‘frightening babes in this fashion! See, Cath-

erine: ’tis naught but a scratch, and he shall not hurt you.’

“Topcliffe drew back. As he turned away Lady Ursula caught the words:

“‘Bah! a fine priest-hole that, that they use for a playground! Sir Priest must have been long away, or never there at all, else they would be more careful.’

“The rest of his search was mere formality, for he knew there was no other place for Father Hurst to hide; and he went off in such disgust that he never dreamed that the angular, stammering servant-maid, in her shabby gown and huge cap, was the Father himself.”

Aunt Cicely paused until the chorus of comment died into silence; then she closed the fat Brown Book with a little sigh.

“And that is the story of how Pancred saved the life of a priest, and how Sir Cuthbert got the slit in his canvas,” she concluded gaily; “and that’s all the stories you may have this afternoon. No, not another one,—not a single one! There are more rainy days coming, you know.”

And she pulled Jerry down against her knee and kissed him.

(To be continued.)

A Stork's Nest.

An investigation of a stork's nest built on the top of the cathedral of Colmar, in Upper Alsace, brought wonders to light. The nest was about thirty years old, measured six feet across, and was five feet in height. It weighed three-quarters of a ton, and was so solid that pickaxes had to be used in destroying it. But its contents were more marvellous still. It was made of wood and clay; and its sides concealed, among other things, seventeen stockings, five fur caps, the sleeve of a silk gown, three old shoes a large piece of leather, and four buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform. Two dozen large sacks were filled with the treasures that the industrious storks had hoarded for themselves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New editions, beautifully printed and bound, with silk markers, of the Roman Ritual and the "Exercitia Spiritualia" (*versio literalis*) are among F. Pustet & Co.'s new publications. Both books are of the most convenient size, and are provided with indices which greatly enhance their usefulness. There is probably no better edition in existence of either of these manuals. The Ritual, it should be added, contains the usual supplement for the United States.

—Those who have followed our advice and read "Freddy Carr and His Friends" will not need much urging to procure its sequel, "Freddy Carr's Adventures," just published by Benziger Brothers. Father Garrold's pen has lost none of its cunning; and Carr's account of the tremendous "row" in which Lee and Bryant and Jimmie were the chief participants, and Mr. Pinner the chief victim, makes decidedly enjoyable reading for boys of all ages. While Mr. Pinner is avowedly a caricature, it is not so extravagantly such as to be unrecognizable as a portrait.

—"Nothing could be more fitting," writes a New York correspondent of the *London Tablet*, apropos of the bestowal of the Latere Medal on Miss Agnes Repplier, "than this new recognition of a literary art which seems to have caught with singular felicity the secret of Catholic cheerfulness. Innocent of any trace of 'religiosity' or controversial aggressiveness, her work is of a truly missionary type. To know it at all is to be indebted to her for Catholic ideas, wittily, humanely, and pleasantly expressed for the benefit of the general literary public of a non-Catholic country."

—"The American Catholic Who's Who," compiled and edited by Georgina Pell Curtis, and just published by B. Herder, is so much better in every respect than we had hoped it would be, considering the many obstacles to be overcome by the compiler, that we feel sure even those who have no idea of the difficulty of her task will wonder at its being so successfully performed. First issues of such works are always attended with obstacles from the very start: it is necessary to prove the desirability and usefulness of the book, and then to overcome the indifference or opposition of those whose co-operation is required for its production. Add to this the many details of publication, the trouble and importance of which only the initiated can appreciate. The high character of "The American Catholic Who's Who," and

its great value as a work of reference, are established at the outset. It will be an easy matter to render it still more excellent,—more complete, more interesting, and more reliable. It only remains for those who failed to send their records for the first edition to do so for the second; and for all who are interested in the book—all American Catholics certainly should be—to call the compiler's attention to any errors or omissions which they may note while reading it. Her address is 5000 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

—Says the *London Universe and Catholic Weekly*:

There is always something rather pathetic about the close of any great public career by retirement. It is a reminder that advancing years are a portent of lessening power; although in the case of Sir Charles Santley, whose farewell benefit from the concert platform is to take place at Covent Garden next month, one chronicles growth of years—he is seventy-seven—but very little of impairment. The veteran singer took part for the last time in a Crystal Palace concert on Good Friday, when an enormous audience welcomed and at the same time bade farewell to one who has sung there for upward of half a century.

Sir Charles, who is ranked as the greatest baritone vocalist that the British Islands have produced, entered the Church in 1880, and has ever since been an exemplar for his Catholic fellow laymen.

—The John Murphy Co. have good reason to be proud of their new edition of the "Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Catholic Laity," prepared and published by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Of the contents of this well-known prayer-book nothing need be said. Were it only for the Introits, Collects, Epistles, Gospels, and Postcommunions for the Sundays and principal feasts of the year, presented at the end, this manual of devotion would be preferable to most others. Its size is convenient; it is well printed, durably and flexibly bound, and is provided with a full alphabetical index. Indeed, it is not easy to see how the publishers' work could be improved upon.

—If numerous episcopal, archiepiscopal, and cardinalial approbations, in addition to the commendation of the Holy Father himself, afford grounds for accepting a book on trust, "The Practical Catholic," translated by Francis A. Ryan from the Spanish of the Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J., may be cordially welcomed as an eminently timely little volume. This "New Imitation," as it has been styled by the Bishop of Piacenza, is divided into three books: "Turn away from Evil," "Do Good," and "Seek

Peace." The counsels one finds on every page of the little volume are as solidly wise as they are frequently luminous in disclosing the hidden workings of human nature. Benziger Brothers have brought out the work in handy pocket size.

—"Opuscula Ascetica Selecta, Ioannis Cardinalis Bona," is a new volume of Herder's admirable "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica," edited by Father Lehmkuhl. It contains three treatises: "Manuductio ad Cælum," comprising thirty-five chapters explanatory of the wisdom of the Fathers and the ancient philosophers concerning virtues and vices; "Principia et Documenta Vitæ Christianæ," divided into two parts of fifty chapters each; and "Aspirationes et Preces Iaculatoriæ," presenting in seven chapters a variety of beautiful aspirations and ejaculatory prayers. The whole book offers most wholesome reading for ecclesiastics and others able to read Latin. The chapters are short; the subjects are abundant and presented in a pleasing manner, which is enhanced by the charm of the Cardinal's pure classical Latin style. Once the book has been begun, the time to come back to it day after day will be easily found. Thorough enjoyment and real profit await the reader on every page. Well may we apply to these treatises the words: "Others may read many things and write many and larger folios, but there is no book that teaches better or grander lessons."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The American Catholic Who's Who." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$2.

"Roman Ritual." New edition. \$2.

"Exercitia Spiritualia." 75 cts.

"Freddy Carr's Adventures." Father Garrold. 85 cts.

"The Practical Catholic." Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J. 60 cts.

"Opuscula Ascetica Selecta, Ioannis Cardinalis Bona." \$1.25, net.

"Messianic Philosophy." Dr. Gideon Marsh. \$1.

"The English Lourdes." Rev. Clement Tyck, C. R. P. 70 cts.

"Toward the Sanctuary." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.

"Science of Education." T. P. Keating, B. A., L. C. P. 90 cts.

"God: His Knowledge, Essence, and Attributes." Rev. Dr. Pohle. \$2.

"An Appeal for Unity in Faith." Rev. John Phelan. \$1.10.

"Songs and Sonnets." John Rothensteiner 50 cts.

"The Story of the Old Faith in Manchester." John O'Dea. \$1.50.

"The Catholic Church in China." Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S. J. \$3.

"Bishop de Mazenod." Rev. Eugene Baffie, O. M. I. \$1.80, net.

"The Morality of Modern Socialism." Rev. John Ming, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"The Wayfarer's Vision." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. \$1.35.

"Mistakes in Life." Rev. Edward C. Hearn. 40 cts.

"Jacquetta." Louis M. Stackpoole-Kenny. 75 cts.

"Writ in Remembrance." Marian Nesbitt. 75 cts.

"Heirs in Exile." Constance Le Plastrier. \$1.25.

"The Apostolate of the Press." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. 25 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Matthew Forster, of the diocese of Hexham; Rev. William L. Smith and Rev. Edmund Cronin, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Martin Regan, C. S. C.; and Rev. Gaspard Genna, S. J.

Sister M. Barbara, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Mother M. Philippini, Sisters of Providence.

Mr. Robert S. Thomas, Mr. Frank Schulte, Mrs. James Madigan, Mr. George G. White, Mr. James Kelvin, Mrs. James Reynolds, Mrs. Frank Brennan, Mr. Norman Belk, Mrs. C. J. O'Keefe, Mr. James Gregory, Mrs. Mary E. Maguire, Mr. Oliver Hutter, Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, Mrs. Helen M. Young, Miss Mary Quinlan, Mr. Francis Pilley, Mrs. Margaret Foin, Miss Hannah Grahame, Mr. Patrick Ford, Mr. William Young, Mr. Edward Splaine, Mr. William J. Lee, Miss Mary Maloy, Mr. Joseph Reuber, Mr. Thomas Sullivan, Mr. Albert Stanger, Mr. Ernest Ball, and Mr. E. J. Adams.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them! May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I, 48.

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The Blessed Mother.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

IN serene celestial beauty,
I have been so often told,
Mother Mary, radiant Mary,
Smiles upon us as of old,—
Smiles as once upon her Child
Mary Mother always smiled.

O to know the love and joy
Jesus knew as Mary's Boy!
Yet I know that since that day
Mother's love the selfsame way.
Type of every earthly good,
Blessed Mary's motherhood.

Christian Science and Catholic Teaching.

BY THE REV. JAMES GOGGIN.

III.—EXAGGERATIONS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.



HE fallacies of the system become quite clear when we examine the excessive and exaggerated sense in which Christian Science teaches the truths already explained. In the first place, it stresses the truth of man's mental or spiritual nature in such a manner as to deny the reality of the material element in his structure. "Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness. Therefore man is not material: he is spiritual."* As well might we say: "Food for a dog is bone, and the reflection in the water is

its image and likeness. Therefore, the reflection is not a light effect: it is food for a dog." Now, this is mere verbal juggling.

Of course if people deny the evidence of their senses, it is impossible to hope to convince them with sense evidence; and it is useless to attempt to prove facts which are self-evident to those who begin with the assumption of their non-existence. The ordinary man requires no more proof of the reality of his body than the fact that he has one.

We can, however, reach our friends in a roundabout way. Let us confine ourselves to that reality which they admit—namely, mental experience,—and see whether our mental experience involves the truth that we really do possess a bodily organism.

Now, my own inner consciousness, or mental life, tells me quite plainly that its exercise and growth are conditioned by its indwelling in a bodily organism. I can not think any thoughts except in terms of sense experience; and my very thoughts of God, being fashioned in terms of the material, are hence all defective. I know I can not think of God as He is. Again, why is it that my knowledge has grown with my sense experience? Why must I labor and toil with sense symbols? Why is it that Mrs. Eddy could convey her thoughts to my mind only through the printed pages of a book? Surely all these things are thus conditioned because my mind can reach beyond itself only through the channels of sense.

* "Science and Health," p. 468.

And if I examine myself on the volitional or moral side—that is, on the side of my true personal character,—again I find that my spiritual building up, so to speak, has depended upon the material environment of my body. I could never have developed the spiritual fibres and muscles of my soul had I never had occasion to wrestle with the inclinations of my bodily organism. Thus, even if I begin by calling in question the reality of my bodily existence, my mental consciousness comes quickly to my aid and tells me not to be foolish.

There is still another way of reaching these good people who fence themselves about with the denial of bodily reality. They make a boast of their claim that in their system the great and disturbing problem of evil is once and for all removed. But there is here involved a great difficulty, which calls for an explanation. The difficulty is this. If I admit the truth of the Christian-Science claim, I am bound also to admit that all men in all times have been victims of a fatal delusion. For men have always and everywhere believed in the evidence of their senses. Now, would not this universal error of all men constitute a gigantic evil? If, therefore, I admit the Christian-Science position, I am only removing evil in one direction and then introducing it in another; and I find it easier to admit that God made us as we are, with pain and suffering of the body, than to admit that He made us the victims of this terrible delusion. I think I should have reason to complain of a God who thus dealt with me. And if Christian Scientists reply by telling me that this universal delusion of all men, except themselves, is not an evil, am I not justified in asking them why they are anxious to save men from it? The position, then, is this: either the sense experience of all men is a delusion, or Christian Science teaching is a delusion. For my part I prefer the latter alternative.

Their denial of evil, however, is only another of their extravagances. For, as we have just seen, even in their case, the denial of evil in one direction involves the admission of evil in another. This reminds one of the practical medical advice which warns us that if we suppress a pimple or an ugly boil on the nose, it is likely to reappear in another and perhaps a much more inconvenient place. We had far better let it come out.

Now, very few things are satisfactorily explained by denials, and it is far better to face the reality of a problem. We are not here going to attempt a solution of the vexed problem of evil, much as one is tempted to do so; for it would be too vast an undertaking. Our present object is to point out the false notion of good and evil which Christian Science presents to the world. It strives to explain evil by denying its existence; and this, as we have already said, is no explanation at all.

By denying the reality of all evil, Christian Science *falsifies the nature of the good* as it is found in us. This good is only developed to the full in us by its very struggle with limitations or evil; or, to be quite clear, it would not be good for us if there were not the reality of evil. For as Raphael said to Tobias, "It was necessary that temptation should prove thee"; and St. Paul could say, "Gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me." These other words of the great Apostle are also true, both in the physical and spiritual order: "Power is made perfect in infirmity." For power or virtue must remain latent until called forth by opposing evil. To say that this evil, which power or virtue strives against, is unreal is just as absurd as saying that one of the two struggling cocks in a cockpit is unreal. It would be very difficult while the fight is going on to determine which of them is unreal.

In this connection we may mention another important oversight in the excessive view of the good as held by Christian Science. It claims that by its teaching it rids the world of the reality of evil, and consequently of suffering and pain in the case of man. But it leaves unsolved a greater mystery—namely, the problem of animal suffering and pain. Now, the pain which man endures does not present so great a difficulty, because we can appreciate its moral value. In the animal world, however, it possesses no such moral value; and the difficulty of finding a satisfactory solution is greater in the case of the animals than in the case of man. Christian Science draws a curtain over this very difficult aspect of the problem. Its solution, therefore, is no solution; and its doctrine regarding good and evil must consequently be rejected.

In support of its peculiar view in this matter of good and evil, Christian Science likewise attaches an exaggerated, and therefore an erroneous, interpretation to many Scriptural passages. Scriptural Authority may be made to support any view when isolated passages are chosen, and are then interpreted in a confined direction. The meaning of a given passage may have to be modified by a comparison with other passages; and an interpretation which will include the statement of truth made in each passage may then have to be chosen.

Our Lord does indeed say: "Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you." "If you have faith you shall remove mountains." "If they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." And again we read, "They besought Him to lay His hand upon him [the deaf-mute]. . . . And his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed." At the request of Mary His Mother, He converted water into wine. At the implied request of

Martha, He raised the dead Lazarus to life, etc., etc.

But it is a gross exaggeration to interpret these statements and happenings as the Christian Scientists do—namely, in the strictly literal and material sense that prayer rids the world of pain and suffering and of physical disease. Christ Himself does not leave us in doubt as to the manner in which these statements and events are to be understood. First of all, we must observe that His miracles were not performed with the direct object of relieving bodily ills. In fact, He tells us as much in each of the cases cited above. The deaf-mute was cured, Lazarus was called forth from the grave, and the water was changed into wine, that "the glory of God might be made manifest," which, as the text in each case shows, means in order that Christ's divine authority might be established amongst men.

In the second place, Christ makes it quite clear in other passages that His words, as quoted above, are not to be understood in the sense that we can entertain the hope of escaping material cares and wants, sufferings, sorrows, and pains. He strives rather by every means to raise our minds above the level of seeking to rid ourselves of pain and disease. "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed?" "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." "Fear not them that kill the body, . . . but fear him that can cast *both body and soul* into hell." In point of fact, Christ refused to work miracles or to cure disease in the case of those who took this narrow and material view of His mission and work. (See the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel.) Again, He said to His disciples: "If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you." But that He had not in mind their escape from disease and sickness, torture and death, is clear from His other words to

them: "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." "Amen, Amen I say to you, that you shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice." He taught them a higher lesson, however—namely, how to rejoice in the midst of sufferings: "In your patience you shall possess your souls."

In this respect, the most striking incident in the Gospels is, perhaps, that in which He rebukes the mother of the sons of Zebedee: "You know not what you ask. Can you drink of the chalice that I shall drink? . . . Of My chalice, indeed, you shall drink; but to sit on My right or left hand is not Mine to give." He may well be understood as addressing this remark to us when we seek by prayer for an escape from the ills of life: "You know not what you ask. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God. As to other things, possess your souls in patience; for I have conquered the world." When we pray for heavenly favors, we are, without knowing it, praying for sufferings and trials in the material order. "If these things are done in the greenwood, what shall be done in the dry?" And, finally, in keeping with this doctrine, and in confirmation of our view of Christ's declaration, are the striking words of St. Paul: "We glory also in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial; and trial, hope; and hope confoundeth not, because the charity of God is poured out into our hearts." And again: "Gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me." "When I have a will to do good, evil is present with me." "There was given me a sting of my flesh . . . to buffet me."

We see, then, from all this testimony of Scripture how false is the Christian-Science view of Scriptural teaching.

Similar exaggerations and extravagances appear in the teaching of Christian Science in regard to the cure of physical disease. In examining and passing judgment upon this teaching, our task will be made more easy if, at the outset, we

draw attention to a very important distinction. The cure of pain and suffering is in many cases useful and beneficial; but in many other cases it may become positively harmful, both in fact and in method. It may become harmful in fact, because pain is nature's own signpost, pointing to the seat of trouble. Pain is a symptom of disease; and it does not by any means follow that because we still the pain we therefore necessarily cure the disease. Disease is not stayed by morphia injections. In many cases, by silencing the pain which makes known the seat and the nature of the disease we rob ourselves of all chance of benefiting the sufferer. That this is true in many Christian Science cases is evidenced by that fact that organic disease is only on very rare occasions permanently cured. For the most part nothing is done beyond silencing pain. The cure is often harmful in method as well as in fact, because it is effected only by a kind of hypnotism, or hypnotic self-suggestion, which, in our opinion, is far more harmful than the pain which it deadens.

It is this element of hypnosis which adds to the Christian-Science list of cures, cases which can not be accounted for by the mind's normal power over the organism. But this is far from being a gain. All other cases of cure can be accounted for by the normal truth already expounded and without any appeal to the extravagances of Christian Science. Will effort, in nervous cases particularly; calm, rest, serenity and cheerfulness, especially when intensified by strong religious belief; an unflinching confidence in God,—all these induce a condition which is most favorable for resisting the forces which make for the decay of the bodily organism. But there are, in this direction, clearly marked limitations of which Christian Science takes no account, though a perusal of its "Testimonies from the Field" will convince any ordinary man that these limitations are found in its "demonstrations."

Let us here state the true view in these matters by employing the very words of the Sacred Scriptures. We read as follows in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii, 1-12: "Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him; for the Most High hath created him. For all healing is from God. And he shall receive gifts of the king. The skill of a physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be praised. The Most High hath created medicines out of the earth, and the wise man will not abhor them. Was not bitter water made sweet with wood? The virtue of these things is come to the knowledge of men; and the Most High hath given knowledge to men, that He may be honored in His wonders. By these he shall cure and shall allay their pains; and of these the apothecary shall make sweet confections, and shall make up ointments of health, and of his works there shall be no end. For the peace of God is over all the face of the earth."

Note the order to be followed:

"My son, in thy sickness neglect not thyself; but pray to the Lord, and He shall heal thee. Turn away from sin, and order thy hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all offence. Give a sweet savor, and a memorial of fine flour, and make a fat offering, *and then give place to the physician.* For the Lord created him; and let him not depart from thee, for his works are necessary."

Lastly, we may conclude this present section of our inquiry by calling attention to what is known as "The Emmanuel Church Movement," which has recently made its views known to the world in a work entitled "Religion and Medicine." This movement marks the first reaction away from the exaggerated tenets of Christian Science. It, therefore, has a value for us in that it confirms our views of the extravagances of Christian Science. At the same time it may be well to point out that it is itself by no means free of serious errors and of very dangerous tendencies.

IV.—DANGEROUS ERRORS AND TENDENCIES ARISING FROM THE EXAGGERATIONS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

We pass now to a consideration of the dangerous errors toward which the exaggerations of Christian Science are logically and inevitably tending. (To a very large extent, "The Emmanuel Movement" is colored and tainted by these same dangerous tendencies.)

We are asked to believe that there is no evil, and that the evidence of our senses is a delusion; there is no suffering, no pain, and no disease; all is good. Now, such a doctrine as this must inevitably lead to the most dangerous and fatal conclusions. If man is spirit only, why should he manifest any concern for the body at all? But, then, the acceptance of such a conclusion would mean that all human activity ought to cease. Our trade, our commerce, our institutions, our whole civilization, our relations with our fellow-men, love, and marriage, and childbearing, ought to go, because they are meaningless, since in the last analysis they are found, one and all, to be concerned with the material man. Yet if they are removed, one fails to see in what sphere man could exercise his spiritual activities.

Again, if the reality of suffering and toil be removed from the world, then we empty the world of one of the greatest factors which make for the good of the world, and we introduce stagnation in its place. In point of fact, this is just the simple truth about Christian Science: it must lead to stagnation everywhere. Without suffering and toil, the highest in man, whether in the physical or moral order, could never be evolved. God made us thus subject to pain, because He knew it was good for us; just as a father sends a son to school, because he knows it is for his greater good that he should measure himself with his fellows. The man or woman who is removed from all pain and suffering, toil and sorrow, sooner or later stagnates; and society is sick at the

present day because there are too many such people in the world. Nations rot and decay when their sorrows cease.

The animal world likewise develops under the operation of the same law, although therein a physical and not a moral betterment is the outcome. Nay, the very inanimate world is constituted in its perfections by its very limitations. If the sun did not scorch there could be no evaporation, and consequently no fertilizing rains. If light were not broken there could be no harmony of colors and no rainbow. If there were no destruction and no decay there could be no change; and a changeless world would be a stagnant, stupid world.

Where, then, is the error? The error creeps in when the good God is identified with the world which is only His likeness, or, better still, in His image and likeness. And this is pantheism. The world is good because it images God, but the image must necessarily fall short of the thing imaged. It was ever thus: men either fall into the error of bringing God down to the world's level, and then we have materialism; or else they fall into the error, as in the present case, of raising the world to God's level, and then we have pantheism. The truth is that God is supremely superior to the world, while the world reflects, as it were, the broken rays of God. The good in the world is not the good that God is, but limited good, manifesting in its multiplicity the unique goodness of God. Persuade men that they are Gods, and of course there can be no sin; or if there be what we call sin, then the sin is not theirs: it is God's sin. Man, however, is most like God in that he has a free will which gives him the power of shaping his own destiny. But this free will is, in man's present condition, largely dependent on his material surroundings for its exercise and display.

By this very teaching Christian Science, in the end, un-Christianizes the Christian teaching of the Scriptures. It sets the

Christianity of the Gospel topsy-turvy. The great work of Christ was to teach man the true relationship which exists between himself and God. Man must be humble, and must recognize, in thought and in act, the sublime perfection of God. The first sin was due to the ignoring of this truth. It was Christ's work to restore the truth; and Christ dying on the Cross is an object lesson to man of his true position before God: "He humbled Himself unto death, even unto the death of the Cross; for which cause God also hath exalted Him." We owe to Christ this lesson of man's abasement before God—"I am become as a worm and no man"—and our knowledge of the dignity and the worth of human suffering. All this Christian Science destroys.

Lastly, in the realm of the cure of physical disease, Christian Science leads to stagnation. If we obey its call, then must we, at one blow, knock down the great edifice of medical science which has gradually been built up during the centuries which have preceded our day. The noble efforts which have been made, and are being made, for the alleviation of human suffering and disease are futile and meaningless. If we follow the call of Christian Science, then diseases will be left to increase and multiply and fill the whole earth, because we shall allow ourselves to think that they are delusions. As well might we leave the doors of our houses open and the locks of our treasure-trunks undone, because burglars are only delusions. Surely the simplest wisdom must dictate a policy of following the safer course. Too much is here involved to permit of our facing any risk. In place of all this conquest of human skill and ingenuity, we are offered a truth already known to us—the mind's power over the body,—with the addition of a little self-destroying hypnotism; and in return for this we are asked to make over all the glorious triumphs of medical skill.

And as to hypnotism, whether self-induced or otherwise, we are quite pre-

pared to admit that it may have its uses in some rare cases, but its general use can lead only to untold harm; for it produces a condition of passivity, in the higher centres of man's faculties, which is entirely contrary to that mental and volitional activity in which alone man's greatest perfection is found. It may, indeed, succeed in allaying pain, but it can end only in producing moral wrecks and imbeciles. Experience has shown to all who have had much to do with this strange thing that its use is fraught with very grave dangers, and is lawful only when the evil which it is expected to remove far outweighs the evil which it is likely to produce. For these very reasons the modern medical world has advisedly preferred the use of anæsthetics, such as chloroform, to the use of so dangerous a thing as hypnotism. Their wisdom in so doing is confirmed, and our contention is further supported, by religious history. For in this element of hypnosis and mental passivity, Christian Science bears a very striking resemblance to Quietism and to other mystic aberrations. Now, in regard to our knowledge of the results of these systems, we are not dependent on speculation; for the pages of history recount how they proved to be destructive of morality, and how, after a time, the attitude of their adherents was precisely this: that it matters not what the body does. By such considerations we are led to conclude that Christian Science logically tends, first to the most fatal stagnation; and, in the end, to something which is even worse than stagnation.

V.—THE TRUTH FOUND IN ITS PUREST FORM IN THE CATHOLIC SYSTEM.

Whatever genuine truth is found in Christian Science is present already in Catholic teaching. If we, and if the world, are unaware of the fact, then the fault lies with us and with the world, but not with Catholic teaching. We need not hesitate to blame ourselves for this igno-

rance, since it comes from our attempt to serve two masters,—from the attempt to be Catholics and at the same time to stand well with the world and its current views. Medical practice, too, with its materialistic bias, is most largely to blame for obscuring this great truth—that man is not all body and that the soul is the more important part of him.

The Catholic Church teaches that God is the highest good—"God is charity,"—that His goodness endowed us with being and life, and that "in Him we live and move and are." More than this, it teaches us that God is so good that He was not content with giving us the good of our natural structure, but added a good which we call supernatural grace;* thus enriching our nature, and making it capable of travelling to a goal which could not be reached by our natural capabilities. More even than this, God is so good that He descended into our world and dwelt amongst us in human form, in order to teach us the humblest truths, to restore to us the grace we had forfeited by sin, and to point us to our final destiny. He even instituted external signs, which we name Sacraments; so that, by reception of these in proper dispositions, we might possess assurance that His grace has enriched our souls. I can conceive of no better God than this.

We are not God, but God calls us to union with Himself by telling us to make our will one with His, and by giving us all the help which makes this condition possible. He dwells within us by His Spirit; He assimilates our souls to Himself by the Holy Eucharist. We are not God, and we can not think ourselves to be God without dragging God down to our own level; but our approach to God may be as close as the condition of creaturehood permits, since God has made it possible for us, by His goodness, to become His "adopted sons." We can not be sons by

* Christian Science destroys the supernatural order.

nature, but we may be sons by adoption, and joint heirs with Christ. Such a doctrine as this is incomparably more sublime and uplifting than the self-contradicting pantheism of Christian Science, which strives to elevate man by lowering God. We know God, and can know God, only just to that extent to which God, by His own free will, brings Himself down into our sphere or onto our level. We know Him by His image in the world and in ourselves, but our best knowledge of God is in Christ. "No man hath seen God at any time; the Only-Begotten who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath revealed Him."

When a man is permeated through and through with this teaching, and when he lives in the light of it, he becomes the man sublime. "He possesses his soul in patience," because he knows that "all things work together unto good." He is calm, serene, and happy, because his highest centres are riveted upon the centre of all-being—the unchanging God. The saints are most like God, because they possess what is most like God's creative power: they know how to coin success from failure, how to store up riches out of poverty, how to have nothing and possess all things.

And should the question be one of cures, can Christian Science show us anything which will compare with our own Lourdes wonders? Every priest, moreover, could tell of scores of nervous cases cured by means of the confessional and Holy Communion, or of cases in which habits of vice have been permanently cured. These are not fewer in number, because they are not published as "Testimonies from the Field"; we are here face to face with the unwritten page of Catholic life, and necessarily must it remain unwritten. Again, any who have had experience of the Catholic sick bed can tell of the wonderful effects of Extreme Unction. In every case this sacrament produces peace and calm, confidence and resignation. In very many

cases it restores to health, to the wonderment of doctors.

Then there are the sacramentals of the Church, the use of which, unfortunately, is sometimes overlooked. These are blessings and prayers pronounced in the name of the Church, the results of which are often astounding. One has seen little children brought from death to life by the efficacy of these spiritual remedies. By the use of relics also wonderful cures are effected. In one case, known to the writer, within less than twenty-four hours after one of the greatest medical experts in London had diagnosed a case as one of serious insanity (the cause of which was an accident), the subject was suddenly restored to perfect mental vigor through prayer and the application of the relic of a saint.

Yet the Church would not have us become wonder-mongers, seeking for no other answer to our prayers than the removal of our bodily ailments. Cures are effected and miracles are sometimes wrought; but these things are done that we may believe, and that, "believing, we may have life" (supernatural life). Miracles are given as a sign, for the sake of the unbeliever, says St. Paul.

The Church continues the work of Christ in teaching us how to detach ourselves from the allurements of sense, and how to turn material evil into spiritual good. She even teaches us the need of self-imposed abnegation, so that by this means we may forge the steps upon which the true inner self may rise higher; and, lest we might hesitate to take this work in hand ourselves, she imposes upon us acts of self-denial and mortification. True to Christ, her Divine Founder, who said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow Me," she daily insists upon the economy of pain in the divine plan, emphasizing the value and worth of human suffering. She never loses hope of the conversion of the individual man to God, because she knows that, when other

means fail, through pain and sorrow may a man be brought to realize the emptiness of things mundane and the all-sufficiency of the things of God.

The world, indeed, hates the Church for this very reason—namely, because she points out the higher way, up the mountain of the Cross, whereas the world loves the easy level of the plain. She stands for the Christ-outlook as against the world-outlook on life and realities. She insists that the limited realities of earth are not to be lived for as final goals of action: they are the means, real, not imaginary, by which we rise to unlimited realities. The pleasures of sense, riches and ambitions, the pains of sense, sickness and disease, are realities; death and the grave are realities. These things indeed exist; but the good in us has power, with God's help, to conquer them, to use them, to rise above them, in the sense in which St. Paul could exclaim: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?" Christ has shown us the way: "I have conquered the world,"—not a world which did not exist, but a world of real living persecutors; a real crucifixion, a real death, a real grave.

—♦♦♦—

To arrive at perfect union with God, there is needed a total and perfect mortification of the senses and desires. As to the senses, whatever pleasing object may offer itself to them, unconnected with pure love for God, we should refuse it to them instantly. If, for example, there should arise a fancy or wish to hear or see things which do not concern the service of God, or lead especially to Him, we should deny this fancy, and refrain from beholding or hearing these things; but if this is not possible, it is sufficient not to consent with the will. As to the desires, we should endeavor to incline always to what is poorest, worst, most laborious, most difficult, most unpleasant; and to desire nothing except to suffer and be despised.—*St. John of the Cross.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XX.

WHEN Madeleine rose at last from her knees in the quiet church of the Passionists, she was conscious of feeling slightly giddy, as if from prolonged physical strain; and indeed she had been kneeling motionless, absorbed in thought and prayer, much longer than she knew. But she was able after a moment to walk slowly out of the church into the house adjoining, where she rang a bell and asked for Father Isidore.

Into the small, bare reception room, which she knew so well, the tall, ascetic-looking priest presently came to her, and smiled when he saw who it was that awaited him; for he had been deeply impressed by this convert, whom he had instructed and prepared for her reception into the Church, and of whom he had not hesitated to declare that he expected extraordinary things.

"Ah, Mrs. Raynor!" he said cordially. "It is some time since I have seen you. I hope that all goes well with you."

"Very far from well, Father," Madeleine answered. "It is because I am in great trouble and deep perplexity that I have come to you now."

"You could not have a better reason for coming," he told her, as he sat down opposite her. "If I can help you in any way, I shall be glad."

"If you can not help me, there is no help to be found on earth," she said a little desperately. "But I have no doubt of your power to help me in the best way possible, by showing me what it is right to do. For I have a difficult decision to make,—so difficult that I find myself incapable of making it alone."

"Sometimes it is very hard to make decisions alone," he said kindly, glancing at her pale face and shadowed eyes. "I see that you bear the signs of struggle."

"Ah, such struggle!" Involuntarily she clasped her hands tightly together, as they lay in her lap. "I feel as if I were torn in two,—as if there were no possible ground of reconciliation for the forces that oppose each other."

"And those forces?" he questioned. "What are they? I ask, because in such struggles one of two things must occur: either the ground of reconciliation is found, or else, if the opposing forces are absolutely irreconcilable, one or the other must submit to defeat. I need hardly tell you that the last is inevitable if a moral law is involved."

"But when a moral law is involved, choice is taken away from one, is it not?" she asked eagerly. "It would be a relief to be told that in this matter I have no liberty of choice, but I doubt if you will tell me so."

"I will tell you exactly how the matter stands, in relation to the moral law, when you let me know what it is," he replied. "Would it not be best to speak frankly? I can offer no advice until I know the nature of your difficulty."

"I desire to speak frankly," she said. "I want to put the whole matter clearly before you, but—it is not easy to do. Briefly, however, it relates to my marriage. You remember, perhaps, that I have been divorced—"

"I remember very well. Don't pain yourself by going into details."

"There are some details that I must go into, just to be sure that you make no mistake. I was divorced because my husband left me for another woman; later he married her, and—she has now divorced *him*. I mention these things, because you told me that they simplified my position so far that the Church would consider my separation from him justified, and would hold me absolved from any obligation of—ever living with him again."

"Unquestionably." The priest spoke with decision of tone and manner. "His unfaithfulness gave you the right of separation, which in such cases the Church

allows, and there can be no obligation on your part to live with him again."

"But suppose that he were in desperate need—need both of body and soul—and begged me to do so. Would there be no obligation then?"

"Obligation of law—no. You would be free to refuse if you wished to do so."

Her eyes met his, full of appealing anguish.

"But there are two laws,—always two laws, Father: the lower and the higher law,—the law of the letter and the law of the spirit. Interpret the higher law for me. Is there no obligation in *that*?"

"My child" (the priest's voice was full of gentleness now), "there is no need for me to interpret that law for you. A divine voice has already interpreted it. 'If thou wouldst be perfect...' Like all the divine counsels, it applies to many things. The higher way is the perfect way; but it is mostly a way of difficult sacrifice, and therefore it is counselled, not commanded. Now, once more, if you wish me to advise you, tell me exactly what the situation is in which you find yourself."

Then she told him very quietly and directly. And as the priest, who was accustomed to have human souls unfolded before him, listened to her, he said to himself that he had never known a soul with more simplicity of nature and intention. Moral subtleties, and mists arising from self-love or self-will, did not seem to obscure for an instant the clear vision which is the gift of this simplicity. Having once grasped the essential thing—the true focus from which to regard human life, else so dark a riddle,—other things opened in logical sequence before the soul which put no obstacle in the way of God's grace. For this, after all, is the essential difference in souls: those who put obstacles of many kinds in the way of that grace, and those who yield themselves to it, asking nothing better than to be moulded and fashioned anew according to the divine plan and purpose. It was with an absolute lack of self-consciousness that

Madeleine exhibited a soul of the latter type, as she described all that had happened to her in the spiritual order: the intimation of coming trial which had been conveyed to her by some subtle channel of mental consciousness in Notre Dame des Victoires; the news of her husband's accident; the horror which overwhelmed her in thinking of the fate of his soul; the strong impulse to pray for him, hopeless as such petition seemed; the night of vigil and struggle, in which some influence seemed urgently bidding her keep on; and the final offer of sacrifice which she had been, as it were, impelled to make.

"For when I began, I had no thought or intention of making any offer of the kind, Father," she said to the priest, who sat looking at her with an intent gaze. "But as I went on I seemed to be drawn—I don't want to be presumptuous, but there's no other way of expressing what I mean—deeper and deeper into the spiritual world, until I realized more clearly than I can express things which at other times we believe but hardly realize. And as I kept on praying, something at last seemed to say to me,—it was all in the inner consciousness, you understand."

The priest nodded, but did not speak; only his eyes never left her face.

"Something seemed to say to me," she repeated, "'You are asking a great deal; what are you giving?' Only that, Father; but it pierced like an arrow. '*What are you giving?*' And then I thought of the coin of sacrifice (you know I told you about that, and how it brought me into the Church), and I felt that I could not hold back anything while I asked so much. So I offered everything—my happiness, my life, myself—to obtain what I prayed for."

Her voice fell, and for a minute there was silence—one of those silences which are more eloquent than speech—in the room, subtly filled with that atmosphere of monastic calm from which the tumult of earthly passion has been eliminated. Presently the priest said quietly:

"Had you anything special in your mind—any special sacrifice—when you made this offering?"

"No," she answered. "I had nothing special, only in a general way I promised to withhold nothing that God might ask of me. Just then, that did not seem very hard; but I never thought of—this which has been asked."

He probed a little farther.

"If you had thought of this, would you have withheld the offering?"

Her eyes were dark with pain as she faced him.

"Father, how can I say? I might not have dared to withhold it, for it seemed borne in upon me that much depended on my making it; but I might—oh, I *must* have hesitated! For this is worse than death."

He sighed, as if from compassion.

"Many things in life are worse than death," he said. "Go on, and tell me what happened after you made your offer."

"After that there came presently the sense of calm which sometimes follows a long struggle. The end appeared to have been reached; and I remember rising up exhausted, but with a strange consciousness that I had gained what I asked. No doubt all this sounds horribly presumptuous, but perhaps you will understand."

He nodded.

"I understand. You are right to speak with the utmost frankness. And then?"

"There came the next day the news that he was better; and this went on—I mean news of his improvement—for many days. Finally, we heard that he was well enough to be brought to Paris; and then—he sent for me."

Again silence fell; but this time the priest said nothing; only his grave, compassionate gaze seemed bidding her have courage; and after a while she found her voice, and went on:

"It was like facing death to answer that summons. Ever since I left him—driven to do so by indignities of which I do not wish to speak—the mere thought of meeting him has filled me with a dread

beyond my power to control. Once, when by chance I heard his voice (it was in the Cathedral of Chartres), I was almost overcome by sheer sickness of soul; and the only revulsion I ever felt against the Church was on that occasion, when I said to myself fiercely that I would never submit to a religion which declared that I was still bound to him. I am only telling you this that you may understand how hard it was to go to him. But I went. Even if I had not made the offer I have spoken of—the promise not to refuse anything demanded of me,—I could hardly have failed to go, the need which called me was so piteous. What I found was simply a wreck of the man I had known. He has been broken to pieces; he can never walk again, never know anything but suffering from the body in which he has taken such delight. It doesn't bear talking of, but perhaps you can conceive in some degree what this condition must mean to a man who has never in his life known a spiritual emotion, or had a spiritual thought even suggested to him; you may imagine what wild bitterness and madness of revolt it would produce in his soul."

"I can imagine," the priest said, with an inflection which expressed much.

"Then perhaps you can also imagine what, under such conditions, he would be likely to think of doing. He had determined to kill himself as soon as he could obtain the means to do so; and he sent for me, that he might ask me to attend to some matters at home for him when he had accomplished this. I was horror-struck, though I might have anticipated something of the kind; but it seemed to me so terrible that his life should have been spared for such an awful end—incomparably more awful than if he had died immediately after the accident—that I was driven to tell him what I believed to be the truth: that his life had been spared in answer to my prayers, and that he had no right to cast it, and his soul, away in such a manner. He

asked how I could know that he would cast his soul away; and I told him how I knew—that I had become a Catholic."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He was amazed, for of course he remembered how far I had been from anything of the kind in the past; and he mentioned at once the point which made it most amazing to him."

"Which was?"

"My position as a woman divorced in the eyes of the world, and married in the eyes of the Church. He said that he was sorry for me. And I told him that there was no need to be sorry for me—on that account. Well," she hurried on, "he asked me if I would not come again to see him; and, in answer to a summons, I went to-day. Then he told me that he had been thinking of all I had said, and—and, since I held myself, and the Church held me, still bound by the tie of marriage, he proposed that I should come back to him. He seemed to feel that it was a terrible thing he was suggesting. He said he would never have thought of it, if I had not told him that I felt myself still bound; but since I *did* feel so, and since his need was so great—oh, I can not go over all that he said, but you can guess what it would be! And there was the appeal of his awful condition of body and soul—more awful than I can express—" A pause once more, full of things inexpressible indeed; and then the low, pathetic voice continued: "I could not answer him. I could only beg for time, and go away. I have been praying ever since then—I don't know how long it has been,—but I have had no answer; so now I have come to you Father, that you may tell me. Am I bound to do this thing? Is *this* the sacrifice which God demands of me?"

They were agonized questions—more agonized in the intensity of their tone than in their form of words,—and the priest hesitated for an instant before asking gently:

"What do you think yourself?"

"How can I tell?" The eyes were not less

agonized than the tone, as they gazed at him. "You know it is so easy to deceive oneself,—to be mistaken in such matters."

"Not for you," he answered quietly. "You have a singular sincerity of soul. Although you feel acutely, mere emotionalism has no power over you. I have been struck by that from the first; and I tell you this in order that you may not distrust yourself unnecessarily, nor yet distrust what has been made clear to you. God sometimes deals very directly with a soul like yours. Trust Him, and do not hesitate to express what you think. Do you believe that He demands this sacrifice of you?"

"What else can I believe?" Her hands were knotted so tightly together now that the knuckles stood out white. "It seems very plain. I offered myself without reserve, and I felt that the offering was accepted. I might doubt this—I might think it was all imagination—but that he knew it also."

"What!" Father Isidore's calm was effectually stirred. "Do you mean that any knowledge of the kind was conveyed to him?"

"In a degree, yes." Then she related the strange, spiritual experience which Raynor had related to her, adding at the end: "I could not but feel that this confirmation was given in order that I might not doubt the reality of what had happened to myself. It seemed to set a seal on that, and also to lend a deeper significance to what he asked. I had given a blank pledge, which God was filling out. But, even while I felt this, it seemed more than I could bear; and, like a coward, I fled. I am a coward still, Father; for I have come to you—I know it now,—hoping that you will tell me that I look at things in an exaggerated light; that I am presumptuous in supposing that my prayers had any effect or received any answer; that my imagination produced the spiritual intimations; and that there is no obligation upon me

to do the thing which is asked of me."

"You see that I was right in speaking of the sincerity of your soul," the priest told her. "You have yourself so mercifully laid bare the underlying motive which had a share, but only a share, in bringing you here, that you have left me nothing to say—except this: that you are altogether right in thinking that there is no obligation resting upon you to do what is asked of you. This man's conduct has set you free from the demands, though not free from the tie, of marriage. He has no longer any claim upon you."

"He has the claim of his great need."

"That is a different claim. I am speaking of the letter of ecclesiastical law. He has forfeited his marital rights by flagrant misconduct; and if you restore them to him, it will be on your part a pure act of grace. Understand this distinctly. You are not compelled in any sense: you are perfectly free to give or to refuse what is asked of you."

"Ah!" She caught her breath. "But to whom would I refuse it?"

He met her eyes again with the grave, compassionate regard of his own.

"You are taken in a hard pass," he said. "I know that. It is no child's play when God lays His compelling grasp upon a human soul. Nor is it an easy path in which you are called to walk, but the blood-stained way of the cross. Only—'If thou wouldst be perfect, . . .'"

"Yes, Father." She rose to her feet, like a soldier who hears the bugle call to battle. "I understand. I see it all quite clearly now. There is but one thing to do, and I shall do it."

The priest rose also, a little startled by the suddenness of her decision.

"Do you mean that you will go back to him?" he asked.

She flung out her open hands, with the gesture of one who relinquishes everything.

"Can I mean anything else?" she asked in turn. "When God shows the path, who could dare refuse to walk in it?"

To a Dead Priest.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

YOU, laboring long and patiently,
 Awearied grew at last;
 Then sank to rest so silently
 We scarcely knew you past.
 Gentle your ways, kindly your heart,
 You loved the simple things;
 In quiet joys you took a part,
 Nor relished murmurings
 Of envious spirits; ne'er your tongue
 An idle gossip told
 Of any fallen brother. You lived among
 A few friends made of old.
 You joyed in summer sun and breeze,
 And calm of starry sheen,
 And young Spring clothing all the trees
 At earliest dawn with green.

Men say the dead are all forgot
 Once they are resting low;
 That one short, narrow earthen plot,
 O'er which wild grasses grow,
 Hides them from lingering memory.
 Not all the treasured dead
 Thus pass and are no more to be;
 A few still hear the tread
 Their footsteps made in days of yore.
 Their long-loved voices, too,
 Leave welcome echoes when the song is o'er.
 Their generous hearts, as true
 As gold, fire-tried, can never rust.
 The good that sink in sleep,
 Their bones may crumble unto dust—
 Their loves will always keep.

You, laboring long and silently,
 Awearied grew at last;
 But here your immortality
 Is anchored sure and fast.
 Time and time's dole of pain and fret
 Are fled like starless night;
 But you, grown ever young, have met
 The Vision and the Light.

WHEREVER the love of God is, it can
 not remain inactive.—*St. Gregory.*

The Irish in Canada.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONTINUED.)

HAMILTON, which is generally admitted to be one of the most flourishing and progressive of Canadian dioceses, had for its ecclesiastical rulers exclusively men of Celtic mould,—beginning in 1856 with John Farrell, who was followed by Peter Francis Crinnon, James Joseph Carberry, and Thomas Joseph Dowling, who in his long years of ministry has played so important a part in the various districts of Western Canada.

London, a newer See—which was transferred for a time to Sandwich, and back again to its original destination,—has been governed wisely and well by the sons of the Gael: the genial, whole-hearted Archbishop Walsh, afterward Metropolitan of Toronto; Dennis O'Connor, C. S. B.; Fergus Patrick McEvay; and the eloquent Oblate who has but recently assumed the mitre, Michael F. Fallon.

The Diocese of Peterborough, said to be 1100 miles long, was formed (chiefly on account of the large number of Irish immigrants who were scattered through that immense tract of country) between the St. Lawrence and Lake Superior. Its second Bishop, T. J. Dowling, and the present incumbent, R. A. O'Connor, were, needless to say, of that same stock which "amid Afric's heats or Greenland's snows" may be met "onward faring."

And from this large and important ecclesiastical domain has been formed, these recent years, another diocese, "as large as Ireland." Sault Ste. Marie sprang from the wilderness known only to the trapper, the missionary, the Hudson Bay trader. It comprises Thunder Bay, the Rainy River district, Nipissing, Algona, and the territory north and west of Lake Nipissing. As its name suggests, it is situated on the Falls of St. Mary, and in

the very centre of a manufacturing region, having enormous traffic through its canal. A very stronghold of the Irish, fittingly its first chief pastor, the Rt. Rev. D. J. Scollard, was an Irishman by descent and sympathy. He it was who cried: "Let us colonize New Ontario!"

So throughout Ontario, and the new worlds which are opening westward, prelates of the Irish race have, in the religious domain, borne aloft the standard; and, in glancing over the list of the Catholic clergy, it is plain that a large proportion are likewise of that ancient race whose scions have carried the Faith to the uttermost ends of the earth. Many of these clerics have never worn the mitre, but have been honored by the Holy Father with the purple. Of these may be mentioned: Monsignor McCann, Heenan, Rooney, Sinnot (secretary of the Apostolic Delegation), Daly, Farrelly, Mahony, and Aylward. Other ecclesiastics, remaining simply as parish priests at the post of duty, but whose names are familiar as household words, may be set down, quite at random, as belonging either to the past or present: Vicar-General McDonagh, of Perth; Archdeacon Casey; the Very Rev. M. A. McGarry, C. S. C., late president of St. Laurent College; Dean Murphy, of Irishtown; Vicar-General Frank Ryan, Dean Egan, Dean Harris, Dean Hand; Canons O'Meara, Donnelly, O'Donnell, Minehan, Walsh, Brennan, McCarthy, Sloan, and Milloy, of Temperance fame; the Very Rev. Daniel F. Foley; the Very Rev. William Murphy, Rector of Ottawa University; and that veritable apostle of education, Father Whelan. All these latter are of Ottawa, which has never had an Irish bishop, but has rejoiced in its Irish priests. A large number of its most prominent citizens are also of Celtic extraction.

Going backward again to the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is of interest to discover the Irish having a part in what was known as the first Red River settlement. It was in 1811 that Thomas Selkirk, Earl of Douglas, purchased an

immense tract of country in the northwest of Canada, with the philanthropic plan of bringing hither the poorer classes of his own countrymen and of the Irish. With commendable broad-mindedness rare enough in those days, he made no restrictions as to the religion of his colonists. The command of the expedition was intrusted to a Catholic, Captain Myles MacDonnell; and a Catholic chaplain was provided for the Irish. Those who came out upon the ship rejoiced in such distinctively Celtic patronymies as Burke, Flynn, Rooney, Walsh, Quinn, Corcoran, Gilgan, Hayes, and Sweeney. Exaggerated reports were circulated as to their turbulence on board ship; but the cause thereof is very clearly stated by William Auld, a none too partial witness. The trouble arose, he said, because "one Finley, a Scotchman, had ridiculed the ceremonies observed in celebrating divine service by the priest (so utterly unlike our Scotch clergy)." And the narrator significantly adds: "I guess that Finley received afterward certain treatment, which, on so obstinate and troublesome a fellow, could not fail to urge him to something improper."

Is there not a pathos in the thought of those poor men taking the path of exile over the high seas, thus valiantly defending that Faith which has been the glory of their nation? It is evident that, despite the good intentions of Lord Selkirk, who, together with his Countess, proved the generous friend of the Catholic settlers, as later on of the missionaries, religious prejudice militated against the Catholic Irish. And they were further unfortunate in having the wrong kind of chaplain; for, though nothing of a serious nature is alleged against the Rev. Charles Bourke, he is described as eccentric and as having left Ireland without the consent of his bishop. Moreover, between the Hudson Bay Co. and the Northwest traders soon arose disturbances, which resulted in bloodshed; eight of the twenty-one who were killed in that skirmish, known as

"the Battle of Seven Oaks," being Irish.

An interesting figure in the annals of the wilderness is that of John Rowand, a native of Dublin, who came to Canada in the later years of the eighteenth century, and entered the employment of the Northwest Company as clerk at Fort des Prairies, or Edmonton. The hardy and adventurous life in that practically untrodden territory precisely suited his bold and adventurous temperament. At the time of the fusion of his company with their old rivals of the Hudson Bay, he was advanced to the post of chief trader in the resultant corporation, and finally to the more considerable one of chief factor and commandant at Fort Edmonton. We are told that, a typical trader, a miniature emperor, he managed to make himself feared by the Indians. Playing on the superstitions of the latter, he awed them by the exhibition of chemical and other wonders. The white men knew that he was not to be trifled with, as the following anecdote will illustrate. He was present on a certain occasion at a dinner where the majority of those at table were anti-Catholic. One of the guests began a song, the humor of which consisted of coarse derision of the Pope. "This," says the chronicler, "was more than old Rowand could endure. 'I am a Catholic,' he cried, 'and I will never allow the Head of my Church to be ridiculed!' And away flew his glass at the head of the offender. This incident caused one of those present to remark: 'If Mr. Rowand does not often *kneel* in a church, he knows how to *stand* up for his religion.'"*

He it was who invited the Catholic missionaries to Fort Edmonton, saying that the Cree Indians wanted "the true praying ones." And, of course, in calling them thither he practically introduced them to the immense tract which he governed,—the combined districts of Saskatchewan and Athabasca, extending

* Morrice: "History of Catholicity in a Northwestern Canada."

as far east as Fort Cumberland, which was also included in his somewhat arbitrary sway. He died suddenly at Fort Pitt, where his oldest son was in command. His bones were taken to Montreal and interred in the cemetery on the slope of Mt. Royal.

So far, this sketch of the Irish in Canada has dealt more particularly with their achievements in the ecclesiastical domain. It is now time to take a glance at the doings of the laity in various walks of life. Forty years ago, Thomas D'Arcy McGee declared that "since 1792 Canada was never without an Irishman in her legislative councils." On examination of this statement, it may be safely affirmed that not only is such the case, but that Irishmen, for a corresponding term of years, have been found in the halls of Parliament, in the Senate, in the judiciary, as well as in the front rank of the professions and of commercial life.

It would be impossible, of course, in these limits, to present anything like a detailed account of the part that they have played in the gradual development of this Empire of the West. But it may be possible to give the names and, in a few instances, a brief sketch of those men who have added here in British North America to the laurels of

The ancient race,
The noble Celtic Island race;

and have proved beyond peradventure that, given the opportunity, Irishmen are capable of rising to positions abroad too often denied them at home. And we may apply to them in general the remark made by Cardinal Logue during his visit to this country at the time of the Eucharistic Congress,—that he found his countrymen here as true as steel to two principles: to the Faith which they inherited from their Catholic ancestry in Ireland,—the Faith preached by St. Patrick; and to the country in which they were born. "I found," he repeats, "in Canada, Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto, the Irish people devoted to their

Church and devoted lovers of their common country."

It may be said in passing that, while the scope of this article deals chiefly with those of the Catholic Faith, Irish Protestants have figured largely in the history of the country. Of these may be mentioned two of her governors-general,—the first after Confederation, Viscount Monck; and that one who may, perhaps, be regarded as the most popular royal representative ever sent from the mother country, Sir T. H. Blackwood, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava; also Edward Blake, the distinguished jurist, Cabinet Minister, and representative of an Irish constituency in the British House of Commons; the Anglican Bishops Kelly, Dunoulin, Carmichael, and Sullivan; Sir Francis Hincks, who, before Confederation, was the first to urge responsible government on the country, who was Finance Minister and Prime Minister, and Governor of British Guiana. O'Grady Haly, commander-in-chief of the Forces, and on more than one occasion administrator of the Government. Other Irishmen there were, who need not be named, who have striven to fan the flames of religious bigotry, differing very widely from those here mentioned.

The members of the Dominion and Provincial Houses of Parliament, who shall presently be set down, include those of Irish birth or descent, irrespective of creed. Amongst the Cabinet Ministers of the Federal Parliament since its inception in 1867, are to be found the names of John O'Connor, Frank Smith, D'Arcy McGee, Edward Kenny, Edward Blake, John Costigan, Richard William Scott, Charles Fitzpatrick, Mitchell Hincks, Charles Murphy, and that distinguished Catholic and Prime Minister, partly of Irish descent, Sir John Thompson. In the House of Commons figure largely Celts or the descendants of Celts: Crosby, Donnelly, McGiverin, Emmanuel Devlin, Nicholas Flood Davin, M. J. F. Quinn, Watson, Walsh, Harty, Neely, Charles Doherty, Nesbitt, Lalor, Alcorn, Maddin, Casey,

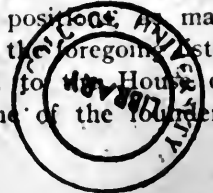
Coughlin, McCarthy, Barr, Bole, Sproule, the two Laylors, T. Wallace, Warburton, Hughes, Sifton Stewart, Adamson, Finlay Wright, J. J. Hughes, Galliher, W. Power, W. O'Brien, Curran, McInerney, Hickey, Shanly, McGreevy, Ryan, and Speaker T. W. Anglin.

In the Senate: L. G. Power, Thomas Ryan, William Hingston, Thomas Coffey, Ellis, Gilmor, Davis, McSweeney, William Miller, Mitchell, Riley, McHugh, Michael Sullivan, McKeon, Cloran, Frank Smith, Adams, O'Brien, O'Donohoe and Charles Murphy, the able and progressive Secretary of State, who has taken up the duties of his onerous office with characteristic vigor and energy, and who has shown so marked a talent for public affairs.

In the Provincial Houses may be mentioned, amongst many others, such distinguished names as Prendergast, Hackett, Lynch, Wilfrid Sullivan, Hearn, Kaine, Guerin, McShane, Power, and Roche. Governors of Provinces. Sir Hastings Doyle, who was also commander-in-chief of the Forces, and more than once administrator; Sir Edward Kenny, the Dalys, Howland, and McCormick.

The Chief Justice of the Dominion: Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Chief Justices of the Provinces: Michael Sullivan, Hagarty, Blake, Bryan, Finucane. The judiciary comprises: Curran, Wilfred Sullivan, Hugh McMahon, the two Dohertys, Power, Purcell, and Anglin. And who more prominent amongst railway magnates than Sir Thomas Shaughnessy? Amongst lawyers, than Fitzpatrick or Blake? Amongst physicians, than Sir William Hingston? Amongst merchant princes, than Marty, Frank Smith, Davis, C. F. Smith, or O'Keefe?

Sometimes various members of a family have attained distinction of one sort or another, as in the case of the Kennys of Halifax, where the father filled a number of prominent positions, and may be seen by a glance at the foregoing lists. One son followed him to the House of Commons, and was one of the founders



and president of the Royal Bank; four sons entered the Society of Jesus, one of whom is Rector of Manresa in England; and another is among the foremost pulpit orators in Canada. The oldest daughter became the wife of a distinguished Irishman, of whom the following brief sketch may be of interest.

Sir Malachy Bowes Daly was the son of Sir Dominick Daly, who was born in the County of Galway, Ireland, of an ancient and honorable family. He played an important part in the history of Canada, as well as in other portions of the British Empire. He was for twenty-five years Colonial Secretary, represented Megantic in the Canadian Legislature prior to Confederation; was Governor successively of Prince Edward Island, of Tobago, and Governor in Chief of Australia. Sir Malachy, who was born near Quebec, made his collegiate course at Oscott, England. He acted as private secretary to his father when the latter was at Prince Edward Island as Provincial A. D. C. to General Sir Fenwick Williams, commander-in-chief of the Forces; and as secretary to two successive Governors of Nova Scotia, himself being ultimately made Governor of that Province. He takes a leading part in the religious and charitable affairs of Halifax, being president of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and of the Irish Charitable Society.

It is an Irishman who to-day occupies what is practically the foremost position in the country, that of Chief Justice of the Dominion, held by the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. He was born of Irish parents, in Quebec, in 1853; and those who are disposed to underrate the education received in Catholic schools may draw a lesson from the fact that he, like so many of our Canadian public men, was educated solely at St. Anne's, the Seminary of Quebec, and Laval University. Admitted to the Bar of Quebec, and later to that of Ontario, he was called to the Quebec Legislature and the Federal House of Commons, being made Solicitor

General; he was sworn into the Privy Council, admitted to the Cabinet as Minister of Justice, resigned his Portfolio to accept the Chief Justiceship, was knighted by the late King, acted as administrator of the Government in the absence of the Governor General, was appointed to the Imperial Privy Council, as well as to The Hague Peace Tribunal, where he rendered conspicuous service. Such is in brief the history of a remarkable career. As a Catholic, Sir Charles identified himself with every movement for the interest of the Church. He was one of the first to become a governor of the Catholic Church Extension Society, and is a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as of other charitable and religious associations.

The Hon. William Harty, of Kingston, holds a decidedly prominent place in the Irish annals of the Dominion, both in its commercial life and in the public service. He is director of the Canadian Locomotive and Engine Works, which he reorganized, and of which he became first president; general manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Co. of New York; and director of the K. and Y. Railway. He acted as Commissioner of Public Works; as M. L. A. for Kingston, where the greater part of his life has been passed; as Senator and member of the House of Commons, and trustee for the University of Kingston. In the enviable position which he has thus won for himself, he, too, gives up a portion of his time to works of charity and of public utility, and is in all respects a practical and edifying Catholic.

(Conclusion next week.)

Treasures.

BY C. L. O'D.

OLD things and new are His. This green,
Gay garment of the Maiden Spring,
Is it some new, wide, wondrous thing,
Or robe that Eden's fields have seen?

The Light through the Mist.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

I.

BELOW in the hollow stands the little house that held the happiest family in Ireland. What with Dan McKeon's hearty laugh, the bright smile of Mary, his wife, the lilt of young Dan's fiddle when he had finished his work in the fields, the songs of comely Nora, who was an assistant teacher in Knockreevy school, the comical sayings of Nellie and Tim—Nellie was six years and Tim was four,—what with all this it would have been no easy matter to find within the "four seas of Ireland" a happier family than the one which lived in the little house in the hollow, with the fertile fifteen-acre farm to sustain it, and the gently rising hills around to shield it from the storms of the world. It was indeed the happiest of homes until one dark day. Then the clouds gathered, the sky became drear, the happy laughter was hushed, and the cross came down heavily on the shoulders of poor Mary McKeon.

It was in the Maytime,—a peaceful evening, with the breath of the newborn summer in the air. Dan McKeon the elder had gone that morning to the fair of Ballybride, and in the little home there was an anxious watch being kept for his return; and more anxious it became when, as the day faded and the evening shades came down, there was no sign of his return. The hour for the saying of the Rosary arrived, but still the absent one did not appear on the breen leading to the road.

"I hope in God nothing has happened to him!" said Mary to Nora, as she went upon her knees,—the others were already kneeling. "We'll say the Rosary for his safe return, and ask our Blessed Mother to send him home soon."

And so for the first time in twenty

years the Rosary in that house was said in the absence of Dan McKeon.

They had just finished when the sound of a footfall was heard in the yard; and little Tim, with a cry of "Here's daddy!" made a rush for the open door. A moment later he shrank back, with a frightened look in his big brown eyes, and gripped his mother's hand tightly in his own soft palms. The others looked up, wondering what had scared him. In a moment they knew. Dan McKeon, for the first time in his life, entered his home under the influence of drink! In the silent hours of that sorrowful night Mary's tears fell hot and fast, as she asked God to strengthen her in the days of trial which she felt were now at hand.

During the twelve months which followed, the shadows closed threateningly around the little house in the hollow. Not satisfied with the opportunities for drinking which fair and market afforded, Dan McKeon soon fell into the habit of creating opportunities by paying frequent visits to the "public house" in Knockreevy, and spending hours at a time there, in the company of others who, like himself, had set their feet upon the road to ruin. After a while those visits were of daily occurrence; and, besides losing all interest in the farm, he squandered most of the money realized through young Dan's industry and the brave efforts of Mary and Nora.

In the early stages Mary's entreaties checked him a little, and for weeks he never touched a drop of drink. But the craving gradually grew so strong that he seemed powerless to resist it, and all effort at reform on his part was abandoned. He became sullen and heedless, and the old ringing laugh deserted him. He could not be induced to approach the Sacraments, and only very seldom did he rise in time for Sunday Mass. All that could be done for him was to pray, and this the entire family did unceasingly, their great faith in God and in His Blessed Mother telling them that all would yet be well.

When almost a year had passed, and the Maytime was coming again, it was Nora who suggested that they should erect in the house an altar in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and say the Rosary before it every evening during the month of May for the conversion of the poor straying one, and that Mary and young Dan and herself should receive Holy Communion *every day* for the same intention. And the mother had answered at once:

"We'll do it, in the name of God!"

II.

It was a soft, hazy night near the end of May, and the silence of a beautiful peace was everywhere; but Dan McKeon, as he hurried along the "short cut" across the fields to Knockreevy, had no thought for the beauty of nature, nor for anything save the demon of drink, whose bondsman he had become. He shrank from going down the breen to the road, because he knew Mary's gaze would follow him; and of late he had begun to fear the sorrowful expression in her tear-swollen eyes and the look of pain on her grief-lined face. He would cut across the fields, where no one would see him, and come out upon the path at Knockreevy crossroads, beside the "public house." Thinking thus, he went along, unmindful of the night's beauty, or of the thick mantle of mist which was coming down nearer to the grasses at every moment.

He was very long coming to the Angle Field at the crossroads, he thought; and there was no sign of the light in McGarry's "public house." Had he lost the path, or why was he not yet at the gate leading from his own fifteen acres into the Angle Field? He must have walked very slowly; he would quicken his pace, and get out of the fields before the mist became thicker.

Where was he at all? There was still no sign of the gate, and he must have walked a couple of miles. It was only one mile from his own house to Knock-

reevy. The mist was getting into his mouth and choking him. He was growing faint. Was that Mary's face he saw appearing before him in the mist? Uch! he felt a cold hand on his forehead that time, and he surely heard little Tim crying 'because daddy wouldn't take him on his knee now at all.' Was he going mad? Would he ever reach the gate? Would he ever see the light in McGarry's? What was to become of him? The drink thirst had gone from him, and fear held possession of his being. Shame, grief, remorse came to him there in the dew-wet fields; and the blackness of his life during the past twelve months came clearly before his mind's eye. But he had not the strength to say "I will give it up," as, dazed and terrified, he staggered along, trembling in every limb.

The light! There it was at last! He nearly cried with joy as he drew nearer to it; and, wondering as to how he had got into the Angle Field, he undid the bolt of the gate and drew a long sigh of relief as he felt the firm road under his foot. Was it near closing time? Sh! what sound was that? Was he bewitched to-night? Mary's voice, and Dan's and Nora's and Nellie's and little Tim's! What were they saying? He listened with bated breath.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!"

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

He felt the weakness coming over him again, and he tried to rouse himself and laugh, but his tongue would not work. The fog was choking him still. He drew nearer to the light. The door was wide open, but cautiously he crept over to the window and peeped in. Why was Mary in the "public house," kneeling before an altar on which were big bouquets of primroses and cowslips, and Nora beside her, and Dan with his head bowed, and Nellie and little Tim, all with beads between their fingers, and their lips moving

in prayer? And what was Mary saying now as she looked so pleadingly toward the altar?

"O Mother of God, who walked with Him up the rugged road to Calvary, and felt the thirst He felt, and the spear that wounded Him piercing thy heart, ask Him to-night to bring back the one that's gone astray from Him and from thee and from us, and to give him strength and grace! O Mother of God, help him this night!"

The man at the window knew it all then. He had strayed to his own door, to the altar of the Mother of God; and the mist had cleared away from his soul, never to return. He saw, through his tears, Nellie and Tim go off to bed, and he knew they would never be afraid of him any more. It was not weakness that caused the hot tears to flow down his cheeks as he leaned his head against the wall and asked God's pardon for his sins. So it was that Mary found him when she came away from the Blessed Virgin's altar to peer into the night, and to listen, as was her wont, for the sound of an unsteady footfall.

"Forgive me, Mary!" he whispered, as she led him into the house. "And may God forgive me all my sins against Him and you!"

In the little house in the hollow there is happiness once again, and Dan McKeon's hearty laugh rings out as of old. His heart is ever full of gratitude to God and to His Holy Mother, but the tears that tell it has overflowed come forth unbidden and unchecked when he sees the mists of the Maytime on the guardian hills of Knockreevy.

THE tongue no man can tame; hence thou canst not tame thine own, for thou art a man. So thou must needs have continual recourse to God, that He may do for thee what thou art not able to do for thyself.—*St. Augustine.*

A Highly Important Matter.

AMONG wise recommendations of the New York Catholic School Board, whose annual report—an admirable one—has just reached us, we find the following prescriptions, designed to provide against panic and disorder in case of danger in the schools from fire or other cause:

I.—No principal in charge of a school of more than 200 pupils should be required to teach a class. II.—The youngest children in a school should be provided with classrooms nearest the street. III.—All doors of the school building should be open during school hours every day, and all doors should open outward. IV.—An organized "rapid dismissal drill" should be practised in every school *once a week* during the school terms, on varying days of the week, and at varying hours of the day.

These suggestions will commend themselves to everybody. As for boarding-schools, colleges, convents, etc., some day the dormitories will occupy the lower floor, not the fourth or fifth story of such buildings; and the danger of loss of life from fire be largely eliminated in consequence. Another common-sense precaution, wherever many people are in one building—a precaution often neglected,—is to have a competent person to act as watcher during the night. Those who retire regularly at an early hour have no idea of how soundly they sleep, or how difficult it is to rouse them before they have had the amount of rest to which they have accustomed themselves. A sudden alarm of fire at night generally means a panic. Nobody knows where the fire is, or how to fight it. The one thought is of self-preservation, the means for which are often altogether inadequate—crowded passages, locked doors, barred windows, icy or otherwise useless fire-escapes, etc.

Every precaution against fire, ample equipment for putting it out, the simplest and surest apparatus for safeguarding lives, along with high insurance, are recommendations which should require no urging upon any one gifted with ordinary common-sense.

Notes and Remarks.

More notable than the occasion itself was the response which Cardinal Gibbons made to an address of welcome at a celebration in his honor held last week in New York. His Eminence never misses an opportunity of reminding his fellow-citizens of those things which they are most prone to lose sight of; and he has the happy faculty of expressing himself in such a way that his hearers never think they are listening to anything savoring of platitude. "No citizen," he declared, "should be a drone in the social beehive. No man among you should be an indifferent spectator of the moral, political, and economic questions which affect the welfare of the commonwealth. As you are all protected in your life and property by the strong arm of the Government, so should you all be united in upholding the hands of those who are charged with the administration of the commonwealth.

"Thank God," the Cardinal concluded, "we live in a country where there is liberty without the toleration of license, and authority without the toleration of despotism, and where the Government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with the individual rights of conscience!"

Writing of the recent National Peace Conference in Baltimore, the editor of *Harper's Weekly* declares that the keynote of the speeches made was a businesslike sanity. "It was a highly practical gathering. The tendency was not to inconclusive dilation on the horrors of war, but to specific suggestion and to sensible discussion of the really available means of promoting peace. Not, however, that the higher note—the note of feeling, the note of eloquence—was not struck. It was. But that, too, was practical. The savage splendor of war has undoubtedly a potent charm for the human spirit. It is the theme of much true poetry and eloquence.

Therefore, the splendor and the beauty of peace—not merely its beneficence, its utilitarian value—need to be dealt with. Cardinal Gibbons was one of those who struck the higher note, and he put a noble feeling into what he said."

In its obituary notice of the late Sir A. P. Pelletier, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, *l'Action Sociale* declares that it was in his harmonizing his faith with his duties as a public official that the deceased showed the full force of his religious convictions. "His elevation to the dignity of the lieutenant-governorship did not prevent his joining every Sunday his brother sodalists of the Blessed Virgin, whom he had edified for upward of fifty years by his piety and assiduity; and the little church of the Jesuits furnished the rare spectacle of the King's representative in Quebec celebrating his Golden Jubilee as a Servant of Mary."

A striking incident in connection with the passing of Sir Alphonse occurred the day before his funeral. The remains had been laid in State in the hall of the Legislative Assembly, transformed for the occasion into a mortuary chapel. And thither one hundred and fifty sodalists of the Blessed Virgin, led by their prefect, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruère, Superintendent of Education, repaired to recite the Office of the Dead around the coffin of their departed brother. A simple tribute, but a worthy one, and a scene that throws an X-ray on the deep-rooted Catholicism of Quebec and her citizens.

From the reports of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's lecture on Cardinal Manning in our English exchanges, it is easy to see that it was inspired throughout with feelings of reverence and affection. Such a tribute to the great English convert from a non-Catholic should have the effect of correcting many false impressions of him conveyed by his biographer and others whose intimacy with him was less close than that of Mr. Bodley. By many

Cardinal Manning is thought to have been something of a sophist and manipulator. "If ever he had the temperament of a casuist," says Mr. Bodley, "he had lost all trace of it in his old age. He was the most straightforward Englishman it was possible to imagine, free from all pious affectation; yet one always felt that he was living in the presence of an unseen Power. Not as pompous agent, but as its humble messenger." Nothing more inspiring had met his eyes, declared Mr. Bodley, "than the picture of this noble old Englishman in threadbare cassock kneeling before the altar in his bare chapel."

Only a few months ago we chronicled, as an instance of the absence of intolerance on the part of Catholics in Ireland, the conferring of the freedom of the city of Kilkenny upon a Jewish lady. An incident of an altogether different nature has more recently occurred in the same Irish city. A party of Protestant English soldiers entered St. Canice's Catholic church and committed acts of sacrilege. On coming out into the street and seeing a nun, they insulted her with vile names, and struck her repeatedly with the short whips they carried. That the offending soldiers did not meet with summary and exemplary punishment at the hands of the indignant Catholic citizens speaks well for Irish respect of law. Commenting on the outrage, the *Catholic Register* and *Canadian Extension* forcibly remarks:

Now, we do not bring up this disagreeable incident for the purpose of creating any hard feelings. We believe these Protestant soldiers were under the influence of drink, and were only partially responsible for their riotous behavior. We believe that every Protestant in Ireland was heartily ashamed of the occurrence and deplored it deeply. The point we wish to make is this. If the boot had been on the other foot, the event would have taken on national importance, and have been telegraphed to the uttermost ends of the earth. . . . If Irish Nationalists, drunk or sober, had entered a Protestant church and committed sacrilege there, and had come out and attacked, say, an

Anglican Sister, and beaten her with whips and called her unspeakable names, the lying anti-Catholic Associated Press would have kept the wires of the world hot, and the Protestant press all over the world would have had scare-headlines an inch deep about—"the effects of Rome Rule," "Catholic Intolerance," "The barbarous and bigoted Irish," etc., etc. The very cause of Home Rule would have been set back perhaps for another generation, and the Church would have to endure over again the hydrophobic yelping of the ravenous ranters who make their living by pandering to that insensate hatred of the True Church which never dies out.

The absence of any notice of the outrage in the secular press of this country certainly lends force to our contemporary's contention; and the moral is, the urgent necessity of a well-equipped Catholic news agency, free from the domination of Masonic, agnostic, or other anti-Catholic influence.

Our English contemporaries are not particularly impressed with the intellectual equipment of the "Yankee pastor," the Rev. Charles T. Russell, whose face is becoming familiar in London and "the Provinces." Writing of this American preacher to the *Catholic Times*, a correspondent says:

His notions of Catholic doctrines are dismally distorted. Would one know what Purgatory is, he advises recourse to the poems of "the noted poet Dante, a loyal Catholic, at one time an abbot, who died in a monastery with the full rights [sic] of the Church." But one must not read the Right Rev. Abbot Dante Alighieri's "Purgatorio" to imagine something as to what Purgatory is like. A schoolboy might think so and say so; but not thusly thinks and says this great world-teacher. No: read the poet-prelate's "Inferno" if you would know of Purgatory. For a sane moment, however, let us take a few lines from Frassinetti's Catechism: "The souls in Purgatory are perfectly resigned; and, although they suffer most grievous pain, they sleep the sleep of peace, being perfectly conformed to the divine will, loving God and His adorable dispensations with the intense affection of charity." How tamely do these words read contrasted with those of Mr. Russell on Purgatory: "The demons chase some until they leap over precipices into boiling water: they ply others with fiery darts; others are burned with heads downward; others with

feet downward in pits; some are bitten by serpents; still others are frozen. . . . Millions of Protestants are there. They could not enter heaven except through the portals of the Catholic Church, etc." This and much more Pastor Russell takes as Catholic opinion, and, for oratorical purposes, puts the words into the mouth of an imaginary Catholic, who is made to express "the ripest, clearest, maturest thought" of Catholics regarding the state of paganism!

Did any backwoods Methodist parson or any illiterate Negro preacher ever deliver more outrageous caricatures of Catholic doctrine? If American Protestant knowledge and culture is measured in England by this specimen of the Protestant pastor, what an idea of our non-Catholic ministerial intelligence must be generally prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic!

If industriously compiled, a book dealing with errors generally held would be quite as bulky as the one entitled "Things Not Generally Known." Almost everyone would name Harvey as the discoverer of circulation of the blood, but it turns out that the honor belongs to Italian physiologists who were Harvey's teachers. They laid the foundation of our present knowledge both of circulation and respiration. Harvey's claim to remembrance is that he brought together the various facts known to other physiologists, and tested them by his own experiments, and then gave a clear and logical account of the circulation in so few words that the theory and its importance could be understood by everyone who was interested in the matter.

Most people think of artificial irrigation on a large scale as something quite modern, and read with wonder of desert lands rendered fruitful by the skill and enterprise of present-day experts. In an account of two journeys taken through China and Tibet by the late Lieut. Brooke, F. R. G. S., we are told incidentally of a grand scheme of irrigation whereby water enough to supply 100,000 acres is diverted from the river Min, and carried north, through a

cut in the mountains nearly 1000 feet high, to the Yangtze at Lucheo, 300 miles distant. And this great scheme was projected by Lee Ping, a Chinese mandarin, three hundred years before Christ!

The consecration of the erstwhile editor of the *New Zealand Tablet* does not appear to have paralyzed his trenchant pen. A Wellington journal recently contained a lengthy letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary on the much-vexed question—timely in most English-speaking countries—of religion and education. We quote the concluding paragraph:

And now for a protest: Why do you persistently assume, without an atom of proof, that the State has a moral right to bundle God and religion, under penalties, out of any system of education? I absolutely deny such a right until it is clearly established. And why do you as persistently assume—again without proof—that, unless the State itself directly teaches religion in the schools, there is no possibility of such teaching being imparted there at all? Are you not aware of (for instance) the peaceful wedded union of religion and education in Germany and Scandinavia,—countries that lead the world by the incomparable excellence of their school systems.

The foregoing assumptions are, of course, not confined to New Zealand publicists; and the reference to Germany and Scandinavia is well worth the notice of not a few editors on this side of the globe.

As if the pernicious activities of the Roman Methodists had not secured for them, a year ago, an overplus of unenviable notoriety, they are now bidding for additional infamy. Says a late issue of *Rome*:

Never before, we believe, have the Methodists or any other sect gone so far as to send their emissaries into the churches during divine service to disturb the faithful by distributing tracts among them. Yet this is what happened during Holy Week, in St. Peter's itself, during the solemn functions commemorating the passion and death of Our Lord. One of the handbills distributed among the people, laid on the altar rails, strewn on the ground, by the proselytizing agent is before the chronicler as he writes. I

has some sympathetic references to Socialism; it conveys the interesting information that the anonymous author was once a drunkard, a blasphemer, etc., whereas he is now almost too-good for this world; it contains the "testimonies" of three anonymous individuals who have the same excellent account to give of themselves; it speaks of the emptiness of the faith of the "Papist Church"; and it concludes with the sentence: "Dear reader, the great need of our times is that men should know the doctrine of Christ and be no longer hoodwinked by those who want to pass for His ministers. Get a copy of the Gospels, and there you will find what will give peace and light to your soul, and by the grace of God you will acquire a faith which is not blind."

If the Rev. Mr. Tipple countenances this particular style of "tippling," we should judge that both he and his agents are in considerable danger of acquiring, by the grace of an indignant people, new and brilliant light on the congruities of civilized society.

Items of news like the following should be of special interest to the hierarchy and clergy of Italy. The first is from the current number of the *Milwaukee Church Times* (Anglican); the second, from the *New York Sun* (May 10):

The Rev. Oreste Salcini has been appointed to work among the Italians in Williamson and Franklin counties, Ill., and has taken up his residence in Herrin. There are about 2000 Italians in Herrin, and not more than 10 per cent of them attend the Roman Catholic church.

The corner-stone of a Presbyterian church for Italians at Morris Avenue and 153d Street, The Bronx, was laid yesterday afternoon. The church, which will cost \$50,000, was made possible by the \$2,000,000 bequest of John S. Kennedy.

The death last month of Cardinal Cavicchioni, Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, reduces the Sacred College to forty-nine members, which is twenty-one less than the full quota. There are now only twenty Cardinals in Rome,—an unusually small number. The Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet* refers to the late Cardinal as "a very retiring man, but he was thoroughly familiar with

the workings of the Roman Curia, in which he had for many years occupied the important position of Secretary of the Congregation of the Council,—and he gained considerable experience of diplomatic work from the years he spent in South America as Apostolic Delegate."

It is reported that at the recent meeting of our archbishops in Washington the establishment of an American Seminary for Foreign Missions was discussed; and that Fathers Walsh of Boston and Price of Raleigh, N. C., were chosen to begin the work preliminary to its foundation. The enterprise is a natural outcome of this country's having ceased to be a missionary land, in the ecclesiastical sense of that phrase; and is the complement of the Church Extension movement, which has developed so rapidly within the past few years. One of the most notable benefits likely to result, indirectly, from the establishment of such a seminary would be a decided increase in the number of sacerdotal vocations for the home missions; and this alone would more than justify the inception of the work, which, it may be added, would be directed by priests of admirable zeal and wide experience.

Here is a recipe, furnished by the *Bombay Examiner*, for the concoction of an argument after the manner of many a scribbler on Christianity in general or on the Church in particular:

Let your first statement of the point be modestly hypothetical or dubious—'It has been said,' or 'it has been surmised' that *so-and-so*. Second stage—'If this be the case, then such and such a conclusion follows.' Third stage—'This being so, it follows.' Final stage—'In the previous section we have proved' the point which was originally reported or surmised.

Most readers can recall articles, pamphlets, even whole volumes, constructed on just such a model as this; and their publication is apparently not decreasing very rapidly at the present day—more's the pity!



My Rosary Beads.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

I DREAMED the roses were in bloom,
 Though it was winter time;
 I dreamed that light came through the gloom
 Into my little curtained room,
 Like sun in tropic clime.

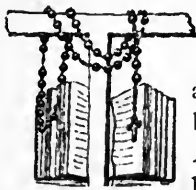
I saw the roses flame and glow—
 A garland rich and fine,—
 Those red, red roses in a row,
 With lines of others white as snow:
 "And these, my child, are thine!"

So sweet my Guardian Angel spoke,
 Like summer wind through reeds,—
 "When all earth's glory fades like smoke,
 These flowers will live!"—then I awoke,
 And found my Rosary Beads.

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

III.—DAME ELSPETH'S BEADS.



THE day Jerry was thrown headlong down the stairs, and got an ugly purple bruise on his forehead, Aunt Cicely decided to tell her little flock the story of Dame Elspeth's beads. Of course Jerry cried; indeed, Gregory said he "bellowed like a good one." But when you are only six, and you fall the whole length of the stairs and raise a bump as large as an egg under your curls, you are surely entitled to shed a few tears over it. At least so his mother and the old nurse thought; and they cuddled and consoled with him, while the others stood by, Pancred and Margery watching with anxious eyes. When Jerry's sobs had died away at last,

Aunt Cicely bade Pancred fetch the Brown Book from the library—"and we'll find some splendid story to make Jerry forget how his head aches," said she.

"Make it about bears and lions and things, mother dear!" begged Jerry, when they were safely settled in the garden.

Aunt Cicely drew him a bit closer.

"Goodness, Jerry!" she answered. "Do you want to frighten mother and Margery? But here's one about a little girl and boy who lived here hundreds of years ago, and some very dreadful outlaws. Will that be shivery enough?"

"Do you children remember that old, old wooden rosary grandfather showed you one day,—the one you thought so ugly? We call it 'Dame Elspeth's beads,' and I don't believe there's an older pair in the world. St. Dominic himself blessed them for one of Simon de Montfort's captains; and the soldier gave them to young Guy Ross, Dame Elspeth's son, who had saved his life on the battlefield. Guy brought them back to England for his mother; so you see they were probably one of the first pairs in all the country—"

"But, Aunt Cicely," Pancred interrupted, "didn't people have rosaries then? I thought Catholics always had them."

"This was away, 'way back in the first half of the thirteenth century, Pancred,—not so many years after Our Lady gave her beads to St. Dominic and told him to preach them all over the world. You must ask Father Hugh for that story sometime. People in France and Spain were using them, but the devotion hadn't spread to England yet. It seems very queer to think about a time when the Rosary was new, doesn't it?"

"Well, Dame Elspeth's beads had fifteen decades then, instead of the two that are left to us; and they say the crucifix was beautifully carved. I suppose it was

strung on heavy cord, for it wasn't till the end of our story that the silver chain was put in. But Dame Elspeth and her household thought it very fine indeed, and she must have been very proud of it.

"She was nurse and governess and housekeeper to Sir Gervase Guilbert's motherless family, and I suspect she was even more tyrannical than Hutchins. Sir Gervase himself was away at the French wars. But he did not worry about his family; for he knew she had as cool a head as a man, and was capable of commanding the men-at-arms who guarded the castle. And, besides, there was young Ralph, who was seventeen, and even twelve-year-old Hugh could handle a sword and pull a crossbow bravely enough. The castle itself was a stout fortress, with walls eight or ten feet thick, and a moat all the way round it. This very garden was part of that moat, I fancy.

"The drawbridge had been let down this bright May morning, and the portcullis raised, to admit a party of merchants new-come from London. They were all in the Lady Ysobel's chamber, displaying their wares; and the women of the household were gathered there, too, chattering like so many magpies. And Dame Elspeth was superintending everything; for, though Ysobel might be fifteen, and quite a young lady in her own opinion, the good Dame felt that she alone was capable of driving a sharp bargain. Down in the courtyard Hugh was engaged in a fencing bout with one of the men, and the rest had gathered in a circle to watch the gallant fight the boy was making. Margot, Dame Elspeth's little daughter, had been left to watch baby Edwin, the youngest of the Guilberts, and to arrange the flowers for the oratory. Edwin was a restless little fellow, very like Jerry here."

Jerry squirmed about at that, to look into his mother's face and protest stoutly that he was neither little nor restless.

"What busybody was it that carried off my beads last night when prayers were over, and left them in the nursery?"

Aunt Cicely asked him, smilingly. "If you'll wait a moment, Jerry, you'll find your great-great-great—oh, many times 'great' uncle doing the same thing. Edwin was the baby, as I said, and rather spoiled; so when he found Dame Elspeth's precious beads on her kneeling-stool, where she had left them after Mass, he didn't know any good reason why he should not have them for playthings. He was too young to know much about them; but he had seen the abbot of a neighboring monastery wearing a cross, I suppose. At any rate, he proceeded to wind the beads around his neck and forgot all about them. The next thing his mischievous fingers attacked was the basket of flowers that were to make garlands for Our Lady's shrine. And when he had pulled them all to pieces, 'Le's get more fowers, Margot,' he suggested, with his most engaging smile; and promptly set off down the stairs to put his plan into execution.

"Poor Margot ran after him; and on the way down the thought popped into her head, 'Why not get more flowers?' She could open the postern gate herself; the hawthorn was all in bloom just beyond; she needn't take Edwin, and she wouldn't be gone but a minute. Why not?"

"But Edwin had no mind to be left behind, and the instant the gate was opened, he darted through so quickly he would have fallen headlong into the moat if Margot had not caught him. After that it was easier to take the young tyrant with her than persuade him to return. She lifted him in her little brown arms and carried him over the slippery plank that served for a bridge just there. Surely the warders on the wall above would have seen them, if they hadn't all been so busy watching Master Hugh's sword play on the other side of the castle. And so there was no one to call back the two little runaways.

"Margot had meant only to gather a spray or two of hawthorn and slip safely back within the gates; but it was so pleasant there in the sweet spring sunlight,

with no gray walls to shut them in, and no one to say 'mustn't' and 'must,' that the children wandered on and on till the minute grew into an hour. Margot had stopped to arrange her flowers, when Edwin set up a great shout, and out from the bushes darted the prettiest little dappled fawn you ever saw. One terrified glance it gave them with its big brown eyes, and sped away toward the wood, Edwin in hot pursuit. All thought of returning to the castle went out of Margot's head in a flash; she dropped her hawthorn and flew after Edwin and the fawn.

"And what a chase it led them,—in and out through brambles and briars, always deeper and deeper into the wood! So absorbed were they that neither of them noticed how far they had gone; and the sunbeams couldn't penetrate the thick leaves above them, to warn them it was almost noon. They were scrambling through an uncommonly thick thorn bush, in hopes of cutting off the fawn's retreat, when the two of them pitched forward down a slope almost into the centre of an outlaw camp. These bands of robbers and criminals, men and women, were all too common in England then; they made their living by hunting, and preying on the nobility, or on those unlucky enough to incur their hatred.

"Margot dragged Edwin up at once; and would have turned back without waiting to apologize, but one of the rough-looking men caught her by the arm.

"'Not so fast, my little lady!' said he. 'What might be your name, and where are you going?'

"'It's my Lord of Guilbert's youngest son!' cried an old crone, hobbling closer to stare at the children. 'Norman of the Norman is he, never true English! And the girl is Dame Ross' daughter. She was hanging to her mother's skirts yestere'en when their men-at-arms drove me from the courtyard. And I did but mean to beg a crumb or two from the Lady Ysobel,' she added whiningly.

"'Then I doubt not my Lord will give a pretty sum for the ransoming of his young cockerel,' returned Margot's captor, loosing his grasp on her sleeve. 'Make the damsel fast there; she must not slip through our fingers to bear tales to the castle.'

"And forthwith, in spite of Margot's tears and pleadings, of Edwin's desperate struggles, the two little people were bound and carried back to a rude shelter built of boughs on the other side of the fire. There a buxom young woman, in a fantastic dress of green, proceeded to change Edwin's velvet garments for a leather jerkin, and Margot's neat blue gown for a ragged skirt and bodice. Edwin's long yellow curls, that had been his dead mother's pride, were clipped away, and both children's hands and faces stained till they looked quite dark. Urfred, who appeared to be queen of the band, possessed herself of the jewelled chain that had fastened Edwin's cloak; but when they tried to take the rosary from his neck, the little fellow raised such a clamor they were obliged to give up the attempt.

"'What is that string of wooden beads my little lord sets such store by?' Urfred asked of the older woman. 'Hast ever seen aught like it, good mother?' But the other shook her head. 'Nay, that I have not. The abbot of St. Swithin's wears a cross, but 'tis of fine gold. I doubt not those beads have a spell carved on them. Let the child keep them; they may be a powerful charm.'

"'Why, mother dear,' Gregory broke in just here, 'only the decade beads are carved, and they haven't any letters on them, just scrolls and things. How could that be a charm?'

Aunt Cicely nodded at Hugh, who was fairly breathless with knowledge, and he proceeded to explain.

"You see, Greg, poor people in those days couldn't read or write, and they believed in fortune-telling and charms, and all such things. They thought if you carved Hebrew letters on a coin and wore

it, it would bring you luck; and of course you could put a bad spell on any one the same way. And, you see, none of them had ever seen a rosary, and those scrolls looked like foreign letters to them, so they thought it was some new kind of magic."

"Never seen a rosary!" The children looked at one another in wonder. They could hardly imagine it.

"And so," said Aunt Cicely, taking up her story again, "Margot and Edwin were allowed to keep the beads, and Margot at least was very glad of that. She cuddled Edwin close to her and tried her best to remember what Father Ambrose had said about it. By and by, when their captors left them to themselves, she whispered:

"Edwin?"

"Yes," said the little boy. 'Don't cry, Margot. I'll take care of you. I'm a Guilbert.'

"I'm not crying," returned Margot; 'but I've thought of what we must do. Those beads are for the counting of prayers; our most sweet Lady Mary herself gave them to Father Dominic, and she promised her aid to all who should use them. I know the *Ave*, and you know most of it; so every time we are alone we will say *Aves* on the beads, and surely then she will bring us safe home again.'

"And straightway they began their prayers, Margot's little fingers holding the rosary, her voice supporting Edwin's when he faltered.

"*'Ave Maria, gratia plena,'* they whispered; for Father Ambrose had taught them the 'Hail Mary' in Latin, the language of the Church. And surely no more innocent and confiding prayer ever went up to our Blessed Lady's throne.

"When the children were missed at the castle, such a hue and cry was raised that the outlaws fled in terror, taking their little prisoners with them. They would go on to London, they decided; there, among so many turbulent spirits, they would be unnoticed, while one of their number could return and negotiate

with Dame Elspeth for the ransom. Poor Margot and Edwin grew very weary and footsore during that journey; they must have cried themselves to sleep many and many a time. But their faith in 'our most sweet Lady Mary' never faltered, and they fingered the rosary so constantly that Urfred and her men grew more and more certain it was some sort of an amulet. Indeed, because of it they stood a little in awe of the children; so it saved the two little ones not a few beatings.

"In one of the hamlets just out of London the villagers were holding their annual fair, and there Queen Urfred called a halt, hoping to pick up a gold piece or two in the games; for her people were expert archers and wrestlers, as well as skilled to relieve travellers of too heavy a purse. The children were kept out of sight as much as possible, but whoever caught a glimpse of them could talk of nothing but the strange beads and carven cross the little lad was wearing. Most of the villagers agreed with the outlaws: the rosary was some spell, and the children were either witches or bewitched. So the story came at last to the ears of Master Guy Ross, returned from his wanderings and stopping now at the village inn.

"In truth, that sounds very like Father Dominic's beads," said he. 'These good people know so little beyond their fields! Had they travelled as much as I have—' and he pulled his beard and looked wise.

"Nevertheless, that evening he and his companion set out to see the wonderful beads for themselves. On the farther side of the camp fire they caught a glimpse of Edwin, the rosary twisted round his neck, scraping the last of his supper from a wooden platter. Guy had never seen the youngest of the Guilberts, so it did not occur to him that the child was other than he looked; but he had handled those beads too often to be mistaken in them. How came they here? What had happened to Dame Elspeth and the castle? With beating heart, Guy circled the group and caught Edwin by the shoulder.

"'You thieving varlet!' he cried. 'How got you this?' And he would have torn the beads off by force, but the little maid who had been sitting in the shadow, all unobserved, flung herself upon him.

"'O sir!' she begged, — 'good, kind Sir Soldier, take us home! He did not steal it. We are not robbers! He is Edwin, Sir Gervase Guilbert's son; and my father is Hugo Ross, the good Earl's faithful esquire. Oh, I pray you, take us home!'

"Guy stopped short in amazement; then he turned the child's face to the firelight and scanned it closely. Five years is a long time, and little maids grow very fast; yet even under the grime and stains the young man could trace the likeness to his mother and the baby sister he remembered.

"'Margot!' he cried. 'By Our Lady, she speaks the truth! Do you not know me, child, — do you not know your own brother Guy?'

"So the children's troubles were ended; for Guy and his friend succeeded in taking them away after a brief scuffle with the outlaws. When they had reached home safely, and Lady Ysobel had heard their story, she and Dame Elspeth took the beads that had played so wonderful a part in it, had them restrung on a silver chain and covered with silver. Then they were hung in the hands of Our Lady's statue in the chapel, as a thank-offering for the children's escape. You will find the record of it in the wills the Guilberts left, bequeathing so many 'pounds sterling that the chain and silver plating of the rosary called Dame Elspeth's beads may be renewed as often as need be.' The poor beads have seen strange hiding-places since the time of Henry VIII.; they have been broken and part of them lost; and they are too precious now to leave, even in the chapel. Hutchins will tell you they are 'the Luck of the Guilberts,' and so long as they are safe there will be a Catholic Guilbert in Courtland Towers. But I think the real luck of the Guilberts

is their love for Our Lady," finished Aunt Cicely.

"And didn't they get the fawn?" asked Jerry, disappointedly. "I wanted them to have the fawn."

"Have you been thinking about that all this time?" laughed Aunt Cicely. "Look! here's Martha with your tea — and the first strawberries of the season! Isn't that nice? And be sure," she added, as she turned toward the house, "that you're all in the chapel at Rosary time to-night."

(To be continued.)

An Egyptian Legend.

Seldom do we hear a good word spoken for the spider, but there are Christians in Syria who will not kill one of these unpleasant insects; and this is the legend they tell. When the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child and St. Joseph were pursued by their enemies in Egypt, they came to a tree having a large hollow space in the trunk. Just then some of the soldiery appeared in sight, and the Holy Family hid in the tree. Some spiders, seeing them far back in the shadow, made haste to spin a thick web across the opening, completing it as the soldiers arrived. "They may be hidden in this tree," said one. — "No," said another, "look at these spiders' webs!" And so they passed on.

Birds' Spectacles.

Many birds are provided with natural spectacles, — a transparent membrane called the third eyelid. When not in use this is neatly folded away, but when needed it spreads over the eye more quickly than an old gentleman puts on his glasses. If it were not for this third eyelid, the eagle would be unable to look at the sun and small birds to fly in fierce gales.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Girondin" is a new novel by Hilaire Belloc, just published by Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons.

—A collection of rare and valuable books, removed from an old country mansion in England and offered for sale in London this month, included a perfect copy of "The Mirrour of Our Lady," R. Fawkes, 1530.

—"Christianity and War" is the title of a timely pamphlet by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J., issued by the English Catholic Truth Society. The Peace Question is dealt with from a standpoint which should be familiar to all intelligent Catholics.

—In criticism of a popular author who seems always to write in a hurry, thus wasting his own and his reader's time, the *Athenæum* remarks: "'Nothing that is worth doing is worth doing as well as possible' seems an eminently sound maxim for the busy journalist, but hardly for the writer of books."

—"Schoolgirls Abroad," the series of interesting and entertaining travel sketches contributed to THE AVE MARIA by the late Sister M. Rita, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, will be republished next week in attractive book form. Many readers, old and young, will welcome this announcement of a volume whose charm is felt in every chapter.

—"Primitive Catholicism: Being a Study of the Development of Christian Institutions," by Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, translated by Henri L. Brianceau; and "The Second Spring," by Newman, edited, with Introduction, notes, and exercises, by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., are among new publications of Longmans, Green & Co.

—The alternative title of "The Catechist," by the Rev. Geo. Edw. Howe, 2 vols. (R. & T. Washbourne, Benziger Brothers), is "Headings and Suggestions for the Explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine. (No. 2.)" In this sixth edition of Father Howe's standard work, the chief changes are of a literary and typographical character. A number of the examples in the appendix have been abridged, and there is a more frequent use of varied type than was the case in the former editions. To those of our readers who are unfamiliar with the work, it may be well to say that it is in no sense a treatise on the Catechism, but rather a compilation, from various sources of headings and points for explanation,—"

gestions made to the teacher, like so many pegs, whereon to hang developments of the text." The volumes contain respectively 658 and 680 pages. There are no fewer than 907 examples given in the Appendix, and each volume has a comprehensive index.

—A new text-book in the way of French readers is published by the American Book Company, Taine's "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine." The text, with occasional explanatory footnotes, takes up 172 pages of the volume; and an additional hundred pages are devoted to a chronological table, an index, and an exhaustive vocabulary. The editor, J. F. L. Raschen, is professor of Modern Languages in Lafayette College.

—The Christian Press Association publishes a new edition of "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin," from the German of Father Gabrini, S. J. The meditations, fifty-two in number, conform to the traditional plan of three points, and are sufficiently full (they run from six to eight pages each) to furnish material for a series of short May sermons. The present edition is especially valuable in that it has received the careful revision of so competent an editor as the Rt. Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Bishop of Victoria, B. C.

—Distinctly uncommonplace is "Her Journey's End," by Frances Cooke (Benziger Brothers). A novel whose leading characters are involved in the worries of the Capital and Labor problem, and are victimized by scoundrelly exploiters of new and utopian social conditions, the narrative is interesting and well-balanced. It is not wanting in melodramatic situations and somewhat sensational developments, and may be counted on to keep the average novel-reader's attention thoroughly engaged until the happy ending. A welcome addition to popular fiction.

—Not having read "Marie Claire," by Marguerite Audoux, we may answer several correspondents, who have asked our opinion of this novel, in the words of reviewers in the *Crucible* and in the current number of the *Dublin Review*. Says the former:

We confess that, having read the book both in French and in its able translation, we are unable to endorse the favorable verdict generally passed upon it. We are far from denying its literary charm, especially the account of the shepherdess life in the fields. But we can not overlook the unpleasant incident—none the less unpleasant because of the assumed simplicity with which it is narrated—which figures in the earlier portion, and which has its echoes in the concluding chapters; and on this account we can not recommend the book as suitable for general reading.

The *Dublin Review's* notice of this novel is quite as outspoken. The writer is not impressed by the literary charm of "Marie Claire," and characterizes its translation as "crude and unskilful." Commenting on the fact that the book has been alluded to without reprobation in a letter to a Catholic newspaper, the reviewer says:

But it seems to some of us, who opened it without prejudice or expectation of what was to be found in it, that it is a dangerously subtle attack on convents,—much more dangerous, because more insidious, than any confessions of an "escaped nun" or turncoat monk. It is not asserted—indeed, nothing is asserted definitely in this book—that Marguerite Audoux actually saw and heard what is related here of convent life; but the impression left upon the mind is undoubtedly that we are intended to believe that her experiences in the convent are as much drawn from life as her experiences when, as a child, she kept the sheep in a farm in La Sologne.

"Everything," says the preface, "in her [Marguerite Audoux's] work is in its right place; they are designed at one stroke, and the stroke that is needed to make them living and unforgettable." It is, indeed, by a few strokes that a horrible insinuation as to the life of a nun finds its place in the story almost unnoticed by the careless reader,—an insinuation which inevitably leaves an unconscious impression, that is not analyzed before it has become part of a villainous tradition. That "such things must occasionally happen in convents" is, no doubt, the comment of many a reader; and they do not stay to ask themselves whether there is any actuality in the picture,—whether there is any convincing proof that the writer ever was in a convent at all; and whether the facts of the case are even possible, let alone conceivable, to any but a depraved imagination.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Gabrini, S. J. \$1.
- "The Catechist." 2 vols. Rev. George Howe. \$3.80, net.
- "Her Journey's End." Francis Cooke. \$1.25.
- "The American Catholic Who's Who." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$2.
- "Roman Ritual." New Edition. \$2.
- "Freddy Carr's Adventures." Father Garrold. 85 cts.
- "The Practical Catholic." Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J. 60 cts.

- "Exercitia Spiritualia." 75 cts.
- "Opuscula Ascetica Selecta, Ioannis Cardinalis Bona." \$1.25, net.
- "The English Lourdes." Rev. Clement Tyrer, C. R. P. 70 cts.
- "Messianic Philosophy." Dr. Gideon Marsh. \$1.
- "Toward the Sanctuary." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.
- "Science of Education." T. P. Keating, B. A. L. C. P. 90 cts.
- "God: His Knowledge, Essence, and Attributes." Rev. Dr. Pohle. \$2.
- "An Appeal for Unity in Faith." Rev. John Phelan. \$1.10.
- "Songs and Sonnets." John Rothensteiner. 50 cts.
- "The Story of the Old Faith in Manchester." John O'Dea. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic Church in China." Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S. J. \$3.
- "Bishop de Mazenod." Rev. Eugene Baffa, O. M. I. \$1.80, net.
- "The Morality of Modern Socialism." Rev. John Ming, S. J. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Bowen, of the diocese of Birmingham; Rev. Owen J. McDonald, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. John Tehan, S. J.; and Rev. M. J. Whitty, C. M.

Brother Basil, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; and Brother Anselm, O. F. M.

Mr. James Bruce, Mrs. Helena Schmidt, Mr. Thomas McGuire, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mr. Thomas Roach, Mrs. L. M. Roussau, Mr. Edward Lennon, Mr. Thomas Walker, Miss Annie Barrett, Mr. Thomas Syron, Mr. John Finneran, Mrs. Margaret Hertel, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Miss Annie Cuff, Mrs. Catherine Markham, Mr. Edward McManus, Mr. Frank Bradley, Mr. J. H. Hogan, Mrs. Pauline Friske, Mrs. William Shea, Mr. Nicholas Seibert, Mary E. Mulligan, Mr. James Elliott, Major Patrick Maher, Mr. Adam Schwartz, Mrs. Mary Crowley, Mr. George Sauerbier, Miss Winifred Lawley, Mr. Charles Corristin, Mr. George Nolan, Mr. Louis Burger-son, Mr. Cornelius Moynihan, Mr. H. J. Judge, Mrs. Katherine Lynch, Mr. Theodore Nettek, Miss Mary Brennan, Mr. Benjamin Luepker, Mrs. Bridget Connor, Mr. Frank Hess, Mrs. Mary Larkin, Mr. Thomas Rutledge, Mrs. Thomas McIntyre, and Mrs. Thomas Woods.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

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NO. 21

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"Thou Hast Ascended on High."

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

CHRIST came to wed our life to His:

As Man, was born and died and rose,
And in His victor Flesh it is
Our hopes of Paradise repose.

He wore it through the sweet delay
That kept Him with His dear ones yet;
Nor put it from Him on the day
He passed from topmost Olivet.

Then still He wears it in the skies—
Matter in space. And when the cloud
Received Him from the gazers' eyes—
Before their brimming hearts allowed

That they had lost Him—swift as thought,
He reached the bright Elysian home
His own primeval word had wrought,
New Eden for the race to come.

Mary Help of Christians.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

ASSUERUS, the mighty monarch of the Medes and Persians, who ruled over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, from India to Ethiopia, was enthroned in royal state in the presence chamber of his palace, at Susan, the capital of his kingdom. His throne was of marble and gold, set with many costly gems; his robes of golden sheen glittered with countless jewels; upon his head was the diadem of royalty, and in his hand the sceptre

of power. Around him stood his princes and councillors, and ministering to him were innumerable slaves and attendant warriors.

Into this scene of dazzling splendor a suppliant woman dares to penetrate unbidden. Esther, the beautiful Jewess, whom the King has raised from her low estate to queenly rank, is in sore distress. By the machinations of a cruel and crafty enemy, the whole Jewish race has been doomed to swift and sure destruction. Devoted love for her people has filled Esther with a courage unparalleled. Arrayed in her most splendid apparel—a Queen "adorned with her jewels,"—she makes her way, attended by two of her women, to the hall of state. It was her only resource. "I will go in to the King," she had said, "against the law, not being called, and expose myself to death and to danger."

Trembling and faint with apprehension, she enters, her heart "full of anguish and exceeding great fear." But, though the King's anger was stirred, the sight of the beautiful Queen pleased his eyes,—“And God changed the King's spirit into mildness.” He held out to her the golden sceptre, and she drew near and kissed it. “Fear not,” he said. “Thou shalt not die.” “What wilt thou, Queen Esther? What is thy request? If thou shouldst ask even one half of the kingdom, it shall be given to thee.” Her cause was won; for later on, when she interceded for the rescue of her nation from impending doom, her prayer was generously granted. The chosen people of God were saved

from destruction, and the adversary overthrown and brought to shame; while, in memory of that signal deliverance, a solemn feast was henceforth celebrated every year by the Jews for all time.

How often has a Queen, raised from lowliness to a glory far higher than earth can give, ventured to intercede for the rescue of her people from danger and destruction! Mary, Queen of Heaven, has drawn near to the Eternal King, enthroned in majesty amid the dazzling splendors of His celestial courts, surrounded by His attendant princes and the warriors of His angelic hosts; with lowly importunity she has pleaded the cause of those in distress. And her beauty of soul has pleased the King, and He has granted her petition. The ever-glorious title under which we honor her—"Help of Christians"—is a lasting memorial of such intercession.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, the Turks were deservedly regarded by the Christian peoples of Europe as the most formidable adversaries of the Faith. They possessed powerful forces both on land and sea, and wherever they gained the ascendancy they propagated by the sword the false religion of Mahomet; thus, both Christianity and civilization disappeared in regions where they pushed their way as conquerors. No wonder, then, if Europe beheld with dismay the vast preparations made by Selim II., after he had seized Cyprus in 1571, to bring about, as he declared he would, the conquest of all the Western kingdoms.

The holy and powerful Pope who then sat in Peter's Chair, St. Pius V., alarmed at the prospect of a Mahometan invasion of Europe, called upon all Christian princes to take up arms against the common foe. His appeal was received with apathy, for the most part; so many excused themselves from taking part in the holy war, on account of the unsettled state of their own dominions, that but a comparatively small army could be raised to withstand the vast hordes of the infidel.

The Christian forces, numbering but twenty thousand men, with the addition of a small fleet, relied upon the blessing of the Vicar of Christ to bring success to their arms, and joined in battle with the Turks on October 7, near the Island of Lepanto. The result was marvellous: the infidel forces, after losing thirty thousand in battle, made a hasty retreat, leaving behind them five thousand prisoners. From that hour their power declined.

But what was the strength behind the material arms of the victors? The Queen of Heaven had begged the salvation of her people from the destruction which threatened them. To her, as to a nursing mother, the faithful of Christ had been commended from the Cross whereon her Son was dying; to her, therefore, it belonged to beseech for them the clemency of the great King of heaven and earth. The wondrous victory, far exceeding all human expectation, was ascribed to the intervention of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in answer to the unceasing prayers of Christians; for at the very hour of its occurrence the Roman confraternities, not to speak of other European peoples, were united in a public recitation of the Rosary to obtain help from Heaven in that hour of direst need. It was in perpetual memory of the grace thus bestowed that the Pope added to the Litany of Loreto the invocation, "Help of Christians, pray for us!"

It was at a later age, and to the rescue of another Pius, and of the people who suffered in sympathy with him, that the Help of Christians deigned to show no less compassionately her never-ceasing care for her children. In 1808 the victorious Napoleon occupied Rome with his troops; the Cardinals were forced to leave the city, and the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII., was required to renounce all claim to his temporal kingship. When the faithful steward of his Divine Master refused to betray his trust, the victor resolved to accomplish his ends by brute force. On July 6, 1809, the Pope was

carried off from Rome as a prisoner, and remained for five years in captivity, subjected to outrage and contempt such as few Pontiffs have experienced since the primitive ages when Popes were usually martyrs.

Pope Pius never ceased to cry for help to her who is so constant in defence of the Church of Christ. True to her title, "Help of Christians," she brought about his release, and triumphant return, contrary to all expectation, to his city of Rome. It was in gratitude for so manifest a bounty that the Pope instituted the feast in question, fixing its observance on May 24, the day on which he again entered Rome, amid the acclamations of its people and the joy of Christendom. Thus, as Esther's courageous intervention for the salvation of her race was gratefully commemorated by the institution of a perpetually recurring festival, so the memory of Mary's loving aid is kept alive in a similar manner in the Christian Church for all ages.

We turn now to the liturgy of the feast we are considering. For the Office of Vespers (or Evensong) no special antiphons are provided; those appointed for ordinary feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and the psalms they accompany, are used. It will be well to say a word or two in explanation of them, since we shall frequently meet with them in treating of other lesser feasts of Our Lady. They are as follows.

1. "While the King was at his repose, my spikenard gave forth its odor of sweetness." This, in common with the antiphons which follow, is taken from the Canticle of Canticles. As a whole, they "form a series of pictures of Our Lady's relations with Our Lord," says Father Taunton, in his "Little Office of Our Lady." "This first one refers to the Incarnation. While the King [God the Son] was reposing in the unspeakable joy of the Eternal Father, He was attracted to earth by the immaculate soul of Mary, which, like spikenard, gave forth its odor."

2. "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me." This may be interpreted of the Divine Maternity; it suggests, as the same writer observes, "the gracious vision of the Maiden Mother bearing in her arms her Son, who tenderly embraces her."

3. "I am black but comely, O daughters of Jerusalem! Therefore hath the King loved me and brought me into his innermost chamber." Here is represented Mary under the Cross, her beauty discolored by grief; an object of the tender love of Jesus, because of her compassion for Him.

4. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone: arise, my love, and come away." Mary is assumed into heaven, in reward for her faithfulness.

5. "Thou art made beauteous and sweet in thy delights, O Holy Mother of God." Mary is crowned in heaven.

A special feature of the Office for this feast are the proper hymns for Vespers and Lauds. They are very beautiful and express the gratitude due to Our Lady for her ever-ready help in danger and difficulty. The Vesper hymn is more particularly concerned with the triumph wrought in the return of Pope Pius VII. to his city after his years of exile. That for Lauds celebrates in more general terms Mary's power to put to flight all the enemies of the Church.

The antiphon to the *Magnificat* is also proper: "Behold, Mary was our hope; to her have we fled for help, that she might deliver us; and she came to our aid."

In the Mass, we have the familiar Introit, *Salve, Sancta Parens*—"Hail, Holy Mother,"—so frequently sung on Our Lady's festivals.

The prayer begs for grace to fight against our spiritual adversaries with the help of our powerful Mother: "O almighty and merciful God, who hast wonderfully provided perpetual succor for the defence of Christian people in the Most Blessed Virgin Mary; mercifully grant that, continuing during life under the protection

of such patronage, we may be enabled to gain the victory over the malignant enemy in death." This Collect, it is scarcely necessary to remark, is used in all the Offices of the feast, as is always the case with the prayer of each particular day.

In place of the Epistle we have a Lesson from the Book of Ecclesiasticus, in which the praises of holy Wisdom are applied to the Blessed Mother of God. After declaring the eternal decree of the creation of the Virgin Mother, the Lesson continues: "And so was I established in Sion, and in the holy city likewise I rested; and my power was in Jerusalem." Mary's power is almost boundless, now that she rests in the Jerusalem above,—“established” there as the Queen of Angels and men.

According to the Paschal rite, in place of the Gradual are sung two Alleluia verses. The first celebrates the restoration of peace between God and man through Mary: "Alleluia. The Rod of Jesse hath brought forth its Flower; a Virgin hath conceived Him who is God and Man. God hath restored peace by uniting in Himself the lowest with the highest, Alleluia." The second is the Angelic Salutation: "Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. Alleluia." We are reminded of the words of praise offered to Judith when she had overthrown the enemy of her people: "Blessed art thou . . . above all women upon earth." It was but a prophecy of Mary's power in resisting all the enemies of God's people, and bringing their devices to nought.

The Gospel speaks of the "woman in the crowd" who lifted up her voice to bless the womb that bore Our Lord and the breasts that nourished Him. Jesus corroborates the praise offered to His Mother. "Yea," He says. His Mother is truly blessed even in having given birth to Him. He goes further and proclaims Mary as more blessed, because of her faith and holiness: "Yea, rather, blessed

are they who hear the word of God and keep it." This Mary did; for the Evangelist records of her: "His Mother kept all these words in her heart." The like praise was uttered by St. Elizabeth in the Visitation: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. . . . And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." These are the two motives for which we honor Our Lady: because she is the Mother of the Word made Flesh, and because she is the purest and most perfect of all the children of God. And for these reasons also is she specially beloved by the Eternal Father, and is able to obtain from Him all that she asks. "What wilt thou?" He says. "What is thy request?" And He holds out to her the sceptre of power in loving condescension.

Once more, as an Offertory verse we have the salutation of the Angel joined to that of St. Elizabeth, so familiar to every Catholic under the title of the "Hail Mary": "Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb." It would seem as though Holy Church wished to remind us that the lesson taught by the Gospel should never be lost sight of: Mary's power with God rests on her Divine Maternity and her own personal sanctity,—higher in almost infinite degree than that of any other saint or angel. But we may find another lesson also: that the "Hail Mary" is a prayer dear to God. The victory of Lepanto, on account of which the title "Help of Christians" was given to Our Lady, was won by the constant repetition of that prayer, as we have seen; nor can we doubt that the *Ave Maria* was often on the lips of the exiled Pius VII. during his captivity.

The Communion verse is one frequently met with in the liturgy of Our Lady's lesser feasts: "Blessed is the womb of the Virgin Mary, which bore the Son of

the Eternal Father." Here are the same words used by that woman of whom the Gospel speaks. It is after receiving that same Son of God under the sacramental species that we share in Mary's privilege of bearing within us God Himself, and become more precious in His sight. This is expressed in the Post-Communion Collect: "Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy people who are refreshed by the partaking of Thy body and blood; that by the help of Thy Holy Mother, they may be delivered from all evil and from every danger, and preserved in every good work."

We have still to point out the fulfilment of the type afforded by Esther, in the punishment of the enemies of God's people. We may read of it in the pages of history. With regard to the Turks, their power was forever weakened at Lepanto; and, though they have since made efforts to humble the Christian arms, it has always been with less pride and with less copious forces, and the result has always been disastrous to themselves.

No less striking is the punishment meted out to the haughty Napoleon, who had impiously striven against the leader of the people of God, the Vicar of Christ on earth. He was not only cast down from his high estate, but forced to sign his abdication in the very palace of Fontainebleau in which he had kept the Pope a prisoner. Moreover, in expiation of the five years of Pius VII.'s captivity, Napoleon had to suffer a like punishment, and for the same length of time.

But Mary is Mother of Mercy, and the fallen Emperor was led, through her intercession we need not doubt, to apply to the Pope he had wronged for the restoration of the communion with Holy Church of which he had been deprived; and when his time came to depart this life, it was with the strength and consolation afforded to the dying Christian by the Sacraments. In this, no less than in the triumph of Pius VII., did the Blessed Virgin show herself to be the "Help of Christians."

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXI.



THE vast expanse of the Atlantic, melting on the horizon line into the misty blue of the summer sky, and rolling its waves with rhythmic softness on the long curving shore, was outspread like a great, liquid plain, sparkling with light, and alive with exquisite movement, before the beautiful beach of Fairhaven, which, originally a fishing village, was now a seaside resort for people of exclusive tastes. The whole tone of the place, even of the two large modern hotels above the beach, was one of well-bred quiet. The cottages, though picturesque and charming, were really cottages,—not palaces absurdly so called, and constructed with a single eye to the display of wealth; there were no week-end invasions of vulgar excursionists, and there was no equally vulgar "smart set" to make havoc of decorum and set a standard of extravagance and fast living. People in search of excitement or of opportunities for social display did not, as a rule, go to Fairhaven; or, if they went, did not remain long. They voted it dull, and speedily took flight. But to those who knew and loved the place, its greatest charm was its atmosphere of restful quiet,—the fact that its lovely beach was not overrun by throngs of half-clad men and women, that the waves rolling in from the other side of the world could bring their wondrous message unmarred by discordant human sounds, and that the wind-swept beauty of the sea and sky might be enjoyed with some measure of the peace of soul which springs from solitude.

On this brilliant August morning the beach presented its usual picture of subdued animation. Groups of people, scattered at wide intervals, were occupied

with books or work, or, in delightful idleness, simply contemplated the glittering expanse of ocean; a few bathers were in the surf; children played in the sand, as children play on the seaside the wide world over; here and there a large white or red umbrella made a spot of color, and sheltered a pair of young people absorbed in each other; an artist and his easel, or a writer and his portfolio. Overhead was a great vault of stainless sapphire; and the breeze blowing in from uncounted leagues of sea was giving white caps to the waves chasing each other up the beach.

Among the various groups forming a part of this human picture was one which, in appearance at least, had become very familiar to everybody at Fairhaven. It consisted of a man, evidently a hopeless invalid or helpless cripple (for he never left the chair in which he was rolled from his cottage to the beach), and a lady of delicate and distinguished beauty, who always accompanied him, walking by his chair, selecting the spot where it should be placed, arranging cushions and umbrella to suit his comfort, and then sitting down beside him on the sand with a book, from which she read aloud for hours.

"I have never seen such devotion," observed one lady to another in a tone of wonder, as she watched the invariable programme carried out on this particular morning. "She not only never leaves him, but she doesn't seem even to be aware of the existence of anybody else. And yet she is so young and so pretty that she might well feel the need of some life and diversion for herself. She must have been desperately in love with him before he was injured, to remain so devoted to him now."

"It would have been rather remarkable if she were in love with him," the other lady remarked, a trifle dryly. "She had divorced him for cruelty and unfaithfulness, and everyone held her justified in doing so."

The first speaker gasped. "Then how on earth has *this* come about?"

"In a very astonishing fashion—but you've surely heard something of the story? These are the George Raynors. Doesn't the name tell you anything?"

The other shook her head, looking as much ashamed as people who love gossip usually look when convicted of ignorance concerning the affairs of others.

"I don't know that it does," she confessed. "What is the story?"

"Oh! Well, you live in another part of the country, so it's not strange that you haven't heard it," her friend conceded indulgently; "especially as, for a wonder, it was kept out of the newspapers. But everybody in Baltimore, where they live, knows all about it—as much, that is, as any outsider can know. I've spoken of the divorce. As soon as it was granted, George Raynor, although forbidden by the decree to marry again, went into another State and married Ada Trevor, who was well known to be 'the woman in the case.' Things weren't altogether pleasant for them at home, so they went abroad; and, since Raynor is very wealthy, there was no necessity for them to return. They wandered about Europe, cutting a wide swath with their money wherever they went, until the end, that everyone who knew them expected, came. There was a final quarrel,—I say *final*, because by all reports there had been many before that—and Ada returned to America to obtain a divorce. She had no difficulty in obtaining it, and the next news we heard after this was that George Raynor had been nearly killed in an automobile race. You may remember the published accounts of the accident. There were two Frenchmen killed outright, and he was so terribly injured that the first reports were that he couldn't possibly live. He did live, however; and then, wonderful to relate, his first wife, who happened to be in Paris, went to him, and after a while married him again. Everybody was amazed. Some people said she had never ceased to care for him—though nobody who knew how he had treated her believed

that—while others said that her conscience carried her back to him—”

“Her conscience?”

“Yes. It seems that after the divorce she became a Roman Catholic; and, since that Church does not recognize divorce, she felt herself to be bound to him.”

“How extraordinary!” The seeker after knowledge, who had absorbed these details with an air of the most intense interest, stared again at the two figures, separated by a hundred yards or so from all other groups. “And she devotes herself to him like this?”

“Like this, as you see. Her whole life is regulated by his needs. It would be astonishing, if he had been the most admirable of husbands; but when one considers what he really was—well, the thing is too amazing for words. Her friends complain of hardly being able to see her at all, she is so absorbed by her constant attendance on this man, who, they say, clings to her like a child, and can not bear her out of his sight.”

“What a fortunate thing it is for him, but how far beyond his deserts!”

“Oh, further beyond his deserts than can be expressed! I often wonder if he appreciates how good fate has been to him.”

“I should say how good *she* has been to him! Do you suppose her religion forced her to do this—I mean, had she no choice?”

“I have been told by Catholics that she did it of her own free will, that there was no law of the Church compelling her to return to him. They say that it was simply an act of heroic charity—to forgive all his unspeakable offences against her, to take her place again beside him in the hour of his need, and render him such care and service as all his money could not buy.”

“I wish that I could know her. She must be a remarkable woman.”

“She is very remarkable, and very lovely besides; but I am sorry to say that there is no hope of your knowing her. She has given up social life altogether,

neither pays visits nor accepts invitations; and it is an understood thing that they come to Fairhaven because nobody intrudes upon them here. You see that even on the beach no one approaches them; their desire to be left alone is scrupulously respected.”

“And have they no social life at all? I should think that *he* would feel the need of it, since I infer from what you say that he was fond of social dissipation before his accident.”

“‘Fond of social dissipation’ expresses very inadequately what he was,” the other laughed. “He led the fastest and wildest life imaginable; but he shrinks from seeing people now, probably because all that life is as much ended for him as if he were already dead; also perhaps because of his crippled condition; and because he suffers intensely, and such suffering produces indifference toward everything and everybody.”

The lady from afar nodded sympathetically. “I can understand all that, so far as he is concerned,” she said; “but it is hard on his wife.”

“Very hard indeed; but you may be quite certain that she counted the cost before she took up the burden.”

“The trouble is that one can never count the cost fully,” the first speaker murmured. “It is always greater than one expected.”

“Look at her face the next time you have an opportunity,” the other replied; “and you will not think that she has found it greater than she expected,—or, if so, that it has proved beyond her strength to bear.”

It was a pity that the person thus advised could not have seen Madeleine Raynor’s face at the time this conversation was in progress; for she might have read there all that her friend desired but was unable to express—the serenity which springs from a mind and heart entirely at peace, the quiet strength that comes with the resolute performance of duty, and the tranquil light of something higher

than earthly happiness which shone in the soft radiance of her eyes. Those eyes were now gazing out over the limitless expanse of ocean to the far horizon, where sea and sky melted together, as time will one day melt into eternity. And in their steadfast brightness there was a hint of thoughts, of hopes, perhaps of visions, such as lift the spirit above the passing things of earth to things which are eternal and unchanging. The book from which she had been reading lay open in her lap; but a glance at the face of her listener showed her some time before that he had fallen asleep, as he often did under the influence of the sea breeze, after a night of unusual pain; so her voice gradually dropped lower and lower, in order not to waken him by sudden cessation, until it finally ceased, and she sat as silent and motionless as himself, listening to the soft music of the waves as they broke upon the beach at her feet, and drinking in all the wide beauty of the glittering scene.

Her thoughts had wandered farther even than the far horizon when a slight movement of the invalid in his chair made her turn her gaze quickly toward him. His eyes, grown so large in the wasted face that they could hardly have been recognized as the same eyes which formerly looked out of this face when its handsome lines were overlaid by an excess of florid flesh, met hers with an irritable expression.

"Why did you stop reading?" he asked. "I closed my eyes on account of the glare, but I wasn't asleep."

"I hoped that you were," she answered. "Sleep is so good for you, and I am always pleased when my voice acts as a soporific."

"You very often think it has acted as a soporific when it hasn't," he complained. "I suppose you are glad of an excuse to stop reading—"

"You know that I am not glad of anything of the kind. I never tire of reading aloud."

"Well, you might be tired," he had the grace to admit. "I wonder how many hours a day you read to me!"

"Does it matter how many they are, if both of us like the reading?"

"Certainly I've reason to like it," he said. "It's the only thing that makes life endurable under these infernal conditions. And your reading is the only reading I can stand. When Matt Conyers tried reading to me—you remember when you had tonsillitis?—I almost flung the book at his head, and I did tell him to shut up in short order. It's rather curious how, when and where you learned to read so well," he went on. "I don't suppose you ever had much practice before this?"

"None at all," she replied. "I have to thank you for acquiring the accomplishment—if indeed there is anything remarkable in my reading."

"It is good to know that you are able to thank me for something," he observed a little grimly.

"I have to thank you for much," she said in a tone of unmistakable sincerity. He glanced at her quickly.

"Now what the devil do you mean by that?" he inquired with his customary brusqueness of speech.

She met his eyes with an indescribable candor and sweetness in her own.

"I mean exactly what I have said," she answered. "I have to thank you for being on the whole a fairly tractable patient; for letting me tyrannize over you without overmuch grumbling; for giving an aim and occupation to my life; and, above all, for affording me the great satisfaction of feeling that I can in any degree lessen the hardship of your fate, and make life more endurable to you. For all this, and much more besides, I am, I assure you, very grateful."

Raynor made no reply for a moment; he only sat staring out over the sea, as if he saw more than the wide expanse of sparkling water. Finally he observed in a meditative tone:

"The odd thing is that one is forced to believe it."

"Of course you are forced to believe it,"

Madeleine said; "and I fail to see what there is odd about that."

"Do you really fail to see what there is odd about it?" he questioned, looking at her again. "If you were not *you* — in other words, if you were any other woman I've ever known — I wouldn't believe that any more than the other. For it's almost incredible that you should be sincere in saying that you have anything to thank *me* for, since the boot is so entirely on the other leg, and it's I who owe everything to you, — all the comfort of my life; and, in fact, my life itself, as there's nothing more certain than that I should have killed myself if you hadn't taken pity on me." He paused again, and then with an evident effort went on: "I've always understood what a tremendous sacrifice you made when you joined your life with mine again; but if it's any reward to you to know that by doing so you not only saved me from despair and suicide, but that you've cheered and helped, and in every way enabled me to bear what appeared unbearable, why, I trust you *do* know it; and — and I should be a damned sight worse man than I am, if I wasn't grateful for it."

It was now Madeleine's turn to be silent; her heart indeed swelled with an emotion too deep and poignant for speech. But she laid her hand on his, with a soft pressure which expressed more than words, before she presently said, in a voice shaken with feeling:

"I am rewarded more abundantly than I can express for anything and everything that I have done, when you speak like this, and give me the assurance that I have indeed helped you. For there is no greater privilege on earth than to render service where service is needed."

He regarded her with a curious expression on his face — an expression in which wonder and admiration were equally mixed — as he said:

"I honestly believe that you do feel so — I mean about it's being a privilege to render service where service is needed;

and God knows it was never needed worse than with me."

"I think it hardly ever has been needed more," she agreed. "You suffer so much in your poor body, and — you never consider your poor soul."

"My body doesn't give me much time to consider my soul," he observed; "but perhaps you'll bring me to the consideration of it after a while. I never gave a thought to its existence till I was brought low like this, and —" he paused again for an instant — "till I've seen yours. You think that's an odd expression?" (She had given him a startled look.) "One isn't supposed to be able to see a soul, but I've found out that it can be seen. I've seen yours, time and again, looking at me out of your eyes, — sometimes when you thought I didn't know. It was mostly times when you had those beads in your hand" (he glanced at a rosary hanging at her wrist), "and I suppose you were — er — praying for me."

"I do pray for you very often," she assured him gently.

"Well, keep on!" he answered shortly. "There's no telling what the result may be in the end. Now let us have some more of that stupid book. If it hadn't been stupid, I shouldn't have dropped off to sleep."

She did not remind him that he had denied the dropping off: her tact — that most exquisite of purely human qualities — never failed in dealing with him; so, only saying apologetically, "I'm afraid it is rather stupid," she began again to read from the condemned volume.

And as she read, no one listening to her voice could have wondered why the man in whose ear its musical cadences were constantly sounding should have found the voice of another reader insupportable, and been tempted to throw the book, from which he read, at that well-meaning person's head. It was not only that nature had given her a beautiful organ of speech, but culture had trained it to soft and lovely modulations, and

fine intelligence added a rare power of expressing thought and emotion. "I'd rather hear Mrs. Raynor read a drama than go to see it played," young Conyers—the only privileged and familiar visitor of the Raynor house—declared, and not without reason. For Madeleine's reading was that of one who appreciates every subtle shade of an author's meaning; and, so appreciating, is able to interpret that meaning to others. She read always with delightful spirit, and never seemed to tire. Not only during the day, whenever Raynor was not asleep or playing cards—for card-playing was the only amusement of his old life left him,—this reading went on, but also during many hours of the night, to beguile his thoughts from pain and sleeplessness. Often the trained nurse who was his personal attendant, coming into the chamber in the morning, would find his patient asleep, and Mrs. Raynor also sleeping the sleep of utter weariness, as she still sat by the bedside with an open book in her lap.

Having in this manner brought a realization of the value of books to a man who had never before cared for them, except as a resource from *ennui* whenever no other was available, it may be asked what kind of literature was thus poured in ceaseless stream into his mind. In the beginning it was, as a rule, the literature which is written purely to amuse,—not necessarily trash, but stories of the lighter order, and preferably of adventure; then by degrees, almost insensibly to himself, the standard of his taste was raised; he began to perceive and appreciate the literary quality, charm of style, vividness of characterization; to turn from objective to subjective fiction; and finally to realize that the soul of man—that marvellous domain in which the forces of good and evil ceaselessly fight—is the most interesting subject which art can find.

This point once reached, the door was open for the introduction of many things which it would have been useless to attempt to introduce earlier,—subjects

and ideas strange and foreign to the knowledge of the person he had been before the powerful hand of God cast him down into the depths of bodily and spiritual anguish, there to learn what can be learned in no other school. It was a slow process, this learning; but here again Madeleine's tact and patience never failed. She did not try to hasten the pace, or to force any conclusion on the reluctant mind. A few gentle words now and again introduced an idea, and then left it to germinate, as a seed germinates in the dark ground. She had little doubt of the final result; for under her influence the man's nature was visibly changing and softening. All that was good in it was rousing to life, breaking through the incrustation of selfishness and worldliness which had so long overlaid every natural excellence, and struggling toward the exercise of those virtues of courage and self-control which appeal most strongly to the virile spirit.

So gradually the character of the reading had changed. Light, amusing books were not laid aside, but more than once Raynor himself called for a deeper note.

"Don't read that now," he said to Madeleine on one occasion, when she attempted to divert his mind during a period of suffering by a story such as he had liked best. "Read something that will help me to bear this infernal pain,—something about some poor wretch fighting agony, and the devil within him, as I am."

And Madeleine had gladly obeyed; for it was what she had herself longed to do. And thus the wonderful science of spiritual growth began to be unfolded to the soul which had never before realized the need of such growth or the existence of such a science.

(To be continued.)

A CROSS that we know how to keep secret, a vexation of which we speak only to God, is a great treasure for a peaceful soul and the source of many graces.

—Père de Neuville.

In Maytime.

BY S. M. B.


TO-DAY an altar seem the Maytime hills;
 The blossoming trees, bouquets of beauty rare
 Uplifted in the perfume-laden air,
 Wherethrough the birds' delicious rapture spills
 In many a leafy covert, low-voiced rills
 Melodiously break the silence there;
 And, as sweet Nature weaves this poem fair,
 With joy and hope and love the world-heart
 thrills.

Mother beloved, as in May days fled,
 My heart's allegiance to thy feet I bring;
 What though youth's fond illusions all are sped,
 Dearer thou art as swift the years take wing;
 In life my hope, O in death's moment dread
 Conduct me to thy Son Divine, thy King!

The Irish in Canada.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

(CONCLUSION.)

ISTINGUISHED in every sense of the word has been the career of Sir Richard William Scott, late Secretary of State for Canada. The son of an army surgeon who served under Wellington, and educated by a private tutor, he was called to the Bar as early as 1848, and practised in Ottawa, of which he was elected Mayor. He was returned to the Legislature for Ottawa, and to the first Legislature for Ontario. He became successively Speaker of the Assembly, Commissioner of Crown Lands, a Minister and finally Secretary of State, and Registrar General for Canada. On the defeat of the Liberal party, with which he was identified, he withdrew, but was re-appointed Secretary of State on the return to power of the Laurier Ministry in 1896. He was author of the famous Temperance legislation known as the "Scott Act," which is still in operation; and prepared and carried through Parliament the "Separate School Act of Ontario." He

was appointed a member of the Privy Council of Canada, to deal with the Manitoba School Question. He retired from office quite recently, having reached the venerable age of fourscore.

During his distinguished and many-sided career, Sir Richard has won the respect and esteem of friend and foe alike by his absolute integrity and devotion to principle, his patriotic and intelligent understanding of the needs of the country at large. He is regarded, moreover, as a Catholic of whom his co-religionists may in every way be proud. One of his sons, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, was twice Mayor of Ottawa, and is at present assistant chief Railway Commissioner, and actively interested in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Another son, Mr. W. L. Scott, late Master in Chancery, is a prominent lawyer, and has done a remarkable work amongst the poor and neglected children of the city as president of the Children's Aid Society.

The Hon. L. G. Power was born of Irish parents in Halifax, and studied at St. Mary's in that city, in Carlow College, the Catholic University of Ireland, and Harvard Law School. Admitted to the Bar, he served his native city as alderman and School Commissioner. He was called to the Senate, of which body he has been for several years Speaker; and has been sworn in as member of the Privy Council. He is the author of many able articles and pamphlets, chiefly on Catholic or patriotic subjects, such as "the Irish Discovery of America," "The Manitoba School Question from the Point of View of a Catholic," and an excellent explanation of the Ferrer incident. In the Senate, his voice and his vote are always on the side of truth and morality.

The Hon. Charles Ramsay Devlin, educated at Montreal College and Laval University, was returned to the Dominion Parliament as M. P. for Ottawa, and subsequently for Wright County. Having been made Canadian Commissioner to Ireland, he had the honor of being elected by acclamation to represent Galway City.

Returning to Canada, he resigned his seat in the House of Commons to become M. P. for Nicolet, P. Q.; being called to the executive Council of the Province of Quebec, and sworn in as Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries. His brother, Emmanuel Devlin, is the popular representative in the Dominion Parliament for Wright. Both are nephews of Bernard Devlin, Q. C., who successfully opposed D'Arcy McGee in the election for Montreal West to the House of Commons.

Few names in Canada, in the stirring period at which he lived, carried with it such weight as that of Lewis T. Drummond, afterward Judge Drummond. As a lawyer, he was famous throughout the Provinces, clients flocking from far and near to consult him professionally; as a polished and forcible speaker, he has had scarcely an equal; and as Attorney General for Lower Canada, he had the conduct of unusually important cases. His arguments in the Seigniorial Tenure Act, for example, are still remembered. He was a member of the Sicotte Ministry. His was emphatically a name to conjure with; still, like all that brilliant galaxy with which he was associated, he is but a memory. As a cultured and polished gentleman of the old school, Judge Drummond belonged to that circle which included the various manorial families of Lower Canada.

Edward Murphy, distinctively known as the "First Home Ruler in Canada," was born in Ireland; and, coming to this country at an early age, became in the course of years senior partner in one of the most extensive mercantile houses in the Province—the hardware firm of Frothingham & Workman,—and a few years later was called to the Senate. He was in every respect a man of mark, of wide culture, and of extensive reading. He was an ardent patriot, devoted to Irish interests; a strenuous advocate of temperance, being a lifelong member and president of the St. Patrick's

Total Abstinence Society, and also of the national association of that name. But, in truth, the name of Edward Murphy, the right hand of his pastor, is synonymous with every good work, and with the advancement of religion in Montreal. A weekly communicant and a daily attendant at Mass, Senator Murphy was ever a shining light to his brethren.

The Hon. James O'Brien, also a member of the Senate, was another of those merchant princes of whom Irish-Canadians are justly proud. Born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, he came to Canada at the instance of his uncle, the eloquent and beloved priest of St. Patrick's, of whom mention has already been made. Having amassed a large fortune in the wholesale dry-goods business, as well as in a number of successful investments, he became a foremost figure in the commercial and social life of the metropolis. He was a director of the City and District Savings Bank, the sixth largest shareholder in the Bank of Montreal, a "life governor" of the General, Notre Dame, and Western Hospitals and of Laval University, and a member of the leading clubs. Trustee of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and pewholder of old St. Patrick's, he was prominent in all parochial and charitable movements.

With him may be associated the name of C. F. Smith, a considerable share of whose large fortune is devoted to works that make for the religious and social uplift of his fellow-Catholics. At his extensive factory, he has made every arrangement for the comfort and well-being of his many employees, even providing them with a library. Mr. Smith's boundless generosity is proverbial; and, though as secretly and unostentatiously as possible, his right hand has aided in many a good work. As president of the Catholic Sailors' Club, he has taken a warm interest from the first in that noble charity. As its munificent benefactor, he has been associated with the late F. B. McNamee and many another Irishman in

bringing it to its present state of eminent usefulness.

A truly representative Irishman and Catholic was the late John Joseph Curran, Q. C., LL. D., whose sudden death was so sincerely deplored by his co-religionists and by the community at large. There has not for many years been a public movement which tended to the advancement of Church or State in which this large-hearted, this clever and witty Irishman was not concerned. He was born in Montreal, and educated at the Jesuit College and the University of Ottawa, making his law course at McGill. Admitted to the Bar and made Q. C., he received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Manhattan College, New York, and from Ottawa University. He was twice returned to the Federal Parliament by large majorities, and sworn in as Solicitor General in the administration of Sir John Thompson; retiring a few years later to accept a position on the Bench. As an instance of the consideration which his stainless and honorable career as a public man and a citizen had earned for him, it may be mentioned that he was presented by the Montreal Board of Trade with an address, accompanied by the handsome sum of 7000 dollars. It may be truly said of him that wherever there was a word to be spoken for the cause of God or country, the voice of Judge Curran was certain to be raised. Though comparatively a poor man, he gave munificently to every worthy cause. Universally beloved by those who were his associates in public life as elsewhere, his memory has remained in benediction.

It has been said of Frank Smith, as he was familiarly called, that he was perhaps "the most perfect model of a public man that the history of Confederation affords." Certain it is that he served the country with an intelligence and fidelity that were equalled only by his disinterestedness and his indifference to personal gain. Even when he had been advanced from a member of the House of Commons to a

position in the Cabinet, which he filled for fourteen years, he was, at his own request, a minister without portfolio,—that is to say, without remuneration for his services. He was also given a place in the Senate and sworn in as Privy Councillor. Born in Ireland, he settled at first in London, Canada West; thence removing to Toronto, where he was for many years a leader in the most important commercial movements, until he finally retired in 1891. He was president of the Northern Railroad Co., of the Home Loan Co., the Ontario Investment Co., the Toronto Street Railway, and the Dominion Bank; a director of the Union Telegraph Co., of the Consumers Gas Co., of the Northern and Pacific Junction Railroad Co., and of the Canadian Board of the Grand Trunk; and, during its existence, president of the Northern Extension Co. of Canada. In all these varied positions he was a model of integrity, of excellent judgment, of rare business acumen. A frank and loyal friend, he possessed a noble generosity of character, actuated always by that high sense of honor for which he was remarkable. He was a patriotic and enlightened friend of Ireland, a consistent advocate of Home Rule, and a sincere and practical member of the Church, giving with royal liberality to religion and charity.

There have been in the Superior Court of Canada two Dohertys, father and son. The latter is now a conspicuous member of the House of Commons in Ottawa, having resigned his seat upon the Bench to enter actively into politics. The father, the Hon. Marcus Doherty, was born at Dungiven, Ireland, in the very house which had sheltered the boyhood of John Mitchell. He had been destined for the priesthood by his father, but the latter's death frustrated that project. Coming to America, young Marcus entered St. Hyacinthe College, and went thence to study law in the University of Vermont, where he took his degrees of B. A. and M. A. Returning to Canada, he taught

at the classical academy of Frost Village, in the Province of Quebec. He subsequently practised law in Montreal, was admitted to the Bar, of which he became Syndic and Bâtonnier, Queen's Counsel, and finally Judge of the Superior Court, also acting for a time as Judge of the Court of Appeals. Resigning the Bench, the closing years of this sincere and practical Catholic and estimable citizen were spent in retirement. He was succeeded on the Bench by his son Charles, who made a brilliant course at the Jesuit College and McGill University, where he was gold medallist of his year. He soon took a leading rank as a jurist, being engaged in such important cases as *Le Canada Revue* against Archbishop Fabre,—Mr. Doherty, of course, acting for the latter. As member for Montreal West, he has before him a splendid career, for which his acquirements and natural gifts have fully fitted him. Charles Doherty has been from the beginning an ardent Home Ruler, and was a former President of the Land League. During the Riel Rebellion in the Northwest, he went to the front with the 65th Battalion, enduring all the hardships of that brief but strenuous campaign. A devout and earnest Catholic, he is associated with the leading charities of the city.

The late Hon. T. P. Kenny, son of Sir Edward Kenny, a former Governor of Nova Scotia, member of the Imperial Privy Council, and Cabinet Minister, was a native of Halifax, making his studies at Stonyhurst College, and St. Gervase College, Liège, Belgium. He was senior member of a mercantile and shipping concern, president of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, director of the Nova Scotia Cotton Manufacturing Co., and of the North Sydney Marine Railroad Co.; a trustee of the Western Counties Railroad Co.; a member of the Royal Commission on Railways; and was more than once returned to Parliament for his native city.

George William Howlan was born in Waterford, Ireland; and, coming to Prince

Edward Island, entered commercial life, in which he was singularly successful. He was Island Member in the Local Assembly and Collector of Customs at Charlottetown; going thence to the Senate of Canada, where he remained until his appointment as Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island; he was also a member of the local government. During his term of office he went as delegate to Washington in the interests of commerce, and to Ottawa regarding the proposed entrance of the Province into the Dominion. He was active in securing the construction of the P. E. I. Railroad, and advocated the building of a submarine tunnel connecting the Island with the mainland. He filled many offices of distinction, was conspicuous for his wit and social qualities, and, like most of his countrymen, a practical and sterling Catholic.

For many years the leading Irishman by excellence of his native Montreal, and its foremost Catholic, was admittedly Sir William Hales Hingston. He studied at the Montreal Sulpician College and McGill University, proceeding thence to receive his surgeon's diploma from the University of Edinburgh. He made an extended stay upon the Continent of Europe, in the acquirement of that scientific skill which later ranked him amongst the foremost surgeons of America. While quite a young physician, he distinguished himself, during an outbreak of cholera, by his intrepid, untiring, and charitable ministrations to the poor of Griffintown, which is essentially the Irish Quarter of Montreal. Associated for over half a century with the Hôtel-Dieu, the oldest hospital on the continent, the great surgeon there performed; for the first time in the history of medicine, a difficult and dangerous operation, which at once attracted the attention of the medical world.

Of unblemished honor, of scrupulous honesty, deeply devout, remarkable for his absolute submission to ecclesiastical authority even in the minutest particular,

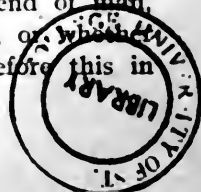
Sir William was a model of all Christian, domestic, and civic virtues, — always upholding the highest ideals of his noble profession. His charity to the poor and to the religious institutes was unbounded, so that at the time of his lamented death they mourned him as a father and a friend. Hospitable to a fault, he was noted as a conversationalist, having always on hand a store of anecdotes. Abstemious to a degree, he was dignified, courteous, and polished in manners, speech, and appearance, — a stately gentleman of the olden school. He was Mayor of Montreal and Senator, being knighted by Queen Victoria in recognition of his eminent services. He was a patriotic Irishman and Home Ruler. As may be remembered from the exhaustive sketch published in these pages at the time of his death, he was indefatigable in his activities, being President of the Canadian Medical Association, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of the Medical Chirurgical Society, and vice-president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science,—being the first Colonial physician invited to address that body.

This sketch of the Irish in Canada, necessarily imperfect, may be fittingly closed by a brief reference to that Irishman who of all others was most widely known, and whose international reputation is likely to remain, and to be magnified when the judgment of posterity is passed upon men and events in the Dominion. Very soon a statue of Thomas D'Arcy McGee — this gifted son of the "far-descended Gael," to use his own expression, — will adorn one of the most conspicuous sites in the Capital of the Dominion. Never was honor so tardily accorded or more fully deserved. His services to the country of his adoption can scarcely be overestimated; and truly has he been styled, not only a "Father of Confederation," but the "Father of His Country." From private letters of that period, from public and other documents, it is clear that the germ of Confed-

eration had its origin in the mind of McGee. All his labors, the brilliant efforts of his unexampled oratory, together with his personal influence, and that captivating charm which turned even bitter enemies into admiring friends once they were brought into contact with him, were all employed toward the furtherance of that colossal scheme, which he so splendidly outlined in some of his addresses, "with the certainty of almost preternatural inspiration"; and never more so than a few hours before his tragic death, when he made, perhaps, the most masterly of all his pronouncements. Friend and foe were accustomed to hang upon that magic gift of eloquence which electrified the House; and on that particular occasion, as they listened to his prophetic forecast of the future of Canada, they little realized that they should hear his voice no more.

And as he had put this gift of expression and his splendid intellectual gifts at the service of the State, so did he ungrudgingly spend them in the cause of the Church, his speeches upon the subject of Catholic education being a model for all time to the Catholic Parliamentarian. Some of his utterances upon this point are so sane and so forcible that it may be of interest to reproduce them here, even though they must lack the charm of that earnestness of personal conviction and that captivating fluency with which they were delivered in the legislative hall of the Dominion.

"For, to my knowledge, no one has ever denied that education, in one of its aspects at least, is a religious question. It concerns the mind, the spirit, the immortal soul as well as the perishable body; it concerns the invisible future, toward which we are all marching, even while we stand still; in which we must all exist, well or ill,—well, as we may humbly hope. Whether you put the secular before the spiritual end of man, whose destiny here is death, or whether you put the other world before this in



consequence, no one can deny that, in one of its aspects, the tuition of the mind is a religious interest of the highest concern, and that those who plead religious objections to the divorce of religion from school teaching are entitled in a free State to have their religious convictions respected by the secular authority—the State. . . . Those who uphold the common or mixed system of public instruction assume a tone of confidence, amounting to certainty, as to the immense benefits of this system. They speak to us who stand on the old *sensus communis* of Christendom as if we were the challengers; as if they were in possession; as if their theories had been tried by the elements of the ages, and had borne fruit which everyone could see and feed and banquet on. . . . Can any advocates of strict secularization show me any enduring character which was ever moulded without a strong infusion of dogmatic religion of some sort? Even the wise Athenian would have respect for the immortal gods taught in public."

McGee goes on to instance the various countries, and asks if any of them did well to "launch men upon the voyage of life without any religion, without a standard of right and wrong; without an ethical compass by which they could tell the moral north from the moral south, which will tremble with magnetic sensibility to the path of honor and duty." He declares that the Bill before him is not, as had been falsely said, a priest's measure, but a parent's measure; and that "the mysterious relation of parent and child inspires all but the very stolid or the very depraved with a twofold anxiety concerning that hereafter into which we must all enter." Coupled with this intensity of his belief, he made himself famous for the broadest toleration and the most scrupulous regard for the rights of others, whenever and wherever no sacrifice of principle was demanded. And so generally was this recognized that amongst his warmest partisans and most

enthusiastic admirers were men of varying religious beliefs.

McGee's devotion to Canada did not by any means exclude an extraordinary and passionate love for the land of his birth,—a love which found expression in many of those noble outpourings of verse by which he beguiled his few hours of leisure; he also became the popular historian of that beloved Island. Many of his lectures, too, breathed the same spirit; and his private letters, and his general tone in social intercourse, showed that deepest and most fundamental of all was this worship of his native land. Says the author of those *Memoirs* already quoted: "That first man of his race in America seemed never happier than when fraternizing with some poor emigrant, and bringing tears to the eyes of the latter by his allusions to the 'ould sod.'" His dream was to uplift his own people, to make them honored and respected; and nothing was more peculiarly annoying to him than those vulgar caricatures, upon the stage or in print, of his countrymen, and the uncouth jargon which was put into the mouth of those so-called representatives of the Irish.

It was this burning desire of his which made him many enemies, since he wished to keep the Irish free from the taint of secret societies, and to secure the legislative freedom of their country by constitutional means. He had been warned by his own early experience when, in the ardent heat of his boyhood, he had thrown himself into the Young Ireland movement, and was associated with Davis and Duffy on the *Nation*. He endangered his life and endured enforced exile from Ireland because of his connection with a movement which, generous and noble as it was, his matured judgment showed him to have been futile and utopian from the first. In his famous open letter to Lord Mayo, he advocated those principles afterward found in the platform of Parnell, Redmond, and many others who have devoted themselves to the cause of Ireland.

McGee also felt strongly that no Irishman should countenance an invasion of Canada, where Irishmen had been so well treated under just and beneficent laws. His farsighted views regarding Ireland and her destiny are now happily entertained by the majority of his countrymen in America.

But McGee fell a victim to sectional rancor and to a complete misunderstanding of his character and aims. At the summit of his fame, when he was literally the idol of the nation, he met his death at the early age of forty-one. It is cheering to reflect that he had made his Easter duty on Palm Sunday, a few days before his assassination; and that the deeply religious elements of his character, which found expression in many of his poems, deepened and intensified as the end drew near. "Never," said his confessor, the late Father Shea, S. J., "did a humbler penitent bend the knee to me than this illustrious son of Ireland." To himself may be applied his description of another:

His faith was as the tested gold;
His hope, assured, not overbold;
His charities, past count, untold.

And so has passed into history the statesman, poet, orator, and historian, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, foremost of all that brilliant galaxy who have illustrated the history of the Irish in Canada.

WOMAN, in the eyes of the Church, is the free and independent ally of man; and, while safeguarding her weakness in the presence of the more forceful personality of the man, the Church has ever fostered her strength and secured her individuality. Through long ages of untutored barbarism and but half-disciplined brute force, the nun's veil was the charter of woman's freedom; and in the cloisters were developed types of strong, independent womanhood, to which the present world might well look for examples of the perfect woman.

—*Father Culbert, O. S. F. C.*

A Great Catholic Physician of the Last Century.

DR. JULES MASSE has told many interesting incidents of the life of Dr. Récamier, one of the most eminent physicians of the last century. His reputation amongst the leading men of his profession, and his charity to the poor, made him a well-known figure in the Palace of the Tuileries, as in the most sordid tenements of the French capital. Here are some of Dr. Massé's reminiscences.

I had often been told of his untiring energy and wonderful skill in fighting the cholera epidemic in 1832, and when I became a medical student I studied with deepest interest the works of this illustrious professor. I had always been most anxious to meet him, and the opportunity came through the kindness of a friend, an old priest whom the Doctor visited at stated intervals. I was asked by the Abbé Maret to come one evening when Dr. Récamier was expected, and this was the origin of our lifelong friendship. This first meeting ended with an incident which I wish to mention, as it admirably illustrates the religious character of my illustrious friend.

As Dr. Récamier rose to take his leave, he gesticulated in the usual French fashion, indicating that he had forgotten something. He placed his hat back on the table, and, thrusting his hand in his pocket, exclaimed:

"Great heavens, I was about to forget a most serious case!"

"What is it?" asked the good Abbé.

"There has been an accident, my dear Abbé,—yes, an accident which you alone can repair. It is a fracture which requires a slight operation and demands skilful practice." And with these words the famous professor drew from his pocket a—Rosary.

I must admit that I was dumb with

astonishment. He, the great Récamier, the well-known professor who held a chair not only in the Ecole de Médecine but also in the Collège de France,—he, the physician of the great, of the King himself,—he, who could claim a world-wide reputation, said his Beads with the simplicity of a child and the devotion of a seminarian.

“Yes, gentlemen,” he observed with a smile, turning to me and to the friend who had accompanied me, and seeing the look of surprise on our faces: “I say my Beads. When I am very anxious about a patient, and have exhausted all remedies known to science, when medicine seems powerless and therapeutics of no avail, I call on Him, the great Physician, who can cure all ills to which flesh is kin. And, as I am somewhat of a diplomat, I ask the Blessed Virgin to help me. When I am going on a sick call I often say a decade or two of the Rosary on my way. Nothing is easier, you understand. I am quietly seated in my carriage, and I just slip my hand in my pocket, and thus the conversation with Heaven begins. This old Rosary has been in such constant use that it is very tired—even sick, I might say; and that is why I wish the Abbé to make an examination, and to operate if necessary.”

With this, he placed the broken Rosary in the hands of his friend, the Abbé Maret, and left us.

Later, when we had become fast friends, the worthy Doctor related to me the following incident. He was always anxious to bring spiritual health to the souls of his patients, even when he could not heal their bodily infirmities.

He was at this time visiting, in his professional capacity, a young couple living in the Rue du Bac, near the well-known church Des Missions Etrangères. The Doctor was particularly interested in this case for two reasons: first, because the family of the young woman had been friends of his for many years; and also because her husband's illness (he was the

present patient) showed symptoms of an alarming nature. Now, this was one of the most characteristic of the Doctor's traits: the more dreadful and serious the disease, the harder he tried to fight it. After struggling for three months with this terrible foe, in spite of his skill and unrelenting care, all hope now seemed in vain. The first attack had been upon the heart; and when symptoms of consumption developed later, the physician realized that his patient's death warrant was signed. But where he could not cure, he always tried to comfort; and, in spite of the sorrow and disappointment he felt at acknowledging his own defeat, the Doctor came every day with words of cheer and sympathy, and remedies to mitigate as much as possible the sufferings of the patient's last days.

One morning he found the young man's pulse weaker than usual; and, after listening to the heart and sounding the lungs, he realized that the end was very near. It required all his self-control to hide this death-sentence from the anxious watchers at the bedside. He left the house with the thought that this was his last call on the dying man. As the family were fervent Catholics, and as they had been told that he was in a most critical condition, Dr. Récamier took it for granted that the last Sacraments had been administered to his patient; and he said to the two weeping women at the bedside: “Be brave! Pray to the good God,—or, rather, we will all pray.”

Before leaving the house, he told one of the servants to notify him if any change came. That evening, having received no message, he returned to the house in the Rue du Bac but was careful to question the servant before going to the sick room.

“No change, Doctor. The young man is very low, as when you left him this morning.”

The Doctor was amazed that his patient could have lasted twelve hours in the condition in which he had left him. But this was only the beginning of his aston-

ishment. For three days he called regularly night and morning, and found him each time still lingering between life and death.

"How strange!" mused the Doctor to himself. "This prolongation of life seems extraordinary. I have seen a medal and a scapular about his neck. Can it be that the Blessed Virgin is going to cure him?"

With the hope of a miraculous recovery for his patient, the Doctor hastily mounted the stairs, without as usual being previously announced, and entered the sick room without knocking. A heart-rending scene met his gaze.

"Please, dearest, do not refuse my request!" the young woman was saying, as, with tears in her eyes, she kissed the pale face of her husband.

His mother was on her knees at the bedside, and held in a trembling grasp the cold, clammy hand of her dying son. With a mother's tenderness she was saying:

"You will see, my child, that it will bring a blessing on us all. How often does it not happen that after the last Sacraments are received the sick are restored to health!"

"Well! well! What does this mean?" said the Doctor, stepping forward.

"Here is the Doctor, who will vouch for the truth of what I have said; for he must surely have noted this in his professional experience. Is it not true, Doctor, that the Sacraments often give health to those who are dangerously ill?"

"Certainly," answered the Doctor, with convincing emphasis; and to him this question was a revelation of existing conditions.

But, unfortunately, the sick man, who was already irritated by the persistent entreaties of his wife and mother, was even more exasperated by the interference of an outsider.

"Leave me in peace, all of you!" he said in a weak, exhausted voice. "You are worrying me uselessly and cruelly. You will kill me."

On such occasions the pious Doctor became a real apostle, and it would be as impossible to count the souls he saved as the bodies he cured. But, with his long experience, he realized that in this instance a religious discussion would be worse than useless. One need not be a medical expert to know that, in heart disease, the slightest excitement may prove fatal. So the Doctor motioned to the sorrowing wife and mother to be silent.

"Now, my dear Francis," he said, drawing near to the bedside of his patient, "give me your hand and let us not quarrel. Please remember that your dear mother, your devoted wife and myself have only one wish—to relieve the pain of your body and bring peace and serenity to your soul. There now!—do not try to talk: keep perfectly quiet, so that all this trouble and excitement may pass. I will be back to see you very soon."

And, once more taking the young man's hand in his friendly grasp, he left him.

"My friends," he whispered to the two women who came with him to the door, "be very prudent, but do not lose courage. Do not speak to him any more on this subject, but pray that the words you have already spoken may bear fruit. I see that Francis has a scapular on his breast, and I feel that the Blessed Virgin has wonderfully protected him during these last days. Ask her to crown her favors as we desire. Let us say many 'Hail Marys' for this intention."

Though it was late when the Doctor left the house, he went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where he had several patients to see; and of all the religious, from the superior to the lay-Sister at the door, he begged "Hail Marys" for a patient in whom he was deeply interested. He also called on his friend, the Abbé Maret, and asked him to offer his Rosary for this intention. In his own home, the pious Doctor had long ago established the custom of saying night prayers in common. That night, to the usual prayers were added three "Hail

Marys" for the return to God of a soul that was on the threshold of eternity.

Early next morning the Doctor started on his rounds, and his first call was made to the house in the Rue du Bac. What a transformation! Those whom he had left in sorrow and tears now seemed peacefully happy. The mother expressed her joy by a look of deepest gratitude, and the young woman grasped his hand to tell the thanks she dare not speak. The dying man, as soon as he saw him, exclaimed: "Come, Doctor, let me tell you of my great happiness. I have been reconciled to the good God!"

The Doctor was soon seated by his side, listening to the account of this prodigal son's return to his Father's house.

"It was Francis himself who asked for the priest and who desired to receive the Sacraments," whispered the grateful mother.

The Doctor's face beamed with joy at this news, and then he told of all the "Hail Marys" he had begged for this intention. Five minutes later the great change came; and, with a smile on his face, Francis went to meet his God, who had shown such mercy to him.

Once more the sorrowing wife and mother were plunged in deepest grief. But Dr. Récamier, pointing to the statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been placed near the bed, said to them:

"Be brave, my friends! Have courage, and ask the Blessed Virgin to help you. Remember what she has already done for you. For many weeks I have had no hope of recovery for this poor boy. The Blessed Virgin kept him alive almost miraculously, that he might prepare for death and be ready to meet his God. Oh, yes, pray to her now, and be sure that she will obtain strength for you to bear this bitter sorrow."

THE Lord sends us tribulations and infirmities to give us the means of paying the immense debt we have contracted with Him.—*St. Vincent Ferrer*,

The Marriage of the Adriatic.

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A GLANCE at a good map of the world will show that a large arm of the historic Mediterranean Sea separates Italy from the Balkan Peninsula. From the old Etruscan city, Hatria, now known as Adria, situated at the mouth of the river Po, this great body of water—it is five hundred miles long, and in some places a hundred and thirty miles wide—takes its name, the Adriatic Sea, or, as it is marked on most of the older maps, Mare Adriaticum.

The ceremony known as "Sposalizio del Adriatico," was instituted in the year 1177 by Pope Alexander III., in memory of the wonderful naval victory of the Venetians over Frederick Barbarossa at Istria, at which time the Holy Father took a ring from his own finger and gave it to the Doge with the instruction that he and his successors were to cast a similar ring into the waters of the Adriatic on Ascension Day each year forever, and expressing the hope that the sea so espoused would be as faithful and as dutiful as a wife to her husband.

In ancient times this ceremony was solemnly performed on Ascension Day, when the State gondola, gorgeously appointed and lavishly decorated, manned by forty rowers, moved slowly from the Piazza di San Marco toward the Isle of Lido. Following closely were innumerable barges, gondolas, and galleys, occupied by the clergy, by statesmen, nobles, merchants, soldiers, and foreign visitors with their attendants. Arriving off the Isle, the Doge poured holy water into the sea; then, taking the ring from his finger, he dropped it into the sea with the words, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of our just and perpetual dominion!"

After the ceremony all the participants and spectators attended Solemn High Mass at the Church of St. Nicholas, and the day's festivities were finished by a banquet at the Doge's palace.

The Delusion of Anglicans.

Notes and Remarks.

THAT small though energetic party of the Church of England who, while rejecting the authority of the Church of All Lands and of the Supreme Pontiff, adopt many of the practices of Catholicity and call themselves Catholics, can not bear to have others question their right to do this. "To speak of Henry VIII. as the founder of the Church of England is simply a controversial device and a grave historical blunder," writes one of those Anglo-Catholics. "However drastically reformed, the Church of England in her doctrines, rites, ceremonies, still remains a branch of the Catholic Church." But it was Froude, who was certainly no apologist for the Supremacy of the Pope, that said, "the Church of England was a limb lopped off from the Catholic trunk; it was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed"; adding that the Anglican episcopate was an illusion dependent on the throne of Elizabeth,—“a thing merely of this world—a convenient political arrangement.”

"However drastically reformed"! Dr. Frederick George Lee, who was an Anglican of Anglicans until, only a few weeks before his death, he became a Catholic, declares in his work, "The Church under Queen Elizabeth," that the feasts of the Blessed Virgin were abrogated in England, but the birthday of "good" Queen Bess was made "a new feast of the first importance, equal to that of Christmas or Ascension Day"; and instead of the Angelical Salutation, *Ave Maria*, now was heard "the singing of invocations of her Majesty, beginning 'Ave Eliza!'"

Research into contemporary records and the production of original documents would long since have silenced the Continuity claim if it were not so hard to convince Anglo-Catholics. Many of them must be convinced; but, the conviction being against their will, they still perversely hold to the old opinions.

THE present would seem to be an appropriate time to emphasize the truism that prevention is better than cure, and foresight a more effective attribute than "hindsight" in the matter of holding public-school closing exercises in Protestant churches, penalizing such Catholic graduates of public high schools as refuse to attend baccalaureate sermons in non-Catholic churches, and similar manifestly non-legal, if not illegal, practices of sectarian school-boards in different parts of this country. We should like to see the American Federation of Catholic Societies or the Knights of Columbus take legal steps to prevent such action. We fail to see how any competent and impartial judge, taking account of the State's attitude toward religion in the public schools, could refuse an injunction against such patent violation of the law's intent, and such gratuitous offence to Catholic taxpayers.

The conditions of public and parochial schools in this respect, it is well to remember, are the reverse of identical. We build and support our own schools without non-Catholic help; non-Catholics do *not* support public schools without Catholic help. Consequently, we have a clear right to arrange our closing exercises as we see fit; but non-Catholics have no such right with regard to the public schools. Catholics, as taxpaying contributors to the upkeep of such schools, are unquestionably entitled to have something to say as to their management, and are quite within their rights in seeking to prevent such indefensible practices as those we have mentioned. In the meanwhile present action will be worth far more than future futile denunciation.

Apropos of the demand of letter-carriers, etc., to join the American Federation of Labor, President Taft declared: "This presents a very serious question,

and one which, if decided in favor of the right of government employees to strike and use the boycott, will be full of danger to the government and the republic." Reminding his hearers that the Government of France not very long ago had been "taken by the throat" by its employees, the President continued:

I do not think that reasonable-minded trades-union men, who are fully alive to the necessity for rigorous means to enforce their rights in their controversies with Capital and with their employers, will fail to see the broad difference that exists between their case, in which they are contending for the betterment of their livelihood against the naturally selfish motives of their employers, and that of the class of government employees who are privileged not only in the amount of their compensation, the less number of hours of their employment, and the greater permanency of tenure, and who serve the government of all the people, the very existence of which would be threatened should they combine together to quit the government all at once and paralyze the benefits—and the equal benefits—that that government is properly supposed and held to confer upon the people at large.

Presumably the government employees are not without grievances, but some other way of relief must be found than empowering them to avail themselves of the strike and the boycott. In this contention the vast majority of people will side with President Taft.

Truth, which is justly credited by the *London Tablet* with an intelligent interest in the class of mountebanks best known as "ex-priests," affords some welcome information about the latest specimen. He is not a priest, and it turns out that, not having given satisfaction, he was recommended to leave the monastery from which he claims to have "escaped." "Since that time he has evidently found a better job with the Protestant Alliance, by going round the country and telling in broken English a lot of 'cock-and-bull' stories about the practices in vogue in the monasteries in which he had served, according to his own account, as a sort of Simon the Cellarer. One of his yarns

about the consumption of champagne is enough to make a seasoned toper's mouth water. Another equally incredible is of a quite purposeless attempt to drug him with a cup of tea in London. His 'revelations,' as a matter of fact, smack so much of the stuff usually heard from the discharged servant that nobody would believe them but those who are greedy for any rubbish that reflects on a sect or church to which they do not belong."

The name of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, soldier, author, and splendid citizen, who died recently in Cambridge, Mass., should be held in grateful memory by American Catholics, especially in the East. Anti-Catholic prejudices lingered longer in New England and in its capital city than in any other section of the country. Hardly twenty-two years ago, the Catholics of Boston, then more than seven-twelfths of the total population, and of Massachusetts, were actually fighting for the right to maintain their parochial schools at their own expense. During two successive sessions, Bills had been introduced into the State Legislature, ostensibly for the inspection of Catholic schools—and even that was an impertinence,—but really for their extirpation. The late Archbishop Williams, himself a native of Boston, appealed to the Bill of Rights of Massachusetts, and engaged the famous lawyer, Charles F. Donnelly, to defend the Catholic cause. The hearings on these Bills were unforgettable experiences to any who had previously lived in States in which the Americanism of Catholics was never questioned. They were marked by outbreaks of insane bigotry, based, of course, on grotesque misunderstanding of Catholic teaching and practice by the supporters of the Bills. Notable sons of the Puritans, however (conspicuous among whom were Col. Higginson and President Eliot of Harvard), ranged themselves with Mr. Donnelly in defence of Catholic rights. Col. Higginson made a memorable address, in which he

described his first lesson in religious liberty. "I learned it," he said, "as a little child, holding my mother's hand, as we watched the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown." Owing to Mr. Donnelly's masterly conduct of the case—for which he declined all remuneration,—and the union of the better element of the non-Catholics with the Catholics, the designs of the enemies of Catholic education were frustrated, and the Catholic schools have continued to spread and flourish.

We congratulate the American Federation of Catholic Societies on the success that has attended their protest, addressed to the advertisers in *Watson's Magazine*, against the insults heaped by that publication on the hierarchy and clergy of the Church. The current *Bulletin* of the Federation reproduces a number of letters in which many prominent business firms announce the withdrawal of their advertisements from *Watson's*, and avow their detestation of its methods. We have so often urged such action as has been taken in this instance—the touching of slanderers in their most vulnerable point, the pocket—that we cordially applaud the actors, and wish them continued success in such excellent work.

The question of establishing a Catholic daily in England has recently been mooted, and the impracticability of the project seems to be rather generally admitted. Among many who have discussed the matter, "Clericus," in the *Catholic Times*, contributes some interesting points. For instance:

Were some munificent donor to be moved to put down a handsome sum for the Apostolate of the Press in England, it might possibly be better spent in providing for the education and training of Catholic journalists to work for the general as well as for the Catholic press, than in the founding of a Catholic daily paper. It is of interest to note in this connection that a prominent Catholic journalist on the Continent has remarked that "if in course of time a founder

arise to create an Order in the service of the press, the great world-pulpit of the present day, just as St. Dominic formed an Order of preachers, history will only repeat itself; for in every age an Order has been formed to meet the greatest necessities of the day." Such an Order, we may surmise, would not confine its activities to the purely Catholic press, if it could get admittance, too, into secular and non-Catholic organs. The sower in the parable sowed his seed somewhat indiscriminately on the off-chance of the ground proving good.

There is a large number of practical Catholics on the secular press of this country; and it is to be hoped that in their own way, without any detriment whatever to the interests of their respective papers, they are making their influence as Catholics felt, not only in the matter of giving the example of a good life, but in an occasional manly protest against such editorial or counting-house policies as are antagonistic to the Church and her tenets. A genuine Catholic resents an insult to his religion as quickly as any genuine man resents an insult to his mother.

Professor W. T. Foster, of Reed College, having stated that "if ability to spell according to conventional standards is a test of literacy, we shall be obliged to condemn our entire school system"; and having further declared that in a recent test "the errors were clearly due to the chaotic condition of a language in which correct spelling fails to represent correct speech," and "would disappear with extension of the principles of simplification advocated by the simplified spelling board,"—the *Inter-Ocean* takes issue with him, and remarks that thirty, forty, and fifty years ago English was quite as difficult as at present, but boys and girls could then spell correctly. The real trouble in the matter the Chicago journal thus diagnoses:

We venture to suggest that modern primary school methods need reconsideration,—that quite possibly, with all our boasted "progress," they are not as efficient as they were thirty years ago. With a language just as "chaotic" then as now with respect to the divergence of sound

and sign, the schools and teachers of those days somehow managed to teach their pupils to spell. Perhaps it was because the popular "play" theory had not then invaded education, and school was still regarded as a place for work, and hard work, for boys and girls. It certainly looks that way.

The *Advocate* of Melbourne chronicles the death of a farmer of Sixhills, Lincolnshire Co., Victoria, who, born five months before the Battle of Waterloo and fourteen years before Catholic Emancipation, could recall six reigns and seven Pontificates. "He had lived in the neighborhood of Hainton all his long life—for the last sixty-eight years as Lord Heneage's tenant at the Grove House Farm, Sixhills,—and he had been a devoted member of the Hainton congregation since the church was opened in 1836. Father Heskens (formerly of Hainton), preaching at a largely-attended Requiem Mass at Market Rasen, paid a tribute to the dead nonagenarian as a representative of a bygone generation of Catholics, of unostentatious but sturdy piety, who valued the Faith of their fathers the more because they knew something of the price at which it had been preserved."

"It is not always the rich, the learned or the powerful that serve God and His Church best," says the *Sacred Heart Review*. "The educated Catholic has his place and his work. But it is not by education and prominence, and by these only, that the Church can be made known to those who are not of the Fold. The Catholic workingman, the Catholic working-woman, no matter how humble their place, represent the Church too; and they can show forth its truth and beauty in their lives." To illustrate this, the writer quotes extracts from an obituary notice in the *Utica Free Press*, of the late Peter Kelly, for thirty-five years or more janitor of Hamilton College:

There are men young and middle-aged all over this country, probably in every State in the Union, who will be sorry to learn that

Peter Kelly died in his home at the foot of College Hill, Clinton, Saturday morning. They remember him gratefully, and so long as they live will entertain only pleasant recollections of his genial personality. Peter Kelly was born in Ireland seventy-five years ago, and he had all the warmth of heart and quick-wittedness of the best of his race. Indeed, there are no better men to be found anywhere than he. . . .

In the memories of the older and the later graduates of Hamilton, two hard-working Irishmen stand out in great prominence. One is Peter Blake, who for several decades was the janitor of the college, and who died a third of a century ago; and on the morning of the funeral the college exercises were suspended, and the students went in a body to the Roman Catholic church in the village to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the nimblest-witted, best-hearted men ever connected with Hamilton College in any capacity. Then came Peter Kelly, who was promoted to the janitorship and held it about as long as his predecessor.

These two Peters the boys all knew and liked; and more than that, they respected them; for they were honest, honorable, upright men, and in their humble walk were setting good examples for the youth they served. These men had access at all times to every room in the college; and there was not a man in all the lot who would not have left his last allowance lying loose, knowing full well that neither Peter would ever touch a penny. The example of honesty, integrity, and faithfulness which these two Irishmen gave was a mighty good one; and so they will be reverently and gratefully remembered as long as any alumnus of Hamilton College who knew them has life and recollection.

Any response to the following appeal, addressed to Catholic fathers and mothers by the Rev. Thomas McNaboe, Kadoka, S. Dakota, will be sure to bring blessings on young and old:

Kindly encourage your dear children, sons and daughters, to send a few nickels of their pin money to the undersigned, a missionary priest who has a hundred miles of territory for his parish. I am trying to build a few small churches in the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota. The Catholic Extension Society—may God bless it!—has been quite generous; but we are still struggling, owing to the failure of crops last year. Hoping that the parents to whom this appeal is made will ask their children to respond, I will say in advance, "May, God bless you and them!"



Little Mary and the Cripple Boy.

BY ALLEN FORD.

MARY was a little girl about as big as you,
And when her birthday came along she wondered
what she'd do.

Papa gave her money and mamma gave her
more:

Now, what she was to buy with it she pondered
o'er and o'er.

With some she thought she'd have a feast for
all her little friends,

And then with some she'd get a doll and lots of
odds and ends;

Whatever was left over—she knew there would
be some—

Why, that she'd put away, she thought, for
rainy days to come.

Now, Mary was not selfish, but this is very clear:
Of birthdays little girls can have one only in
the year.

Besides, they always told her it was specially her
day;

For mamma called her Mary when she came to
her in May.

At last the wished-for morning dawned, and you
should see the sun!

It shone so much more brightly than it e'er
before had done;

And flowers all were nodding salutations in the
breeze,

And every bird was singing "Happy birthday!"
in the trees.

She went to town with mamma to buy ice-cream
and cake

And oranges and candy, and everything they
make

Especially for little girls when birthdays come
around.

Then mamma went off shopping when for Mary
she had found

The Greek store where the candies were; there
told her to remain

And choose her birthday sweets and things till
she returned again.

There were sixty kinds of candy and thirty kinds
of cake,

And Mary liked them all so well she knew not
which to take.

And, then, the ice-cream fountain and the fruits
of every hue!

She thought it was the *sweetest* place; and so,
I'm sure, would you.

But while her blue eyes roved about the splen-
dors of the store,

A black-eyed little cripple boy came hobbling
through the door.

His face was very pinched and white, and thin
and long his hair;

His shoes were old and broken, and patched up
here and there.

"I want some fruit for mamma," he told the
waiting man.

"I have a nickel; here it is; please give me all
you can."—

"A nickel, boy! And fruit so high! Your bargain
doesn't suit."—

"But mamma's sick, and doctor said she'd have
to get some fruit."—

"I'm sorry for your mamma, boy; and sorry,
boy, for you;

But fruit is very high this year: a nickel will
not do."—

"Then mamma can't have fruit, I guess." He
wiped away a tear.—

"I'm sorry for your mamma, boy; but fruit is
high this year."

Now Mary was no longer shy, nor gazed about
the store,

But rushed up to the counter which the poor boy
stood before.

"Why, here's my purse of money!"—she forced
it in his hand;

"Just buy your mamma all the fruit and cakes
and things so grand;

For, though it is my birthday, we were told the
other day

It's better give to others than from others take
away."

He took the purse and looked at her, an angel
of the skies,

And tears of tender gratitude were streaming from his eyes.

He thanked her o'er and o'er again, then passed through crowded ways

With fruit for his sick mother that would last her many days.

And Mary's heart was strangely glad for that sweet, kindly deed,

And in her soul a gentle peace was sown like precious seed.

But, mamma, when she heard it all, wept silently apart,

And took up little Mary's form and held her to her heart.

She kissed that rosy face of hers a hundred times and more,

And called her "Treasure!" "Heart's delight!" and "Dearest!" o'er and o'er.

Her birthday was a grand affair, and how her parents smiled

Each time they looked at Mary, their own "hearts' delight," their child!

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

IV.—A KNIGHT OF THE CROSS.

SCHOOL was over; the little governess had gone her way home to her summer holidays, and the Heathe-cote children were rejoicing in the long days of freedom that lay before them. They had fairly run wild that first afternoon. They had fished all up and down the little stream that ran through the lower meadows. Jerry had fallen in head over heels, dried himself in the sun, and taken not the least harm from his wetting. Gregory had tumbled out of at least three trees to scramble up, unhurt. Hugh and Margery, and even Pancred, who was just learning what it really meant to romp, had torn their clothes and rumbled their hair, and burned their faces in the warm summer light. But now the stains had all been washed away, the curls smoothed out, and the children were gathered in the garden for high tea with Uncle Will and Aunt Cicely.

"Do tell us a story, mother dear!" begged Hugh, who was tired after so strenuous an afternoon. "You know it's the first day of the holidays, and we ought to celebrate. And, besides, you haven't told us that one about the Crusade yet. Do please!" and he lengthened the last word pleadingly.

"Do please!" echoed Uncle Will. "You know I missed the last one, Cicely; and Greg says it was 'gorgeous.'"

"You children seem to think I keep the Brown Book in my pocket,"—Aunt Cicely's laughing glance included her husband. "If you'll get it for me, Will, you may have the story. Meantime who knows the date of the second Crusade?"

"Eleven hundred and forty seven," returned Hugh, the bookworm; "and it lasted two years. Stephen was King of England then; he had stolen the throne from Queen Maud, and they were fighting about it."

"Good!—good!" cried Aunt Cicely, clapping her hands. "You must have been working this last term, Hugh. Now, Jerry dear, do settle down. Margery, here's a cushion for you, and one for Greg; and Pancred may sit here."

And Aunt Cicely drew the little lad down on her knee, knowing full well that grandpapa's boy was a bit lonely to-night, since the Earl was in London.

"It was the early summer of the year before the second Crusade," she began. "Raymond Guilbert, the father, lay dead in Castle Guilbert, as they called it then,—dead of a wound received in the Queen's cause; for he was too loyal a knight to desert his liege for the usurper, Stephen. But, as you can easily see, now that things were going against the Queen, Raymond's family were likely to be in a bad position. Raymond, the son, was in Palestine, fighting the infidels; and, since the elder knight was dead, there was left no one at all but the feeble grandfather, crippled from wounds in the first Crusade, and little ten-year-old Alan, beside the womenfolk.

"Lady Elgitha — our Norman grand-fathers seem to have been very fond of marrying Saxon ladies—was a wise woman and a brave one; even while she knelt beside her husband's bier in the chapel she was planning what she must do. Her Saxon men-at-arms would be true, she was certain, even if Stephen should covet Castle Guilbert. But what if he should take little Alan away from her and give him as ward to one of his own barons? That was all too probable; since no one knew whether or not her elder son were alive, Alan might indeed be the heir. And quite often the King took the heir of an estate from his mother and made him ward to whomsoever he would, saying that women were not fit to train him in arms. Lady Elgitha knew whom Stephen's choice would be: her dead husband's cousin, a cruel, unscrupulous man, who would not let so small a thing as a boy's life stand long between him and the broad lands of Guilbert. So she made her plans well; and little Alan, as he walked bare-headed after his father's body, looked into her face and wondered why she clasped his hand so tightly.

"Child as he was, she must send Alan away, at least till England should be quieter. Father Norbert, the chaplain, was a Cistercian; he would give her letters to the Fathers in the French monasteries, where the boy might find shelter till the storm was past. She began her preparations at once; yet before they were finished a Saxon swineherd brought her word that her cousin was only a day's ride from the castle, and it was common talk that he was to be guardian of the young heir. Little Alan was wakened that night by the glare of torches in his face; his mother stood beside his bed, with Father Norbert and Alric the jester. Alric wore a sword at his side; Lady Elgitha's eyes were full of tears. Alan found it very exciting to get up and dress at that hour, to kneel for the good monk's blessing, and then, with only the moon for light, to creep down the long stairway

and out across the lowered bridge. There his mother gathered him in her arms; and, like a true Guilbert, he held her tight and tried to kiss away her tears.

"I will go to Palestine, my mother," he whispered, "and bring Raymond home to you, never fear!"

"But Lady Elgitha only kissed him the more, and bade Alric guard him carefully. And she never dreamed that before the summer came again he would indeed be on his way to the Holy Land, the cross upon his shoulder.

"So Alric the jester set out for France and a French monastery, with Alan beside him; and I wish I had time to tell you children all the wonderful adventures they had by the way. Travelling was neither so easy nor so pleasant as it is now, yet I am sure little Alan found something new and delightful at every turn of the road. Once across the Channel, Alric was for going straight to Paris, where the Abbot Bernard, holiest and greatest of the Cistercians, had come to preach the Crusade. 'And since he is a Cistercian,' argued Alric, 'he will be kind to my little lord and find a home for him in some abbey.'

"But when they came to Paris, it was only to find that the court was at Vézelay, where all France had gathered to hear the holy Abbot. Alric got fresh horses and they went on again, to reach the plain outside the little town an hour before sunset of the next afternoon. It was July and very warm. Alan was dusty and tired, perhaps a little cross. But when he saw the throng gathered there, and the raised platform where the rulers of France were sitting with their nobles about them, and, farther on, another platform, where stood a slim figure in the white Cistercian habit, he straightened himself in his saddle and strained his ears to hear.

"Bernard—the same St. Bernard whose sermons we read last Christmas—had just finished speaking. There was a moment's silence, then it seemed to Alan as if every

man in that great crowd had gone suddenly mad; for they hurled themselves at the white figure, shouting till the sky itself seemed to echo with the cry. And when, presently, they began to turn away, he saw that they carried strips of scarlet cloth cut in the form of a cross, and each man kissed his reverently before he fastened it upon his shoulder. Alric stopped a young squire and questioned him, and Alan listened eager-eyed while he repeated what he could of that great sermon that woke the world for a second Crusade.

"When the crowd began to thin a little, Father Bernard stepped down from the platform, and the King and Queen came with him, to escort him to his lodging. Alric and Alan dismounted and stood bareheaded, waiting for them to pass. Alan caught his breath with a little gasp at sight of the Abbot's pale, kind face and gentle eyes; and all at once he let go his horse's bridle and ran to kneel at the saint's feet.

"'Father,' he cried as he covered the thin hands with kisses, 'give me the cross, too! I am going to Palestine.'

"'You are too young, my child,' said Father Bernard, smiling down at him with eyes that seemed to hold all the sweet evening light in their blue depths.

"'I will be eleven next Marymas Day,' returned Alan; 'and my brother Raymond is one of King Baldwin's knights. But I must find him and send him home to England; for my father is dead and there is no one now to care for my lady mother. So I *must* go to Palestine. Please give me the cross, Father; then I can take my brother's place and fight for the Holy Sepulchre.'

"Alric had drawn nearer while Alan was talking; now he, too, knelt at Father Bernard's feet and began to explain. And while the Abbot read the letters he had brought, and questioned him, Eleanor the Queen drew Alan to her side. She was one of the most beautiful women in the world; but Alan had no eyes for her;

indeed, he could scarcely answer her for watching Father Bernard. Even the King's crown and royal robe seemed poor to him beside that white Cistercian habit.

"When Father Bernard turned to them again, Eleanor was unpinning the cross from her own mantle. Now she put it into Alan's hands and motioned him to kneel again.

"'Give him the cross, Father,' she said: 'he is going with me; he shall come to no harm.'

"But still Father Bernard hesitated. 'He is over-young for court and camp,' he protested; and, taking Alan's face between his hands, he looked long into his eyes. Perhaps something he saw there decided him, for he fastened the cross on the boy's shoulder. 'Be our Lord Jesus' knight, my child,' he said; 'and fight for Him against yourself and sin.' And he kissed Alan on the forehead.

"So Alan and Alric went with them into the town; and Alan lodged that night with Father Bernard, who sent for him after supper and talked long with him. Alan never forgot that hour, nor the counsels the Abbot gave him. And he must have answered wisely for a child; for before Father Bernard went on his way, there was an early Mass one morning in the Queen's chapel, and Alan, all in white and silver, with Eleanor's favorite page to carry his candle for him, received his First Communion from the saint's own hand.

"It was spring before their preparations were completed; and the French set out for Metz, to meet the Emperor of Germany there. In the meantime Eleanor had had her armorers make Alan a suit of chain mail and a sword and lance, light and small enough for the boy to use. He looked very fine when his armor was done, and he was quite as proud of himself as any other boy would be. Yet I'm sure when the Queen praised him and called him 'Sir Alan' in fun, he thought of his mother in England, and longed for her voice instead.

"All the long march to Constantinople Eleanor kept him at her side; and he proved himself a gallant, uncomplaining little soldier. When they entered the mountains of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, the boy saw his first fighting, and there he had a chance to prove his mettle. Through the treachery of their guides, the greater part of the army was led into a narrow pass, where the Turks fell upon them from above and almost cut them to pieces. Eleanor and a handful of her own men had chosen a higher road. They, too, had encountered the Turks; but they had been able to beat them back after hard fighting. Now the knights were charging down the steep slope to their King's aid; and Eleanor, with Alan beside her, rode to a higher place, where she could see. Below them men's armor shone red in the terrible confusion, upraised blades dazzled like lightning; they could hear the cries of the dying and the scream of wounded horses. Eleanor's knights swept down in a gleaming river; and the Turks, fairly caught in their own trap, could only turn upon them and fight to the death. And all this time Alan sat white-faced beside the Queen; but his eyes shone and his lips were tight shut; and once, if she had not caught his horse's bridle, he would have ridden down into the thick of it.

"The Queen had forgotten any danger there might be, in her anxiety for those below; so absorbed was she that she did not see the man with the crooked Turkish sword and the dark, cruel face, who had ridden out from behind the rocks and was bearing down upon them. His low cry of 'Hurr! Hurr!' (the Tartar words that mean 'Kill! Kill!') was her first warning. But Alan had seen him, and his blue eyes turned suddenly to steel with the Guilbert fire, and, child as he was, he flung himself between, sending the Guilbert cry ringing far and wide in his shrill boy's treble.

"A Guilbert! A Guilbert! Our Lady and St. George!" he shouted as his sword leaped from its scabbard.

"Of course Alan's little hands could never have had strength enough to keep the Turk at bay; but the instant's grace gave time for help to reach them, and the boy's voice brought men-at-arms to their aid. But never as long as he lived did the child forget the ringing thrill of steel on steel as his blade and the Turk's met, nor the hiss of the arrow that pierced his enemy's throat a moment later. Then the Queen dragged him back, asking tremulously if he was hurt; a dozen excited knights and yeomen surrounded them; and everyone was praising Alan, who felt suddenly very young and a little ashamed.

"When you are old enough to be a knight," said Queen Eleanor, "you shall have your knighthood from my hand, and quarter my arms upon your shield."

"What with those who died from sickness and those who were killed by the Turks, and the great number who turned back discouraged before they reached the Holy Land at all, only a remnant of the army came to Jerusalem at last. Alan himself had been ill, and Alric had carried him in his arms all the past week, since he was not strong enough to sit his horse, and utterly refused to ride in a litter. The Queen and her ladies spoiled him more than was good, I am afraid; but only Alric knew how many times there were unsoldierly tears in the boy's eyes as he thought of his mother and England. And there was no gladder heart among them all than Alan's was when Baldwin of Jerusalem met them outside the city walls. Raymond Guilbert rode with him, — a tall, broad-shouldered man, with hair bleached white by the fierce sun and skin burned very brown. Eleanor asked first of all for him; and when he rode up and dismounted to kiss her hand, she bade Alric put Alan into his arms.

"You must be very careful of him," she said. "He is my knight, and he has proved himself both true and brave."

"Raymond took Alan into Jerusalem, where Alric told him of his father's death and the long journey they had made. And

Raymond Guilbert was very proud that the little brother he had never seen should be praised by Queen Eleanor, and prouder still when he heard what Alan had done.

"That night when Raymond had gone to the great banquet King Baldwin gave for his royal guests, Alan was so restless and coaxed so hard that at last he persuaded Alric to carry him to the great church that enclosed the holy places. There he knelt first in the place of the Crucifixion, with Alric's arm round him; and his little hands trembled and his eyes filled with tears. Presently he bent and kissed the stone, over and over, very lovingly; then he took off his sword-belt and the little hunting knife he always wore, and laid them there; and when he raised his eyes they were so bright, even in the gloom, that Alric thought he had more fever. And the man wondered very much what his little lord meant when he said as they rose, 'He is the real King, Alric.'

"They went on to the Tomb, which was lit with many lamps; and there they knelt till Alan began to grow weary and a little feverish. Then, in spite of his protests, Alric took him back. And he carried sword-belt and weapons himself; for Alan would not put them on again, nor did he ever wear them after that.

"When he was a little stronger, Raymond obtained leave to return to England, and he set out with the child as soon as he could. Eleanor showered Alan with gifts when he came to say good-bye, and did her best to make him promise that he would come back to her in a year or two to be knighted. But Alan only smiled and thanked her, and made no promises.

"When they reached France, he begged his brother to stop at the Abbey Clairvaux for Father Bernard's blessing. And there, at the end of the two years that should have brought him knighthood, he came again, to receive the white habit instead, and be simple Brother Alan the rest of his life. So the arms of Queen Eleanor

were never quartered in the Guilbert shield, and Alan won his spurs in a holier warfare."

Aunt Cicely's little audience had sat spellbound through the story; for once there had been no interruptions. And when she had finished they were very quiet for a while in the sweet summer dusk. Then Pancred's hand tightened a little on hers.

"He was Our Lord's knight, wasn't he?" he whispered.

(To be continued.)

Magic Squares.

Although the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is by no means a young folks' periodical, the following extract from it will interest most boys and girls who are studying, or have studied, the first rule of arithmetic. We quote from a paper on "Numbers," by Dr. Richard H. Clarke:

"The formation of magical squares, though accountable on principles well known to great arithmeticians and mathematicians, whereby numbers the most different, when added, produce the same sum, has attracted considerable astonishment and wonder among ordinary mortals. Even great arithmeticians and mathematicians have written intricate, ingenious and exhaustive treatises on the subject. The following examples of magical squares will suffice to illustrate this subject:

2	7	6	1	2	3	4	1	7	13	19	25
9	5	1	2	3	2	3	18	24	5	6	12
4	3	8	4	1	4	1	10	11	17	23	4
			3	4	1	2	22	3	9	15	16
							14	20	21	2	8

Not only will the numbers added up give the same result from horizontal and vertical lines, but also if the two diagonal lines of numbers are added up."

THE reason why so many young folk don't climb the ladder of success is because they wait for the elevator.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The winning bid of \$50,000 for the Hoe copy of the Gutenberg Bible on the part of Mr. Huntington of Los Angeles, Cal. is accounted the highest in the annals of bibliopoly.

—No. 7 of Madame Cecilia's series of School and Home Plays for Girls contains "An Awkward Predicament," a comedy in two acts for seven characters, and a charade. Both are not only readable but thoroughly "stageable," and will please young ladies with histrionic propensities. Benziger Brothers.

—Cardinal Newman's sermon, "The Second Spring," edited with Introduction, notes, and exercises, by the Rev. F. P. Donnelly, S. J., is published by Longmans, Green & Co. Of the book's ninety-seven pages, the Introduction occupies seventeen; the sermon itself, twenty-one; the notes and exercises, thirty; while the remainder are devoted to a reproduction of college exercises modelled on the famous sermon. As a text-book for the higher classes in English literature, this little volume is distinctly worth while.

—In a 12mo of 240 pages, large print, the Rev. Moritz Meschler, S. J., discusses "Three Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life." The author styles his book "Christian Asceticism in the Waistcoat Pocket,"—his contention being that all that has been written on spirituality, asceticism, and the like topics may be compendiously summarized in these three principles: prayer, self-denial, and love of the Divine Saviour. The principles are developed in eleven, seventeen, and thirteen chapters; and while there is naturally nothing particularly new in the doctrine laid down, its presentation is decidedly interesting as well as suggestive. B. Herder, publisher.

—"Books by Catholic Authors in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg" is a wire-stitched, cardboard-covered booklet of 243 pages. It is a classified and annotated list, with a table of general contents and an index of authors. Of the excellence of its arrangement, as of its utility to those having access to the Pittsburg Library, there can scarcely be any question; but readers fairly conversant with Catholic literature will fail to discover in its pages many a volume which they might naturally expect to find there. Maurice Francis Egan and John Boyle O'Reilly, for instance, might well appear among Catholic poets; and the distinctively Catholic works of convert authors such as Christian Reid would be more in keeping with the

title of the catalogue than their pre-conversion books. Those charged with supplying the library with Catholic works have still a large field from which to draw. A typographical innovation which we do not like is the violation of the old-time rule that prominent words in the titles of books should begin with capitals. "The man of the family," "The stolen emperor," "Tents of wickedness," etc., are an offence to the trained eye.

—"A Convert's Reason Why," by A. J. Hayes (Thomas J. Flynn & Co.), is a somewhat novel presentment of Catholic truth. A question and answer being quoted from the Penny Catechism, there follows a series of pertinent extracts from Scripture and from writers largely non-Catholic or converts, enforcing the truth under discussion. We have read the book—a 12mo of 212 pages, well printed and bound—with genuine pleasure, and recommend it as a good work to pass on to inquiring non-Catholic friends.

—"Schoolgirls Abroad," by the late Sister M. Rita of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, just issued from THE AVE MARIA Press, will be welcomed by all who enjoy a recital of travels delightfully told. Although these schoolgirls do not get out of the beaten track of travel, the cities, churches, and art galleries visited by them take on a new interest through the charm of the writer's style. Indeed, so realistic are the touches that the reader feels himself one of the party, and the haps and mishaps of these travellers all his own. Naples, Rome, Venice, Florence, Paris, London, Dublin and environment are visited; and vivid impressions, together with the regulation souvenirs, are carried away. The dry details that a writer of travels can not avoid are here illuminated by flashes of fun or idealized by the poetic touch; while, with unobtrusive piety, there is a timely dwelling upon the spiritual side of things. In a word, graceful simplicity, a cheery outlook upon life, and amiable friendliness are the notes of this little book and the secret of its charm. It will be especially welcomed by the friends of the author; for it makes her live again, so characteristic are all the impressions, descriptions, and reflections. The book is well printed and attractively bound, and should be popular as a gift or prize.

—In a most interesting preface to "Lay Morals," in the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, which contains the famous letter in defence of Father Damien, Mrs. Stevenson writes: "I shall never forget

my husband's ferocity of indignation, his leaping stride, as he paced the room holding the offending paper at arm's-length before his eyes" [the paper in which the Rev. Dr. Hyde's infamous attack on the memory of Father Damien was first published]. "In another moment he disappeared through the doorway; and I could hear him, in his own room, pulling his chair to the table, and the sound of his inkstand being dragged toward him." That afternoon he called together his wife and her son and daughter, and told them he had something serious to lay before them; "and then we three had the incomparable experience of hearing its author read aloud the defence of Father Damien while it was still red-hot from his indignant soul." Having finished the reading, he pointed out that the matter was highly libellous, and its publication might involve the loss of his entire substance; but "there was no dissenting voice,—how could there be?" An eminent lawyer was consulted, and pronounced it "a serious affair," as indeed it was. "However, no one will publish it for you!" he exclaimed. This was true enough; but the author hired a printer by the day, and the job was rushed through; then the family turned in and helped address the pamphlets, which were scattered far and wide. And thus, concludes Mrs. Stevenson, "Father Damien was vindicated by a stranger, a man of another country and another religion than his own."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Schoolgirls Abroad." Sister M. Rita. 75 cts.
 "The Second Spring." Newman, Donnelly. 50 cts.
 "A Convert's Reason Why." A. J. Hayes. \$1.
 "Three Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life." Rev. Moritz Meschler, S. J. \$1.
 "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Gabrini, S. J. \$1.
 "The Catechist." 2 vols. Rev. George Howe. \$3.80, net.
 "The American Catholic Who's Who." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$2.

- "Her Journey's End." Francis Cooke. \$1.25
 "Roman Ritual." New Edition. \$2.
 "Freddy Carr's Adventures." Father Garrold. 85 cts.
 "Exercitia Spiritualia." 75 cts.
 "The Practical Catholic." Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J. 60 cts.
 "Opuscula Ascetica Selecta, Ioannis Cardinalis Bona." \$1.25, net.
 "The English Lourdes." Rev. Clement Tyck, C. R. P. 70 cts.
 "Toward the Sanctuary." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.
 "Science of Education." T. P. Keating, B. A., L. C. P. 90 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Rev. Fergus McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto; and Rev. J. J. McGrath, of the diocese of Sacramento.

Sister M. de Chantal and Sister M. Patricia, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Epiphany, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Madame Ann McCoy, R. S. H.

Mr. Leonz Meyer, Mr. L. A. Kuchel, Miss Eugenia Ivory, Mr. Frank Ittenbach, Mr. Philip Dreis, Mr. Joseph H. Hogan, Mrs. Katherine Barker, Mrs. Mary E. Power, Mr. James Leonard, Mrs. C. J. Lux, Mr. J. A. Pinkerton, Mrs. Anna McKeowen, Mr. Joseph Brungard, Mr. John Maguire, Mr. Jacob Delarber, Mr. John Desmond, Mr. David Fox, Mr. Michael Barrett, Mr. Thomas Holden, Mr. Michael McDonough, Mr. Henry Ruhmann, Mr. James J. Gillin, Mr. Frank Teipel, Mr. Thomas Healy, Mr. Robert Wemser, Mr. Edward McHale, Mr. William Thornton, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, and Mr. Francis Vaught.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the persecuted Italian nuns:

Mrs. W. T. H., \$1; Rev. C. U., \$15; "Friend," \$5.

The Famine sufferers of Central Mongolia:

T. B., \$20; Mary and Agnes, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$5; P. P. R., \$1; J. A. McC., 50 cts.; T. B. R., in honor of St. Anthony, \$4; D. P. L., \$1; T. A. C., \$1.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$20.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1911.

NO. 22

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If I were You.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IF I were you, I'd drink the glowing light
Of every twinkling star and drop of dew.
I'd turn me from the shadow and the night,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd gather fairest flowers,
I'd pluck the roses and forget the rue.
I'd seek for heartease in the wayside bowers,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd speak the kindly word,—
The welcome word that rings sincere and true.
I'd scatter sunshine like a singing bird,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd do the noble deed,
The radiant act the angels love to view.
I'd give to others' sorrow loving heed,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always seek the best,
And stand for honor with the chosen few.
I'd fight for truth and leave to God the rest,
If I were you.

THE Holy Spirit came in the form of a dove, — a simple and pleasant creature, with no bitterness of gall, no violence of rending talons; loving the houses of men, consorting within one home, each pair nurturing their young together; giving with their bills the kiss of peace, and thus fulfilling a law of unanimity. Thus brotherly affection in the Church must make doves its pattern. What doth the savageness of vultures in a Christian bosom?—*St. Cyprian.*

The Christian Pentecost.



MOTHER of all Festivals is the title which St. John Chrysostom gives to Pentecost; and among the Jews its celebration had a twofold object—namely, the promulgation of the Law on Mount Sinai and the offering of the first fruits. The feast derives its name, which signifies "fiftieth," from the fact of its being the fiftieth day after Easter. For the same reason it was known as the Feast of the Seven Weeks. It is called also in Holy Writ "the solemnity of the harvest" and "the day of the first fruits," on account of the custom prevailing from the most remote periods, of offering to the Creator on that day the first sheaf and the earliest fruit. There were sacrificed also on the occasion seven lambs without spot, a calf and two rams. St. Augustine has proved from Scripture itself that it was on Pentecost, or the fiftieth day after Easter, that the Law was given to Moses on Mount Sinai; for the Law was confided to the patriarch on the third day of the third month. Now, if we count, says the great Doctor, from the fourteenth of the first month, the day of the Pasch, to the third of the third month, we shall find seventeen days remaining in the first month, thirty in the second, and three in the third, or fifty in all.

The promulgation of the Law was the principal object of the Jewish feast, which was celebrated with great pomp. The Synagogue, the place appointed for the

reading of the Law, and even the private houses, were decked with branches and flowers. Pentecost ranked with Easter and the Feast of the Tabernacles as one of the three great festivals. All the Israelites were obliged to present themselves, on the occasion of its celebration, in the Temple of Jerusalem; and even at present, in the service of the modern Jews, the promulgation of the Law is commemorated on this day.

The Christian Pentecost has for object to recall to our minds the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, and to celebrate the promulgation of the New or Evangelical Law.

The Law of Moses was not intended to last forever. It was merely a code of transition, to be observed by the Jews while awaiting the coming of the Redeemer. The Law itself was the figure of that which obtains in these later times, and the prophets traced in express terms the character of the code by which it was to be replaced. "I will make," says Jeremias, "a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Juda,—not according to the covenant which I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt: the covenant which they made void, and I had dominion over them, saith the Lord. But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord. I will give My law in their bowels, and I will write it in their heart: and I will be their God, and they shall be My people."* Ezechiel is not less explicit. "I will give you," he says, "a new heart, and put a new spirit within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit in the midst of you: and I will cause you to walk in my commandments, and to keep my judgments and to do them."†

The accomplishment of these promises

was wrought on the day when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles; and, in order that the concordance of the two Testaments might be fully realized, Jesus Christ, who had willed to be immolated, like the true Pasch and the true Lamb on the day of the figurative Pasch, willed also to send His Spirit the very day on which the Mosaic Law had been given, so that the true and the figurative Law were promulgated on the same day.

There is a constant tradition in the Church that the fiftieth day after the Resurrection of Our Lord was a Sunday. According to Josephus, Pentecost was celebrated the fiftieth day counting from the second day of azymis. If Friday, the day of our Saviour's death, was the first day of azymis, and Saturday the second, then the fiftieth day thereafter was a Saturday, and not a Sunday. Baronius, Bellarmine, Cardinal Gotti, Benedict XIV., and many other authors, remark, however, that when the second day of azymis occurred on a Sabbath, as was the case in the year in question, the offering of the first sheaf and the first fruits was made on the third day; since it was not permitted on the second day, or Sabbath, to put a scythe to the harvest. This fully accounts for the coincidence of the first true Pentecost with our Christian Sunday.

As to the house in which the Apostles were assembled on that first Whitsunday, Scripture tells us that it was the Cenacle; and St. Luke specifies that the meeting was held in a high chamber. As a matter of fact, it was in the upper story of their houses that the Jews had their oratories, which they called *alijoths*; thither the disciples retired to give themselves up to their private devotions. To whom did this particular house belong? Some say to John the Evangelist, others to Simon the Leper, others to Joseph of Arimathea, and yet others to Nicodemus. The most probable opinion is that of Baronius, who holds, with Jansenius, Canisius, Menochius, and many other judicious writers, that it was the house of Mary, mother of John

* Jer., xxxi, 31-33. † Ezech., xxxvi, 26, 27.

Mark, the cousin of Barnabas, and that the dwelling was that to which St. Peter betook himself after his deliverance from prison.

The Feast of Pentecost, like that of Easter and the Ascension, is of Apostolical institution. If the Apostles could not forget the death of Jesus, His Resurrection and Ascension, if they perpetually celebrated the anniversaries of these great mysteries, they assuredly could not act otherwise with respect to the all-important event of Whitsunday. On that day they received the Holy Ghost, and were transformed by His gifts into new men. His light illumined their intelligence, and made them understand the new doctrine which Jesus had given to the world. His fire inflamed their hearts, and communicated to them that ardent charity which enabled them to triumph over all obstacles and to conquer mankind. In a certain sense, that moment marked the birth of the Church; for St. Peter, going forth from the Cenacle, saw as the result of his first sermon thousands converted to the New Dispensation, the law of love immediately subjugating the hearts of all. The Apostles and the faithful did not neglect to celebrate the anniversary of this great event; and hence we see the Christian Whitsunday replacing at once the Jewish Pentecost, even as the true Easter had replaced the figurative Pasch.

After Easter, then, Whitsunday may well be called the greatest festival of the ecclesiastical year; for it is the feast of the foundation of the Church. On this day it was that Jesus Christ perfected His work by sending upon earth His Paraclete, who created a new people, destined to adore God in very deed and truth. On this day Judaism received its death-stroke, paganism was vanquished, and the universal alliance of God with men consummated in the bosom of the Church. Advent prepared us for Christmas, Lent for Easter, and the Paschal Time for Whitsunday. "We prepare ourselves for the Feast of Easter," says Eusebius, "by

forty days of fasting, and we dispose ourselves for Pentecost by fifty days of holy joy. Easter is the baptismal day. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ fortified the Apostles. Pentecost perfected their charity and rendered them invincible. On this day the Holy Ghost was given, with the plenitude necessary to the Church for the subjugation of the universe; this is why I regard Pentecost as the greatest of feasts." Pentecost being the consecration of all the other mysteries, the crowning of the building of our salvation, St. John Chrysostom calls it, as we have remarked, the complement of all solemnities, the first, or the mother, of all festivals.

Properly to celebrate this great day, it behooves us to enter into the spirit that animates holy Church, and to re-echo in our inmost hearts the joyous canticles of thanksgiving and praise with which she heralds the coming of the Paraclete. Gratitude for the beneficence of God, who has given us in the Church, His spouse, an instructor and a guide to direct our footsteps through a world of dangers, should be mingled with earnest aspirations that, even as centuries ago the Holy Spirit came down in the form of tongues of fire and sat upon the Apostles, so now that same Illuminator may descend into our hearts to dispel the darksome shadows of sinful ignorance, to strengthen our vacillating will for works of merit, and to confirm the charity which binds us all to our home and Father—to heaven and God.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the cases, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. "Ticktack, ticktack!" go the wheels of thought; our will can not stop them; madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our aching foreheads.—*Holmes.*

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXII.



IT looked as if history were repeating itself (as history, in the lives of individuals as in the lives of nations, seems strangely prone to do) when Madeleine rose from her knees one morning after Mass in the church of Fairhaven — a small rectangular and altogether hideous edifice, infrequently served by a priest from a neighboring city — and saw a lady who was kneeling across the aisle, also rise and advance toward her. A great light of pleasure leaped into her eyes as she recognized Mrs. Wynne. Their hands met; and, as at their former meeting in the Passionist church in Paris, they walked together to the door, and on the steps outside turned and kissed each other.

"Oh, what happiness to see you again!" Madeleine exclaimed. "When did you come?"

"We reached here yesterday evening, — too late to disturb you, or at least I feared to do so," Mrs. Wynne answered. "But I inquired at once about Mass; for I knew I should find you here this morning."

"Yes, you would be quite certain to find me here, as at this hour I am free, and we do not have Mass very often on other days than Sunday. How glad I am that we had it to-day, since it has enabled me to meet you once more in church! Do you remember our meeting in Paris?"

"Can I ever forget it?" Involuntarily Mrs. Wynne sighed. "It was the first step on the road which has led you — to the place where you now are."

"To the place appointed for me," the soft voice said. "I have never doubted that since I went back to it."

"You do not look unhappy," Mrs. Wynne observed, regarding her critically. "I have been almost afraid to see you, but you look altogether better than I expected."

"There is no reason why I should not look well," Madeleine said quietly. "When one is sure of being where one ought to be, when one is doing the will of God to the best of one's ability, and helping another to bear an almost insupportable burden, it would be an ungrateful soul that was not content and — yes, I am not afraid to say happy."

"It is a wonderful thing that you are able to say it," Mrs. Wynne commented in a tone which showed her own wonder.

"I know that you must think so," Madeleine answered; "for you saw the agonizing struggle which it cost me to take up the duty to which I was called. And, since you saw this, I am glad to be able to tell you now that I have nothing but thankfulness in my heart that I did not refuse what was asked of me."

"But it must be terrible — what you have to bear!"

"Not so terrible as you might think, — in fact, not terrible at all. But we can not talk here. I have" (she glanced at her watch) "a little time longer at my disposal. Shall we go down to the beach for half an hour? It is only a step distant from your hotel, and I want to be with you as long as possible."

"Do you mean" (dismay was clearly expressed in Mrs. Wynne's voice) "that I shall not see any more of you to-day?"

"I fear not," Madeleine replied regretfully. "It grieves me, for there is no one in the world whom I so much desire to see as yourself; and I know that you, on your part, have come to Fairhaven partly because I am here —"

"Altogether because you are here."

"Ah, how good you are!" Madeleine caught and pressed for an instant the hand nearest her, as they walked along. "That makes it doubly hard to say that I fear I shall be able to see very little of you, except in this early morning hour. After Mr. Raynor wakes, I do not leave him again until he goes to sleep at night, and that is often very late."

"Good Heavens!" Mrs. Wynne looked,

as she felt, appalled. "But such constant attendance is more than you should give. It is more than is ever demanded of any nurse."

"Very likely," Madeleine replied; "but, you see, I am not merely a nurse. I minister to more than his physical needs,—in fact, I minister to those very little, for there is a trained nurse always at hand for that purpose. But it is my work to exercise a supervision over everything; to make all things smooth for him, as far as they can be made so; to write his letters, attend to some of his business affairs; and, above all, to amuse and entertain him by reading, talking, or playing cards with him, as he desires. It is a great pleasure to know that he finds comfort in my society,—that he does not want me to leave him at all. And so it has come about that I never *do* leave him for any purpose whatever, except when it is necessary to go to a late Mass on Sunday."

They had by this time reached the end of the short street upon which they were walking, and come out on the beach, almost deserted at this hour, before which the great expanse of ocean lay, heaving and sparkling in the early sunlight. The breeze that met them with its briny caress was full of invigorating freshness, and the whole wide scene was filled with the radiant glory of early summer morning. They sat down on the sand, with the waves softly rippling and washing at their feet, as Mrs. Wynne repeated a sentence from her companion's last speech.

"Finds comfort in your society!" she said. "He well may. Who wouldn't, for the matter of that? And he, of all people, has reason to be grateful for it. But you, my dear,—where do you find comfort in such a life?"

"Do you need to ask?" Madeleine's voice was very low, as her gaze dwelt on the mysterious distance of the outspread waters,—that distance with its hint of remote, unimaginable things.

"No," Mrs. Wynne answered, "I do

not need to ask where you find spiritual comfort and strength to fulfil the hard tasks you have undertaken. But we can neither deny nor ignore the fact that we are made of more than spirit: that there is a part of our nature which imperiously demands natural comfort and happiness, especially when we are young,—and you are still very young, Madeleine. I can not, therefore, but wonder how you are able to endure the entire absence of this comfort, this happiness."

Then, as Madeleine turned and looked at her, she saw that the deep, dark eyes were filled with a light which there was no mistaking,—the light which comes from the inner, sacred places of the soul.

"I have ceased even to think of anything of the kind," Madeleine said simply. "There is so much to do, and such great pleasure in doing it. To help and sustain this poor soul under the burden of his intense suffering; to know what I was permitted to save him from; and to believe that God has merciful designs upon him, which I am aiding a little to fulfil,—what could be more fraught with consolation than these things? And then—"

She paused, looked out again over the wide, sparkling waters, to where the far horizon lay veiled in summer haze; and presently, without removing her gaze from that magical distance, went on slowly:

"I need not tell you that there is something very strange as well as very strong in the marriage bond. It is like nothing else on earth. We do not realize this at first—I suppose there are many people who never realize it at all,—but the mysterious strength of the tie exists all the same. And one feels its poignancy most when all natural satisfaction in it has been burned away, and one is brought to comprehend that the relation was created by God not only for its natural object, but to form and discipline the soul. No doubt it is the sacramental grace—that grace which the world outside the Church has forgotten—which

gives it so unique a power to accomplish this work of discipline, to teach lessons of patience, tolerance, and unselfishness such as can be learned in no other relation. And when one has tried—as I did—to cast off the tie, one has but to take it up again to realize, with overpowering certainty, that *it has never been broken.*”

Again there was a pause, filled only by the soft music of the splashing waves as they gently caressed the shore; and then the soft voice, also full of music, went on:

“I felt this as soon as I went back to the place which was mine in a sense that no other place on earth could be; and I was conscious immediately of the satisfaction which comes from the acknowledgment and fulfilment of a compelling duty. I might have been conscious of this, in a degree at least, if there had been no such need as existed for the help I could render; but of the greatness of that need, and of the help that I have been able to give, how can I speak? I can only say that I have been repaid a thousandfold for the effort which it cost me to do what was demanded of me; that I have never regretted it for a moment, but only thanked God with all my heart for the opportunity He gave me, and the grace which enabled me to embrace the opportunity.”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Wynne in a tone of intense feeling, “you have gone far since we parted.”

Madeleine turned and met her eyes again, with the same deep light shining in her own.

“How could I not have gone far?” she asked. “I have had such wonderful consolations, such happiness in being able to render service to one who in his pain and weakness has come to seem to me like a child,—not merely any child, but *my* child: in spending and being spent for an end which justifies existence in the fullest degree; and in having a glimpse, as it were, into God’s great purposes. For, ever since my return, I have felt the ceaseless, resistless pressure^{of} of the

Hand which shapes us as the potter shapes his clay. The image of the potter’s wheel has been in my mind constantly—for poor George as well as for myself. We have been bound upon that wheel, shaped, turned, wrought into new shape. Ah,” she broke off, “it has been a revelation for which I have no words!”

Neither had her friend. There are times indeed when words are utterly inadequate to express the things which the soul is permitted to know and feel. Ineffable peace was all about them,—breathing from sea and sky in the fresh beauty of the early day. And, with a peace deeper yet in their hearts, they sat for a little while in silence, filled as before with the musical murmur of the advancing waves. Then Madeleine glanced again at her watch.

“I have just ten minutes left,” she said. “Will you tell me something about your son? I hope that he is happy.”

“I think I may safely say that he is not unhappy,” John Maitland’s mother answered; “but more than that I could not venture to assert. Things have always gone very hard with John,—I mean that he has always taken them hard. Ever since he was a little boy, I have known that life would never be the light and easy thing to him which it is to some people. He feels intensely, though without much outward show; and he has a strong, almost terrible tenacity of feeling.”

“I know.” The words were breathed with a sigh soft as the summer air. “It is for him indeed a ‘terrible tenacity’; but where there is such strength there is great power for good.”

“If it is turned into the right channel, yes,” Mrs. Wynne agreed. “But if it goes wrong—I shudder to think of the force of his determination and obstinacy then. For nothing can stop him—*nothing*—when his will is once set upon an object which he desires. I can not bear to think even yet of what would have been the result—of how hopelessly he would have cut himself off from every influence of

good—if you had been a different woman. I can give you no idea of his state of mind when he set out to follow you. But no doubt you know what it was."

"Yes, I know." Madeleine spoke again very softly, while before her inward vision rose the great towers of Chartres, under the shadow of which Maitland had come to her with the passion of resolve in his eyes of which his mother spoke, and where she had found the strength to deny that passion. Once more a great thankfulness arose and overwhelmed her soul in its tide of gratitude that she had not yielded to him, and by such yielding wrought the undoing of both of them. It was like looking back along a road that skirted the verge of a precipice, over which she had passed in safety, but where a single step nearer the edge would have sent both herself and another crashing down into the abyss below. She turned and caught Mrs. Wynne's hand, as if that abyss lay before her physical vision. "Don't be afraid!" she said quickly. "He was not saved from the danger which came so near, to fall into it again. It was a fierce temptation—a temptation in which his spirit rose up like Lucifer's and said, 'I will not obey!'—but it is over."

"I can never forget in what manner it would be over, but for you," observed his mother. "It was you who saved him; and you saved him not only from defiance of God and shipwreck of faith, but you saved also his ideal of womanhood, which, after faith, is the most elevating influence that a man can possess. I see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice whenever he speaks of you. That is not often; but now and then he lets fall a few words to me, because he knows how much I love and admire you. When I came back from abroad, and told him what you had done—how and under what circumstances you had returned to the man who was your husband—he said simply: 'It is what I should have expected of her. Don't think that I am either surprised or regretful. This act has not widened the gulf between

us one whit: it only shows conclusively that I was right in feeling that she was the one woman in the world worth daring and losing all things for.' Then he added: 'I'm not realizing now for the first time that, if I had carried my point with her, I should have lost not only the things which seemed most at stake, but I should have lost *her* as well. It was one of those cases in which to gain would be to lose, and to lose was to gain. By yielding to me, she would have lowered the high ideal of herself which is now my priceless possession, and which, with God's help, may yet make me a better man.' I tell you this," Mrs. Wynne went on after an instant's pause, "in order that you may realize that your difficult sacrifice has wrought good not only for yourself and the man whom you have saved from despair and death, but also for the man who has had the harder fate of loving and losing you."

Once more silence fell; for Madeleine's tears—tears springing from the deepest founts of feeling—were dropping in a crystal shower into her lap; and when presently she looked up at her friend, it was with an April smile of tremulous sweetness.

"Surely God is too good to me!" she said. "It is more than I deserve that you should tell me such exquisite things. From you and from *him*, they are worth more to me than I can possibly express. I have thought of him often, and prayed for him much; but I have always seen him in imagination as I saw him last—so angry with me, so unrelenting in bitterness against the power that divided us, and above all so unhappy! It was the unhappiness that nearly broke my heart. I have always desired so ardently to make those whom I love happy; to add, as far as I might, to the gladness and joy of life for them, and not to darken it in any way. And there I was with the dreadful knowledge that I could not make this man happy—this man who had given me more than any one else in the

world ever did—except at the cost of his final unhappiness. For I knew that you were right in your first warning to me, when you said that, though he might defy his Faith, he could never forget it, and therefore real happiness would be impossible to him. This was my sole comfort; and yet to send him away so desperately unhappy, so bitterly angry—ah, it was hard!”

“Poor child, I know that it was hard! How shameful of him to make you suffer so much!”

“I didn’t mind my suffering,” the eager, thrilling voice declared. “It didn’t seem to matter a particle whether I was unhappy or not; but to make him so unhappy—to spoil his life, to have no power to put things right or to do him any good,—that was what was intolerable. I found myself praying to die, begging to be taken out of the world where, by one false step, I had rendered myself a curse when I would have wished to be a blessing.”

“You a curse! O Madeleine, how could you have been so foolish?”

“I was not foolish,” Madeleine assured her gravely. “I should not have begged to die, perhaps; for life and death must be left in the hands of God. But I was right in believing that any woman in the position I occupied then, is a curse to society and a constant temptation to sin. If I had not realized this otherwise, your son would have taught it to me. Think what havoc I might have worked in his life! And, although I was mercifully spared from doing the worst, think what havoc I did work!”

“You worked no havoc,” John Maitland’s mother stoutly declared. “You have done him nothing but good. You have taught him a lesson which no one else in the world could have taught him; and given him an untarnished ideal, for which he will always bless you.”

“Now as always, you are too good to me,” Madeleine told her gratefully, as she rose from her lowly seat on the sand.

“It has been a lovely half hour with you,” she added; “but now I must go. If there is any chance of seeing you again to-day I will let you know.”

“Perhaps Mr. Raynor would consent to know us,” Mrs. Wynne suggested. “Tell him that we are very quiet people, but that Mr. Wynne is rather humorous sometimes; and also that he plays every game of cards that ever was invented—as I know to my cost, for we always carry a cribbage board with us, even on our journeys.”

“Does he play cribbage?” Madeleine asked eagerly. “So few people do play it now, and George always says it is the only really good two-handed game. I play it with him, but I am stupid—”

“I don’t for a moment believe *that*.”

“Well, at all events, I shall mention Mr. Wynne in connection with the cribbage board; and there is a bare chance that he will consent to see him, though he dislikes meeting strangers. We’ll hope for the best, however; so *au revoir*!”

A moment later Mrs. Wynne stood alone, watching the graceful figure as it ran lightly toward the cottage, into which it disappeared.

(To be continued.)

SELF-CULTURE is religious. When we look into ourselves, we discover powers which link us with this outward, visible, finite, ever-changing world. We have sight and other senses to discern, and limbs and various faculties to secure and appropriate the material creation. And we have, too, a power which can not stop at what we see and handle, at what exists within the bounds of space and time; which seeks for the Infinite, Uncreated Cause; which can not rest till it ascends to the eternal, all-comprehending Mind. This we call the religious principle, and its grandeur can not be exaggerated in human language; for it marks out a being destined for higher communion than with the visible universe.

—William E. Channing.

An Ideal Bishop.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.



ICTOR HUGO, in "Les Misérables," has portrayed, with the master-stroke of genius, his idea of a Christian bishop in a pen-portrait, limned with those graphic touches to which his piquant and picturesque style is so well adapted. But we have no need to have recourse to the great French romancist, or any creation of his fertile imagination, to find an ideal bishop. The annals of Catholic hagiography contain many such. Quite recently we have brought before us in an admirable translation, by Father Dawson, of Father Baffie's greatly-esteemed work on Mgr. Eugene de Mazenod, the founder of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. It is a beautiful book, full of the soundest teaching—quite a treatise on the spiritual life,—and discloses the inner as well as the outer or active life of the saintly Bishop of Marseilles,—the spirit and virtues of one who, so far as his position permitted, was as great a lover of poverty as the Poverello of Assisi, and loved to be known as "the missionary of the poor."

Charles Joseph Eugene de Mazenod was born in affluence but lived in poverty. His family belonged to what the French call *la noblesse de la robe*—the aristocracy of the legal profession. In Aix, the capital of Provence, he first saw the light in 1782. Provençal to the finger tips, he loved his home-land in the sunny South of France, its people, and its dulcet dialect, in which homely tongue he spoke to the emotional race of the Midi his best thoughts. When the great Revolution came, sweeping over France like a devastating flood, the family went into exile. He confessed to owing much that made for the formation of mind and character to his enforced sojourn in Italy, which rendered it impossible for him to have any Gallican or Jansenist

leanings, and brought him in contact with priests who gave him an ecclesiastical bent,—particularly the saintly Don Bartolo Zinelli, who afterward joined the "Fathers of the Faith," a body into which the suppressed Jesuits, by a *ruse de guerre*, had formed themselves. His father remained in exile until the Restoration, but the son returned to France after the Peace of Amiens in 1802.

Although the family, like many others, had suffered severe reverses of fortune through the Revolution, which levelled all ranks, the pathway to honors and emoluments was open to young Mazenod.* It was an alluring prospect, which might have tempted many; but it had no attractions for him. His thoughts were too other-worldly for his intellectual horizon to be bounded by this nether sphere. Holiness was his birthright. He came of a pious ancestry. His maternal grandmother, Madame de Joannis, was a woman of exalted virtue; his uncle, Bishop Fortuné de Mazenod, is said to have been beatified by the popular voice even during his lifetime; his father, President de Mazenod, never allowed a day to pass without praying to Our Lady, and never read an irreligious book.

It was in the fitness of things that Charles should perpetuate such traditional sanctity. His piety, from his youth onward to old age, was not of the merely sentimental or emotional order—self-centred: it was practical and unselfish. One day he saw a little *charbonnier*, or charcoal burner, shivering with the cold; the kind-hearted boy took off his own

* Portalis, Napoleon's powerful Minister of Worship, begged Charles to accept some post to which his talents as well as his descent gave him a claim; and went so far as to get the Papal Legate, Cardinal Caprara, to influence him to that effect. The latter told him he seemed to have a vocation for a public career, and that everyone ought to make himself useful in the state to which God called him. De Mazenod replied that he hoped to be able soon to fulfil faithfully the vocation to which he believed God called him. A few months later, in October, 1808, he went to Issy and St. Sulpice.

jacket and gave it to him. The incident foreshadowed the future priest and prelate whose heart and hand and sympathies went out to the little Savoyards or chimney-sweeps, to whom he was a visible Providence. When a young man, he daily visited and relieved some poor family. In his visits to the sick, he dressed their sores, made their beds, swept their rooms, and performed for them every menial office. When he saw the shadow and pallor of death approaching, he would not leave his post until he had procured for them all those ministrations which soothed their sufferings and secured a happy death; and sometimes he would bury them with his own hands.

Such a youth and manhood was a fitting preparation for the career that lay before him. He had a habit of making an interior act of humility whenever he met a priest, confessing that he was unworthy to be admitted to so high a dignity. But this very sense of his unworthiness, and of the holiness associated with the priestly office, was the germ of a true sacerdotal vocation,—the bud that was to blossom into many beautiful virtues. Therefore, when the call came—when “the still small voice within” spoke,—he promptly answered the summons of grace; and, resisting all the pressure put upon him to seek a worldly career, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice. In that great school of perfection, of which the saintly Father Emery was at once the master and the model, he made rapid progress in that science which is above all other sciences—the science of the saints.

When, nine months after his ordination,* he went to Aix and was asked what work he would like, he replied: “Let me give myself to the service of the poor and of the most abandoned souls.” He then formed a little community of priests called “Missioners of Provence,”—the nucleus of the future Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The good

Fathers instructed, in their own Provençal dialect, the untaught populace of the South,—the religious Orders having been uprooted, and the gaps in the ranks of the parochial or diocesan clergy, caused by death, exile and apostasy, not having yet been filled. A dilapidated house was the birthplace of the Congregation. One lamp, placed at the threshold, afforded light to three occupants when they rose or retired; and a wooden plank laid upon two casks served as a dining table. On January 25, 1810, Father Mazenod, with his devoted friend and co-worker, the Abbé Tempier, took possession of an old Carmelite convent, rescued from lay hands; and on All Saints’ Day, 1818, they held their first general chapter, when six priests and three clerics pronounced their vows.

In 1825, the founder, at the instance of Father Albini, the Oblate missionary of Corsica (the Cause of whose beatification is now before the diocesan tribunal of Ajaccio), went to Rome and obtained from Leo XII. (who wanted to retain him for a cardinalitial office) the document which, on February 17, 1826, gave to the new Congregation its canonical status under the title of Missionary Oblates of the Immaculate Virgin Mary. Its appropriate motto, or *mot d'ordre*, was: *Evangelizare pauperibus misit me.*

Upon the return of the Bourbons to power, Father de Mazenod’s uncle was made Bishop of Marseilles. Having got his nephew consecrated titular Bishop of Icosium and Visitor Apostolic of Tunis and Tripoli, he made him his assistant prelate; and, resigning his See in 1837, caused him to be appointed his successor.

As priest, bishop, and founder, Mgr. de Mazenod was always a missionary. He never lost his first fervor,—that extraordinary fervor which, at his first Mass, so impressed his acolyte, afterward Cardinal Guiraud. It has been intimated what a high opinion Leo XII. had formed of him during his stay in Rome,—an opinion which was fully shared by Pius IX. It spread to England and Ireland. Primate

* He was ordained in Amiens cathedral, Dec. 21, 1811, by Mgr. Mandolx, Bishop of that See.

Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, declared, after a visit to the Eternal City, that there were two great figures he could never forget—Pius IX. and the Bishop of Marseilles. It was a letter he wrote from London to Pius IX., Cardinal Wiseman believed, that had most to do with his being allowed to continue his work in England instead of being summoned back to Rome. His fervor increased in Ireland, when he shed tears of joy at Inchicore, having been kept for a full hour giving Holy Communion in the wooden church (long since replaced by the present splendid edifice) erected by the workmen of the congregation.

As a bishop, he shaped his course after those pattern-prelates, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis of Sales, and St. Alphonsus Liguori. "In these days," he wrote, "one rarely finds any true idea of what it is to be a bishop according to the teachings of our Faith and the institution of our Divine Saviour. Nowadays a bishop is shut up in his study, writing out dispensations or answering letters. If he sometimes makes his appearance in a parish, it is because he alone can give Confirmation. If it were not for Confirmation, he would hardly be seen among the people; and it might happen that during the whole course of an episcopal career not a soul had ever given an account of duty fulfilled or neglected to the representative sent by Jesus Christ to dwell in the midst of His people."

Although he loved the solitude and silence of his private study, he was to be seen in all the churches of Marseilles at solemn functions, or going through the streets to administer the Sacraments, especially in the garrets of the poor. He very rarely paid visits, and hardly ever dined out. When he preached, his faith and love transfigured his whole being, so that people never tired of looking upon his face. His majestic and recollected mien during pontifical functions was truly beyond comparison. He carried out all the details of the sacred liturgy with the

dignified ease of a courtier and the fervor of a seraph. A holy religious, Father John of the Sacred Heart, whose austerities rivalled those of the most celebrated penitents in the Church, loved to repeat that the impression made upon him by the sight of Bishop de Mazenod at the altar could never be effaced from his memory. In his old age, when he was told that he was overtaxing his strength in pastoral work, his Lordship replied: "I find my happiness therein. It is for this that I am a bishop, and not to write books; still less to pay court to the great or to waste my time among the rich. It is true," he added with a smile, "that this is not the way to become a Cardinal;* but if one could become a saint, would it not be better still?"

He preached sometimes at great length,—in his pastoral visits; in the city parishes when giving Confirmation; every Monday, and sometimes oftener, in his own chapel, to those who came to be confirmed; in all the churches or chapels where he said Mass, or when he presided at any religious function. Disdaining literary or oratorical adornments, he preached in Provençal when on visitation. This use of the speech of the common people provoked adverse criticism on the part of genteel folk and even in some clerical circles. "Affectation! I will continue to do what my conscience tells me to do," was the Bishop's response. His catechetical instructions were as attractive and illuminative as those of the Abbé Dupanloup. They were equally relished by his hearers and himself. "I confess," he said, "that I really relish these instructions. I think they do myself as much good as they do to others. It is only by an effort that I leave off speaking, although I have to give such instructions very frequently." Many grown-up people wept at times; and the good prelate, like a father in the midst of his children, found more happiness in the fulfilment

* In his day a French Cardinal was nominated by the Government.

of this lowly self-imposed task than he could express.

Filled with the missionary spirit to the heart's core, he never failed to be present at the close of a mission, and declared that he would regard it as a mortal sin if, for insufficient reasons, he were to omit administering Confirmation; for it enabled him to fulfil one of the most important duties of a bishop, which is preaching. Sickness seemed to him an insufficient reason. "I should have had to be in my agony," he once wrote, "if I failed to keep my word, and to preside at the close of this mission." When the ceremony was over, he said: "I did not know whether I was in heaven or on earth, and I could not help shedding tears of gratitude and joy." It is calculated that, in twenty-eight years, he must have confirmed 25,000 adults in his private chapel,—having on some occasions to confirm 1200 or 1500 children together.

He always hastened to the bedside of the dying when word was sent that some poor soul was about to pass out of this world. Neither fatigue nor old age, nor his many occupations, nor even his own ill health, could hinder him from attending sick calls. "It is often necessary," he relates, "to get to the very top of the house by rickety staircases, or ladders helped out by ropes. But when the pastor reaches the dying Christian, when he finds his poor suffering sheep, and brings him the consolations and helps of religion, with words of encouragement and resignation, what a happiness for the afflicted family and for the pastor himself!" Such zeal on the part of the holy Bishop provoked many a marvellous manifestation of faith on the part of the people. The inhabitants of each story placed lights at their doors, and knelt to receive his blessing as he went up; whilst the sick chamber, decorated like a sanctuary, was always full of kindly neighbors, ready to join him in his prayers. Sometimes his welcome was a real ovation.

(To be continued.)

"It is Always Twilight, Lord!"

BY YMAL OSWIN.

(It is related on good authority that a French nun was favored with a vision of Our Lord in the summer of 1910 since when she declares that it seems "always twilight" in the world.)

"It is always twilight, Lord!"

Even upon the hills,
And little sheltered vales
Watered by shining rills,
The midday sunlight pales,
And twilight falls.

The crimson-glowing West,
And gorgeous evening clouds—
Those portals of the blest—
Turn grey as spirit-shrouds:

"'Tis always twilight, Lord!"

The harvest rich with gold,
The vineyards of fair France
Wither, and look as cold
As in a moonlit trance:

"'Tis always twilight, Lord!"

Before Thine altar, Lord,
Gleaming with radiant light,
And blossoms of the sward,
Yellow and red and white,
All colors wane and fade.

Ah, me! that vision bright
Mine eyes shall ever hoard!
My King, all dazzling white—
I saw Him and adored,
Since when the twilight falls;

And evermore will fall,
Till weary life is done,
When sounds Death's welcome call,
And faith and sight are one
In never-ending day.

WILL you take a motto for your spiritual life? It is not an inscription for your tombstone: "*Resurgam*, — I shall arise when earthly life is over, when the graves uncloset." It is a watchword for your heart: "*Resurgo*, — I arise, I am delivered, I am quickened, I begin to live upward, through Christ, for Christ, unto Christ."—*Henry Van Dyke*.

The Awakening of Judge Forsyth.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.



EEN winds moaned through the night, which was wild and dark; and the rain beat ceaselessly against the window-pane. The well-lighted and richly-furnished library seemed in striking contrast to the stress and storm outside. Yet in the heart of the man sitting nervously erect, in an attitude of tense expectation, before the glowing grate, waged a conflict as bitter and unceasing as that of the warring elements without.

"Big corporations must eventually swallow up the smaller concerns. It is a natural sequence," he muttered, glancing at the clock on the mantel, whose slender gold hands pointed to ten minutes of eight.

"May I come in, papa?" a low, musical voice called from the hall.

The man passed his hand hastily across his brow, as if to wipe away the lines that deep thought—and scheming—always brought there. The good opinion of his motherless daughter Edna was the thing he prized above all else in the world.

He shoved a legal-looking document, lying on the table, under some papers; his face assuming mechanically its usual noncommittal expression. He arose courteously (he was always punctiliously polite), and stood with one hand resting rather heavily on the back of his chair.

"Papa, I like you in that magisterial pose. It is vastly becoming, sir!" Edna laughed, as she crossed the room, her silken robes trailing behind her. She was tall and slender, and possessed a certain willowy grace and charm that was more attractive than mere beauty.

Judge Forsyth smiled.

"I am always glad to appear well in the eyes of my little girl," he said, with forced lightness.

"You couldn't appear otherwise if you

tried," she returned, laying her hand caressingly on his arm. "I am proud of my father."

He moved uneasily.

"I have ten minutes," she continued, glancing at the clock, and throwing her fur-lined opera cloak over a chair. "Mrs. Carlyle will call for me at eight. I wish you were going with us, papa. It is 'Il Trovatore.' Don't you think you—"

"You forget, my dear. Harrison and Stead are coming at 8.30 to see me on a matter of business."

"Oh, that bugaboo word—'business'! By the way, that reminds me that I myself have a little matter of 'business' that I wish to discuss with you," she continued more gravely. He stirred uneasily. He was not quite himself to-night.

"I met Kitty Carlon to-day," she began abruptly, plunging at once into the heart of the matter, as was characteristic of her. "You remember Kitty, the daughter of your old friend, Peter Carlon? I used to meet her and—and her brother everywhere. I learned to-day why they dropped out of society, and seemed to avoid their old friends."

"Ah!"

The exclamation escaped him involuntarily. He had reason to remember young Philip Carlon,—reasons he would not care to discuss with his daughter.

"You remember they were in business in a small way," Edna went on, without noticing the interruption. "It seems some big concern—a syndicate or corporation—is literally forcing them to the wall. Kitty did not give me any details; she seemed strangely reticent and reserved. I fear I rather forced her confidence. She has taken a position in an office; and—and her brother will be compelled to do the same, if the worst comes, as they fear it will. Now, papa, I want you to save them,—I do not know how, I am so ignorant concerning business. But I have sufficient confidence in your ability as a financier to feel assured that you can and *will* help them."

He glanced at her sharply. Was it possible that she *knew*? But something in her expression reassured him, and he breathed more freely. Unconsciously he assumed his "judicial" air, the magisterial poise that had served his purpose on more than one occasion outside the court room. Alert, subtle, noncommittal, his bearing never failed to impress the beholder with an exaggerated sense of his power and authority, together with the utter futility of combating his decisions or appealing to a higher law.

"You forget, my dear," he said kindly and courteously, with just a hint of the patient tolerance a man displays toward a child, "there is a certain code of honor in business affairs which prevents one man from meddling in the affairs of another. And you must not ask the impossible, though—"

"Pardon the interruption, papa! But you seem to forget that I am no longer a child to be put off with mere sophistries. I know that my father could not commit a dishonorable act if he tried," she said, smiling fondly at him; "and I think he knows that his daughter would sooner cut off her right hand than ask him to do that which would in the least interfere with his sense of high-souled integrity."

Judge Forsyth winced inwardly, as if a finger had been laid on an open wound. Outwardly, he was the suave, polished gentleman his daughter knew and loved.

"But this is quite another matter, papa," she went on earnestly, coming a step closer. "I am sure you will be only too glad of the opportunity to lend a helping hand to the children of your old friend and partner by using your influence against this monster that is crushing them to the wall. When you were a struggling young man, Peter Carlon placed your feet on the first round of the ladder that eventually led to fortune and success; and now it is in your power to do the same for his son. Isn't it splendid, papa? It is like a chapter out of some novel."

The Judge's face did not change, but each word that she uttered was like the lash of a whip.

"You are a good advocate," he was beginning, with a forced smile, when a servant entered to announce the arrival of Mrs. Carlyle's carriage. The mask he had worn in his daughter's presence fell from him the moment the door closed behind her.

"Good God, I am caught in a trap,—a trap of my own setting!" he muttered, pacing back and forth like a caged animal. "But there must be a way out. There is always a way out of everything! Let me think it over calmly. It is unfortunate—no one deplores it more than I—that Carlon's son should own the very property we must have to make a success of our scheme,—a scheme that means millions for each individual stockholder. It has gone too far to draw back now. As president of the corporation, I am in honor bound to go on, even though it bankrupts the son of the man who befriended me. I am sworn to stand by the interests of the concern, even to the extent of doing violence to my conscience and higher principles. But no one ever amassed millions without oppressing, in a greater or lesser degree, the widow and orphan. The financier can not afford to be squeamish. I am not quite myself to-night. After all, conscience dies hard. Good God, if Edna should ever learn the truth!"

At that moment the footman entered bearing a silver salver, upon which reposed a gentleman's visiting card.

"I told the gentleman that you were engaged, but he insisted upon sending in his card."

The frown on the Judge's face gave place to a look bordering on dismay when he read the name: "Mr. Philip Carlon." Glancing up sharply, he saw that the owner of the card was even then entering the room.

"You may go," he said in a low tone to the servant, at the same time pulling himself sharply together.

When the door had closed upon the servant, Philip Carlon advanced quickly to within a few feet of the Judge, who, outwardly smooth, suave, polished, stood courteously awaiting his approach.

"I shall detain you but a few minutes," the young man observed in a low, clear voice, ignoring the outstretched hand as well as the proffered chair. "I have come to tell you that you have won the game. I can hold out no longer."

"Then you consent to our terms,—I mean you are willing to sell?" the Judge replied eagerly, in a tone of relief.

"I am parting with the warehouse my father built, and the business he established, simply because I am compelled to do so," young Carlon returned in the same quiet tone. "But I can not bear to be the means, however indirectly, of acquainting your daughter with the fact that the father she idolizes is a dishonest scoundrel. You need not show your hand by forcing the sale: I give in."

"Such consideration is unusual. May I ask what my daughter is to you, sir?"

"She is the woman I love, whom at one time I expected to make my wife.

The Judge sat down rather heavily, though he still held fast to his dignity.

"And Edna," he managed to ask,—"*is she aware of your feeling toward her?*"

"Yes."

"You mean you have asked my daughter to marry you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then," thundered the older man, rising, and drawing himself to his full height, presenting an imposing figure, whom even Philip Carlon was forced to admire,—"*then, sir, you are a scoundrel! Taking advantage of a young girl—*"

"Will you permit me to finish what I was about to say?" Carlon interrupted, in the same quiet, repressed tone—he himself well in hand. "I love your daughter, and I asked her to marry me. Within the hour I learned that I was on the verge of bankruptcy, and—I released her."

For a full minute after his visitor had gone, Judge Forsyth stood staring at the door through which he had disappeared, as a fleeing criminal might regard the swiftly receding ship which had promised shelter and safety. What did the fool mean by rushing off in that manner? It was just possible that the matter might be compromised in some way.

Touching the bell sharply, he ordered the servant, who appeared in response, to send the man back,—that he had not finished what he had to say. But the servant returned alone. The young man had disappeared in the outer darkness.

Judge Forsyth sank into the nearest chair, where he sat like one stunned by a heavy physical blow. The last loophole was closed. In a few minutes Harrison and Stead would appear, and—and—his benumbed faculties refused to go further. "*Exposure! Ruin!*" The words seemed written in letters of flame on the four walls of the room. Turn which way he would, they confronted him. Even the clock on the mantel seemed to hurl the words at him, hammering them in with its insistent ticktack, ticktack.

Springing suddenly to his feet, he paced back and forth, like some wild thing caught in a trap. The loss of Edna's respect, the withdrawal of her good opinion, on the one hand; and ruin and exposure on the other! That was the situation which confronted him. And, to add to the perplexity and torture of the moment, his long-dormant conscience—a conscience drugged into a semblance of death by a persistent neglect and ignoring of its demands, until its owner had ceased to reckon with it as a factor in his life—asserted itself, bringing to mind some ugly, raw facts that had for years been ignored. To have these become public, to be gloated over by those who envied his position in the financial world—men whose honor and integrity were of no higher standard than his own—was a humiliation too deep for contemplation.

Convinced that a shady transaction,

promising easy wealth, is immune from the intervention of the law, certain men easily persuade themselves that it is proper and legitimate. One such transaction opens the way for another; and, once launched on the turbid stream of money-getting, they are swept away by the devastating flood of dishonesty and corruption,—some to sail smoothly out upon the broad sunlit sea of success, while others are dashed upon the rocks, or caught in the eddying whirlpool of exposure and ruin.

Judge Forsyth, an authority in legal as well as financial matters, had been sailing the broad sea of success so long that he had almost forgotten the rocks and whirlpools. The scheme on foot at present—which he had fathered, allowing his name, a power in the financial world, to be used as a lure—was of a gigantic nature and promised gigantic returns. Harrison and Stead, and the other shareholders, were merely his tools, but managed so cleverly that they were unaware of the fact. To draw back now at the eleventh hour was to bring his house of cards tumbling about his ears. Such men as Harrison and Stead would not hesitate to denounce him, and use his downfall as a cloak to shield themselves.

He was kind hearted when kindness did not interfere materially with his own personal interests; and the prospect of ruining the son of his old friend and benefactor jarred on his finer sensibilities, and caused him more than one sleepless night. But it was unavoidable. It was one of the unpleasant circumstances which often accompany great undertakings. He had been trying for days to put it aside; but, like Banquo's ghost, it "would not down." And now his daughter's appeal, coupled with young Carlon's confession, had brought the matter to a startling climax. He could see no way out,—absolutely none. He was a prisoner in a trap of his own setting.

He opened a secret drawer in his desk and took out the small silver-mounted,

revolver he knew he should find there. But a shudder passed over him as his hand came in contact with the cold steel. Flinging it back as if it were a thing accursed, and closing the drawer with a snap, he rose abruptly.

"Only a coward seeks *that* way out," he muttered. "I may be a thief and a liar, but I am not a coward—"

"No! Thank God for that!"

Judge Forsyth started, his haggard face growing ghastly as he turned slowly toward the slender, white-haired priest whose light step had fallen noiselessly upon the thick pile of the velvet carpet.

"You!" he said slowly,—"you!"

While keeping up the outer semblance of Catholicity, Judge Forsyth had—like too many other successful (?) Catholics—long since ceased the actual practice of his religion; and the sight of Father Lanning, whom he had known since early boyhood, but whom he had studiously avoided of late, was at this psychological moment like the proverbial "last straw."

There was no pretence of salutation, each feeling instinctively that such words were superfluous,—that the situation had gone beyond the commonplace.

"God's ways are indeed inscrutable," the priest said in a strangely reverent tone. "I knew you were in need of help, Tom, and I came."

"You *knew!*" the Judge gasped. "How did you know, Father? Oh, I see! Young Carlon—"

"I have not seen young Carlon," the other interrupted quietly.

"Then how—"

"You may scoff at the idea," Father Lanning said in the same reverent tone, "but while saying my Office something seemed to urge me to come to you. So urgent and insistent was the conviction that you needed me, that I did not wait to finish, but came at once. You are in trouble, Tom. What is it?"

"I have nothing to tell, *Father," the Judge began deliberately. But something in the steady glance which held his against

his will, and which seemed to be reading his very soul, caused him to add rather hurriedly: "That is, nothing that you can help."

"Are you sure?" the priest asked quietly, letting his glance stray for an instant in the direction of the secret drawer wherein reposed the discarded revolver. "I think you are in need of just such help as I can give," he insisted gravely.

We are all, even the strongest of us, but "children of a larger growth"; and, however self-reliant we may be, there comes a time when we stand face to face with our own weaknesses, our human limitations; and our hearts cry out for the sheltering mother-arms. Such a moment had come to Judge Forsyth.

While he hesitated, torn between conflicting emotions, the silence was broken by a loud, imperative peal of the door bell.

"It is too late!" he said heavily. "The men have come, and—"

"It is never too late to do right," the priest broke in quickly, an authoritative ring in his quiet voice,—touching the bell sharply as he spoke.

"Your master is engaged," he said to the servant who appeared at the door.

After some little delay, the Judge heard the outer door open, then shut with a bang. He had sunk into a chair, where he sat weak and inert.

"You have only added fuel to the fire," he said in a thick voice. "I shall have to see them sooner or later, and—"

"I do not know the nature of their business with you," Father Lanning interrupted, with gentle insistence; "but I do know that you are in grave and immediate need of spiritual aid. Tell me everything."

The resignation of Judge Forsyth as president of the new corporation, together with his retirement from business, created a sensation in financial circles, and caused a sort of panic among those with whom he had been closely associated. After the first gasp of amazement and incredulity,

heads began to wag and ugly rumors were set afloat.

The way of the transgressor is hard. It is not possible, under any circumstance, to do wrong without paying for it in one way or another. There were moments when the proud spirit of Judge Forsyth writhed in an agony of humiliation, and he was tempted to throw his good resolutions to the winds; for it is always easier to slip back into the crooked ways than to keep to the straight and narrow path. But no man is ever tempted beyond his strength. His daughter proved his "guardian angel," encouraging him in the good work he had begun, and standing loyally by his side. Gradually old friends, influential men of sterling qualities and unquestioned integrity, began dropping in for a quiet evening; and ere long the Judge found himself surrounded by a coterie of friends whose friendship was really worth having.

"The joy of a soul at peace with itself is worth all the money that was ever coined," he remarked one evening, a few years later, as he sat before the glowing hearth in the pleasant library, "trotting" his young grandson on his knee. "Philip my boy," he continued earnestly, addressing the clear-eyed young man who sat on the other side of the hearth, watching his wife's pretty fingers stray in and out among the soft wools in her lap,— "Philip my boy, never allow yourself to be tempted by the glitter of great wealth. Ill-gotten gold never prospers; sooner or later, it becomes as a millstone about the neck of the possessor, dragging him ever lower and lower. God knows I—"

"Trot, g'anpa!—trot!" shouted the shrill baby voice.

And, with a childlike smile that was good to see, the ex-financier turned to the young autocrat on his knee.

MUCH of our dissension is due to misunderstanding, which could be put right by a few honest words and a little open dealing.—*Black.*

From a Presbyterian Point of View.

WHILE travelling in Canada the summer before last, I met on the Saguenay boat three ladies from Northampton, Massachusetts. I am an Irishwoman and a Presbyterian,—a good *blue* Presbyterian: these were merely Congregationalists, and therefore schismatics; but they appeared to be very worthy persons. They told me that they had been boarding at a Pension de Dames in Chicoutimi, and were warm in their praises of the hospitality they had received. The Pension de Dames was connected with a monastery of nuns, and the whole thing seemed somehow attractive to me. I thought I should like to go there; so I wrote to the Mère Supérieure, telling her of my religious persuasion, and asking her whether she would take me to board for part of the summer. I received a very formal little note assenting to my request. I went there, and now follows my experience.

The town of Chicoutimi is a place of miserable little straggling streets climbing up the face of a rock. The houses are small frame hovels for the most part, and the impress of poverty in almost its extremest form is to be seen everywhere. In the midst of these wretched houses there are set splendid stone buildings, all of them convents, cathedrals, seminaries, and other church edifices. I was never conscious of a feeling of greater indignation than when I saw the contrast between these costly buildings and the poor little homes which clustered around them. I felt warmly, righteously, Protestantly indignant! But the hospitality of those nuns was the most charming thing that I ever experienced. I paid \$6 a week for what money could not buy in the way of delightful attention, cordial welcome, and a kind of affectionate prevision of my every want. The dears were always trotting up to my room with little offerings of flowers or fruit, or anything they

thought I would enjoy. They even offered to cook meat for me, a heretic and an infidel, on Fridays and their other *jours maigres*. And the charm of their manners! The joyous spirit that pervaded that monastery! I met their chaplain, who is a saint—but that is another story.

Now for the history of the monastery and some of the other grand and expensive buildings in this poor town, at which I wondered so much. A generation ago one Père Dominique Racine was appointed Bishop of Chicoutimi, a diocese consisting of miles and miles of rocks and rivers and bitterly cold weather. This extraordinary visionary, this exceedingly unpractical man, absolutely blind to its apparent impossibility, conceived the idea of building a cathedral in Chicoutimi, and of also building a seminary for the training of young priests. Chicoutimi was at that time merely a collection of trappers' huts. Of course this diocese of Bishop Racine yielded an abundance of everything except material riches. It yielded a fine crop of sinners, I understand, and orphans, and sick people, but no fertile land and no money; so he had to go outside of his own province to collect money for this absurd dream of his of a cathedral and seminary. He seems to have had some kind of distorted vision which prevented him from seeing how unreasonable he was, and he went up and down the civilized world collecting money for those buildings which existed only in his own brain. I believe he fared as such idealists usually do, and met with many rebuffs.

One time, when he arrived in Rome to beg of the Pope, he confessed himself to be in very low spirits indeed. The Pope, I understand, did not give him any money; but he gave him his blessing and encouragement, together with the gift of an original painting by Rubens, which he, the Pope, said was to be the altar-piece of the Bishop's cathedral. This poor prelate said that this was the greatest possible encouragement to him, because he felt that the Pope did not see his cathedral

as most of the others did—a doubtful probability, the dream of a visionary,—but as he did himself: an actual fact. "This picture," he said, "will be the altar-piece of my cathedral." It seemed almost as if his cathedral was already built. Filled with encouragement, he continued to go up and down the earth; and a miracle happened: he, somehow or other, collected enough money to build both the cathedral and the seminary. They say that he denied himself almost the necessities of life, and that he spent his health and strength and vigor in this self-appointed task, only I suppose he did not think it was self-appointed.

In our day and generation we are apt to laud the virtue of common-sense,—to think that we bestow high praise when we say a man is a "good, practical man." This poor priest seems to have been thoroughly impractical in his dreams and hopes. He seems, in his labors and his efforts, to have been entirely deficient in the virtue of common-sense. But, after all, is it really the "practical men," is it men who abound in common-sense, that do great and tremendous things in the world, or is it the men who see visions and who dream dreams?

After the cathedral was built, and while the seminary was under way, he felt that he should have a convent of nuns to take care of the old people, the sick people, and the orphan children of this diocese which bore such rich crops of all such. He went from convent to convent in Quebec and Montreal, asking for nuns, and having nothing to offer them; and all the Mother Superiors very properly refused him. They said: "You can have nuns if you promise them some endowment, some means of living, no matter how scanty." All he could promise was a tumble-down frame building—just a shelter. At last he approached the Hospitaliers at Quebec. The Mother Superior there said she would lay the matter before her community; and, if any wished to volunteer, she would allow them to go. She told them they

would have to beg, though theirs is not a mendicant Order; and that she could endow them with the sum of only \$5 each for their private fortune. Five of them volunteered. This made \$25, with which they set out.

They went to this cheerless place, and began at once to take care of the sick and the aged and the orphan children; and they worked for their living, for begging is unfruitful in Chicoutimi. They have been working ever since. The community now numbers between fifty and sixty; and they have over one thousand dependants, including orphans, old people of both sexes, and sick people; all of whom are supported by these nuns either by their earnings or by the interest of their dowries. The dowries are supposed to be \$500, but the Mother Superior told me that it is rarely an entering novice is equipped with so large a sum.

I had visited convents before this one; and, seeing the fine buildings, the costly furnishings and decorations, I have often smiled to myself at the thought of the vow of poverty. I did not know that these are oftener than not benefactions. But *my dear nuns* are really poor. In order to earn money to keep themselves alive, together with their numberless charges, *they take in washing!* It is sent to them from the surrounding towns,—coarse, heavy washing. Think of that,—these fine, delicate ladies! They have this Pension de Dames, where they charge the enormous sum of \$6 a week; and on their earnings they cherish a batch of the worst scum of the earth (old men and women) that I ever saw,—ugly old creatures who sometimes throw plates of soup into the Sisters' faces. When they built the monastery, the nuns themselves put on coarse clothing over their habits and carried mortar to the workmen to help to erect the building. I could not describe how poor they are. When I went there last summer—for of course I went again—I brought them a lot of old clothes, among others, some old white flannel dresses of

my own; and the Mother Superior told me that they were very much pleased with these, because they could convert them into habits for the Sisters. Think of that! My ungodly and cast-off garments to suffer such a beatification!

I think there is hardly anything in the world that I desire more than to be able to send them some real money. According to my own means, and even disregarding the claims of my own proper and Protestant Presbyterian charities, I send them all I can. Now, I thought that if Catholics would only lend their ears to this appeal they really would contribute something. I could write pages describing the inconveniences these nuns suffer,—e. g., the lack of a sufficient water supply for the monastery. One of them is at present invalided and is not expected to live, owing to internal injuries produced by carrying pails of water, two at a time, from the basement to the fourth floor *during recreation*. You do not know, living in plenty in the United States,—you do not know to what straits they are reduced on that barren rock of Chicoutimi.

I want to tell you the end of the Bishop. As soon as the seminary was built, he died, absolutely worn out. He died in one of the rooms of the seminary. He did not have a roof of his own, nor, I believe, any possessions on earth he could call his own. He made a will and left what he had: his body to the cathedral, his heart to the seminary, and his lungs to the monastery. Grotesque, isn't it, but transformed by his zeal and his consecration into something touchingly noble and pathetic. To spend a month in Chicoutimi is like living in the times of the early Christian Church.

Now, reverend dear sir, will you not allow this appeal to be printed in your paper? And may I beg those who read it "to lend to the Lord" by sending a little sum—anything that they can spare—to the Mère Supérieure, Hôtel-Dieu, St. Vallier, Chicoutimi, P. Q., Canada; or to myself, Mrs. Mary D. Chambers, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois?

Comparative Values.

THE excellent Presbyterian, to whose appeal in behalf of a community of Canadian nuns we gladly give place in the present issue of *THE AVE MARIA*, complains of "a curious apathy amongst the Catholic people" regarding what she characterizes as "the perfectly supernatural heroism of these women." She declares that if a band of Presbyterians were to do what they are doing, the whole world would ring with it. "But Catholics fold their arms and say with the utmost tranquillity: 'Oh, yes, they are nuns; they are expected to be poor, to work hard,—that is their vow.'"

The enthusiasm of this good lady will surprise and amuse Catholic readers. Evidently she is not accustomed to supernatural heroism. The wide world over she may find Sisters whose lives are not a whit less devoted than those of her Canadian heroines. It is a familiar story with Catholics, and this accounts for their apathy, which is only seeming. We expect goodness and devotedness from our religious, and in a thousand ways our expectations are fully realized. The spirit in which they labor is the same as that in which the laity co-operate with them; and this co-operation is more cordial and constant, more generous and self-sacrificing than our separated brethren have any idea of. It would be impossible to maintain innumerable charitable and missionary enterprises, of which the world hears nothing, if either our religious were not vowed to poverty or our laity were less practically appreciative of their devotedness.

But, while realizing the need of material resources to maintain charitable institutions of all kinds, and to increase the number of them, we do not forget that, as compared with prayer, self-sacrifice, and the heaven-taught discipline of a holy life, money is of next to no value. However much those who care for the

poor, the aged, orphans, lepers, etc., may need material assistance, these and the world at large have far greater need of the example of prayerfulness and single-heartedness, of self-denial and general unworldliness, expected from members of religious Orders.

"Was it Christ's main purpose, or any part of His purpose," asks Coventry Patmore in his essay on "Christianity and 'Progress,'" that everybody should have plenty to eat and drink, comfortable houses, and not much to do? If so, Communism must be allowed to have more to say for itself, on religious grounds, than most good Christians would like to admit." In these days all truth is shocking; and it is a truth that, in many minds, comfort and clothing and Christianity are strangely confounded.

It is a false notion—as general as false—that in order to spread the Gospel money must always be forthcoming. The Apostles were without purses, but they never lacked for anything that would enable them to fulfil their mission. We used to wonder at Father Damien's having so little use for money; perhaps it was because he was so much more concerned about the salvation of his lepers' souls than about the comfort of their bodies. Of his own poor body he took least care. When the world became aware of his splendid *virtue*, Protestants as well as Catholics were eager to help him.

Being is more and better than doing. Not what he did and what through him was done to make Molokai less of "a hell to dwell in," but in affording the world another example of a holy life was Father Damien's truest service. "It is impossible," writes Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in reference to our missionaries in Japan, "for the most hardened scoffer to make the acquaintance of one of them without feeling that he is in the presence of a power for good." To be such, each in his or her way, is what—and all that—is demanded of priests and Brothers and Sisters: the rest depends upon Providence.

Notes and Remarks.

AN esteemed correspondent propounds a periodical question of orthoepy: Is the word "blessed" in the "Hail Mary" pronounced as one syllable or as two? The solution is not perhaps so obvious as at first blush it may appear. Few will deny that, as a constituent part of a verbal tense, the word would be a monosyllable; thus, I am bless'd, thou art bless'd, he is bless'd. On the other hand, as an adjective, the best usage makes it a dissyllable: the Blesséd Virgin, blesséd candles, etc. Reference to the Greek and Latin versions of the "Hail Mary" will show that, in the clause, "Blessed art thou among women," the word is not a part of the verb, but is used adjectively (*benedicta tu in mulieribus*); hence the pronunciation should be "blesséd," — two syllables, not one. "Hallowed" in the "Our Father," on the contrary, is a part of the verb (*sanctificetur*), and accordingly it is pronounced as a word of two, not of three, syllables, — hallowed, not hallowéd; still less, let us add, hallow-ade; or, worse, hollow-ade.

The provisions of the Separation Bill framed by the revolutionary government of Portugal leave no doubt that the object of it is to paralyze the action of the Church in that country. Not only is ecclesiastical property to be confiscated, but every means is to be employed to render it impossible to raise funds for the support of religion in future. There are indications, however, that the Portuguese Republicans have gone too far and too fast. The eyes of the people are now opened, and there is a decided revulsion of feeling among them toward the new government. A Royalist movement has been inaugurated; and it is confidently predicted that another year may see the restoration of King Manuel, in whose favor there is a growing sentiment among all classes. "By their intolerance and want of bal-

ance," writes a correspondent of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, "the Portuguese Republicans have signed the death warrant of the new régime. How the sentence will be carried out is, however, uncertain. . . . All that is needed to restore King Manuel is a military nucleus, around which may form the formidable Royalist movement which is rapidly coming to a head. . . . It may be that Lisbon will see several Republican administrations, each worse than its predecessor, until finally the country falls under the iron rule of a military dictator. I do not think there will be more than one such dictator."

Discussing the startling magnitude of fire losses in this country, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* remarks:

How preventable is much of this fire waste, seriously threatening national prosperity, appears the moment we compare our fire losses with those which occur in the principal countries of Europe. The great European cities and the smaller towns are apparently just as subject to fire waste as our cities and towns. They have as expensive buildings containing as valuable stocks. But they do not have our fire losses. If our rate of fire loss were as low as the European, its annual figures would be only about \$90,000,000 instead of more than \$250,000,000.

American recklessness about fire has been deplored and denounced for years, but with little visible effect. However, the returns of the fire insurance business for the last year, now becoming available, indicate the approach of a time when we shall be compelled to change our manners and methods or be unable to obtain fire insurance protection. The fire waste is weakening the insurance capital of the country and driving insurance companies out of business.

Apropos of the fruitless deploring and denouncing of American recklessness about fire, it is worth while remarking that the denouncing is merely sporadic. A disaster such as the destruction of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, or the recent burning of a factory in New York, brings out a chorus of denunciation that endures for a few days or weeks, and then dies away. Better results would possibly come

from such a persistent, reiterated, uninterrupted newspaper campaign against lack of fire protection as the *Inter-Ocean* itself lately waged against municipal corruption, or such as another Chicago journal has waged and is still waging against an alleged corrupt election. In the matter of defective protection from fire, the press would do well, not only to strike the iron while 'tis hot, but to keep on pounding the coldest iron until it becomes hot.

A leaflet received from St. Nazianz, Wisconsin, informs us that the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Saviour are desirous of assisting children to make a practical demonstration of their affection for the Holy Father in a way likely to gratify the Pope of the Holy Eucharist. For that purpose they suggest that as many Catholic children as can be interested be invited to promise to receive Holy Communion for him on the 20th of September. And, in order to make the demonstration the more impressive, it is suggested that the children who have made such a promise should sign their names on loose sheets of paper of appropriate size and material, which will be furnished by request; these sheets to be bound in the form of an album, and to be presented to the Holy Father on some suitable occasion before the 20th of September.

Reviewing, in the *Dublin Review*, a recently published collection of "Essays," by the late Father Ryder, Dom Chapman quotes a specimen of that writer's humorous style. The essayist is discussing English history as written by moderate Anglicans, and remarks that Roman Catholics are not supposed to exist in England until the reign of Mary:

Here we are distinctly wanted; and we appear upon the stage for the first time to burn a few poor blasphemers of the Mass, not Anglicans certainly, neither are Anglicans as yet anywhere distinctly visible. In the next reign we appear again, and a goodly number of us are disembowelled at the hands of very emphatic Prot-

estants, Anglicanism the while "mewing its mighty youth" in the safety of some "green retreat," and leaving such rough companions to fight it out for themselves. An invisible church, heir at once to the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, I see her slowly materializing beneath the royal smile, — a kneeling figure conscious of having chosen the better part, whilst Papists and Protestants busy themselves in various ways, mainly at each others' throats.

This account of the materialization of that "invisible church," on whose existence the upholders of the discredited Continuity theory are forced to base their contentions, is surely a bit of delicious irony.

Time was, and not many lustres ago, when we used to read and hear much of the boasted superiority of the Ontario Protestant schools over those of Catholic Quebec. The smug conceit that prompted the bragging has been repeatedly punctured of late years, and recent developments in Ontario serve to show that the reverse of the oldtime statement is the truth. Says the Vancouver *Western Catholic*:

A certain Mrs. Thornley in Ontario, some time ago made a startling charge that shocking immoralities prevail amongst children in the public schools of that Province, and a heated discussion has resulted. Mrs. Thornley's statement has been challenged; but teachers of experience have, over their own signatures, endorsed her views in the daily papers.

We understand that, to remedy the evil thus acknowledged, it is proposed to introduce into the schools a book of instruction on moral subjects, with special passages on the subject of purity. Of such books, Mr. Bird S. Coler, in a recent pamphlet entitled "The Residuary Sect," well says:

The most recent moonshine diet is Ethical Education. They are going to teach morals as they teach Latin grammar. Instead of the chorus of "Ten times one is ten," that used to float out the classroom windows when you and I were young, we shall have a chorus of "Not to steal is good; not to lie is good." But I am afraid that most of the pupils will not remember as long that "Not to steal is good" as they will remember that "Ten times one is

ten," because the experience of after-life will be a constant reminder of the truth of the arithmetical declaration, while without the Word of God they will have no reminder of the truth of the ethical lesson. They will remember it as long perhaps as the average schoolboy remembers his Latin recitations.

We should think any one professing to be a Christian and posing as a minister of the Gospel would be loath to brand the entire priesthood of Brazil as servants of the devil and trebly damned. But the Rev. William Azel Cook, an American minister, in his recently published book, "Through the Wilderness of Brazil," does not hesitate to do this. He calls the Catholic clergy "moral lepers," etc.; and refers to the laity as "heathen," "idolaters," etc. As usual, in such cases, Mr. Cook is lauded by anti-Catholic papers as a "brave missionary," and his production characterized as interesting, informing, etc. The London *Athenaeum*, however, strikes a different note. "Mr. Cook," it says, "does not appear to possess any kind of scientific qualifications, and his descriptions are often vague and unsatisfactory. Further, he displays such vehement prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church that he is ready to believe any fable that tells against it. We are aware that Brazil is not a favorable example of the work of the Propaganda, and we should not go there for the best type of Roman Catholics. Mr. Cook labels them 'Christians (?)' and regards everything connected with them with eyes so jaundiced that one is apt to discredit his evidence on other matters as well. To disparage missionary efforts is far from our intention, but we do not think that such work is well represented by the narrow-minded intolerance which this volume displays."

Brother Cook went to Brazil loaded with tracts, and heralded his advent on the cornet; he "traded in Testaments" and waged wordy warfare wherever he set foot. It speaks volumes for the forbearance of those whom he vilifies that

he escaped to tell the tale of his adventures. Should he ever revisit Brazil, we advise him to go armed, for fear the wrath of some "heathen" down there might get the better of his patience.

"Looker-On," the essayist who contributes to the columns of the *Pilot*, has the following trenchant words to say of an all too common form of cruelty:

A great deal of fun is made of the allegation, "mental cruelty," in divorce suits, while proof of physical cruelty settles the case at once. Yet I think the average wife would prefer an occasional beating to continued verbal abuse, sarcasm, and premeditated neglect. The woman who has her husband haled into court for blackening her eye generally begs him off, but the woman whose husband has flayed her soul would hardly lift a finger to save him from torment. Yet the average citizen heeds not. So long as the body has not been abused nothing else matters.

Many of the most cruel men and women living would be horrified if they were told the truth about themselves. The man who makes his family dread his coming on account of his fault-finding and petty tyranny would be kinder if he beat them. The woman whose tongue is worse than a stiletto tortures her husband and children more cruelly than the Bushman with his blowpipe and poisoned arrow. Such people are in the same class with the savages who tortured their victims at the stake.

And the pity of it is that they often find it difficult to discover sufficient material for absolution when they go to confession. "Mere imperfections" they are inclined to call faults that are at the very least venial sins, and often enough belong rather to the category of deadly offences.

In the current *Austral Light* we find an account of the presentation by Archbishop Carr to Lady Dudley, wife of the retiring Governor General of Australia, of a "Tara" brooch. In the course of his address, the Archbishop said: "Her Excellency will prize what we offer for the sake of the original, and for the sake of the warm Irish hearts that make the offering. When she was ill in London last

year she received a telegram from the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, assuring her that every Catholic man, woman, and grown-up child in Ireland was praying for her recovery. On the day she will leave the Australian shores, she may likewise feel confident that from every Catholic heart in Australia a prayer will ascend to Heaven invoking the choicest blessings on herself, the Governor General, and their family."

In his speech in reply, Lord Dudley spoke in a strain that sufficiently explains why he and his estimable wife had won the affections of the warm-hearted Irish-Australians. "Not the least keen part of my regret at leaving Australia arises from the thought that this is the last occasion on which I shall meet the Irishmen of Victoria as a body. I learned to know and love the Irish people at home, and the qualities which attracted me there make the same appeal to me here. 'Their clime, but not their mind, they change who go across the sea.' Your kindness ranks among the pleasant memories I cherish of Australia."

Some one out in Calcutta has been propounding the surely inane query, "What's the good of Catholic union?" and the *Catholic Herald* of India thinks it worth while to supply the answer. Among other points, it makes the following:

If Catholic life is vigorous in Germany, it is the work of Catholic union. If little Belgium has had, in every respect, a prosperous twenty-eight years, she owes it to her Catholic clubs and the Federation of these clubs. If Catholicism is a power in the United States, is it not because our American brethren combine wherever they can and do so in a most imposing way? The progress of the Church in England, again, is the fruit of union and federation which Catholics are constantly striving to strengthen.

On the other hand, is it not want of union that our Catholic brethren deplore and acknowledge to be responsible for their disasters in France, Portugal, Spain, and Italy? A Masonic Government with their high-handed tyranny, such as France is cursed with, would be impossible in a country where Catholics, as numerous as they are there, would be organized

and united. A mountebank provisional rule, like the one which the Portuguese endure, would have been turned out in forty-eight hours by a strongly united body of Catholics. Señor Canalejas and his hypocritical mimicry of French anti-clericals would be hooted down in less than a month, if Catholic Spain were one. And the anti-Catholic Jew that rules over the City of the Pope would be sent back to his birthplace by united Catholic Italy.

All true—and trite as well; but when people persist in ignoring or denying such elementary experimental truths as 'In union there is strength,' it becomes necessary to reaffirm even stereotyped facts and instances.

We regret to chronicle the death—which took place on the 24th inst.—of the venerable Richard H. Clarke, of New York, well known as a lawyer, author and philanthropist. He was one of the oldest members of the New York bar. His name is associated with many important cases tried in Washington, of which he was long a resident; and in New York, where the latter years of his useful and honorable life were spent. Dr. Clarke was one of the founders of the Catholic Club of that city, and the founder and first president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Washington. He was also president for several terms of the New York Catholic Protectory. As an author, Dr. Clarke was best known for his "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Church in the United States"; though he wrote other books of importance, and was a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals. A man of noble character and amiable disposition, a model citizen, zealous for good government and earnest in his advocacy of every deserving cause; above all, a true Christian, who loved and lived his faith, Dr. Clarke will be missed and mourned wherever he was known, especially in those places which were the scene of his generous, self-sacrificing and unobtrusive benefactions.

Although Hawthorne asserts that "nobody will use other people's expe-

rience, nor has any of his own till it is too late to use it," the statement is the expression of a general rather than a universal rule. There are, for instance, persons who, considering the physical and mental soundness and activity of Cardinal Gibbons at the age of seventy-seven, will be inclined to profit by the following rules of conduct which that distinguished prelate's experience has proved to be conducive to a long and happy life:

1. Try to preserve an equal and tranquil disposition. 2. Eat and drink moderately and regularly. 3. Take a reasonable amount of outdoor exercise daily. 4. Keep occupied. 5. Take a sufficient amount of repose and sleep. 6. Be cheerful.

Concluding a strong speech on religion and dogma in teaching, delivered at the first meeting commemorative of the centenary of the English National Society, Mr. Balfour said:

For my part, I have always looked forward to the time when it would be found possible to give in our public elementary schools that teaching to every child—or to the great majority of children, for no system can be quite perfect or complete,—the religious teaching which the parents of the child desire. It is to that goal that I look forward. That is the only solution which seems to me perfectly consistent both with our ideas of religious liberty and with that fundamental doctrine in which all in this room are agreed—namely, that it is a misfortune—the greatest misfortune of all if it is to occur—that children should be brought up without any religious training whatever. That is a solution for which I hope this country will never make itself responsible. I hope the Society will continue to hold aloft the ideal of an education in which secular learning is not divorced from religious teaching; that they will hold it forth not merely to those prepared by personal or pecuniary sacrifice to help the work of this Society, but they will hold that ideal up to other societies, holding, it may be, in some respects different religious views, but who share with us the common conviction that the State which deliberately divorces religion from the elementary teaching of its children is a State which is performing the very worst service for the generations that are to come.

Strong convictions and well-founded hopes admirably expressed.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Welcome, June!

BY NEALE MANN.

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!" is quoted

To show how fickle is the public mind,
How soon forgot are men of names most noted,
The heroes of inconstant humankind.

Not so "Farewell to May! To June glad greeting!"—

The tenor of the Church's cry to-day;
We are not with neglect Our Lady treating,—
We who with joy the dawning month survey.

Ah! no; for she, too, welcomes June with pleasure,

And in its feasting takes a joyous part,
Acclaiming more than we its special treasure,
The sweet devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

V.—THE LITTLE SCOTCH COUSIN.

WHEN the household packed their treasures for the holidays on the Kentish coast, Margery brought the Brown Book to her mother and begged that it might be taken.

"For you know, mother dear, there are always *some* rainy days at the seashore, and then we'll want more stories."

Aunt Cicely looked as if she were inclined to doubt this, there would be so many other interesting things to do; but she pinched the little maid's cheek and tucked the stout old volume away in her luggage, nevertheless. There it was promptly forgotten; for even on rainy days Hugh and Pancred had their collection of sea-mosses to catalogue and arrange, and Greg and Margery had quite a store of lovely shells. Even Jerry was

making a "correction," as he insisted on calling it; and Aunt Cicely found his queer little sea beasts in the most surprising places. So it was not till a prolonged spell of bad weather that they thought of the Brown Book at all.

"I do wish it were here!" sighed Greg that day, from his place in the window. "Mother dear, you couldn't remember some of the stories in it, could you?"

"But it *is* here, Greg!" Margery cried triumphantly. "Mother and I packed it ourselves. And I know, if I fetch it, she'll tell us a story. Mother dear, do make it about a girl this time! The boys had the last one, you know. And there must be *some* in it about girls!" And forthwith Margery ran off for the book.

Aunt Cicely laid her sewing down, and the children gathered about her, while she searched the Brown Book for a story "about a girl." They were quite willing to grant Margery's request. Since she was their only sister, they usually gave up to her.

"She wasn't really a Guilbert," said Aunt Cicely: "she was only a second or third cousin to the Sir Pancred Guilbert who held Courtland Towers in Queen Elizabeth's time. Her name was Janet Wildair; and her father, Owen Wildair, was the son of Sir Pancred's second cousin's half-sister. (Now, puzzle that out for yourselves.) Owen Wildair was rather a reckless fellow; so when he met the young Scotch girl who was one of poor Queen Mary's attendants, the very fact that marriage with her meant loss of favor with Elizabeth and every sort of trouble made him the more persistent about it. They married, in spite of difficulties, there in Queen Mary's prison-house of Sheffield; and when little Janet was born, the Queen of Scots herself was godmother to her. But she could not give the child a gold

christening font, as queenly godmothers often did in those days; for she was Queen Elizabeth's prisoner, sent from castle to castle, sometimes kindly treated, sometimes insulted, as suited the temper of her jailers."

"But why, mother dear?" asked Margery. "What had she done?"

"Queen Mary? I think her worst offence was that she was a Catholic and next heir to the English throne, if Elizabeth died unmarried. She had fled into England to escape her rebellious subjects; and Elizabeth had promptly set guards about her, so she could neither go to Scotland nor on to France. As long as Mary lived there was danger that the English throne would go to a Catholic queen; yet Elizabeth was not bold enough to put her to death at once, as the Reformers wanted her to do; still less was she willing to help Mary regain the Scotch crown. Little by little precautions had been increased, till at the last of her twenty years' imprisonment the Queen of Scots might almost as well have been loaded with chains in a dungeon."

"Twenty years!" gasped Gregory, who couldn't keep still twenty minutes. "O mother dear, what a long time!"

"So poor Queen Mary must have often thought, yet her courage never faltered," Aunt Cicely went on. "Janet Mary was the name they gave the little girl, in honor of her godmother; and the Queen and her maids found her a delightful plaything in their long captivity. I presume she was spoiled just at first, she was such a winsome little miss, with the amber eyes of the Guilberts and quantities of soft brown hair. Everyone loved her, even the Queen's stern jailers. By and by, when her father was killed in one of the unsuccessful attempts to rescue the Queen, and her mother died shortly after, Mary adopted her as her own especial charge. She taught her to sew and embroider, to sing and play the lute; and be sure it was from Queen Mary Janet learned her prayers. Can you imagine her sitting

beside the Queen, a sober little girl in a velvet farthingale, while Mary watched her needle with those 'sidelong, red-brown eyes' of hers that were so lovely? Queen Mary's own bonny brown hair was beginning to whiten now; her face was older and sadder, but those who loved her thought it still the sweetest face in the world.

"Janet was ten when they were taken to Chartley in Staffordshire; and Walsingham's great plot was set in motion, to end only in Queen Mary's death. Little Janet grew up very fast in the days that followed; there were so many things going on around her to make her graver than her years. She noted how often her dear Queen's eyes were troubled; how many times she sat far into the night with her secretaries, talking in low tones and writing; sometimes she caught a glimpse of the letters that came mysteriously to Mary's hand, and then for a day or two *ma mère*, as she always called the Queen, would be feverishly excited. Then their new jailer, Sir Amias Paulet, was a cold, bigoted man, who thought it part of his duty to deprive his prisoners of the comforts of their religion. Yet he could not have been altogether cruel; for he had a very soft spot in his heart for little Janet, and he was always kind to her. And we must remember, too, that the Protestants of those days thought Catholics were idolaters, and that it was only right to make them give up such wicked practices.

"Walsingham was wonderfully clever, as English Catholics had cause to know. He led on the young men who wished to free Queen Mary until they planned to assassinate Elizabeth; he forged letters with her name signed to them, and forged letters to her; but he saw to it that Mary knew nothing of the plot against Elizabeth's life. When he thought he had enough evidence, false and otherwise, to convict her, he threw her friends into prison, and at last executed them by the cruelest death ever a civilized nation

invented. Then he proceeded to the trial of Queen Mary.

"When Sir Amias brought her word that she was to be removed to the Castle of Fotheringay, poor Mary knew she was already condemned. One favor alone she asked—that little Janet might be sent to friends who would care for her; 'for I would not have this poor, faithful lamb come to harm through me,' she told them, with Janet clinging to her neck. The little girl begged earnestly to be allowed to stay; Mary had been her second mother, and she could not bear the thought of separation. But the Queen would not hear of it; she knew too well what those next few months would mean, and she was determined Janet should be spared. So that same night the child was sent to a Catholic family in another county,—a family whose very poverty had served to hide them from Walsingham's greedy eyes. There, thought Mary, Janet would be safe till the excitement attending her own trial was over; then she could be sent across the Channel to France.

"There were other children in the Cottham household where Janet had been taken, but the little girl did not seem to care to make friends with them. She could not be coaxed into their games; she much preferred to sit soberly in the window with a bit of embroidery.

"She isn't a child at all,' said good Mrs. Cottham. 'She doesn't know how to play. And the queer things in her little head! Yesterday she asked me: "Mrs. Cottham, if *ma mère* should be condemned, will she have a priest before she dies?" And what could I say to her? Walsingham will never let a priest near the poor Queen, that I know.'

"Janet was even more of a mystery when Mary was sentenced: she did not even cry. She only looked at them with her big sober eyes, and crept away presently to write a piteous, stiff little letter to Sir Amias, begging to be allowed to see the Queen once more. And she would not talk about it to any one. When no

answer came, she wrote again, and went about the house looking older than ever.

"December brought her a long letter from the Queen, filled with the tenderest messages of love, and bidding Janet not to grieve for her, since her long sufferings were so nearly over; protesting, too, that she was innocent of conspiring against Elizabeth's life. But there was no word from Sir Amias.

"When the end of January brought no reply, the child took the desperate resolve to go herself to Fotheringay. Neither tears nor threats could move her. If Thomas Cottham would not go with her, she would go alone, she declared; and her flashing eyes plainly said she meant this. They asked her if she would start that night. 'Not till to-morrow after Mass,' Janet retorted, with the wilfulness of Queen Mary's spoiled darling.

"Yet I think it was not altogether wilfulness; for Janet had a plan in her queer little head that needed the priest's help. To him she went, some time before the early Mass in the Squire's secret chapel. At first he shook his head; it could not be done, he told her. But Janet insisted.

"'There is no one else, Father,' said she. 'Sir Amias will let me see her, I know, if I can only get to him; but he would admit none else who loves my poor lady. And many times she has read to me from the holy books how they took the Blessed Sacrament to those in prison in the days of the saints.'

"'But suppose you are set upon by highwaymen, or Sir Amias orders you searched? What will you do then, my poor child?'

"'Sir Amias will take my word that I bring her no message; he is ever my good friend, for all he is so stern. And if we meet highwaymen — Father, I have made my First Communion; can I not receive Our Lord myself? I beg you, Father, say "Yes" to me; for if you do not, she will die without the Holy Sacrament.'

"She looked so earnest and unafraid

as she stood there, and the case was so urgent, the good priest shook his head sadly.

"I would there were some other way," he said. 'but come and kneel before the altar after Mass, and you shall have your wish. But tell no one else of this.'

"When Mass was over, the little maid knelt, all trembling now with awe of the great thing she was to do, while the priest wrapped the Sacred Host in fine linens and laid It on her breast. She fastened her bodice over her thrice-precious Burden, bowed her little brown head for his blessing, and so set out to take the Viaticum to the Queen of Scots. Thomas Cottham wondered why she was so silent all the long journey. But Janet had never talked much; so, what with the February cold and the sorrow that hung over her, he was not greatly surprised at this. 'She is different from most young maids,' he said to himself, as he watched her pale, steadfast little face.

"At the inn where they stopped at noon, there was a rumor among the guests that the earl marshal and the sheriff had already reached Fotheringay. Poor Janet turned white at that, for it meant the execution was not far distant. She left her dinner untasted, to creep into a secluded corner and pray with all her loving little heart that she might be in time. Never was hour so long as that one, while Thomas Cottham rested himself and the horses, and chattered with the men about the tavern.

"It was dark when the castle loomed before them at last,—dark, and so cold Janet's hands and feet were numb. She could scarcely stammer out her request for Sir Amias, so afraid she was that they had come too late. When that gentleman appeared she flung herself at his feet, pleading almost hysterically to see the Queen once more. Hard as he was, Janet had found the one warm spot in his heart and crept into it. He could not bear the sight of her tears. He gathered her into his arms, soothing her awkwardly, and

trying to warm the poor little hands with his own rough ones. Mary was much occupied now, he told her, and doubtless very weary; but to-morrow she should see her,—'yes, the first thing in the morning, though it cost me my life.'

"And when — when —' stammered Janet, and could get no further.

"To-morrow at eight,' replied Sir Amias; 'but you shall see her and say farewell, never fear. Only if I let you into her rooms you must keep your own counsel; for it might fare ill with me if it came to her Majesty's ears.'

"He carried the child into a turret chamber, and brought her a hot supper himself, that no one else might suspect her presence there.

"You can guess Janet did not sleep that night; instead she knelt by the window, sometimes weeping, sometimes praying, until it was a very worn little face that greeted Sir Amias in the shadowy dawn.

"The Queen has risen,' he said, 'and one of the women is waiting to take you to her.'

"Janet smoothed her hair as well as she could, and tried to choke back the tears that would keep filling her throat. Then she put her hand in that of Sir Amias, and he led her down the corridor to Queen Mary's apartments. Perhaps his own eyes were a little misty; much as he hated Mary, he could not help being sorry for the child. The great door opened — and closed — and Janet was taken very tenderly in some one's arms.

"Mindful of her Treasure, she drew back; and, when one quick glance had told her they were alone in the dismantled room, she whispered:

"*Ma mère*, I have brought you Our Lord!"

"Queen Mary started in amazement, not sure she had heard aright; but her brown eyes lit with a wonderful light when Janet explained. No, she said, she had had no priest; they had sent her almoner away a week ago. And she kissed the

little girl and called her 'my brave Janet!' as she led her into the oratory.

"There, a little later, her household gathered, and Queen Mary opened the folded linens of Janet's carefully guarded packet and received her last Communion. Janet knelt beside her, watching the loved face through fast falling tears; but there was no bitterness now in her sorrow, the Queen's look was so peaceful, so contented, almost.

"You have brought me All I longed for, my Janet!" she said as she kissed the little maid good-bye. 'May that God of love keep you ever true to His holy Church!'

"And she went to her death with so serene a courage that those who watched her wondered, knowing nothing of Janet or the Guest she had brought.

"And that," Aunt Cicely concluded, "is the reason your histories can never agree whether or not Mary received Communion that last morning of her life. No one but Sir Amias and Thomas Cottham knew of even so much as Janet's coming, and only Janet and the old priest knew the whole story. Mary's servants kept the secret, so Janet's letter to her little grandniece is all the record we have of her part in that wonderful night."

"But what became of Janet, mother dear?" asked Margery.

"The Cotthams took her to Sir Pancred Guilbert when things were quieter, and he brought her safely to France and a French convent. And Janet liked it so well that she chose to stay there always," returned Aunt Cicely.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH starlings are increasing in this country at a rapid rate, and are seen in large flocks in certain of the public parks of the East. They are extremely fond of worms and insects, and are consequently considered very welcome residents of Birdland. They are quite tame, and, unlike the sparrows, have no quarrels with robins and bluejays.

Cradles and Babies.

EVERY nation has its own peculiar sort of cradle, formed to suit the climate; as birds in the South build nests that the air can penetrate, and those in the North make strong and thick ones that will endure any weather. The oldest cradles of which we have any record were hewn from a log of wood, and in this rude bed the baby was securely tied. The ancient Greek cradles were woven of osier and suspended by ropes, and never had rockers. Most of the North American Indian mothers strap their babies to their backs; but some tribes have basket-cradles, which are very elaborate and beautiful.

Up in cold Alaska, infants are wrapped in warm fur and tucked away to sleep in little beds made of shredded cedar bark. The Indians of Northern Canada construct cradles of birch bark, which they line with fur, making a warm nest for the little one. In parts of Norway and Sweden, babies are put in baskets which are hung from the ceiling. The Russians suspend their cradles in the same way; and in winter little hammocks and cradles are hung around the great stove that is a feature of every Russian home.

Long ago people made cradles out of tortoise shells, and some very interesting ones of this kind are preserved in museums. Royal children, in former days, used to be rocked with much ceremony, and there were usually four or five attendants called "rockers." Mexicans make hammocks of shawls, which they suspend between the branches of trees, and the happy babies swing gently all day in the open air. Chinese and Japanese babies have to grow up without even seeing a cradle. They are laid upon the floor, and expected to go to sleep without rocking. It is said that they are the best-natured little children in the world.

All over the world "rocking the baby" is going out of fashion, so perhaps all little folk will in time be as agreeable as those of China and Japan.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The library of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, sold at auction last month in London, among other precious manuscripts included a Bible commentary in German, 11th century; and Jacoponi da Todi, Poesie, 318 pages.

—The French Society for the Reproduction of MSS. has decided to issue, as its first publication, the reproduction of a Bible—the finest existing work of French miniature art of the thirteenth century—containing five thousand painted medallions. The whole work will occupy four volumes.

—The disadvantage of studying the classics through French is illustrated by a story told in a new book by Elihu Vedder. A lady who asked for Max O'Rell's "John Bull and his Island" at Piale's Library, was told by the young man in charge: "Madam, I think you have made a mistake. Marcus Aurelius has never written anything about England—at least not lately.

—"Some Catholic Names in the United States Navy List" is the modest title which John Furey, U. S. N., retired, gives to a pamphlet made up of extracts from the *Records* of the U. S. Historical Society. These brief notices are well worth preserving. Those who were privileged to know the gallant Admiral Kilty will regret that his story especially is not given at greater length. A most interesting and edifying one it is.

—We are glad to see a second edition, with numerous illustrations, of "The Princess of Poverty: St. Clare of Assisi and the Order of Poor Ladies," by Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.; published by the Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind. The work is of deep interest and edification, and will be especially welcome to the clients of St. Clare and the benefactors of her spiritual daughters in the United States.

—"The Eucharistic Liturgy in the Roman Rite" (Frederick Pustet & Co.) is an adaptation, by the Rev. E. S. Berry, from the Italian. The major portion of the work is a free translation of seven lectures on the origin and development, the history and symbolism of the Eucharistic Liturgy, more particularly as found in the Roman Rite. The original work was based largely upon Mgr. Duchesne's "Origines du Culte Chrétien." While there is necessarily little that is novel in the book, it is sufficiently scholarly, and is a welcome addition to the literature, ever-growing, that centres about the

central act of Catholic worship. The work is supplied with a number of interesting cuts, is well printed and bound, and has a table of contents and a good index.

—Pamphlet No. 118 of the Australian C. T. S. is "From Darkness to Light," by Emily Buchanan. It is the story of a conversion, and is of unusual interest because of the appearance therein of a letter from Cardinal Newman to Miss Buchanan, written in 1875. No. 119 of the same series of pamphlets is "Billie, and Other Stories," by Miriam Agatha. These tales are quite up to the author's usual high standard.

—So far as we know, the name of the Rev. Thomas H. Bryson is a new one in the list of the purveyors of Catholic juvenile fiction. Whether or not "The Juniors of St. Bede's" is a first book, however, it is a capital boys' story, and will awaken a desire in youthful readers for more tales from the same pen. St. Bede's is a preparatory school, and is attended by all classes of the genus boy—good boys, bad boys, brave boys and cowardly ones, mean boys and noble, silly boys and clever. There is a gratifying sufficiency of incident and adventure, of football, hockey and baseball games; and poetic justice is meted out with excellent results all around. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The sub-title of the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald's third volume of "Religious Questions of the Day" (Christian Press Association) throws light on the nature of its contents—"Some Modernistic Theories and Tendencies Exposed." The papers that make up the book, twenty-three in number, vary in length from six and seven to thirty and forty pages, and range over a wide field of Biblical topics. So many of them are frankly condemnatory criticisms of articles in the Catholic Encyclopedia that the reader needs perhaps the assurance, given by Dr. McDonald in his preface, that he does not reflect upon that great work as a whole. "No criticism," he writes, "can detract from the surpassing merits of a work which has already proved itself to be of priceless value."

—The venerable Father Coppens, S. J., is the author of a little book very much needed in non-Catholic circles in our own country and other English-speaking lands, "Who are the Jesuits?" (B. Herder.) As a clear, succinct, candid, and full exposition of the origin, aims, methods, and works of the much maligned Order to which the reverend author belongs, nothing could be better adapted for distribution

among thousands of ignorant, or else malicious, enemies of the Church in America. To the average bigoted American, a Catholic is a sworn enemy of American institutions, and a Jesuit is a Catholic raised to the *n*th power. Father Coppens lucidly exposes the falsity of the charges brought against the Society of Jesus, and fair-minded Protestants who read his book will revise their opinion of him and his confrères.

—The *Messenger Press*, Montreal, has brought out, in the form of a handsome volume of 380 pages, the "History of the Reverend Mother Sacred Heart of Jesus," a translation, by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Lindsay, Ontario, of the Abbé Rivaux's French biography of the second Superior-General of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons. The book is a well-written and uniformly edifying story of two lives—that of Mother Sacred Heart's early superior, Mother St. John, as well as her own. It will be read with deep interest and spiritual profit not only by the numerous communities of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Canada and this country, but by religious women generally, and, it is to be hoped, by very many of the laity as well. While the volume is not furnished with an index, its table of contents is sufficiently detailed to offset in a great measure that deficiency

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Eucharistic Liturgy in the Roman Rite." Rev. E. S. Berry. \$1.50, net.
- "The Juniors of St. Bede's." Rev. Thomas H. Bryson. 85 cts.
- "Religious Questions of the Day." Vol. III. Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald. \$1.
- "Who are the Jesuits?" Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Schoolgirls Abroad." Sister M. Rita. 75 cts.
- "The Second Spring." Newman, Donnelly. 50 cts.
- "A Convert's Reason Why." A. J. Hayes. \$1.
- "Three Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life." Rev. Moritz Meschler, S. J. \$1.

- "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Gabrini, S. J. \$1.
- "The Catechist." 2 vols. Rev. George Howe. \$3.80, net.
- "The American Catholic Who's Who." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$2.
- "Her Journey's End." Francis Cooke. \$1.25.
- "Roman Ritual." New Edition. \$2.
- "Freddy Carr's Adventures." Father Garrold. 85 cts.
- "Exercitia Spiritualia." 75 cts.
- "The Practical Catholic." Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Opuscula Ascetica Selecta, Ioannis Cardinalis Bona." \$1.25, net.
- "The English Lourdes." Rev. Clement Tyck, C. R. P. 70 cts.
- "Toward the Sanctuary." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.
- "Science of Education." T. P. Keating, B. A., L. C. P. 90 cts.
- "God: His Knowledge, Essence, and Attributes." Rev. Dr. Pohle. \$2.
- "An Appeal for Unity in Faith." Rev. John Phelan. \$1.10.
- "Songs and Sonnets." John Rothensteiner. 50 cts.
- "The Story of the Old Faith in Manchester." John O'Dea. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Thomas Holland, of the diocese of Middlesbrough; Rev. James McGill, C. M., and Rev. R. H. McHenry.

Mother Mary Pius, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister Mary Salome, of the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary; Sister Mary Matthew, Sisters of the Holy Names; Mother Digby, Religious of the Sacred Heart; and Mother M. de Sales, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Charles Lyall, Mrs. Margaret Rice, Mr. Patrick McNulty, Mr. William G. Moclair, Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn, Mr. Benjamin Brueder, Miss Mary J. Blake, Miss Margaret Printy, Mr. Jeremiah McCarthy, Mrs. Jennette Deur, James and Margaret Walsh, Mr. William Green, Miss Ellen Marshall, Mr. Albert Benkerdorf, Alice Murphy, Mr. Thomas King, Mrs. James Carroll, Mr. Louis Robins, Mr. William Conway, Mr. B. A. Shaw, Mr. Robert Powell, and Mr. Frank Kohler.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

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Our Lady's Knight.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

LADYE, I would be thy Knight,
And a-warring go;
And thy favor, blue and white,
As my colors show.
All the night my vigil keeping
At thy holy shrine,
Till I see thine eyes unsleeping
Looking into mine.

Ladye, I would be thy Knight,
Brandishing my blade;
Strong my arm to hold the fight
For thee, Royal Maid.
Paynim foemen nay assail me;
(Ladye, have no fear!)
For my courage will not fail me
While I feel thee near.

Ladye, I would be thy Knight,
Courting pains and death;
Blazoning thy honor bright
Till my latest breath.
Ah, sweet Ladye, though they leave me
Dead upon the field,
Happy Knight, if thou receive me
Home, upon my shield!

PERHAPS no phrase is so terribly significant as the phrase, "Killing time." It is a tremendous and poetical image,—the image of a kind of cosmic parricide. There are on the earth a race of revellers who do, under all their exuberance, fundamentally regard time as an enemy.

—G. K. Chesterton.

Corpus Christi as Kept by Our Forefathers.

BY M. NESBITT.



CORPUS CHRISTI—"probably the most popular," says a learned writer, "of all the festivals of the Church"—has been frequently described and its history given at great length by many noted writers. It will suffice, therefore, to state that this festival owed its institution to the lifelong prayers and penances of a holy nun at Liège, in which diocese the celebration of a special feast was first ordered by the Bishop, Robert de Torôte, in the year 1246. This privilege was eventually extended to the whole Church; and in 1318 Pope John XXII. appointed an Octave of the feast to be kept, and processions to be made.

We shall, however, concern ourselves with only one or two of the chief aspects of a solemnity which, during the Ages of Faith, was pre-eminently the people's feast. Trades and guilds took part in those famous processions, which in Catholic England, as in other countries, were carried out on a truly magnificent scale. "La Fête Dieu," as the French so charmingly and appropriately call it, "was for three centuries regarded as the great holiday of the year,—the day on which the citizens' pageants of delight were played."* Members of all classes strove by every means in their power to honor Our Lord in the Adorable Sacrament of

* "Records of York," by Robert Davies, F. S. A.; p. 278.

His Love. The highest were as eager as the lowest to take a prominent part in these joyous processions.

Nor were the faithful left in any doubt as to the deep religious significance of the feast. For example, in 1419, Philip Repingdon, Bishop of Lincoln, wrote as follows: "The Son of God having descended from the highest heavens for the redemption of mankind, when about to suffer death for us and to ascend into heaven, left us a magnificent memorial of His surpassing love—the precious Sacrament of His Body and His Blood. From the devout veneration of this Body, until we enjoy its beatific vision, we advance in grace and virtue, obtain pardon of our sins, and help to life eternal. The beloved inhabitants of our city of Lincoln, knowing these things, and considering the power of this Sacrament to increase devotion and merit, have zealously and fervently kept up a devout custom that, at certain times of the year—viz., on the day of the solemnity of Corpus Christi, and the following Sunday,—this precious Sacrament is carried in solemn procession."

It will be noted from the foregoing words that a procession took place not only on the feast itself, but on the Sunday immediately following; and we can well imagine what a moving sight it must have been. The picturesque streets of oldtime Lincoln, overhung by ancient houses, beneath whose quaint gables passed a slowly-moving, reverent throng, preceded by torches, banners, and the costly, gem-encrusted feretory, which held the silver cup, or pyx, containing the Most Holy Sacrament. Flowers mingled with the rushes strewn along the route of the procession. They were wreathed round the torches, and worn in garlands both by priests and people, especially by the members of guilds.

That good Bishop of Lincoln, Philip Repingdon, goes on to describe how the Sacred Host, accompanied by a "numerous and devout attendance of priests and clerics," was carried "from some church

in Wykford, in the suburbs of our city, to our cathedral church, in order that, by the frequent sight of this Sacrament, the devotion of the people may be increased, and they may more easily obtain pardon of their sins."

Well indeed can we believe that faith and fervor were augmented, and religious enthusiasm roused to its highest pitch, by such a spectacle amidst such surroundings; when the dim resounding aisles of Lincoln's glorious fane echoed and re-echoed to the notes of the *Adoremus in Aeternum*, and incense rose in clouds of perfume above that wonderful "angel choir," which seems even now, bereft though it be of the Divine Presence of the Hidden God, as if it could scarcely have been carved by mortal hands.

It may be mentioned in passing that long after Our Lord had ceased to be carried through the streets or fields—when greed and sacrilege had devastated the land from one end to the other, when costly shrines and even bells were melted down to satisfy the avarice of an apostate King, and church and abbey were made desolate and bare,—the custom of strewing flowers on the festival of Corpus Christi still, in some places, survived.

Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," records two instances that will illustrate the point. He tells us that at Llanasaph, in North Wales, it was usual to strew green herbs and flowers on Corpus Christi Eve; and that the Skinners' Company, originally incorporated as the "Fraternity of Corpus Christi, of Skinners," used to make a solemn procession on this great day—having "borne before them more than two hundred torches of wax, costly garnished, burning bright," and "above two hundred clerks and priests in surplices and copes, singing; then the officers, the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, and lastly the Skinners in their liveries." This same Company, once a Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, still continued to walk in procession, on the old day, from their hall on Dougate Hill to the church

of St. Antholin, in Watling Street. And though, as a learned modern writer has truly said, "they carried nothing, and followed nothing better than themselves"—the festival, together with all honor to the Blessed Sacrament, having been ruthlessly suppressed,—yet they unwittingly preserved the ancient custom, in that the boys whom they supported in Christ's Hospital School, and a large number of girls also, followed in the procession, strewing herbs as they walked.

It would be impossible to enumerate the many different places in England alone which possessed one of these Corpus Christi Guilds, whose duties were connected with the maintenance of order and decorum during the processions on the feast; as well as with providing lights, torches, suitable shrines, pyxes, "Sacrament houses," canopies, and various other adornments.

Torches formed a special and costly part of the ceremonial, and statutes were made concerning them and their quality. Thus, in Aberdeen, on the 25th of January, 1512, the provost, bailies, and council ratified and approved the acts made before: that "every craft should have a pair of torches honestly made of four pounds of wax, to 'decure' and worship the Sacrament on Corpus Christi Day, and at the feast of Pasch, at Yule, and at all other times when need is to the honor of the town."

The banners, too, must have been a very important as well as picturesque feature. They were, whenever circumstances permitted, both rich in texture and many in number. The author of the Durham rites tells us that "the bailiff of the town stood in the Tolbooth and called together all the trades that were established within the town. Every trade, in its own degree, was to bring forth its banners, and with them to repair to the abbey church door. Every banner stood in rank, in its degree, from the abbey church door to Windishole gate. On the west side of the way stood all the banners,

and on the east side all the torches pertaining to the banners."

Then the writer goes on to describe the scene in language than which no more graphic or interesting could well be found. "In St. Nicolas' Church," he says, "was a goodly shrine, called Corpus Christi shrine, appointed to be carried the said day in procession. The shrine was finely gilt, and on the top there was a square box of crystal, wherein was enclosed the Sacrament of the Altar. It was carried by four priests up the Place Green, the whole procession of all the churches of the town going before it. And when it was brought a little space within the Windishole gate, it stood still till St. Cuthbert's banner, with two goodly fine crosses, was brought out to meet it; and the prior and convent, with the choir in their copes, met the said shrine and fell on their knees and prayed. The prior fetched it; and they carrying it forward into the abbey church, the prior and convent with all the choir following, it was set in the choir, and solemn service said before it, and the *Te Deum* solemnly sung and played in the organs, every man praising God. And all the banners of the trades followed the shrine into the church, going round St. Cuthbert's feretory with their torches lighted and burning all the service time. Thence it was conducted with the said procession of the town to its place again."

The ancient and historic city of York was famous for its devotion on the feast with which we are at present concerned. The Corpus Christi Guild there was exceedingly popular; and persons of the highest rank, both ecclesiastical and secular, were enrolled amongst its members, whose office, it would seem, was, on this great festival, to take part in, arrange, and watch over the religious ceremonial outside the church.

The York procession differed but little from the one just described. In the streets through which the Blessed Sacrament passed, the populace gathered in immense crowds; the fronts of the houses were

decorated with tapestry and other hangings, and their entrances strewed with rushes and flowers. All persons who were to join in the procession assembled at the great gates of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, in Micklegate. The parochial clergy, of the city, in their surplices, walked first; then the master of the guild, vested in a richly embroidered silk cope. He was supported on either side by one of the clergy who had previously filled the same office; and was attended by the six keepers of the guild, with silk stoles round their necks and white wands in their hands.

Needless to state, the shrine, or feretory, was as costly as piety and generosity could make it. Of silver gilt, encrusted with quantities of precious gems, it enclosed a vase of beryl, in which the Sacred Host was deposited. This shrine "was borne in the midst by the chaplains of the guild," and was probably carried on a table (*mensa*), such as that of which we read in the inventory of the ornaments given by Bishop Gavin Dunbar to the high altar of Aberdeen Cathedral, and which is thus described: "A table for carrying the venerable Sacrament, with antependia, decorated with letters of gold, and embroidered as befits the house of God."

Again, in the inventory of Henry VIII.'s plunder at Lincoln in 1536, we find another example of both shrine and table: "One great feretrum, silver and gilt, with one cross aisle, and one steeple in the middle, and one cross in the top with twenty pinnacles, and an image of Our Lady in one end and an image of St. Hugh in the other end, having in length half a yard and an inch; and it is set in a table of wood, and a thing in the middle to put in the Sacrament when it is borne, weighing 341 oz., of the gift of John Welborne."*

It is worthy of note that the word "monstral," "monstrant," "monstre," and "monstrans" (Latin, *monstrantia*), was used, authorities tell us, "both for reliquaries in which relics were exposed

for veneration on certain days, and for the shrine in which the Blessed Sacrament was carried on days of procession." This statement is confirmed by an entry in the list of the plate belonging to Worcester Priory at the time of the confiscation in 1540, where mention is made of "one monstrans of silver gilt, weighing 117 oz., . . . and one monstrans of silver gilt with the brains of St. Thomas of Canterbury." The word "demonstration" was also used in England, as we see from an indenture of 1447, among the archives of Bridgewater, Somerset. In this interesting document we read of "one demonstration of silver gilt for the Sacrament," besides "cups of silver" for the same sacred purpose.

In the inventory of the church of Crediton, in 1524, we find "a monstrate, silver, whole gilt, with a berill in the midst and a crucifix in the top." Again, a most curious and splendid "monstre" was in the possession of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. This remarkable shrine went by the name of the Gripes Eye (sometimes written Grypshey), and consisted of an *ostrich's egg richly set*. Records of the same college show that a pious burgess of Cambridge, Henry de Tangmer had presented the Guild of Corpus Christi with a cup which bore the same name; and, later on, this was replaced by a larger one, weighing seventy-eight and a half ounces, also called the monstre, and given by Sir John Cambridge.

In Scotland, the monstrans was not unfrequently referred to as a "Eucharist." For example, we read in the life of Abbot Thomas Crystall that "he brought to Kinloss a silver shrine, commonly called a Eucharist, half a cubit high and exquisitely made." In the Cathedral of Aberdeen, in a register dated 1436, there is a description of a silver gilt Eucharist to be carried in "the solemnities of the year." Feasts, it will be remembered, were often spoken of as solemnities. This shrine, which was "shaped like a castle, and had a berill for receiving the Blessed

* Dugdale, viii, 1279.

Sacrament," was the gift of Bishop Henry of Lictoun. On the top was an image of Our Lady of Pity, presented by Sir John Forstar. It is interesting to find that Edward, Lord Despencer, by his will dated 1375, bequeathed, amongst other things, to the Abbey of Tewkesbury, "a vessel wherein to put the Body of Christ on Corpus Christi Day."

Before leaving the subject, it may be remarked that the Blessed Sacrament was carried, during these solemn processions, under a canopy to which ancient registers and mediæval testamentary documents make frequent reference. For instance, in the year 1499, in the churchwarden's accounts belonging to St. Mary's church, Devizes, the sum of sixpence (about six shillings modern value) is put down for repairing, or, as the register has it, for "making up the canopy on Corpus Christi Day." Again, in the very curious and interesting will of Nicolas Hooker, rector of St. Pancras, Winchester, and of Twyford, and a fellow of Winchester College, who died in January, 1546, the following bequest is made: "I give the tester of my bed and the head sheet to the church of Twyford,—the tester to be borne over the Blessed Sacrament upon Corpus Christi Day, and the head sheet of silk to make an altar-cloth."

But to return to the York procession, which, as regards music, crosses, tapers, banners, torches, and general splendor, made it one of the most noted in the land. After the ecclesiastics came the mayor, aldermen, and other members of the corporation, in their robes of state, and other persons, each bearing a lighted torch. These were followed by the officers and members of the numerous guilds of the city, with their torches and banners, all taking their places according to a prescribed order of precedence. From the priory gates, the procession wended its way to the cathedral, where a sermon was preached in the chapter-house; and then, starting once more in solemn order, the whole vast concourse proceeded "to

the Hospital of St. Leonard, where the Holy Sacrament was left."

Under these circumstances, when the Great Apostasy brought about the suppression of all such religious observances, we are not surprised to learn that "it was unquestionably with the utmost reluctance, and after a protracted struggle, that the citizens of York were ultimately constrained to relinquish their celebration of the Corpus Christi festival"; nor that "a degree of coercion was sometimes necessary to induce these same good citizens to take their allotted part in the diversion of bear-baiting," which cruel sport was substituted for the public Presence amongst His children of the God who has deigned to remain with us all days in the Adorable Sacrament.

It must never be forgotten that not alone in large towns and cathedral cities were the Corpus Christi processions held, but there was probably no village or rural church in England, however remote, which did not carry out the same ceremonial with a lesser amount of splendor; and if, as a result of the gathering together of large numbers of people, disorders occasionally arose, every fair-minded student of history must admit that stranger and less innocent diversions have, in later times, replaced the pageants or mystery plays which in many places followed the processions, and which, though good and praiseworthy in themselves, were sometimes deplored by zealous preachers and writers of that age.

This brief review of some aspects of a great feast may not inappropriately be concluded by the words of a fourteenth-century author, who charmingly says: "Good men, know well that this is a high feast-day and a solemn in all Holy Church, and is called the feast of Corpus Christi,—i. e., the feast of Christ's Body, the which is each day offered on the altar to the high Father of heaven in remission of sin to all that live here in perfect charity, and in great succour and release of their pain to all that be in purgatory."

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIII.



WHEN Madeleine, quite incidentally, told Raynor of the arrival at Fairhaven of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, she found it unnecessary to enter into details with regard to who they were.

"He's the chap who kept telegraphing inquiries about my condition after the smash-up in France," Raynor said as soon as the name was mentioned. "I remember all about him. His solicitude puzzled us—Conyers and myself—tremendously, until I thought of you. 'He's doing it for my wife,' I said. For it's odd," he broke off, "but I didn't think of you even then except in that way. The other woman passed out of my life like a shadow, as such women do pass out of men's lives; but you remained, like a steady star that didn't change."

"You are growing poetical," Madeleine told him.

"Haven't any intention of the kind," he replied shortly. "I'm simply stating a fact. I knew—or at least I fancied I knew—that you were no longer my wife, but nevertheless I thought of you in that way. As soon as Conyers told me about the inquiries, and the 'answers paid' to be sent in reply, I felt sure that you were behind the matter. But, all the same, it was awfully decent of this Mr. Wynne to act for you; and I've always felt obliged to him and his wife, since it was through them we traced you."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind meeting them," Madeleine suggested. "I know that you don't care about seeing people generally—in fact, that you dislike it—"

"So much so that, as you know, I refuse absolutely to see or to be seen by them."

"But I really think that you would be

repaid if you made an exception in favor of these people," she went on, with all the eager desire in her heart finding expression, though she was not aware of it, in her face and voice. "I wouldn't ask you to consent to meet them if I were not sure that you would like them. They are charming in every respect: so simple, well-bred, and *kind*—well, what Mr. Wynne did for me in Paris, on his own initiative entirely, will tell you how kind they are."

"And, liking them so much, you want to see something of them while they are here," he said, looking at her keenly. "That's natural enough. I'm a selfish dog to keep you pinned to my side all the time, and forget that you need some change and diversion. Make what arrangements you like to be with your friends. You know Anderson can take care of me while you are absent."

"Do you think I would leave you to Anderson, good nurse as he is?" she asked. "You have mistaken me altogether. It was not because I wish to be with these good friends of mine that I suggested your seeing them, but because I truly believe that you would enjoy their society."

"That's nonsense!" he returned, with something of his old roughness of tone. "I couldn't enjoy the society of the most agreeable people on earth: they would only irritate me. Go and be with these friends of yours as much as you like, but don't try to drag me into seeing them."

"I had no intention of trying to drag you into doing anything unpleasant to you," Madeleine assured him earnestly. "I will not mention the matter again."

But on the next day Raynor mentioned it himself.

"Look here! This won't do!" he said abruptly, interrupting Madeleine while she was reading—something which rarely occurred. "You are not seeing anything of those friends of yours, after all."

"Oh, yes, I am!" she replied with a bright smile. "I went sailing with them

this morning. We started at daylight, and I wish I could tell you how marvelously beautiful it was to watch the glory of the sunrise far out at sea, the divine loveliness of the color which flushed the sky and all the outspread waters, until one felt as if one were in the heart of a rose. And when the sun sprang in dazzling majesty out of the ocean—there are no words to describe that miracle! Then the run in before the breeze was so delicious, so invigorating, that I could only wish, and wish again, that you were able to share the pleasure with me."

"Did you wish it?" he asked, watching her curiously. "I'd hardly believe it from anybody else, but one can't doubt *your* sincerity; and you are quite foolish enough to have spoiled your little bit of pleasure by remembering the existence of the selfish and churlish clog upon your life, who made it necessary for you to rise at daylight in order to enjoy that pleasure."

"You shall not speak so of yourself," Madeleine answered quickly. "You are neither selfish nor churlish. It was by my own choice that I got up at daylight; and one couldn't well see the sunrise out at sea without making that exertion, you know."

"Well, hardly." His lips twisted into a slight, unwilling smile. "But you can't deny that the hour for the sail was selected because it was the only time you were free from my demands."

"I should not call them your demands, but your needs, which I am vain enough to think that no one else can fill as well as I can," she replied; "and even if that was the reason for the selection of the time for the sail, we were well repaid, since no other hour could have been so beautiful."

"Nevertheless, there's no need to repeat the exertion. If you are determined that you will not see your friends at ordinary hours and times, why, then, I must make a sacrifice on my side—"

"No, no, I don't wish you to do that! There is no necessity."

"There *is* a necessity." She was familiar with the obstinate tone that came into his voice, the obstinate set of his mouth. "I'll not let my churlish selfishness—for that's what it is—stand between you and the only thing for which you've shown the least sign of desire since you bound yourself again in bondage to me. Ask Mr. and Mrs. Wynne to come here. I will receive them."

"Please don't urge me to do it!" Madeleine begged, with a look of the most genuine distress. "They understand perfectly. I have explained that you do not feel able to see any one—"

"I am thoroughly well able, so far as my wretched body is concerned,—you know that," he interrupted. "The dislike is wholly in my mind."

"Exactly, and therefore don't let us discuss the matter further. I am sorry that I ever spoke of it to you."

"There is no reason why you should be sorry. According to your theory and practice—for you are one person whose theory and practice absolutely agree,—there's something to be gained by occasionally sacrificing one's own inclination for the sake, or for the benefit, of somebody else. It's not a practice to which I have been at all accustomed up to this time; but I suppose it is never too late to begin."

"You mustn't begin—you really *mustn't*—by doing a thing so disagreeable to yourself on my account."

"On whose account would you have me do it? Do I owe anything to any other soul on the face of God's earth? And do you want all the sacrificing to be on your side? I call that damned selfishness! Don't say another word, but go yonder" (he pointed to her open desk) "and write a note, asking those people to come and see us. Perhaps we might have them to dinner this evening."

"I'm afraid you are not strong enough for that."

"Oh, I am strong enough! The infernal pain is not so bad as usual to-day. And



if they play cards, we might have a game of bridge after dinner. I think I'd rather like that. We haven't had any bridge since Conyers was with us last. Do they play?"

"I fancy there's no doubt of it. Mrs. Wynne told me that her husband plays every game of cards that ever was invented, and that he is so devoted to cribbage that they carry a cribbage board with them on all their journeys."

"Oh, by Jove!" Mr. Raynor's face assumed an expression of distinct pleasure. "If he's that kind of person, virtue may possibly be its own reward. I'll try a game of cribbage with him to-morrow, but say bridge for to-night."

Madeleine said bridge; and, the reply being satisfactory, and the result still more so, virtue did indeed seem in a fair way to become its own reward. For, strangely enough, Raynor liked the Wynnes at once, and found himself not only able to tolerate their society but even to enjoy it, especially that of Mr. Wynne. As the stay of the visitors was prolonged—they had come to Fairhaven expecting to remain only a few days, but ended by remaining several weeks,—the two men developed a liking for each other which no doubt surprised both. They spent hours together in contented comradeship, thus leaving Madeleine free to enjoy the companionship of Mrs. Wynne. It appeared to the former an almost incredible good fortune to have this unrestrained intercourse with the friend who, of all people on earth, understood her best, and with whom sympathy was deepest and most perfect; and she expressed her gratitude with touching fervor.

"It seems almost too good to be true, that I am able to have the happiness of being with you in this manner, without any reproach of conscience for duty neglected," she said. "For the present at least, I think George really prefers Mr. Wynne's society to mine, and it is the greatest pleasure to see them together."

Mrs. Wynne smiled as she glanced toward the end of the veranda where the two figures were seated, between them a small table bearing a cribbage board, and certain tall glasses, in which the straws indicated liquid refreshment.

"They do get on wonderfully well, considering how different they are in character, and how different their lives have been," she observed. "Of course compassion was the first thing which drew Richard to Mr. Raynor, but now he really likes him. 'It's a pity that young man was spoiled in the making,' he said the other day, — 'spoiled by too much prosperity, and by the utter lack of any influence to stiffen him against the overwhelming temptations which beset those who inherit wealth, without any sense of responsibility.' Then he added: 'He's been uncommonly lucky in this misfortune which has befallen him.'"

"Meaning by that—?"

"Meaning, as he proceeded to explain, that God has taken a great deal of trouble with him in breaking him to pieces in every sense, as He has done,—all of which implied that there was good in him that could be brought out only by such treatment."

"It is being brought out, slowly but most wonderfully," Madeleine said. "I can give you no idea how much he has changed within the last year. At first he was so wildly impatient, so bitterly rebellious, so filled with rage, the more fierce for being impotent, that life with him would have been almost unbearable, if the pity he inspired had not been so great; and, with the pity, the passionate desire to help such desperate need. But it was as I told you the other day. Bound on the wheel by suffering,—the Hand which does the potter's work upon us has never ceased to shape and mould him into new form. It is marvellous to watch such a process going on before one's eyes,—such a transformation wrought by divine grace in a human soul. For it is impossible to doubt that it has been wrought by divine

grace; there is nothing else powerful enough to work such a miracle."

"O ye of little faith!" Mrs. Wynne murmured, as she sat gazing at the face before her. "How often we deserve that reproach! And I have never deserved it more than in this matter. I could not be reconciled to the step you took in Paris, and I have never been reconciled to it until now. But now I see that this is the end for which you were in training all the time; and it is awful to think how easily you might have frustrated the designs of God for you—and for him."

"Very easily," Madeleine assented. "That is the deep and terrible mystery of free-will, that we can frustrate the designs of God. I could have refused what was asked of me; I was assured again and again, by those who had the right to assure, that I was free to refuse; but what a tragedy of the soul it would have been had I done so!" She paused, and looked out through the vine-hung arch of the veranda to the wide, shimmering expanse of sea, across which at this moment a stately ship passed, forming a perfect picture, before she added meditatively: "I have shuddered sometimes in thinking how near I seemed to come to refusing; yet I do not believe that I was ever really near it at all; and, so far as I can judge, I obtained the strength to do what was required of me through having made the other renunciation, which was also demanded. Are we not told that we gain strength in conflict,—the power to make sacrifices by making them? And since it is written of Our Lord Himself that He 'learned obedience by the things which He suffered,' it seems quite clear that there is no other way for us to learn this obedience than by the things we suffer."

"Those are happy who learn it as you have done," Mrs. Wynne said. "But that poor soul yonder! How far has the process gone with him?"

"I don't know," Madeleine answered simply. "I have always felt that there

is something sacred about the privacy of the soul, and therefore I have asked no questions. Now and then I have ventured to talk to him of matters of faith, always taking care not to fall into preaching; and he has generally listened with more interest than I could have expected, knowing as I do how remote from his interest such subjects have always been. For the rest, I think God is teaching him by the things he is suffering, and in that teaching I have no need to interfere." Again she paused for a moment, and then added softly: "Mr. Wynne is right: he has indeed been broken to pieces, in the inner as in the outer man, since only by such means could anything good in him have been brought forth.

How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from sin?

How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?"

Mrs. Wynne caught her breath, with what the French call a *serrement du cœur*; for it was not only the pathos of the voice repeating these lines—which are among the most poignantly pathetic ever written—that touched her deeply; she seemed at this moment to have a glimpse into the far-reaching purposes of God in His dealings with the souls He has created. A sudden conviction was borne to her that here, in silence and pain, in suffering of body and anguish of mind, had been enacted, and was still enacting, one of the spiritual dramas which the angels themselves must regard with awe. Here were two souls, brought together in the mystical bond which is formed "for better, for worse," acting and reacting on each other; led by strange paths and unknown ways toward the goal appointed for each, and which each would undoubtedly have missed had he or she followed different paths. On one side the following had been an act of choice; on the other, compulsion of a kind had been exerted, yet compulsion which left a final liberty of choice. It was all very marvellous, and most marvellous perhaps was the realiza-

tion which came to her of the nature and extent of the result flowing from Madeleine's decision when she took up the burden of the tortured body and despairing soul of the man who had forfeited all claim to such care from her. A part of this result was clearly perceptible in the change so wonderfully wrought in him; but something told Mrs. Wynne that what was to be seen was only the smaller part of the result. The greater part, she knew instinctively, was visible to the eye of God alone; and it was not confined to the soul of George Raynor. Other souls shared in it (she thought of her own son); and she had, above all, an assurance that the greatest result was to be found in the soul of Madeleine herself. She caught her breath again.

"I wonder—" she said, and then paused.

Madeleine glanced at her inquiringly.

"What do you wonder?" she asked.

"I wonder how it will all end for you?"

Mrs. Wynne replied, speaking her thought aloud.

The other made a slight gesture of indifference.

"That is a question I never ask," she said. "It does not seem to matter at all. The end, whatever it may be, is safe with Him who makes no mistakes. If we are quite sure we are doing His will, that we are in the place where He desires us to be, we need take no thought beyond the work of the day. That work satisfies me entirely."

And so sincere was the accent of these words, so final, as it were, the tone with which they were uttered, that Mrs. Wynne, even had she desired to do so, could not have pressed inquiry or conjecture further.

It was not very long after this conversation that the stay of the Wynnes at Fairhaven finally drew to an end; and Madeleine, saying good-bye to these friends whose visit had been so great a pleasure to her, saw them go back to their happy, useful life in a world from which she was utterly cut off. It would

have been no more than natural if she had missed them intensely, and felt that sense of flatness and emptiness which often follows the withdrawal of a companionship in which mind and heart have alike taken delight. But, as a matter of fact, she was not conscious of this—which rather surprised her, and might have told her, in Mrs. Wynne's phrase, how far she had gone on a difficult road. It was Raynor who presently remarked, after he had watched her keenly for signs of sadness and failed to find them:

"One might almost think that you didn't miss your friends at all."

"Yes, I miss them," she answered frankly, "but not in any painful degree. To have seen them so freely was a great happiness,—a happiness which I owe to you. But, now that they are gone, I am glad to take up the usual routine of our life—only I am afraid that you will miss Mr. Wynne."

"I miss nobody when I have you," he said, with the abruptness which with him always characterized any utterance of this kind. "Mr. Wynne served as a tolerable substitute for you; and I was glad of that, since it set your mind at rest about me, and enabled you to enjoy the society of his wife. But you are the only person who never wearies me."

"Did he weary you? I thought you liked him."

"I do like him; I couldn't have imagined that I would ever like a man of his kind so much. My associates have always been of a very different order, you know." He mused a little. "It's odd," he said then, "but there is a quality in him that seemed to appeal to something in me of which I hadn't before suspected the existence. I don't know how to describe it—I'm not much at psychological analysis,—but it was as if there were capabilities in my nature which had never stirred until they lifted up their heads when this man talked of the ends and aims of his life,—of his existence so full of worthy achievement, of clean,

honest work, and the satisfaction it brought. As I listened to him — and he wasn't drawing any moral, either, — I couldn't but think of the contrast with my life, and its ends and aims; and I had a sense of positive nausea in remembering how I had spent the years which are past. And the capabilities of which I've spoken rose up and looked at me like ghosts. 'You murdered us,' they seemed to say, 'when you made pleasure and self-gratification the only objects of your existence; and now it is too late to do anything.' I suppose" (he gave a short, forced laugh) "you'll think that I am a fool to talk like this, when it is all so useless now; but—it was rather ghastly. I had so clear a conviction that I, too, might have done things worth doing if my feet had been set in the right path at the beginning. Understand: I'm not blaming anybody but myself. Yet it is true that I had in me the making of a decent man; and I've been—well, you know what I've been."

"I know that what you have been is of small importance to what you may be," Madeleine answered gently. "Of course it is out of your power to change certain things. The consequences of our actions pass out of our hands, and flow on forever. But we can always change ourselves, and that is all that God asks of us. You haven't forgotten, I'm sure, the lovely story of the prodigal son? It is quite clear that Our Lord told that parable in order that no one might ever despair, no matter how far he had wandered, how low the depths into which he had fallen."

"I don't remember very much about the prodigal. He wasted his substance in riotous living, and came to feed with the swine, didn't he? God knows that is all true of me, — the riotous living and the feeding with swine. Suppose you read the story, and then I'll ask a question or two about what one who has fed on husks must do to find better food."

(To be continued.)

Before the Altar.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

BODY of Christ, of Mary formed,
Within her tender bosom warmed,
And nourished at her spotless breast,
Submissive to her least behest.

Body of Christ, so pure and white,
The sinner's hope, the saint's delight;
Behind the Tabernacle gates,
Our prayers and tears Thy love awaits.

Body of Christ, I worship Thee,
Once tortured, torn and slain for me!
Never a wound Thou didst not feel,
Never a wound Thou canst not heal.

An Ideal Bishop.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONTINUED.)



NE day, in order to confirm an old woman in danger of death, Bishop de Mazenod visited a narrow, dark, and slippery street in one of the old quarters of Marseilles,—a street inhabited only by beggars, the blind, the maimed, and the halt, all living on the charity of the passers-by. Great was the excitement when it was heard that the Bishop was coming. He was nearly eighty years of age, and many anxious hands were stretched out to make sure that he did not slip and fall. The people were at the doors to beg his blessing as he passed. The poor sick woman was overjoyed at what she considered the Bishop's great condescension. Happiest of all was the good Bishop himself. "This poor woman," he wrote in his journal, "did not know how happy I myself was in being thus able to approach the poorest of my children, and to fulfil the duties of my ministry for the benefit of those who are more interesting in my eyes than the richest and most powerful ones in the world." The functions which brought him into the

midst of his people always remained the supreme happiness of his life. He held it to be the first duty of a bishop to know the Church of which he is the pastor and the father; to know, if possible, the faces of his flock—his own sheep.

He would hasten to the jail whenever the chaplain informed him that one of the prisoners wished to be confirmed. Before his time, it was customary in that diocese to refuse the Viaticum to prisoners under sentence of death. This abuse, which, he contended, was contrary to theology and the dictates of charity, he removed, maintaining that a confessor who denied Holy Communion to a well-disposed person about to suffer capital punishment, would be guilty of mortal sin. In the course of his journal he wrote: "I was called to hear the confession of a man, eighty-six years of age, who would not have any one but myself." On one occasion it was a hardened Voltairean he had to attend. "The people about him told me," he relates, "that he would not accept the Sacraments from any one but myself. Be this as it may, the sick call was a great Godsend to me."

Another day he was called to attend a woman in the lowest depths of poverty, who was paralyzed and stone deaf, and had lost the Faith through the reading of bad books. "If there were a God," she often said, "He would send an angel to relieve me in my sufferings." God did send a visible angel in the person of the holy Mdle. Liautard, who afterward died in Rome in the odor of sanctity, after having offered up her own life for the prolongation of that of Pius IX. She begged Bishop de Mazenod to go and see her protégée. "Of course I am bound to go," he said; and he was there at the time appointed. The poor woman received him with a smile of pleasure, but she did not seem to give heed to the motives for repentance and confidence in God which he suggested. The Bishop, in alarm, then wrote down what he wanted to say. She read it all, but without seeming to be

moved. He still persevered—prayed over her, and laid his hands upon her head. Immediately grace touched her, and a marvellous change took place in her soul. She was seen for the first time to raise her eyes to Heaven and to join her hands in prayer.

An incident in his early experiences impressed upon him the vital importance of attending to sick calls promptly. A man had died without the Sacraments, because the priest, first called, sent the messenger to another priest who was on duty that week, and who, on account of the delay thus occasioned, failed to reach the dying man in time. Bishop de Mazenod ordered that the priest on duty for sick calls should spend the night in a room adjoining the sacristy. "We shed tears of grief," he wrote in issuing this order, "when the matter was brought to our knowledge. If the priest who was first called had hastened to the dying man's bedside, he would have been in time to reconcile him with his God; but, culpably overlooking his own duty of justice and of charity, he sent for the other priest, and meanwhile the sick man died without the Sacraments. Would to God that those who were sent wandering through the streets in search of a priest had come to us! We should have gone in all haste to rescue such a soul from out of the hands of the Evil One."

The record of his episcopal rule entitles him to a place beside those great prelates who stand out conspicuously as typical churchmen. If he was not a great historical figure, a great leader of thought in his generation, if he did not make his mark in literature, he did the essential work of the episcopal ministry with a thoroughness and devotedness, an unflagging zeal and spirit of sacrifice, which could hardly be surpassed. He was a churchman upon all occasions,—in the seminary, watching with fatherly solicitude over the intellectual* training and spiritual formation of young ecclesiastics; in the sanctuary, where he pontificated

with a reverence and dignified decorum that impressed and edified; in his missionary propaganda, his work of predilection; in his loving intercourse with his priests, never "lording it over the clergy"; in the ordering of his own household, from which, according to his auxiliary, Mgr. Jeancard, everything savoring of luxury or ease was rejected; in his intercourse with the laity, by whom he was beloved, and to whom he was accessible at all times; in his intercourse with those in high station, never displaying the weak-mindedness of the sycophant or tuft-hunter, being one of those who are never afraid or ashamed to speak the Church's counsels before kings and princes.

"The guiding principle in the life of Mgr. de Mazenod," said Mgr. Robert, his third successor in the See of Marseilles, "was love for the Church,—a love supernatural, profound, persevering, or rather ever-increasing with his years." "I entered the seminary," he tells us himself, "with a full determination to devote myself in the most absolute manner to the service of the Church." That was in 1808, when he saw it threatened with a most cruel persecution, it being thought that Napoleon was bent on establishing a schismatical Church in France. "I felt in myself the courage to surmount every obstacle and to face every danger. The idea that perhaps a great many would apostatize if the Emperor set up a Patriarch independent of the Holy See afflicted me beyond measure, and made me long to devote myself in their stead, braving the tyrannical persecutor. I felt my own courage rising higher and higher as I thought of the weakness which I feared some would show."

The same love of the Church which attracted him to the priesthood made him, later on, the missionary of the poor and of the most forsaken souls. He first thought of being simply a home missionary, confining himself to the evangelization of his own Provençal neighbors. But, at the Pope's bidding, he enlarged

the sphere of his labors, and his spiritual children were sent abroad into England, Ireland, Scotland, Asia, Africa, and America, until at length it has been so widened that an Oblate missionary bishop* has actually episcopal jurisdiction over the North Pole!

Writing to Montalembert in reference to the defection of Lamennais, for whose conversion he always kept hoping, regretting that he had not gone with him to Rome, when things might not have ended as they did, he said: "I make the authority of the Head of the Church my own rule, and that of my spiritual children, quite apart from any question of a doctrinal decision *ex cathedrâ*. Possibly I may be thought too Catholic, as times go; but I do not mind." Although Lamennais had been his friend, and he warmly recommended him to Cardinal Pacca, once the Abbé showed himself disloyal toward the Holy See the saintly Bishop broke with him.

He took up the same attitude toward the famous Italian preacher, Padre Ventura, when the latter openly sided with the Revolutionists in 1848. On two separate occasions, when a son of King Louis Philippe was passing through Marseilles, he publicly protested against the violation of the law of abstinence at official dinners. During the last years of his life, when, as a member of the Imperial Senate, he had to be in Paris during Lent, he renewed the same protests, and publicly censured the great men of the day for their contempt of the laws of the Church. He was grieved and scandalized when Louis Philippe's eldest son, the Duc d'Orléans (father of the Comte de Paris), married a Protestant princess.

Bishop de Mazenod was strong on ecclesiastical discipline. Napoleon I., wishing to appoint some bishops in France without the Pope's previous approbation, got certain cathedral chapters to confer the powers of a Vicar Capitular on a bishop when a vacancy occurred. Mgr. Jauffret,

* Bishop Mackenzie, River District.

Bishop of Metz, was thus placed at the head of the archdiocese of Aix. At a dinner, a certain canon addressed him as "My Lord Archbishop." De Mazenod, then a simple abbé, was on his feet in an instant. "My lord," he said, "I must protest against that title, as I am sure your lordship also protests. If it were not so, I should have to retire; for I have no mind to join in anything schismatical." He had early taken his stand on the same ground; for he would not accept ordination at the hands of Cardinal Maury, whose position in regard to the Sovereign Pontiff was not correct.

The baptism of the Prince Imperial gave occasion for another instance of the Bishop's strict views in matters of ecclesiastical law. The Bishop of Amiens, nominated by the Government for the Archbishopric of Auch, was assigned by the master of ceremonies to a place among the archbishops. The Bishop of Marseilles, as the senior of the French bishops, publicly protested, as "no one is archbishop until preconized by the Head of the Church"; declaring that there had been "a breach of the canons." The question was delated to Rome, which decided in favor of the Bishop of Marseilles. He was equally punctilious in regard to the rubrics and liturgy, following in all things the usages of the Roman Church, so that Cardinal Barnabo called him "the most Roman of all the French bishops." He was as strong on the Roman liturgy as Dom Guéranger; he thought, however, the learned Benedictine was over-zealous and pushed things to extremes, discerning a note of exaggeration in some of his censures.

His attachment to the Holy See, and his reverence, blended with affection, for the person of the Supreme Pontiff, sprang from his vivid faith. He was united in a special manner by ties of gratitude to Leo XII., the Pontiff who set the seal of the Church's approbation on the new religious Congregation of the Oblates. He wept when he heard of the death of

Gregory XVI., and was the first of the French bishops to hail the accession of Pius IX. With Bishop de Mazenod, to touch the Roman Pontiff was to touch the apple of his eye. "His honor," he wrote, "which is that of the Church, is dearer to me than life; hence I suffer so much when it is sought to turn public opinion against him." He made it a rule for all the members of his Congregation to declare on all occasions their belief in the infallibility of the Pope, and to show themselves resolutely Ultramontane, where Gallicanism was so common. He was always strongly opposed to the school that clung obstinately to the famous Articles of 1682. All the Vicars Apostolic of his Congregation voted with the majority of the Vatican Council. The Constitutions of his Institute put profession of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff in the first place.

His own devotion to the Holy See was subjected to a severe test when, in 1831, Pope Gregory XVI., in the interests of the See of Marseilles, whose suppression had been voted by the municipal council, summoned him to Rome to prepare for consecration as Bishop, to enable him to administer the diocese as Vicar Capitular, in the event of his uncle's death. The French Government, invoking the Organic Articles, declared him incapable of fulfilling any ecclesiastical function in France, and stopped his allowance from the Treasury. Not since the time of Bonaparte, he declared, had such an attempt been made on the Church's spiritual independence. He first determined to appeal to the civil courts; but, in compliance with the wishes of the Holy Father, refrained, leaving everything in the hands of his Holiness. In a few weeks his name was struck off the voters' list on the ground that he was a foreigner.* Once more he resolved to appeal to the civil law. On the eve of the trial he was

* As titular Bishop of Icosium, North Africa, and Visitor Apostolic of Tunis, not then under French authority.

ordered from Rome to lay down his arms. He obeyed, although it cost him a great deal.

Wounded in his honor as a man and a bishop, observes his biographer; silenced while all his calumniators spoke aloud; obliged to give up the government and defence of his Congregation, whose very existence was at stake, he was in the throes of a downright agony. Nevertheless, he wrote: "Heavy as my cross is, bitter as is the cup of my affliction, my respect and attachment for the person of the Holy Father and for the Apostolic See remain ever the same." The imbroglio was occasioned by an undersecretary misinterpreting the Pope's words.

When the Revolution in 1848 obliged Pius IX. to quit Rome, it was first thought he would take refuge in France; and Mgr. de Mazenod placed at his disposal the episcopal palace, himself and all that belonged to him. While that persecuted Pontiff was at Gaeta, Louis Philippe wanted the Bishop of Marseilles to visit his Holiness and induce him to come to France; and, later, Cardinal Guiraud wished him to accompany him on a mission to the exiled Pope. Again, when Pius IX. appealed to the world for funds to support the Pontifical troops, he subscribed largely, and invited his flock to follow his example. He wrote twice to the Emperor Napoleon, who did not foresee that his sinister connivance with Sardinia in the destruction of the Temporal Power would entail his own ultimate downfall,—a retributive justice like his uncle's retreat from Moscow after insulting and flouting Pius VII. Mgr. de Mazenod's first letter was answered evasively; the second remained unanswered. It was the intention of Pius IX. to have called him to the Sacred College. He valued honors from the Holy See for the sake of him whose hand bestowed them, and used to say: "I attach infinite importance to whatever brings me nearer to the Holy Father."

Mgr. de Mazenod's labors in Marseilles

were reconstructive. "When the Concordat made it possible for the Church of France to rise again," says Father Baffie, "the work of preceding centuries was found to have almost entirely disappeared. The material edifices for the most part remained. Everything else had been swept away. The First Consul gave back to the Church her liberty, but not her riches nor her privileges, still less the Faith of former ages, which had been weakened by twelve years of atheism. The bishops, who had 'made France as the bees make their hive,' had to begin all over again. But the new diocesan divisions were so unwieldly as to place great obstacles in the way of this work of social and religious regeneration. In Provence, for example, the new Diocese of Aix included not only the old diocese, but three or four others, and in particular that of Marseilles. The difficulty of visiting so vast a territory, the smallness of the episcopal means, and, above all, the poverty of the priests, paralyzed the best efforts. Hence when, in 1823, Mgr. Fortuné de Mazenod, accompanied by his nephew, Father de Mazenod, superior of the Missionaries of Provence, took possession of the restored See of Marseilles, very little had yet been done to build up 'the walls of Jerusalem,' laid low by the Revolution."

"It may be said with truth," writes Canon Timon-David, "that Bishop Eugene de Mazenod made all things new; and that when he was snatched from us prematurely in a ripe old age, his thirty-seven years of episcopal rule had recreated the works of fifteen centuries." The Archbishop of Aix, preaching his panegyric, remarked: "Great like the destinies of Marseilles itself, he multiplied your parishes even as your harbors have multiplied your vessels; he created refuges for every kind of human misery, just as your rich commerce has made openings for every sort of industry. Mgr. de Mazenod has given to the Church in this diocese a splendor never equalled in past ages."

It is to him Marseilles owes its beautiful cathedral,—considered the grandest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in all Provence. At its opening on November 21, 1893, Mgr. Robert spoke of it as "beyond all question the most beautiful religious edifice erected in France" in the nineteenth century. It took him fifteen years of laborious efforts, of humiliating negotiations and refusals, before he prevailed upon the Government to undertake this great work.

He was wedded to Marseilles. Nothing could induce him to separate himself from it. When he was still simply Father de Mazenod, he refused the bishoprics of Gap, Châlons-sur-Marne, and Metz; and the proposal, backed by Leo XII., to take up in Rome a post which would in a short time have led to the dignity of Cardinal; and when he was assistant prelate to his uncle, he declined Louis Philippe's offer of the Archbishopric of Bordeaux.

If he had only fallen in with the views of his many powerful friends, he would have died Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. When he was told by Mgr. Parisi that they had both been proposed for the cardinalate, which the former refused, Bishop de Mazenod wrote: "I must, therefore, take care to escape the honor, which would take me away from this place where there still remains so much good for me to do in a life of happy, zealous toil." Yet this place was, to use his own words, "a sink of iniquity." When the French Government was thinking of him as successor to Mgr. de Quelen, and when from day to day his nomination seemed more and more probable, he wrote to one who was congratulating him: "If you have any friendship for me, retract what you say; wish me rather dead than Archbishop of Paris."

(To be continued.)

When Brian Went Home.

BY PATRICIA MANLEY.

EVERY man in Golden Gulch felt a personal interest in Brian Kennedy's romance, and the little cabin which he was preparing to receive his bride was the centre of attraction in the camp. Scant attention was paid to the announcement of a rich "strike" in the vicinity; but every miner's heart beat faster beneath his red shirt at the tidings that Ben Schmidt, the one-time cabinetmaker, had completed a real rocking-chair for the little home. It was a crude affair, fashioned from rough materials with the aid of rougher tools; but it was the first they had seen since leaving the East on the long, perilous journey across the sun-baked plains and deserts in prairie schooners, or around the Horn in antiquated sailing vessels. A rocking-chair suggested the presence of a woman, and as yet no woman's foot had trod the straggling street of Golden Gulch.

Brian's comrades knew how poverty had forced him to leave the Green Isle and seek in a strange land the home and fortune which would enable him to claim the girl he loved. They knew, too, how Mona's father had appealed to his chivalry, begging him to spare her the pangs of poverty, and to send for her only when he could provide suitably for her; how that father had promised she should go with his blessing if at the end of three years Brian could comply with the conditions. And now the day was fast approaching when that promise should be fulfilled.

Within those three years Brian had prospered beyond his wildest dream. He arrived in New York, penniless, to find the city mad with excitement over the discovery of gold in California. Taking passage on a sailing vessel bound for that Mecca of fortune-seekers, he worked as a

THERE is in man a higher aim than love of happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

deck hand to defray his expenses; and, after a long and eventful voyage, sailed in through the Golden Gate and landed in the little Spanish settlement of Yerba Buena. Here he cast his lot with a party of prospectors who had decided to penetrate the unexplored fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

After months of tramping and fruitless prospecting, they found themselves, foot-sore and weary, in a green cañon between two pine-clad hills; and here on the banks of a little stream they found the precious metal in abundance. Each staked his claim and began mining; but Brian, enchanted by the view, located near a crystal spring that welled up on the hillside a short distance above the camp. The location was fortunate from a practical as well as an artistic standpoint; and Brian's store of gold was as large as that of his comrades, despite the inroads made upon it by the building of the cabin, whose glass windows and board floors cost a small fortune.

His companions assisted in clearing and levelling the site for the new home, but to Brian the task of erecting the little structure was sacred. Love lent cunning to his unskilled hands, and the completed building wore a homelike air that others strove in vain to imitate. Each of the "boys" produced his rarest treasures for its adornment. Crude they were, to be sure; for even in Yerba Buena one paid fabulous prices for the veriest necessities of life; and in Golden Gulch one must add the cost of freighting on the stages, which were the only medium of communication with the outer world.

Never were wedding gifts more bizarre and startling than those which graced Brian's home. There were bright tin cooking utensils, patchwork comforters, made by some dear old mother; tobacco pouches, demijohns and pocket flasks, whose uses were problematic; fishing tackle, skins of deer, bear and buffalo—trophies of the journey over plains and mountains; guide-books and garden seeds.

All these and many more the list included; but the proprietor of the little store out-distanced all competitors by contributing a white counterpane, a linen tablecloth, and a dozen gaily fringed and bordered napkins,—the only ones in the camp.

Finally, all was in readiness, and the boys came daily to view and review the work of their hands,—to assure themselves that they had left undone nothing that might add to the comfort of the expected occupant. One of the Padres from Yerba Buena had arrived in the camp to give a mission, and now stood ready to perform the sacred ceremony which should crown Brian's years of work and waiting.

At last the time had come for Mona's arrival. Near Brian's heart nestled her last letter, written several weeks before her departure from Ireland. Over and over he read her assurance: "God willing, I'll be with you on the fifteenth of April, three years from our parting, just as I promised." Again and again he had estimated the time required for the journey; and, even after making due allowance for the uncertainty and delay which handicapped the traveller in those days, she had ample time in which to reach Golden Gulch on the appointed date. A week ago she should have reached Yerba Buena, and to-day she should be with him.

He pictured her as he had seen her last, in her little blue frock, the setting sun making a golden glory of her curls, her blue eyes wet with tears, her sweet lips trembling as she sobbed: "Brian avic, the way is hard that you're going; the road is long, and who knows if we'll ever meet again?" And he had whispered tenderly: "If not here, then hereafter, mavourneen! And, Mona, come what will, in life or in death I'll be true to you." Then he had pressed her dainty little hand to his lips, and passed down the borean between the budding hawthorne hedges. Once he paused and looked back: she stood where he had left her, motionless and alone. The sun had set, and a purple mist half veiled the dark mountain behind

her; a bird trilled out a sleepy note, and then was silent; the air was fragrant with the scent of early flowers and the turf smoke from happy hearthstones. But Brian's heart was wrung with anguish as he left all that life held dear for him and passed into exile.

Now, however, he felt sure that exile would be ended; for though he loved Erin with an Irishman's passionate love, he could be supremely happy in the land of the stranger with Mona beside him. As he passed down the winding trail, he turned to take a last look at the home which he had prepared for her. Long-needed pines arched above it, singing tenderly to the passing breeze; wild flowers were everywhere; and near the broad porch where her little chair sat waiting to welcome her, blue violets were spilling their fragrance. Brian's eyes were smiling as he strode down the path singing softly:

"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow
I see,

Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me.
In exile, thy bosom shall still be my home;
And thine eyes make my climate wherever I
roam."

Down in the camp all was excitement; the miners had donned their gala attire for the joyous occasion, and a huge pile of wood but awaited the touch of a match to flare up into a glorious bonfire. As the stage swung into sight, the entire population of the camp emitted a series of rousing cheers, which presently died into silence when a nearer view revealed the fact that the driver was its only occupant. Brian's face turned white and the happy light faded from his eyes. Father Francis laid a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

"Go home, son," he whispered; "and I'll inquire at the post office. Perhaps there is a letter of explanation."

Mechanically Brian obeyed, stumbling blindly up the path with an awful foreboding clutching at his heart. The pines were moaning in the wind; the scent of the flowers smote him with a sudden faintness; a bat wheeled past him, and from out the twilight came the cry of a night

bird. The windows of the little home stared blankly out, like eyes from which the light of life had faded. Brian sank down on the step and buried his face in the cushions of Mona's rocking-chair. Here he fought his battle and here he conquered, resigning himself to the divine will.

He had no need of the black-bordered letter which Father Francis placed in his hand to tell him that the girleen's words had been prophetic,—that he had indeed beheld her for the last time on earth. Bravely he took up the burden of life, though all its light seemed quenched by the loss of the one he loved so tenderly. The companions who had shared in Brian's joy now sympathized in his sorrow. Every man of them cherished a sincere affection for the handsome, broad-shouldered young fellow, who had a cheery word and a helping hand for all in affliction.

Brian continued to occupy the home he had prepared for Mona; but his store of gold he gave to Father Francis, begging him to erect a church and remain in the camp. When the modest little temple crowned the knoll at the head of the narrow street, the gleam of its golden cross and the chime of its bell robbed the place of some of its loneliness; but a hunger was gnawing at Brian's heart,—a longing to see once more the green fields of his native land, and to live out his life near Mona's grave.

With this end in view, he worked, and saved—what was not given in charity—until at the end of five years he had accumulated a snug little fortune, and was negotiating for the sale of his claim, when a letter from his brother informed him that Mona's father had fallen in arrears with his rent and was to be evicted. Brian thought of the white-haired man turned adrift on the world, of strangers occupying Mona's room, of alien feet desecrating the threshold made sacred by her tread, and his heart rebelled. His comrades wondered why he had so suddenly abandoned the idea of going home,

but he vouchsafed no explanation. Mona's father could have enlightened them; but, unfortunately, they had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He could have told them of a check, bearing Brian's signature, which placed him beyond the reach of want in his declining years.

Brian made the sacrifice cheerfully, although every year that barred him from home seemed centuries long. Again he set to work digging for the yellow metal; but now upon every side he was besieged with appeals for aid,—from the sick and afflicted among his comrades; from those who wished to bring their families from the East or from more distant lands beyond the seas; from the widows and orphans of those who had dropped from the ranks ere their dreams of wealth were realized; from the flotsam and jetsam cast by the rising tide of humanity on this remote shore. No appeal was refused, though it cost Brian many a pang to defer again and again the home-going on which his heart was centred. He was growing old when at last he had collected a sum sufficient for the realization of his dreams.

Once again his hopes were dashed, this time by a letter from his nephew, the only son of his only brother. Save for a few details, he might have been reading the story of his own courtship. The same barrier of poverty stood between the boy and the girl he loved; the same conditions were stipulated by a fond father; and the only way out of the difficulty lay in exile and labor. Naturally, the boy turned to the land of golden opportunities, and his glowing imagination pictured a joyous home-coming after a year or two of adventure in the Far West. Brian read the letter asking for the boy's passage money, then he cast his eyes over the scarred and mutilated surface of the surrounding hills and valleys. The days of golden opportunities had passed: wealth alone begot wealth in these degenerate times. The surface of the earth had yielded its treasures, capital must now be

expended to reach the treasure that lay below. There was nothing here for the boy but to take his life in his hands daily, and toil down in the darkness for a mere pittance; to risk his health in its foul gases, his innocence in a moral atmosphere no less foul; to let his youth slip by, and to return—if indeed his life were spared—an old and saddened man.

Brian thought of his own romance and its sad ending, and he signed another check for his entire savings, and set to work once more on his well-nigh exhausted claim. The townspeople smiled, and the saying passed into currency anent the impossible "that will happen when Brian Kennedy goes home." For years he toiled, and one by one the old comrades dropped away,—some to take their long sleep beneath the pines on an adjacent hillside; some to far-off lands in quest of pleasure or profit; some to the homes from which they had journeyed forth in pursuit of the fickle goddess; and others to shape the destiny of the Queen City of the Pacific, San Francisco, in whose grandeur the little settlement of Yerba Buena was long since swallowed up and lost.

The old sailing vessels, too, were but a memory; and now through the Golden Gate swept the swiftest of modern steamers, laden with the commerce of nations. Even in Golden Gulch the march of civilization was apparent. The town was brilliantly lighted by incandescent lamps; the householder no longer laundered his soiled linen on the banks of the little stream, or carried therefrom his supply of water for domestic purposes: he now sent his clothing to the Golden Gulch Steam Laundry, and drew the water for his ablutions from shining taps in his own bathroom. The roar of monster mills drowned the music of Nature, as their giant maws devoured the rock brought up from the depths of the earth in great steel skips. On the corner of Main Street and Poker Alley a nickelodeon held forth. Poor indeed was the house that did not

possess a piano and a telephone; and the residents of Golden Gulch were proud and self-important, as becomes those who, having passed their youth in privation and obscurity, find themselves in possession of a few luxuries and a little fame.

Even those who never scanned its pages, felt it incumbent upon them to subscribe for a San Francisco daily paper, if only to remind an occasional visitor that daily trains made it possible to receive it on the day of its publication. Now and again one of the leading citizens of the Gulch whizzed by in an auto, that buzzed and honked and emitted blue smoke as it sped up the street, striking terror to the hearts of stray poultry and mongrel dogs. But all these things were an abomination in Brian's sight, as were the box-like houses, with gaily painted fronts and rough, unpainted backs, that were creeping up the hill toward his gate. Brian detested the empty sham of it all; and to him a smooth green lawn in the front yard of a home could never compensate for the garbage heap which graced the back.

As his neighbors became less congenial, his life grew more lonely, until it would have been well-nigh unbearable but for the companionship of Ned Weston, a quiet, steady lad who occupied a little cottage just at Brian's gate. It was to be the home of his future wife, for whom he was waiting and working and hoarding his hard-earned wages. All this he confided to Brian, who counselled him. "Marry her now, lad, and let her help you make the home; for while you're waiting life will be slipping through your fingers." Ned acted upon his advice; and it was a constant source of delight to the old man to see Miriam Weston flitting around the little home in her dainty blue frock, with the sun playing in her curls. Years of sorrow and disappointment had not curdled the milk of human kindness in his veins, and his greatest happiness was derived from witnessing the joy of this young husband

and wife in each other, and later in Ned Junior, whom Brian gravely assured the young mother was "the pride of the camp, ma'am." And when at last his golden hour had come — when he had sold his claim and counted over and over the ten thousand dollars which made possible the longed-for home-going, — his one regret was that he must leave these young friends, who had brightened his last years of exile.

"Going home!" he whispered to himself again and again as he tottered down the trail to his gate, and along the highway to the little chapel, where to-day he was to hear Mass for the last time ere his departure. It was the anniversary of Mona's death, and he had come to assist at the Great Sacrifice and to offer his Communion for her, as he had done on every anniversary throughout the long years since she was taken from him. To-morrow he was to leave the home that he had prepared for her, and it cost him many a pang to see it pass into the hands of strangers. But the lure of the Old Land was upon him, — the lure of its peaceful glens, its purple mountains, its silvery lakes and crystal rivers; its lark songs pouring down in a flood of melody from the azure heavens; its thatched cottages; its hawthorne hedges misty with fragrant blossoms. All these dear familiar things were clutching at his heartstrings with an insistence that would brook no denial.

And so he passed from the little chapel and down the street, with his head erect and the light of happiness agleam in his dim eyes. As he neared the Thistle Mine he perceived an excited group gathered at the mouth of the shaft. "It's Ned Weston," said one of the men in reply to his query. "He's been caved on, an' I reckon it's all up with him. His back's broke, Doc says. They're fixin' up a stretcher to take him home." Brian followed the melancholy procession as it emerged from the office of the mine and wound slowly up the hill; and his heart ached at the anguish in Miriam Weston's

face as she clasped the frightened baby to her breast and watched the miners bearing their silent burden through the gate. She cast herself down beside it, and besought Ned to look at her, to speak to her, but all in vain.

Even the doctor, accustomed as he was to such horrors, found it almost impossible to tell her that, in all probability, her husband would never recover consciousness. "If we had him in San Francisco, there would be a chance for his life," he added. "Dr. Moritz, the specialist on cerebro-spinal ailments, is there, and he could operate. As it is—" He broke off abruptly, and turned aside to escape the anguish in the young wife's eyes. "Why not have this Moritz here to operate?" asked Brian. "Phone him and see how much he wants for coming. We'll raise it somehow." Miriam cast a grateful look in his direction, and seemed to gather strength from his assurance.

Dr. Egan, hastening down the path to telephone the great specialist, met another Physician coming to the injured man,—the Great Physician who for centuries, in every age and every clime, has come to heal the wounded in body and soul; to restore them to health or sanctify and strengthen them for their last journey. His ministration ended, Father Devin joined the group which anxiously awaited tidings of Dr. Egan's mission. At length he reappeared, and told them dejectedly that Dr. Moritz would not come for less than ten thousand dollars. "He wanted fifteen, but I brought him down to ten. We can't raise it. The superintendent of the Thistle Mine told me that he could do nothing without the sanction of the stockholders. You know what that means: just a polite form of refusal."

Brian held a whispered consultation with Father Devin, and surreptitiously passed him a roll of banknotes to the amount of ten thousand dollars. "Are you sure you can afford to do this?" asked the priest, anxiously. "It is a great charity, but you are an old man now

and you should not neglect yourself."—"Sure, Father!" answered Brian. "I've all I'll ever need. Don't worry about me, but tell this Dr. Moritz to take a fast car and lose no time in getting here. And remember: not a word of this to any one but Egan! You'll have to tell him, I suppose, or he'd think you robbed the bank."

Penniless but happy, Brian lingered about until toward evening the motor car bearing the great specialist steamed up to the gate. After a careful examination, Dr. Moritz assured them that he had performed many similar operations and all had been successful.

Then the old man passed for the last time up the trail to the little house from which on the morrow he must go forth a homeless beggar. He sank into Mona's chair on the porch, and there in the gathering twilight he bade a last farewell to his dreams of home. In fancy, he stood once more on the highway where he had looked his last upon Mona. Purple shadows were beginning to gather on the dark mountain; a bird trilled out a sleepy note, and then was silent; the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers and the turf smoke from happy hearthstones. And there stood Mona in her little blue frock, the last rays of the setting sun making a golden glory of her curls, her hands outstretched, her sweet face radiant with the light of welcome. Brian sighed as he drew forth his old brown Rosary and said his Beads for her, as he had done every evening since he knew that she was lost to him. Through to the last *Gloria* he said them, and then his voice trailed into silence. Darkness descended; here and there in the town below, lights flashed out from the shadows; and still Brian sat with his Rosary clasped in his motionless fingers. The moon rose, flooding the world with glory, and touching to silver the white hair on his bowed head.

It was thus that Father Devin found him when he came to tell him that Ned Weston was safe. Brian heeded not the

gentle hand upon his shoulder, the voice that sought to arouse him. His exile was ended. He was no longer an outcast: he had gone to a home fairer than the land of his dreams. He was no longer penniless; for he found awaiting him the only wealth that could avail him there,—the wealth he had given away.

A Good Work Begun.

IN an open letter on the subject of immoral plays, addressed to the leading theatrical producers of the United States by the committee on public morals of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, we find this strong paragraph:

We are aware that many times the excuse is given: "The people want these plays; give the people what they want." We most earnestly protest against this allegation. There are thousands—nay, millions—of American people who are disgusted with these putrid exhibitions. We most emphatically assert that themes of divorce, adultery, seduction, double life, conjugal infidelity, free-love, and other worse performances exhibiting sexual perversity, are not what the decent people want. The decent people are not a negligible quantity, and the people's ideas and desires must not be measured by the sentiment of the vulgar crowd of debauchees.

This timely utterance has one deficiency: it seems to take for granted that unclean plays are both numerous and popular on the American stage. As a matter of fact, they are very few. They should be fewer, of course. No one wants them but the theatrical press agent. And the letter of the Federation will stiffen the backbone of the weaker managers, and diminish the influence of the press agent, not only by its expression of public opinion, but by its gentle hint that "the decent people are not a negligible quantity." It was not necessary to add that decent people often throw bricks at indecent managers, for the offending managers will read that into the more delicate statement. Now let the Federation follow up their strong letter by practical protest against the first indecent play, and the good work will be perfect.

Notes and Remarks.

THE annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, just issued by the general office of the Society in the United States, shows most gratifying results. So far as our country is concerned, this has been the banner year. The Archdiocese of New York won the enviable distinction of leading all the dioceses of the world in contributing the largest amount to the cause—namely, \$100,737.27. The dioceses with the next largest contributions are: Lyons, \$84,933.79; and Metz, \$41,329.44. Notwithstanding the trials that beset the Church in France, again that country alone gave nearly as much as the rest of the world to the Propagation of the Faith. Her contribution in 1910 amounted to \$608,256.19. The United States holds the second rank, with \$268,314.08,—an increase of \$47,676.30 over the receipts of 1909. We trust we shall live to see the day when the United States will rank among countries as New York among dioceses in respect to contributions for the glorious work of the Propagation of the Faith.

Though sympathizing with the relatives of Walsh and Morse (the convicted bankers serving sentences in prison) on account of their failure to secure pardon for these unfortunates, one can not but admire the stand of President Taft in the matter. He betrays no harshness in his refusal to grant the petitions made to him: he simply records his opinion that both men were justly convicted of crimes that must be recognized and dealt with as such. This is done in words that convey a much-needed lesson to the whole country; they will help a great many persons to readjust their notion of what is lawful in business. In reference to Walsh's case, the President said:

In the mad rush for wealth in the last few decades, the line between profit from legitimate business and improper gain from undue use of trust control over other people's property and

money has sometimes been dimmed; and the interest of society requires that, whenever opportunity offers, those charged with the enforcement of the law should emphasize the distinction between honest business and dishonest breaches of trust.

Notwithstanding the frequency with which we are called upon to note the remarkable growth of the Church in different portions of our country, there is an unfailing interest in additional records of such growth. Here is an instance which we cite from the *Providence Visitor*:

Eighty-five years ago there were but few Catholics in Rhode Island, and they had not the means to erect a church. The announcement that Mass would be said at the home of some friend was hailed as a blessing from heaven, and visits of missionary priests from Boston were among the brightest and pleasantest days in the lives of Catholics. In remembering these visits, they kept alive their religious faith until the missionary's return increased it still more. What a contrast with the situation to-day! Nowhere else in the American Republic is the Church stronger, better organized or more prosperous. The whole State is dotted with Catholic churches and schools and charitable institutions. Out of a total population of 542,000 people, 251,000 profess the Catholic Faith. Under the able and wise guidance of the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., the second Bishop of the Diocese of Providence, 198 priests labor for the salvation of souls in 92 churches, 41 chapels, and 15 stations.

Not the least gratifying feature of Catholicity in Rhode Island is that our laymen in that commonwealth apparently attend to their civic not less than to their religious duties. Catholics are well represented in municipal offices, and the highest official in the State is the Catholic Governor Pothier.

While the increase of immorality, in the specific sense of that term, among graduates of Godless schools in France would probably not cause the French governing classes any profound disquiet, the undeniable growth of business dishonesty among such graduates is apt to give them pause. Here is an interesting bit of testimony furnished by a correspondent of the *London Spectator*. This

writer, says the *Catholic Times*, "has been making an inquiry as to the effect of educational legislation on the personal and commercial integrity of the French. A French firm has replied that the want of religious education greatly affects the morality of those educated in the Government schools; and that French youth are now too deeply imbued with bad principles, by masters who have no principles themselves, to permit of a rapid recovery from that deplorable state of affairs. Godlessness has indeed wrought an immense change in every artery of French life. There was a time when no standard was higher than that of the French in the matter of honor and principle." But that was when France was, in action as well as name, "the Eldest Daughter of the Church."

Apropos of a suggestion made in California to Andrew Carnegie that he should endow a newspaper, the *Fourth Estate* remarks:

The endowed newspaper can never justify itself unless it shall be able, after its period of storm and stress, to win readers who will buy it with their money -- and in such numbers that, when they pay for it, shall enable it to maintain itself in financial solvency, unaided. Is it possible to do this? We do not know; but we do know that it is an enterprise which may well excite the imagination of as great a man as the world holds to-day.

In the meanwhile it will probably be a good deal easier to find papers willing to be endowed than benefactors ready to endow them. The *Morning Star* of New Orleans, for instance, comments on the foregoing extract in this fashion:

Perhaps the *Fourth Estate* is right; but it seems to the *Morning Star* that the generous Catholic, who could see his way to endowing some of our Catholic newspapers, would be doing as great and noble an act in benefiting mankind as he who endows universities, schools, libraries or charitable institutions. At any rate, the *Morning Star*, anxious to promote the best good of the Catholic communities of which it is the official organ, would not object to the experiment involved in building up our plant by means of an endowment. It foresees the greatest possible good to be attained, and

commends the idea of an endowment for the *Morning Star* to the thoughtful consideration of our wealthy Catholics. Surely no greater work can acclaim their generosity than that which our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., declared to be the greatest work of his life—the establishment of a Catholic newspaper.

We take it that our Southern contemporary is not singular in its attitude toward prospective endowers.

When President Polk sent to Congress a message recommending a declaration of war against Mexico, he asserted that "Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon the American soil." As everyone is aware, stray bullets fired by Mexican soldiers during the late revolution shed American blood upon American soil, and for a time there was danger of hostilities between the two republics. It was promptly averted by the attitude of President Taft, who turned a deaf ear to the jingoes and declared that he would do all in his power to prevent a war. It is easy to see what might have happened in the circumstances had the occupant of the White House been a man of different training and temperament.

A timely debate was recently carried on in Ireland by the Students' National Literary Society. "Is Emigration Excusable?" was the question; that it is undesirable admits of no discussion among Irishmen. The *Weekly Freeman* discusses the whole matter in temperate fashion, and says in part:

It is little or no use to point out that for the one success [among emigrants to America] there are invariably scores of failures. Who has the right to say this one or that will be the failure, when this one and that are full of high hope and revel in the health and strength and optimism of youth? Nor is it quite fair to blame these emigrants, to call them deserters, and the rest of it. The cause, in fact, lies deeper than mere economic and agricultural or any other kind of statistics tell. It is in the want of that sense of responsibility which pervades free nations. The whole government of Ireland has tended to denationalize the people,—to make

them strain their eyes elsewhere for hope and help. Habit grows on nations as on individuals. There is not in Ireland as yet a sufficiency of that sense of personal responsibility for the country which is the chief characteristic of the good citizen of the free nation. Until that sense of responsibility develops, as it will with the establishment of Home Rule, it will probably be comparatively easy to tempt great numbers of Irish people from their native land,—some of them to prosperity; too many of them, alas! to destruction abroad. That is one of the principal reasons why Home Rule is so terribly urgent, and why its winning quickly demands imperatively the most tremendous effort and determination on the part of Irish Nationalists.

There are not wanting thoughtful students of Irish character who believe that the advent, now assured within a year or two, of Home Rule will not only arrest the tide of emigration from that country, but will attract a counter-tide of immigration to its shores. Ireland free, as Canada and Australia are free, will look very attractive to many an exile whose heart yearns for the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

Writing in the *Missionary Gazette* (England), the Bishop of Northampton takes occasion to say:

During the months of July and August the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk will be the scene of a most interesting experiment. The "Motor Missionaries," as we may call them, will avoid the neighborhoods where there is an existing Catholic church, because the inhabitants of these places have the usual opportunities of learning the true Faith. The "Motor Mission" is professedly an extraordinary effort to supply the deficiencies of our diocesan organization. The Fathers who give it will ask nothing of any man, priest or layman, Catholic or non-Catholic, except good-will. They will hold temporary faculties from the bishop during their tour, and will assuredly carry with them his most cordial wishes and prayers for their success.

The English prelate not only cordially approves of the project represented by the motor chapel, but he discounts in advance a good deal of the cheap criticism to which the missionaries are likely to be subjected. "The 'prudent,'" he goes on, "will have fine scope in this under-

taking for plentiful preliminary douches of cold water. 'What if we fail? We fail. But screw your courage to the sticking point, and we'll not fail.' An experiment is only an experiment. . . An experiment may do no good. An experiment may do more harm than good. Granted. But you must work the sum before you can prove it. The 'Motor Missionaries' know the risks. They also know the possibilities of success. They put their trust in God." Yes; and, with all due respect to the intemperate denouncers of all innovations, we are inclined to think that their trust will be vindicated.

The administration of President Taft will be especially memorable for his efforts to promote international peace;—efforts which are enlisting the sympathy of leading men in every country of the world. In expressing approval of the plan, now being urged by Sir William Mulock, of celebrating in 1914 the completion of a century of peace between English-speaking peoples, Senator Dandurand, of Canada, said:

Mr. Taft's offer to arbitrate all questions of disagreement without any reservation whatever, is the most important and serious step toward the goal of universal peace which has ever been made. Canadians will hail with enthusiasm the conclusion of such a compact, because they will see in it the promise of immunity from ever-increasing armaments. Their greatest desire, their most fervent prayer, is that they may be protected against the plague of militarism.

The desire is becoming universal, and the prayer will be most fervent wherever the plague has been of latest experience.

The danger of interfering with the action of grace in souls, especially those of children, is illustrated by a passage in the autobiography of the late Helen R. Albee. Looking back upon an unhappy attempt to "convert" her before she was old enough to know the meaning of sin, she writes:

Growth is mysterious and sacred. Once I sought to open very gently, but forcibly, a water

lily that had closed before I had a chance to make a sketch of it, and found it impossible. The next morning all the other lilies had unfolded naturally in their snowy perfection save the one I had tried to force; and there it floated, bruised and blackened and hopelessly mangled by my too eager fingers. Does not the prying hand of the zealous proselytizer thwart the natural development, and give a false direction to a budding soul? The sad part of it is that the results of these unconscious brutalities never recoil upon the offender; they arouse sensitive youth not to any real self-knowledge, but to a premature, morbid self-analysis. For several years I suffered the full reaction from the spiritual shock.

There is much food for reflection in this short paragraph, which we commend to those who undertake to teach theology to young children. It is well to remember that there are a great many subjects about which even adults had better be entirely ignorant than ill informed.

In the "Irish Recollections" which Justin McCarthy is contributing to the *Weekly Freeman*, we note this passage:

In the days of my early memories I was often very painfully impressed by the evidences which even a casual study of the English, and especially the London, press conveyed to me of a strange misunderstanding throughout the English public generally with regard to the vague existing feeling of Irishmen toward Englishmen. There was evidently throughout England a very common conviction that Irishmen, whether at home or abroad, were filled with distrust of the whole English people generally; and a conviction that the most sincere and generous effort made by Englishmen to improve Ireland's condition would be met by Irishmen with nothing but distrust and repulsion. Now, I knew well at the time, from my own experience, that, on the contrary, we the Irishmen of Young Ireland were accustomed to welcome with genuine enthusiasm any indication of generous and friendly feeling toward Ireland made by an Englishman of any rank or class.

Most Englishmen nowadays will accept as unquestionable the testimony of the author of the "History of Our Own Times"; and many of the older ones among them will feel called upon to revise some of their long-cherished political beliefs.



Little Things.

BY L. CLARK.

LITTLE birds with cheerful voice
Make the summer vales rejoice;
Little tasks our time employ,
Little frettings waste our joy;
Little quarrels stir great strife;
Little cares corrode our life;
Little prayers, when none are near,
Give us courage, banish fear;
Little hymns of grateful love
Pay our debts to God above;
Little deeds in lowly ways
Win Our Lady's smile of praise.
Little duties, one by one,
And our little life is done.

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

VI.—THE SILVER CRUCIFIX.



THEY had been picnicking on the beach that day; there had been tea, made gypsy fashion, and any number of delightful things. And now, with the twilight, the children were stretched out on the sand, building air castles, while they watched the moon rise over the water. Grandpapa had come from London to spend a few days with them; so Pancred, as usual, was curled up at his feet, his yellow head against the old man's knee, and his eyes, all misty with dreams, fixed on the silvery edges of the farthest waves.

"There's a ship in sight!" cried Gregory suddenly, bouncing up like a rubber ball.

"Oh, how pretty!" and "Oh!"—"O-oh!" echoed the children as the vessel swam into view; masts and spars clear cut

against the golden moon, then faded into the shadows and the distance.

"Where do you s'pose she's going, grandpapa?" Pancred wondered presently. "France, maybe—or India?"

"Hardly, laddie," the Earl answered, his hand on the bright curls. "No: she's an American, by the look of her.—Cicely, wasn't there a Guilbert aboard the *Dove*?"

"Lord Baltimore's *Dove*?" said Aunt Cicely, smiling. "You have such an abrupt way of putting things, Uncle Gervase! But this time I'm ready for you; for I was reading their letters, in the Brown Book only yesterday. And I thought what a splendid story it would make next time these little people should be dull and tired."

"A splendid story!" The children picked up their ears at that, and Greg rolled over on his sandy couch to announce that he was tired enough to have it now.

"Please, Aunt Cicely, if you don't mind!" begged Pancred with his most coaxing smile; and the others added their eager clamor, until there was nothing left Aunt Cicely but to yield. And perhaps she had meant that very thing should happen; she certainly surrendered very willingly.

"I'm sure you know your history well enough to remember Lord Baltimore," she began,—“the one to whom Charles I. gave grants of land in America? Lord Baltimore hoped to found a colony there where his persecuted fellow-Catholics might take refuge and live in some sort of peace; but this part of his project he kept to himself, of course. Indeed, the Catholics did not join the expedition until his vessels—the *Ark* and the *Dove*—had reached the Isle of Wight. So Edmund Guilbert and his family were not on board when the two ships passed here on their way to the New World, but waiting—oh, how anxiously,—with Father White

and Father Altham and over a hundred others, for the *Ark* and the *Dove* to anchor in Cowes Harbor.

"Edmund Guilbert was one of the younger sons. He had found life in England such a struggle against poverty and persecution that no perils America had to offer could frighten him. The four months of the voyage, with all their dangers, seemed only a summer day's journey to his wife Frances and himself, when they thought of the freedom at the end of it. And when the *Ark* and the *Dove* sailed into the beautiful Chesapeake Bay in late March, and they saw the smiling, forest-clad banks, warm with the first green of spring,—when their very landing was consecrated by the planting of a cross and a Mass of thanksgiving,—then, indeed, the young couple said to each other, they had found a home at last. The Indians were friendly; it was not long before the settlers had purchased land and corn from them, and the little colony of St. Mary's was safely established. And Protestant and Catholic lived side by side in the most amiable fashion; for one thing Lord Baltimore insisted on: there should be no calling names, such as 'heretic' and 'Papist,' and no quarrels over religion.

"The Guilberts, with their two children, Amy and Philip, chose one of the outlying manors; and before many years were gone they and their serving men had transformed it into something very like an English estate. There the Jesuit Fathers sometimes stopped to rest on their missionary travels, and say Mass in the little oratory; there the Indian came to exchange his furs for axes and gayly colored cloth; and there five more young Guilberts—three sturdy boys and two girls—grew brown and strong. Do you wonder Edmund Guilbert wrote glowing letters to his brothers in England?

"It was February of 1645, when Charles was deep in his struggle to put down his rebellious Parliament. Some echoes of it reached the colonies, and there were

rumors of all sorts afloat in St. Mary's. Their neighbors had never liked them over-well; now some of the more bitter Virginians thought it a good time to settle their grievances. No one was quite sure what to expect, yet everyone looked for trouble. So it was with a sore heart enough that Edmund Guilbert prepared to accompany the Governor to Jamestown.

"That crisp winter morning things had been quiet so long that Mrs. Guilbert had no thought of fear as she kissed the children good-bye and set out for a neighboring plantation, where the mistress of the house lay ill of a fever. Amy was fourteen, and a brave, resourceful little maiden; and, besides, there were Sarah Dawson and the men, if there were need. 'Nevertheless, Amy, my child,' the mother said in parting, 'if anything should happen, meet them peaceably, whether they be Indians or no, and perhaps then they will do you no harm.'

"It was almost noon when Gregory, one of the younger boys, who was stationed in the window, turned to his sister excitedly.

"'Here comes Nick Morse, from the Coleman Manor!' he cried. 'And his horse is all of a lather!'

"'Go and meet him,' said Amy, laying down her knitting; 'and, Helen, tell Sarah there will be a guest at dinner.'

"But Nick Morse had no mind to stay with them; he was breathless with excitement and the tale he had to tell. A certain Captain Richard Ingle, an ardent Puritan and Parliamentarian, had gathered a company of men as unscrupulous as himself and descended upon unsuspecting St. Mary's. He had stormed and taken the fort; the missionary stations were in flames; and even now the marauders were attacking the plantations, pillaging and burning as they came. 'And you had best hide whatever you can,' finished the messenger; 'for they have stolen even the panes from Master Cornwaleys' windows.'

"Amy and twelve-year-old Phil looked at each other. What should they do? To resist meant almost certain destruc-

tion; and they had the poultry and cattle to think of, and the well-stocked granaries; above all, the tobacco crop, stored now in huge hogsheads in one of the out-houses. If that were lost, it meant poverty till the next crop could be grown and gathered; for tobacco was the money of the Southern colonies, and you paid your taxes and bought your clothes with it.

"But how can we hide it?" said Amy, wrinkling her pretty brows with anxiety as she thought of her mother's injunction to meet the invaders peaceably.

"I see no way but to let Yates arm the men and go to meet them!" declared Philip, with boyish eagerness for a fight.

"Gregory cut him short. 'I know what we can do!' he cried. 'Phil and Amy, we can hide it in that cave we made last summer in the lower ravine. No one ever found that, you know. And it's big enough inside; it wouldn't take the men long to make the mouth wider.'

"So that's where you were, Master Runagate, those days when I searched the whole plantation over for you? Be glad I didn't find you then!" Sarah Dawson broke in from her place behind Amy's chair. Bondswoman though she was, the children feared her sharp tongue, and obeyed her almost as readily as they did their mother. 'Yet for once your heedlessness has served some purpose,' she went on. 'Master Phil, do you go at once and get Yates and Brooke to help you move the stuff; and be sure you take part of the corn and wheat, else we shall have none for planting this spring.'

"And Sarah and I," said Amy, with decision, 'will get dinner for them. There is that haunch of venison and the bear Phil shot; and mother said we should meet them peaceably.' And not even Sarah's scolding could move her.

"Before long Phil and two of the men-servants were busy moving the grain and tobacco to the cave. The children had never dreamed, when they dug their summer lair in the little ravine, deep hidden in the forest underbrush, that it

would be so useful to their elders. No one had found them there; they had been free to play pirate or highwayman; and it was equally unlikely Ingle's men would discover the place. The entrance was enlarged, there was room for a goodly store; when it was safely in and covered with hides, the brush served to conceal it; and some young trees dug up, as if for replanting, gave excuse for the fresh earth.

"Meanwhile Amy and Sarah went back and forth between the great hall and the kitchen, and the house was filled with savory odors of roast meat. Their unwelcome guests had come, and were boisterously pleased to find such a meal awaiting them, and so fair a serving-maid as Amy. They had had a hard morning: no wonder they were hungry! Amy was wise enough to keep her little brothers and sisters out of sight, and put off all questions as to King and Parliament with a noncommittal phrase. She had too much to do to be afraid; and if she needed protection, Sarah was equal to the task.

"Gregory had been quite hurt when he was not sent with Phil. He was ten years old, and the plan had been his; he could see no reason why he might not have a share in it. And, then, to be banished to his mother's bedroom with nine-year-old Helen and the three younger children, when the house was full of soldiers, even if they were Roundheads! He kept his eyes glued to a crack in the door, and sulked a little, I'm afraid. In the hall he could hear the clatter of the dishes, laughter and talk, and strange oaths,—for Ingle's men were not Puritan enough to refrain from swearing.

"Presently there was a great stamping of feet and shouting, doors opened and were slammed, and the men trooped off to the barns. The next moment Amy's sobbing voice came from the kitchen.

"O Sarah," it mourned, 'they are taking everything!'

"Gregory could bear it no longer. He slipped the bolt back and ran out, bidding little Helen keep the others close. At

the other end of the room two burly ragamuffins were just coming out of the rifled oratory, scattering torn prayer-books right and left. And one of them held aloft, with many a grimace and insulting jest, the silver crucifix from above the altar. How Gregory's brown eyes blazed! He flung himself at the man, screaming furiously and clutching at the crucifix with frantic hands.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the other rascal. 'Look at the little Papist! Know you not that those who worship such idols will be lost everlastingly? We are but trying to save your soul, boy; and is this your gratitude? And, moreover,' he added, with a prodigious wink at his companion, 'we'll gladly save the idol, too, since 'tis of purest silver.'

"Truth, I think you'd not care so much for our souls if our crucifixes were of wood instead of silver!" snapped Sarah Dawson from the doorway. 'Master Gregory, come here at once! You can do no good, child! As for you, sirs,—Papists we may be, but we'd scorn to rob the house where we had been guests.'

"And please, please let us keep the crucifix!" begged Amy through her tears. 'It is not so very costly, and you may have my candlesticks instead.'

"She drew away from Sarah's protecting arm as she spoke, and the second man followed her, his eyes aglitter with the prospect of more booty.

"As for Gregory, he heeded Sarah's command not at all, but continued to struggle with his enemy for possession of the treasure. He was a wiry, active youngster, and just now he was using teeth and feet as well as hands; so the man was having much ado to hold him off. One more desperate effort and he succeeded in dragging down the fellow's arm; the next breath he had snatched the crucifix, sprung back—then out shot a little foot in a stout colonial shoe, and the man went sprawling headlong on the floor, while Gregory sped like a deer across the room and out of doors.

"He had not the least notion what he meant to do, only somehow the crucifix must be saved. Could he hide it anywhere, he wondered as he flew down the path to the river; or wait, perhaps, in some out-of-the-way place till Ingle's men had gone, then take it back to the house? But the February air was cold, and already his pursuer was upon him, with temper no sweeter for the laughter and jeers of his comrades. Well for Gregory that he was fleet of foot and familiar with every inch of the way! Instinctively, the flying boy had swerved aside from the path leading to the ravine; now he came out quite suddenly on the bank of St. Mary's little river. The soldier and his companions were so close he could not turn, and Gregory's eyes filled with angry tears as he realized he was captured.

"They shall never have it!" he vowed, and kissed it passionately, then clenched his brown fingers on the arms of the cross.

"And just as his captor would have torn it from him, he turned in the soldier's grasp and flung it into the icy waters of the river. For a brief moment it flashed white in the winter sunlight; then the grey-green waves closed over it, and the silver crucifix was lost to friend and foe alike.

"The soldier's face was purple with fury. He pinioned Gregory's arms with a vicious twist.

"Cut me a switch from the bushes there!" he ordered. 'We'll give this Popish traitor a taste of the rod. Perhaps then he'll not be so free with my Lord Cromwell's men.'

"The boy set his lips in a hard little line; they should not know it if they did hurt him.

"And I'm glad I did it!" he told them defiantly. 'At least the holy cross is safe from your insults.'

"Whether his courage would have held out I can not tell; for, luckily, just at that moment Captain Richard Ingle himself appeared, bidding them sharply to let the boy go and find more profitable

occupation. And forthwith he led them off to the burning barns, leaving Gregory, trembling a little now, to find his way home as best he might.

"So the silver crucifix was both saved and lost; and as for the rest of the Guilbert treasures, not many of them escaped the hands of the plunderers. Their work at the other plantations had warned Frances Guilbert what to expect; so, when she returned at sunset, she was not surprised to find her barns and granaries in ashes, her cattle killed or driven away. But the cave kept its secret well; and through the two years that followed—'the plundering time,' as the histories call it—many another was confided to its prudent care. Perhaps because of that, or of Amy's good roast venison, the Guilberts suffered less than most other Catholic families.

"It was not until 1647 that Governor Calvert and his Virginian ally, Sir William Berkeley, succeeded in retaking St. Mary's and thrusting out Ingle and his men. Then Gregory was the proudest boy in all his Majesty's colonies; for when the Governor heard the story, he sent for the three older children, and, fine as Gregory thought his praises, the new musket Calvert gave him when they left was much finer in his opinion. And though he might sometimes look wistfully at the river's blue waters, he was glad the crucifix lay all unharmed beneath them," Aunt Cicely ended.

"Whoopee! I'm glad my name's Gregory!" cried that young man, turning a handspring as jubilantly as though he had been the hero of the tale. "I think my story's the best of the lot, mother dear! Only if I'd been there, do you know what I'd have done? I'd just've hauled off and hit that fellow a good one, and kept the crucifix."

"I wonder if you would?" said Hugh from the other side of the fire; whereupon Gregory proceeded to illustrate with Hugh for subject, and the two rolled over and over in a good-natured scuffle.

But grandpapa pulled them apart; saying, with an affectionate little shake for each combatant:

"Come, come, you rascals! Show your courage by helping me pack up these baskets. Here's Jerry sound asleep in the sand! It's high time all you youngsters were in bed."

(To be continued.)

The Friar's Fowls.

At the time when Spain was conquering South America, a party of Spaniards were told by the Indians of the Orinoco that gold was to be found in the mountains of Bogota. Toward these golden hills of the West they immediately set out in great eagerness. Hard was the road, and many fainted by the way, and many died; and only two hundred reached Bogota. At times they were very short of food. A Spanish friar of the party carried with him a fine Spanish cock and four hens,—the first fowls of the kind to enter America. Often did the hungry travellers beg the friar for the birds; but he always put them off, saying that only in the last extremity should the fowls be eaten. The birds safely arrived at Bogota, and the hens laid many an egg. To-day there are tens of thousands of hens in that region,—descendants of the five Spanish birds; and many an American eats eggs to-day because the first fowls were so bravely protected by the friar.

The Victoria Cross.

Although this decoration is highly prized, its intrinsic value is trifling. It was founded by royal warrant in 1856 as a reward for bravery; and Queen Victoria herself presented the first crosses, numbering sixty-two, to deserving men. The cross is of the Maltese shape, and made out of metal from old Russian cannon captured at the famous battle of Sebastopol.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new and enlarged edition of "The Gentle Shakespeare," by the late J. Pym Yeatman, is announced by the Midland Press Agency, Birmingham, England. The motto of this book, "Catholicism gave us Shakespeare," is a quotation from Carlyle.

—"Gentleman Roger" is the title of a new story by "M. E. Francis," just published by Sands & Co. The same firm announce the first book of Miss M. Blundell, a daughter of this favorite novelist. It is a tale of Italy, the label of which is "Katherine of the Barge."

—"Can I Stay where I am?" an inquiry addressed to "Anglo-Catholics," by Father Hugh Pope, O. P., is well calculated to soften their prejudice and to remove misunderstanding of Catholic truth. It should be widely circulated by their Catholic friends among those for whom it is intended. Published by the English C. T. S.

—If the Pope's wishes concerning the early Communion of children are not speedily realized in English-speaking countries, it will assuredly not be the fault of Father De Zulueta, S. J. This twentieth-century Apostle of the Eucharist has added yet two others to his books on children's First Communion—"Jesus, the Bread of Children," in the form of "Chats with Father Cyril about Holy Communion" (B. Herder); and "Early First Communion," an excellent commentary upon the decree "Quam Singulari," (R. & T. Washbourne.)

—Young or old readers of "Hero-Haunted," by Father Bearne, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), will soon succumb to the unfailling charm of a style that is as simple and attractive as the natural beauties of the Sussex Downs wherein the scene of the story is laid. Allie Hay is quite as genuine a boy as was our young friend Lance of the Ridingle Series, and as lovable a hero, too. Toby Fuller is also well worth getting acquainted with; and the other characters, major and minor, are all living personalities, not mere mechanical automatons. One is always safe in recommending to the young folk the books of Father Bearne.

—Protestant missionaries to heathen lands, and their supporters at home, will find painful reading in Mr. Lin Shao-Yang's "A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) This book is a severe criticism of the entire sectarian missionary outfit in China. For the Catholic and the thoughtful people of all creeds, it will illustrate one fright-

ful consequence of the Lutheran heresy: the incoherent Christianity presented to pagans by sectarian missionaries. This incoherence in doctrine, which is usually followed by vagueness of morals, must end in the destruction of missionary enterprise, except among the professional grafters who preach the Gospel so long as their salary continues.

—"Messages of Truth in Rhyme and Story," a paper-covered booklet of 127 pages, by the Rev. Thomas à Kempis Reilly, O. P. (John Joseph McVey), is a compilation of two poems, two fairly long stories, and two essays which the author originally contributed to either the *Rosary Magazine* or the *Young Eagle*. All are worth the reproduction they have received, and the praise they are likely to receive from new readers.

—"Gefahren der Zeit" is the title of the authorized German translation of Bishop Vaughan's "Dangers of the Day," published by THE AVE MARIA press. Hertha A. Schultz, the translator, hopes to see these essays of the eminent English prelate widely circulated in Germany. There is no need of referring to the high merit of them. The translation, we are told, is so well done that one would easily take it for the original work of a German essayist of no mean talents. In fact, Mgr. Vaughan's work has received a perfect counterpart in its foreign version. The book is gotten up in a neat, durable style, and does credit to the firm of Kirchheim & Co., Mainz.

—The following lines, contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, seem to bear out the statement of a wise man who declared that the word "think" supplies the most suggestive rhymes in our tongue:

Think, think, good friends,—again, ah, think and think!
For you are hanging on the brink,
At each instant like to sink
Into the pit that's black as ink.
For lo! a shock—a sudden kink—
A snap—then broken is the link.
Dread issue, that not one may blink—
From which the boldest heart will shrink,
And to some dark foul corner slink!
Oh, then, farewell the sparkling drink,
Champagnes that kindle pale or pink,
The music that goes tink-a-tink!
No more the dance, the merry jink,—
All done, all gone, ere man can wink!
Naught left but pitch and fire and st—k!
So think! Again, ah, think and think.

—Messrs. F. Pustet & Co. have just published a set of altar cards which will be a delight to priests. They are not intended for framing,

being mounted on pasteboard, the backs covered with durable red cloth. The print, in red and black, is large and clear, and the arrangement of prayers, etc., as convenient as possible. It would be a notable improvement, however, if the centre card were a little wider, so that the print could all be of the larger size. The picture of Our Lord is truly devotional, and the borders in chromo-xylograph are artistic in every detail. These beautiful cards, the price of which is only \$2.50, should replace the tawdry, clumsy, and inconvenient ones now in use at so many altars.

—"The Papacy and the First Councils of the Church," by the Rev. Thomas S. Dolan (B. Herder), is a careful study of the growth of the Papacy by an examination of the Pope's relations with the first six ecumenical Councils. The work is very effectively and neatly done, and will be appreciated especially by students of historical theology. Moreover, it is discreetly written, and entertains as well as instructs. When one considers how difficult is the task to condense and arrange the facts and arguments of a long controversy, in which the ablest minds of the modern world have been long engaged, and thus make them accessible and comprehensible to lay readers, it only remains to congratulate the author on his fruitful labor and fine success.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Hero Haunted." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "The Papacy and the First Councils of the Church." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. 75 cts., net.
- "Messages of Truth in Rhyme and Story." Rev. T. O'Reilly, O. P. 25 cts.
- "Sermons." Rev. H. B. Altmeyer. \$1.
- "Jesus, the Bread of Children." Rev. F. De Zulueta, S. J. 35 cts.
- "Early First Communion." The Same. 50 cts.
- "Schoolgirls Abroad." Sister M. Rita. 75 cts.

- "The Eucharistic Liturgy in the Roman Rite." Rev. E. S. Berry. \$1.50, net.
- "The Juniors of St. Bede's." Rev. Thomas H. Bryson. 85 cts.
- "Religious Questions of the Day." Vol. III. Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald. \$1.
- "Who are the Jesuits?" Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Second Spring." Newman, Donnelly. 50 cts.
- "Three Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life." Rev. Moritz Meschler, S. J. \$1.
- "A Convert's Reason Why." A. J. Hayes. \$1.
- "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Gabrini, S. J. \$1.
- "The Catechist." 2 vols. Rev. George Howe. \$3.80, net.
- "The American Catholic Who's Who." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$2.
- "Her Journey's End." Francis Cooke. \$1.25.
- "Roman Ritual." New Edition. \$2.
- "Freddy Carr's Adventures." Father Garrold. 85 cts.
- "The Practical Catholic." Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Exercitia Spiritualia." 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Carl Hahne, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. John Healion, diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Marshall Boorman, S. J.

Sister Alphonse, of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Francis Krantz, Mrs. Mary Willen, Mr. John Farrell, Mrs. Annie Plunkett, Mr. Christopher Warren, Mr. William Cooley, Mrs. E. T. Donnelly, Mr. John V. Clarke, Mr. Patrick Gallivan, Mr. Ernest Bueltmann, Mr. William H. Doyle, Mrs. Anne E. Judge, Mrs. W. S. McGowan, Mr. John Joyce, Mr. Theodore Koeln, Mrs. Katherine Donnelly, Mr. Stephen Meyer, Miss Margaret Ryan, Mrs. Mary White, Mr. Michael McAtavey, Mr. Arthur Moore, Mrs. Sarah Brennan, Mrs. Ellen Love, Mr. John Lehman, Jr., Mr. P. A. Milloy, Mr. Theodore Schober, Mr. Owen Loftus, Mr. John McKenna, Mr. Joseph Rampa, Mr. Jacob Scholl, Mr. Patrick Rafter, Mr. Albert Schopp, Mrs. Jane Cannon, Mr. David Schulte, Mrs. Mary Connell, Mr. Frederick Schwigert, Mrs. Elizabeth Brennan, Mr. John Trinka, Mr. F. J. Wamser, Elinor A. Garrigan, Mr. Francis McKeegan, Mr. Andrew Bahle, Mrs. Margaret Wallace, Agnes V. O'Brien, Mr. Frederick Meyer, and Mr. Francis Seeley.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Corpus Christi.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

THE mystic cross is carried by,
The living Saviour borne on high;
Announced by silvery, tinkling sound,
He comes, His loved ones circling round.
With loving awe and footstep soft,
The priest his Maker bears aloft;
Crushing the flowers beneath his feet,
Whose lowly incense rises sweet.
The Blessed One in blessing wends,
And each adorer lowly bends.
The thought of Him all thinking stills;
His Presence all the being thrills;
His love the mind and spirit fills.
O Gift of God, all gifts above!
O Love of Jesus, give us love!

Spain and Its Congress.

IN that ancient realm of Spain, for which the claim has been justly made that it is "a priestly kingdom and a holy nation," is to be celebrated during this month the twenty-second Eucharistic Congress. In Madrid, perhaps the most historic Capital in the world, are on foot truly elaborate preparations. Royalty itself, the great personages of the court, and the military, will add lustre to the pageant; while from almost every civilized land prelates and priests will participate in the imposing demonstration.

Spain has been, in all the successive periods of her history, especially devout

to the Holy Eucharist. From its very institution, the festival of Corpus Christi was a great national event, observed not only with fervor but with rejoicing, the entire people having a part therein. And it was this devotion which gave rise to the "autos Sacramentales," or Sacramental dramas, which were performed not alone in the capital but in those picturesque cities whose very names are suggestive of poetry and romance. In the shadow of the snow-clad Sierras or beneath the "Pyrenean heights" they were yearly performed by those quaint bands of wandering players who are mentioned in Don Quixote. And in the cities, "Queenly Cordova"; Toledo, seat of learning, with its Puerta del Sol, its dwellings of vivid orange color overlaid with arabesque designs, its flowering patios; amid "the delicious gardens of Seville, where rose-bay trees, in long arcades, with oranges unite," the Corpus Christi plays, to which the greatest minds of Spain lent their genius, delighted reverent throngs.

Those were in the times when "the Spaniard was master of half the universe, and threw himself upon unknown and immense seas, to conquer a new world to men"; so that it was no degenerate or effete race that thus paid its national homage to the God of the sanctuary. And it was a race formed on such patterns as that of the Cid, of whom a non-Catholic author observes that he was "a model of all that was most noble in human conduct; and his being adopted as a first object of national regard shows that the popular feeling must have attained

to the same tone." In speaking of those wars against the Moors which long occupied the entire population of the country, he further remarks: "The Spaniards, formed originally of very different races—Celts, Goths, mingled with Romans, Phœnicians, or Carthaginians—became amalgamated into one people, whose great bond of union was their religion more than their country. This holy cause ennobled their conduct and gave them higher motives and aims than any ordinary warfare could do; so that, acting constantly under the influence of such feelings, their national character assumed the staid bearing which has ever since favorably distinguished it. Hence also the national literature even in its lightest productions assumed the high moral and practical tone which it has in general borne."

The Spanish character, too, was deeply impregnated with that chivalry found more or less throughout the whole of mediæval Christendom, which touched with an exquisite romance and poetry the daily lives of the people, and particularly their exercises of religion and the observance of their holydays. It was such a spirit that gave so wide a popularity to the beautiful legend of the Holy Grail embodied in the German romance of *Titurel*, in the "*Morte d'Arthur*," and in the doings of "that goodliest fellowship the world has ever known," the Knights of the Round Table. No modern touch can quite express the charm and the deep religious feeling of that history of the Grail, the sacred vase from which drank Our Lord upon the eve of His Passion, and which, upborne to heaven by angels, waited until some heroes could be found worthy to receive it. Invisible to the infidel, it was seen at times by the true believer and the pure of heart, red with the blood of a God, shrouded in "mystic samite," and shedding around it the odors of Paradise, and beams of crimson light.

With the spirit which received and treasured these flowers of Christian piety,

was blended that other characteristic, common to Catholic peoples of the time, that finds

Joy in itself a religion,
A religion in joy.

They seemed to act literally upon the advice of Urban IV. when instituting the Solemnity of Corpus Christi: "Let all the clergy as well as the laity with joy and gratitude sing canticles of praise. Let all offer salutary hymns of joy to God with the heart and with the will, with the lips and with the tongue. Let Faith carol joyously, let Hope dance with exultation, let Charity rejoice, let Purity rest secure. Let everyone assist with cheerful alacrity and a willing mind, bringing all his holy desires into action and solemnizing the great festival which is this day instituted."

Such was the gladness that inspired the ancient Spanish people, with their antique mingling of joviality and asceticism, to acclaim those ingenuous outbursts of religious sentiment, those dramas wrung from the palpitating heart of a population so remarkable amongst all others for its literature and manners, its religious and political life. "Perhaps in no other works," to quote a non-Catholic writer,* "have the Spanish poets concentrated the poetical richness, of which they beyond all others have command, as in these autos. There is a blending together of colors, a perfumed fragrance, a ravishing bewitchment of enchanting harmonies, that absolutely intoxicate the senses. The spiritual centre round which they move is the glorification of Transubstantiation. This object is reached in a thousand manifold combinations and comparisons; and the richness of inventions, by means of which the poet avoids uniformity and is able to introduce perpetual variety into his theme, is worthy of our special admiration." "The action of the autos," observes Dr. Lorinser, a German critic, "was exercised in a region purely religious. The people who flocked to

* Shack, in his "History of Dramatic Literature."

witness the representation of these spectacles, heard the orthodox explanation of the doctrines of Transubstantiation and justification, the motives of boundless charity which determined the institution of the Holy Eucharist."

That Spain alone created a really artistic religious drama, and brought that species of poetry to the highest perfection, can find its explanation only in the deeply religious character of this extraordinary people,—their devotion, in fact, to that

Stupendous miracle of God, His greatest Sacrament in type presented.

The representations of the autos gradually increased in pomp and ornament, and were presented with the greatest splendor in the squares of cathedrals or before the houses of the chief officers of the State. The King and court attended, seated under gorgeous canopies; the audience crowded the streets or occupied the balconies of houses, all of which were profusely decorated. There they listened with delight to those sacred themes, wherein were so oddly intermingled the sacred and the profane. Carried to the highest perfection by Lope de Vega and Calderon, into them were introduced mythological, historical and Scriptural personages, the holy ones alike of the Old and New Testaments; and scenes chivalric or mystical blended with the events of everyday life, or with public and political happenings. And while

Thus this Sacrament most blessed,
And its high feast, Madrid
Celebrates with fitting splendor,

the rapt and reverent multitudes attend, falling upon their knees when the author reaches some pitch of special solemnity concerning

This white Bread
Which came from heaven's high summit,
In which My true flesh and blood
Paid the price of thy soul's succor.

This rich vessel of the altar which
Holds life therein, 'tis certain;
Since the soul athirst for life
Finds in it a sure refreshment;

Though it also holds within it
Death as well as life; its essence
Is of death and life commingled:
Heavenly nectar and the hemlock,—
Bane and antidote together.

Nor is the most ample testimony lacking to show how, in the words of the modern Spanish poet, Zorrila,

The gilded lamp alone
That waves above the altar-stone,
As by the wandering breezes moan,
A light upon them casts.

It is touchingly related how the last King, with the Duke de Montpensier, went to visit the prison. While there, accompanied by their escort, a guard exclaimed: "Gentlemen, to your knees!" The chaplain was bringing the Blessed Sacrament to a prisoner dangerously ill, who was, moreover, under sentence of death. The royal cortege followed the priest to the cell; and, when the sacred ministrations were concluded, the Duke de Montpensier, advancing, embraced the convict; and the King, also approaching to the bedside, exclaimed in a low voice of deep emotion: "Since Jesus Christ has pardoned you, so, too, will I. If you recover your health, you are free." In point of fact, the prisoner did recover, and went forth to begin a new life.

It is related of the present King that once, when returning from a visit to a shrine of Our Lady, he met a priest bearing the Holy Viaticum to the dying. He instantly alighted and, with his attendants, prostrated himself on the ground. Then, perceiving that the vehicle in which the priest was proceeding was very humble, he caused him to take the royal carriage, and to be accompanied to his destination by the royal escort.

This youthful monarch has on many occasions testified to that devotion which was so early and so sedulously cultivated in him by his pious mother. How happy for him and for his kingdom if he preserves those sentiments which were shown upon that day of his First Communion, when, wearing the uniform of a cadet and the Order of the Golden Fleece, he knelt

rapt in prayer during the entire Mass, and listened with reverent attention to the discourse of the Bishop of Sion! The prelate, having dwelt upon the significance of the moment, and urged him to give the first graces of the day to his father and mother, added: "Beg of the merciful God to save your country. With your whole heart say to the Most High: 'I am innocent. I beg Thy favor, I implore Thy mercy.' And we, your Majesty, beg of God to keep your heart, your conscience and your life, so that you may be the angel of your country, and, like St. Ferdinand, St. Louis, and St. Blanche of Castile, enjoy life everlasting." The young King, after Holy Communion, in a voice vibrant with deep feeling, made his solemn profession of faith. Then came, the same afternoon, but more publicly, the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Another instance of public devotion to Emmanuel is the solemn ceremony during Paschal Time of carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. The procession leaves at nine and returns at eleven. Eight mounted grenadiers precede the clergy and chanters, who walk before the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a band composed of fifty musicians, and one of the royal carriages driven by six horses. Therein are seated the parish priest, with deacon and subdeacon, arrayed in vestments as for High Mass, and attended by an officer of the royal household, to open and close the carriage door. Next come about forty soldiers and eight gendarmes, the latter bearing a magnificent canopy. The coachmen, musicians, and soldiers walk bareheaded. At the four corners of the equipage are four handsome illuminated lanterns, while numerous torches are borne. The multitude follows, silent and recollected. If the procession meets a guard, he comes forth and presents arms. All the houses in the streets through which the procession passes are hung with draperies.

These and many other instances serve to show that devotion to the Holy Sacra-

ment of the Altar, amongst the Spanish, is as lively as when the noble Isabella of Castile and other sovereigns set the example of personal fervor. Therefore, it is fitting that in Spain should take place another of those magnificent demonstrations of faith in the Real Presence, and of an intelligent understanding of the great dogma, which have illustrated the closing years of the last century and the first decade of the new. At this crisis in the history of the nation, when the infidelity so rife in other Continental countries has at last found entrance into this stronghold, the fervent hope may be entertained that the sublime spectacle of faith and love will have its effect upon the masses.

Before this month of special devotion to the Sacred Heart has run its course, and fittingly on the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, the Spanish people will be assembled once more, not for the autos of old but for a new and still more sublime spectacle, when, in the words of Mgr. Heylen, permanent president of the Work of Congresses, "shall open to the Congress the gates of that ancient and celebrated land of the Iberian and the Celt. Christian Spain, chosen portion of the Apostle St. James, the country of Ignatius, Xavier, and Teresa, aspires to the benefits of the pious and holy festivities of the Congress. To that panorama which will be presently unrolled it offers, with the concurrence of the civil authorities, an attractive setting,—a background which, from every point of view, is marvellous. For, there is a public opinion, fundamentally Catholic; there, a chivalrous sentiment, the splendor of a Southern sky, the beauty of civil and religious architecture, the munificence of Catholic kings, and everywhere the profound attachment of the Spanish people to the Christian Faith."

He asks for the prayers of all the faithful, especially the clergy and religious Orders, for "the success of so important an enterprise; that, thanks to this common supplication, the approaching Eucharistic

celebration may be beneficent in its results for the entire Church and for Spain. May her population, which desires to remain faithful to its religion, draw from these religious demonstrations an increase of strength and courage in the midst of their present trials!" Prayers to the same end are likewise solicited by the Cardinal Primate of all Spain and Archbishop of Toledo, Mgr. Aguirre, who further begs that his countrymen, "united in that same love of the Divine Host, in the same faith, regenerated by the same baptismal waters, may form a solid phalanx; so that, forgetful of their differences or fancied injuries, and under their natural leaders, they may thus oppose the enemies of the Church, which has more need than ever of the loyal concurrence, of the disinterested effort, of the obedience of her children."

Meanwhile extensive preparations have been under way, and solemn meetings held of the Committee of Organization. Under the presidency of the Cardinal Primate, the Archbishop of Madrid, the Bishop of Sion, and her Royal Highness the Infanta Isabella of Bourbon, these assemblies were attended by all classes of the people, from the nobles of the court to the humblest citizen; and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Present conspicuously were many representatives of that devout association of the Nocturnal Adoration, of which there are now in Spain 68,000 members.

There can be little reason to fear for the success of the glorious demonstration in a nation which, with but slight exception, has given to the world a fine example of constancy and loyalty to the Faith. These widespread sentiments of devotion amongst this ancient and composite people are beautifully expressed in a prayer which appeared on the front page of a Madrid political newspaper. Though composed for Corpus Christi, it has a deep significance for the coming event. It was accompanied by an illustration of a ciborium surrounded by adoring

angels, and had these suggestive headlines:

"To the King of heaven and earth, to the Liberator of the world, to the best Friend of humanity, to the true Benefactor of the nations, — to Jesus Christ, God and Man, miraculously veiled under the species of bread in the consecrated Host, glorious, living and eternal in the august Sacrament of the Altar, where He is, with the substance of His body and blood, with His soul and divinity, with the Father and the Holy Spirit and all the divine attributes.

"Lord, on the return of this solemn feast of Thy Most Holy Body, when three hundred millions of adorers scattered over the face of the earth bow down the head and bend the knee before Thy Tabernacles, forming for Thee a court such as had no monarch of the past nor shall ever monarch of the future have, the Director of the Catholic Movement, his ecclesiastical censor and his editors, most faithful children of that Church which Thou hast redeemed by the infinite price of Thy Blood, united to the immense legion of believers who behold in the Holy Eucharist the most important reality of Thy power, wisdom, and love, confess from the depths of their soul the infallible truth of that sacrosanct dogma, and promise, with the divine grace, to defend it until death.

"Raising our voices above the tumult of blasphemers, we acknowledge, Lord, in the consecrated Host the sensible sign of Thy Real Presence upon earth. We confess that wherever that sign is found, there are the faithful filling the naves of Thy temples with prayer and the singing of grateful hymns; and, while listening to the sound of the bells calling souls to the Tabernacle, we shall repeat a thousand times the praises of the angels to the Incarnation, perpetually renewed to the Holy Eucharist: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!'"*

* The foregoing prayer, and the details of modern Spanish devotion, are translated from *Le Petit Messager du Saint Sacrement*.

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIV.



T was a year later—a year since that visit to Fairhaven which the Wynnes were talking of repeating—that Mrs. Wynne, seated at her pleasant breakfast table, with all the beauty and fragrance of summer coming in through the open windows of the room, unfolded the morning paper, and almost immediately uttered an exclamation. Her husband and son both glanced at her inquiringly.

"It's about Mr. Raynor," she said, in answer to the glances. "He's dead!"

"Is it possible?" It was Mr. Wynne who spoke, with the surprise which, curiously enough, this most common of human events rarely fails to excite. "Mrs. Raynor has not said anything in her letters lately about his being worse, has she?"

"On the contrary, she has written of his being better,—that is, suffering less pain. They were to have gone to Fairhaven next week. His death must have occurred very unexpectedly."

"What does the paper say about it?"

"Oh, it says" (Mrs. Wynne looked down at the page before her) "that he died quite suddenly. The notice is headed, 'Death of Millionaire Sportsman!' (Was there ever anything like the vulgar snobbery of the American press when it has occasion to allude to the life or death of a rich man?) Then it goes on to give a sketch of his antecedents, socially and financially; to recall the account of the automobile accident in France; to relate how extraordinary his survival of his injuries was considered; and of how he was brought home, and has apparently continued to improve, until recently something in the shattered frame gave way, the heart failed, and the end came quickly."

"Is that all? Is there nothing about any other—er—facts in his life?"

"Nothing. For once the reporter has held his hand. There is no mention of divorces or—of marriages. But this is significant: 'At Mr. Raynor's bedside when the end came were his wife (formerly the beautiful Miss Madeleine Layton) and Father Vincent, of St. Aloysius' Church.'"

"Yes, that tells everything," Mr. Wynne agreed. "The poor fellow—God rest his soul!—didn't go forth 'unhousell'd,' disappointed, unanel'd; but the great mother of us all stood by, to help him with her Sacraments on his last journey."

"And so Madeleine's hard task is ended!" Mrs. Wynne said, dropping the paper. "What a wonderful story it has been! And how deeply thankful she must feel for all that she has been permitted to do!"

"Yes," Mr. Wynne assented again. "We may be sure that her heart has but one cry, and that is, *Deo gratias!*"

A slight sound at this moment made them both glance toward John Maitland. He had pushed back his chair from the table; and, with a brief, "You'll excuse me, mother?" he now rose and left the room.

His mother's gaze followed him with a very wistful expression until he passed out of her sight. Then she turned her eyes back to her husband.

"Oh, I do wonder what this will mean for him?" she breathed, with a soft sigh.

Mr. Wynne smiled slightly.

"I think that you hope more than you wonder," he said.

"I do," she confessed. "How could I not hope that now, when the way is at last clear, those two, who have suffered so much apart, may at last be happy together? It would be such a perfect end."

"Would it?"

Mr. Wynne spoke meditatively; and having spoken, was silent for a moment. "It's strange," he then remarked, as if to himself: "in some things—in fact, in most things—your spiritual perceptions are much keener than mine; yet now and again you surprise me by a singular obtuseness with regard to something which is quite clear to me."

Mrs. Wynne leaned back in her chair, and looked at him with an expression in which apprehension and defiance were curiously mingled.

"What is amiss with my perceptions at present?" she inquired. "How am I exhibiting obtuseness? Why shouldn't I hope that Madeleine may not be rewarded for all her heroic sacrifices by being made happy at last?"

"There's no reason whatever why you shouldn't hope for it," Mr. Wynne replied. "Only—well, it's all a matter of perception; and if you don't perceive that there might be such a thing as descending from a higher to a lower plane, there's no good in attempting to demonstrate the point to you."

"Don't be so insufferably didactic and superior!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Explain what you mean—or no, you needn't explain! I understand what you are implying, and I don't agree with you in the least. After all, I may be supposed to know more about Madeleine than you do."

"There is not a doubt of that," Mr. Wynne replied promptly. "You certainly know much more about Mrs. Raynor than I do; but I believe that your feeling for her is so strong that it blinds your judgment, so far as she is concerned."

"You can't believe that I think too highly of her? That is what such a phrase usually means."

"On the contrary, I believe that, in some respects, your intuitions with regard to her don't aim high enough; for instance, in the kind of happiness you are planning, or dreaming of for her—"

"Richard, you are really *very* disagreeable!"

"My dear, I won't say another word." He rose, walked around the table, laid his hand on her shoulder, and, bending down, kissed her cheek. "Forget what I've already said. I was only expressing the impressions of a dull man, you know."

"That's the worst of it," she complained: "you are not a dull man!"

"I really am," he assured her. "And in this matter I'm possibly altogether mistaken. For your sake I hope so, since you have set your heart on having Mrs. Raynor for a daughter."

"I've set my heart still more on seeing her happy."

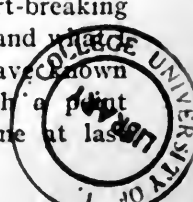
"Yes, I know." He gave an affectionate pressure to the shoulder on which his hand still rested. "I believe you'll be gratified in seeing that, only you must trust the manner of it to the Higher Powers."

Then, as if to avoid further discussion, he went away rather hastily; while Mrs. Wynne, looking at her son's vacant place, said to herself passionately:

"It will be in *that* way,—I'm sure it will be in *that* way!"

It was several days later when Mrs. Wynne received a letter from Madeleine, in answer to that which she had written immediately after reading the news of Raynor's death.

"Yes, he has gone," Madeleine wrote—"gone in a fashion so marvellous that even yet I find myself lost in wonder over it,—over the depth of the miracle which the grace of God can work in a human soul. I have told you something of the transformation which has been going on in his soul: the gradual apprehension of spiritual things, the practice of spiritual virtues,—the hard virtues of patience under suffering, of resignation, and at last even of willing acceptance of this suffering. 'For I've got so much to expiate!' he said again and again, after he had once grasped the idea of the possibility of expiation. Finally, the change in him became so great that it filled me with nothing less than awe; for it seemed to bring one so close to the supernatural. It was as if one *saw* God making him over before one's eyes. His patience grew almost heart-breaking to witness—if you can understand what I mean by this,—and I might have known that when things reached such a point the end was at hand. It came at last."



very suddenly, but not so suddenly that he had not time for all that was necessary, — time to receive the Sacraments with a conscious mind and great contrition of spirit, and to say some words to me which I can not repeat even to you, but which I shall carry written on my heart until I die, and I think beyond death.

"There was no pain or struggle at the last, only a sense of infinite consolation,—of something divine upholding the spirit. And when I heard the priest's voice rise in the solemn 'Go forth, Christian soul!' I could only think of the other going forth which had been so near,—of the dark gulf into which he had then felt himself slipping. He remembered it, too; for he looked at me, and, with the last flash of consciousness, whispered: 'This is different.' Then, as I touched the crucifix to his lips, he passed away.

"Do you wonder that my heart is so full of thankfulness that I have not yet been able to realize the great emptiness which awaits me,—the sense of an occupation gone; of hours which I can no longer fill with acts of service; the loss of one whom I had grown to love again in a different and tenderer fashion than of old, and who depended upon me for everything as a child depends upon its mother? I know that this realization of emptiness and loneliness awaits me: I feel it in the background, as it were. But now I can only repeat with unspeakable joy and gratitude: 'Thank God! thank God!' and yet again 'Thank God!'"

At this point Mrs. Wynne dropped the letter into her lap, and sat gazing before her with eyes in which a shadow of doubt seemed struggling with sympathetic joy. Her husband's words recurred to her memory: "There might be such a thing as descending from a higher to a lower plane." After this intense spiritual experience, this taste of absolute ecstasy, would the happiness which she so ardently desired for Madeleine be indeed a descent to a lower plane of feeling? She repu-

diated the thought, yet could not banish it; although assuring herself that it would be better for her to come down from such heights of emotion to the normal happiness, the ordinary ways of life, to the sweetness which dwells in love, to the satisfaction to be found in duty untouched by the mystical note of sacrifice. For her husband was so far right in saying that Mrs. Wynne's spiritual perceptions were sometimes obscured by her feelings, that at this moment she shrank from the thought of that note of sacrifice, which she knew—what Catholic does not know?—exercises a positive, and frequently irresistible, fascination over certain souls. She remembered that she had first brought it to Madeleine's knowledge—first suggested the idea which the latter had so eagerly grasped, so promptly acted upon,—and thus opened to her the road on which she had since gone so far. Wonderful things had been wrought through the application of that idea; of this no one was more thoroughly aware than Mrs. Wynne herself, and no one appreciated those things more. But, had she uttered her inmost feeling, it would have been to the effect that the work had been accomplished, the end of heroic self-immolation achieved; and now—now came the time for reward: for peace and natural happiness, instead of pain and spiritual ecstasy; for smiling valleys rather than rugged heights.

"It must be so!—it must all come right at last!" she again assured herself; and then, lifting the letter, finished reading it. There was not a great deal more. Madeleine had added only a few words about herself.

"I am now, for the first time, feeling the result of the physical strain under which I have been for so long," she wrote. "My strength never failed while I needed it—what cause for gratitude there is in this!—but, now that the need is over, it seems suddenly to have given way, and I am told that I must take a long and complete rest. I am, therefore, sailing

next week for France, where I shall join my dear Nina, and go with her to a remote place in Switzerland, where I can be perfectly quiet, recover my strength, and question my soul."

"What does she want to question her soul about?" John Maitland asked, looking up at his mother, when, a little later, he read this.

"I don't know," Mrs. Wynne replied. "It is probably merely an expression, signifying that she is in doubt what to do with her life, now that the occupation which has of late so completely filled it is taken away. There are times in the lives of all of us, you know, when we seem to come to a full stop, to the end of a familiar order of things, and when we have to find a way to pull ourselves together, and go on."

Maitland frowned a little.

"That hardly seems applicable to her," he said.

"I think that it is entirely applicable," Mrs. Wynne answered. "Don't forget that this is the first time she has ever felt herself really free; and it is not strange, therefore, that she should want to consider what use to make of her freedom."

The young man's steel-gray eyes seemed suddenly to blaze in his face, as he looked at his mother.

"I can not understand how you can speak in this way," he said vehemently, "when you know how I feel toward her, and how she has felt toward me. In my mind, there is no question of what use she can make of her freedom."

Mrs. Wynne leaned forward and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Dear boy," she said, "there may be no question in your mind, but you can't tell what question there may be in hers. Try not to be too certain that the answer will be what you desire."

"Why do you say this?" he demanded quickly. "Do you know—anything?"

"Nothing," she hastened to assure him,—"nothing at all. But because I am

anxious—anxious for your happiness and hers—I can not help fearing when I see you so confident."

"Why shouldn't I be confident?" he demanded again. "I haven't changed since we parted, and why should I think that she has? It wouldn't be like her to change. And if she hasn't, now that the obstacle which stood between us is removed, do you think I will let anything else keep us apart?"

"I'm sure that you will not, if you can prevent it."

"I shall undoubtedly prevent it." His voice expressed inflexible resolve. "See here, mother! Don't you understand why I seem to you no doubt very presumptuous? It isn't really presumption so much as the determination that she shall have the happiness which is due her, if I can give it to her. It was *that* more than anything else which made me act as I did before,—I mean the intense desire to make her as happy as she deserved to be, and never had been. You'll say that, instead of accomplishing this, I achieved only the end of making her more unhappy. But do you know I'm not altogether sure of that? I've had time to think of this thing from a great many points of view—and you would hardly believe how many points of view it has."

"Oh, yes, I would!" Mrs. Wynne said. "I have been able to see a great number of them myself. And yet, John, you must remember that, when it comes to judging your conduct, there is only one point of view possible."

"That I was wrong, indefensibly wrong? Of course I admit that," he replied frankly. "I've never tried to defend my conduct, and for a time it seemed to me that I had made the most awful botch of things conceivable. I had" (he checked the items off on his fingers) "defied the Church, and been ready to give up my Faith, or at least the practice of it, for the sake of marrying a divorced woman; I had nearly broken your heart; I had made her miserable instead of happy;

and, last and worst of all, I had tried to keep her from entering the Church. That's a pretty black list; and, after the full realization of it all came to me, I almost wonder that I didn't cut my throat. You know how savagely wretched I was after I came home? Well, what I showed was simply nothing to what I felt. I moved and lived in a state of despair and self-contempt which I couldn't describe if I would, and I certainly wouldn't if I could. It was like a revelation of the state of the damned. I spurned and despised myself so utterly that I couldn't imagine God would do anything else than spurn and despise me."

"O John!"

"I mean it—every word!" The stern jaw set in a manner which showed that he meant it. "I was plunged into such depths of self-condemnation that I didn't even try to make a plea for pardon. I felt as if it would be useless. The whole thing had been on my part so deliberate! I knew perfectly what I was doing, and *I had done it*. I was aware that I might have done many worse things with less mental guilt; and it didn't seem to help my condition in the least that I had failed in all I set out to accomplish. I was so abased in spirit that I suppose after a while the divine compassion was moved on my behalf; for a few rays of something like comfort began to steal upon me, as if the corner of a curtain were lifted and I was given a glimpse, the merest glimpse, of what lay behind. I began to see that I had needed just such a lesson to show the depths to which pride and self-will, and the determination to have one's own way at any cost, may lead one; and I also saw (this was most comforting of all) that, although I had not been able to do what I desired for Madeleine—that is, to make her happy in the ordinary way, — I had been permitted to do much more, without any intention, and certainly without any merit of my own. I had made myself her tempter; and by tempting, by every means and argument the devil

could suggest, I had tested the strength of her soul. You know how it stood the test."

He paused and looked at his mother with glowing eyes, while she looked at him in a wonder beyond speech; for never in all the years she had known him, which meant the years since he first drew breath, had she heard him express himself like this. He had always been one of the most reticent of men, where his deepest feelings were concerned; and although he had once before said some words on this subject which she had repeated to Madeleine, they had been brief, and contained no hint of such self-revelation as the present. So for a moment they gazed silently at each other, and then very quietly he went on:

"Well, the point of all this is, that where I might have done deadly harm, I was rendered instead the instrument of good to her. Pain — oh, yes, I gave her pain and bitter suffering. But I don't need to remind you what we are told about the efficacy of those things. The merit she gained through them, the graces they brought her, were not at all what I had wanted to give her; but what I wanted was not only frustrated, but turned about, and made to work another and very different purpose from that which I intended. I saw it all, like a flash of revelation; and it was more wonderful than I can even attempt to express. I saw that, from first to last, I had been no more than a pawn in the game God was playing for her soul. (I hope I'm not irreverent; I don't mean to be.) If I hadn't fallen in love with her and determined to marry her, you wouldn't have known her, and turned her attention toward the Church; and if I hadn't followed her abroad, and given her so hard a struggle, she mightn't have developed the strength to make the other heroic sacrifice which she made at last. Oh, you may think me presumptuous if you like, but it's all very clear to me! And now—"

"Yes, now?" Mrs. Wynne said, as again he paused, and sat, holding her with his brilliant gaze. "You believe that you will now be allowed to play a different—it's impossible to say a more important—part in her life?"

"I believe," he answered slowly, "that the time has come when I may be permitted to make her happy in the way I desired and intended before. And it is on her account entirely that I believe this. It's as clear to me as to you, or to anybody else, that *I* don't deserve such happiness, but *she* deserves it; and if it can only come to her through me—well, you see the point at last, don't you? What I am counting on is that Providence will use me as an instrument again,—this time to make her happy instead of miserable. And if I am happy also, why, that's merely incidental, and to be tolerated because it's a necessary part of the scheme of her happiness."

"John, you are both absurd and convincing!" his mother declared, between laughter and tears. "I've given a great deal of thought to this matter; but, think as I might, I couldn't see how Madeleine was to be made happy without your being happy also; and I was forced to confess to myself that you didn't deserve to be."

"Not in the least," Maitland agreed. "But God gives us many things which we don't deserve, and I am hoping that this may be one of them. At all events, I shall not leave the matter in doubt. As soon as I know where she is settled abroad, I shall go to her."

"My dear boy, there are certain conventionalities to be observed. Had you not better wait a little?"

"No." He rose to his feet as if he were starting at once. "I shall not wait a day longer than is necessary. Conventionalities are nothing to me, and I am sure they are nothing to her. The only thing that matters is to find myself once more face to face with her."

(Conclusion next week.)

To the Angel of Death.

BY M. E. L'ESTRANGE.

THOUGH painted as a spectre grim,
To me thou art an angel bright,
Who openest the way to Him
That dwells in everlasting Light.
And I have yearned, from childhood's years,
To hear the rustle of thy wings;
For earth is but a "vale of tears,"
And we were made for higher things.
To bend God's will I do not ask,
For He will call when He sees best;
And then shalt thou fulfil thy task,
And lead me to eternal rest.

An Ideal Bishop.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONTINUED.)

FATHER BAFFIE relates numerous edifying incidents illustrative of Bishop de Mazenod's spirit of faith and piety, his striving after perfection; his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Sacred Heart, to Our Lady and the saints, to the Church and the Pope; his practice of humility, mortification and obedience; his zeal for souls, and his love of poverty and the poor. They put the finishing touches to his pen-portrait of an ideal bishop, who was called "a bishop of the ancient days," whose exemplary life reflected the beauty of holiness, which is "ever ancient, ever new." He aimed at nothing short of sanctity; he set before himself no lower view of what was required of him as priest and bishop. By his words, by his example, by his entire life, he repeated without ceasing in the sight and hearing of others: "Let us be saints."

Some priests in England had advised the missionaries, whom Bishop de Mazenod first sent into that country, to content themselves with religious practices within their communities, and when absent from

their own homes, not to be in any way different from secular priests. As soon as he heard of this he wrote to the Fathers, saying: "This would be a disastrous system: it would only alienate from us those who are called to the perfection of the religious life." To those whom he sent to found new missions in America he wrote: "The future of our Congregation in the New World is in your hands, if only you are what you ought to be—that is to say, true religious."

The mainspring of all his actions, what inspired all his thoughts and regulated his life from first to last, was his supernaturalized faith. It was to this he owed the gift of tears, especially during the celebration of the divine mysteries; his perception of the inward sense of all the Church's ceremonies, particularly in the Mass, in ordinations and Confirmations; and the ecstatic delight with which he participated in every solemn function. Among those who saw him for the first time standing at the altar was the Abbé Giraud, afterward Cardinal Archbishop of Cambrai, who loved to speak of "the extraordinary fervor, the lively emotion, and the pious tears of the celebrant, and still more of the inexpressible effect produced by his burning words when he addressed those who were present." Every one was in tears. The memory of that first Mass never left him. It was his faith, and the spirit of reverence born of it, which made him regard with instinctive horror ecclesiastics whose minds were unspiritual, deeming them a misfortune to the Church.

His confidence in God was unbounded. "Considering the laxity of our age, and men's want of generosity, it is almost a miracle that we expect from the divine bounty," he wrote to one of his religious. "No matter! Our confidence even reaches so far! We will expect nothing less from the Father of the family, who Himself invites us to pray to the Lord of the harvest, that He would send laborers worthy to gather up what is already

ripening for the sickle." His courage and generosity were nobly displayed when, at the risk of imprisonment in Vincennes, he had searched Paris for the "Black Cardinals,"* a name given to those whose allowance Napoleon cut off because they would not swear to a schismatic Constitution.

Most of his undertakings were begun in opposition to the counsels of human prudence. "One would not be worthy to belong to God and to the Church," he declared, "if one allowed oneself to be disheartened by the tribulations which have to be endured by those who are most feared by the Spirit of Evil." Discouragement he looked upon as a weakness proceeding from self-love. "One almost turns against those tepid ecclesiastics who are less influenced by the needs of the Church than by their own selfish interests," he wrote. The apathy of many young clerics, not having the courage to quit all things in order to consecrate themselves to the apostolate, was a source of lively sorrow to him. Several of his missionaries left him. On two occasions he saw his work threatened with ruin. It was at one time a question whether the Fathers should separate of their own accord or wait to be disbanded by ecclesiastical authority. "To gain its position in the Church," he said, "our Society has had to pass through fire and water."

But it was not disappointments, deaths

* The twenty-seven Cardinals who were present at the time in Paris were divided as to the attitude they should assume toward the marriage ceremony of Napoleon I. with Maria Louisa, at which Cardinal Fesch was to officiate. Consalvi refused to attend, and twelve Cardinals followed his example. Napoleon dismissed the refractory Cardinals from a public reception, deprived them of their property and emoluments, and forbade them to wear the insignia of their office. Hence these thirteen were referred to as the "Black Cardinals," in contradistinction to the Red Cardinals supported by the Emperor. A little later they were arrested and scattered through the different cities of France.

and desertions alone that tried his faith and confidence: he had to carry a heavier cross. "It seems as if the devil had received special powers against us as against Job," he said. "May God grant us Job's resignation!" He needed it. It was the priests of the Jewish Sanhedrim who caused the cross to be laid on the Saviour's shoulders, and it was his own brethren in the priesthood who imposed the heaviest cross upon Mgr. de Mazenod. They attacked himself and his work. The founder of the Mission of Provence, slightly styled *un certain sieur de Mazenod, soi-disant missionnaire*, was denounced by a parish priest as a dangerous man. The minds of bishops were poisoned with calumnies. An archbishop was so blinded by this malignant influence as to call him "a hypocrite, a whitened sepulchre, a wretch, and a monster." In the midst of all this he remained firm, calm, and even joyful, deeming it a great favor to suffer as the saints suffered; although at times nature would assert itself, when a cry of regret escaped him that he had not died in 1814 when, as a martyr of charity, he caught the typhoid fever from the poor prisoners at Aix; and, thinking he was no longer good for anything in the world, he was tempted to fly to some Carthusian monastery, where he might end his days in silence, penitence, and prayer.

Persecuted at Aix as a missionary and founder, he had to endure a more prolonged and bitter persecution as Vicar-General at Marseilles and chief co-operator in the restoration of the See of St. Lazarus. Still his confidence in God never wavered, and he calmly awaited the hour of his inevitable vindication. Five minutes in prayer before the Tabernacle or the crucifix sufficed to console and strengthen him. "God always grants us some compensation for the disappointments and sorrows by which He tests our fidelity, or allows men to injure us," he would say.

He was a man of prayer as well as a man who lived by faith. All through his

long life he was a preacher of prayer; his own heart was a living sanctuary of it. In the two parts into which his Book of Constitutions divides the missionary life, the first is specially consecrated to prayer. In his judgment, the priestly life without the spirit of prayer is sterile in fruits of salvation. "Prayer," he said, "is the priest's daily bread. In it he will find strength, light, and consolation in all the troubles which cross his path." Assimilating the spirit and teaching of St. Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Congregation of the Passion, who said that religious foundations succeed by means of prayer, he ardently desired that his own Congregation should reproduce the fervor of the religious Orders or the Regular Congregations whose virtues shone so resplendently in their early days.

Following the example of St. Francis de Sales, who loved to be affiliated to all the pious confraternities in the Church, Bishop de Mazenod asked and obtained communication of prayers and merits with nearly all the great religious Orders—Carthusians, Trappists, Jesuits, etc. He was also united by ties of spiritual affinity with the holiest persons of the nineteenth century, and had an abiding faith in the elevating and consoling doctrine of the communion of saints. One of the elect souls toward whom he was drawn by their mutual attraction to devotion to the Eucharistic Presence was the celebrated Jewish convert, Father Hermann, the Discalced Carmelite. This Apostle of the Blessed Eucharist, as he was called, when preaching a retreat to the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul at Marseilles, so impressed Bishop de Mazenod that he was moved to tears.

As priest, missionary and bishop, he sought every opportunity of bringing worshippers around the Tabernacle, where he wished he could pass his whole life. He was a great advocate of frequent Communion, and often took the place of the parochial clergy in carrying the Viaticum to the dying. Once, in the streets of

Marseilles, meeting a priest, very poorly escorted, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, he knelt down until he had passed, and then took his place behind him. A parish priest having died before Easter, and the installation of his successor having been deferred until the close of the Paschal season, he announced that he himself would bring Holy Communion to all the sick and bedridden in the parish.

Every manifestation of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament made him shed tears of joy. This led to a corresponding devotion to the Holy Sacrifice, of which it is the source and centre. He regretted the present discipline of the Church which forbids priests, as a rule, to say Mass more than once a day, and recalled how the great Pontiff, St. Leo, in the eleventh century, used to celebrate seven times a day. "Would to God," he cried, "that all my life might be devoted to the one sublime ministry! I should convert more souls by my assiduity at the holy altar than by all the sermons I could preach." He did not miss Mass for more than a few days during the fifty years of his priesthood. Of some priests he said: "Their way of saying Mass cuts me to the quick." Precipitation in the celebration of the holy mysteries he regarded as a downright scandal. He loved to fill the simple function of acolyte or altar server; and often, even in his old age, served the Masses of priests who offered up the Holy Sacrifice in his oratory at the episcopal palace.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart, which harmonized in a special manner with devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—the living and most sacred symbol of God's love for humanity, of the divine compassion for the multitude,—was traditional in Marseilles, and, so to speak, hereditary in the Mazenod family. Its most illustrious apostle in the eighteenth century was Mgr. de Belsunce, Bishop of Marseilles, who, inspired by the Venerable de Remusat, delivered his flock from pestilence by consecrating them to the Sacred

Heart. During the last years of his episcopate, he infused the same devotion into the soul of his Vicar-General, the Abbé André de Mazenod, granduncle of the founder of the Oblates, to whom it was transmitted.

Whenever Marseilles was visited by great calamities—such as the cholera which spread terror and death through the streets of the great city,—it was to the Sacred Heart he appealed. As bishop and founder, he zealously propagated this beautiful devotion. His missionaries, following his example, have made themselves preachers and apostles of it. On June 10, 1893, more than forty Oblate missionaries, before scattering to all parts of the world, assembled at Montmartre, after the close of their general chapter, to make a solemn consecration of their whole Congregation to the Sacred Heart.

The grand annual procession in its honor at Marseilles—called the City of the Sacred Heart—was made by Mgr. de Mazenod an event of the highest importance. In 1856, when it rained in torrents on the eve of the procession, he besought Heaven for fine weather, and his prayer was answered. "Not a drop of water," he records, "came down during the entire procession, which lasted not less than four hours. As soon as our Sacramental Lord had re-entered His temple, the rain poured down again as heavily as before."

It was his intention to dedicate to the Sacred Heart the new cathedral, of which Napoleon III. had enabled him to lay the foundations. In 1876 Cardinal Guibert put the Oblates in charge of the Church of the National Vow on Montmartre, confiding to them the mission of being the official chaplains of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. It was in the fitness of things; for, sixty years before, the founder of the Oblates had solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart himself, his first companions, and the beginnings of his and their apostolate; teaching his spiritual children to look upon Christ as the principal Founder of their Society, of which he con-

sidered himself only the nominal founder.

But the spiritual attraction which left its impress upon his whole life, and was the special *raison d'être* of his Institute, was devotion to the Blessed Virgin, traditional in Marseilles and in his own family. "The founder of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate," says Father Baffie, "will take a place in the history of the Church amongst the most illustrious servants of the Mother of God. The humble mission house at Aix, the cradle of his new religious Society, was from the very beginning placed by him under her maternal protection. When they took possession of the celebrated sanctuary of Notre Dame du Laus, instead of Missioners of Provence (a title no longer appropriate), they had begun to call themselves Oblates of St. Charles; but, remembering that this name had belonged to an Italian Congregation since the sixteenth century, in his visits to the most venerated sanctuaries of Our Lady in Rome, it occurred to him to choose instead the name Oblates of Mary Immaculate, of which Pope Leo XII. approved.

His piety anticipated the formal definition of the Church; and it may well be imagined with what joy he afterward hailed the promulgation, on December 8, 1854, by Pius IX., of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It was his happy lot to be near the Pontifical throne in St. Peter's on that ever-memorable occasion, when he was so moved and enraptured that tears coursed down his cheeks, and he felt lifted out of himself. "I forgot for the moment," he said, "that this world is a place of exile." And when, three years later, at the unveiling in Marseilles of the monument commemorative of the definition, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice in presence of a hundred thousand people, at the base of the column supporting the statue of the Immaculata, he held the sacred host and chalice raised for quite a minute above the vast assembly, in the excess of joy, love, adoration and gratitude which filled his soul. It was an

event worthy of the traditional devotion to Our Lady in Marseilles.

Among the special favors he received from Our Lady, his biographer notes the conviction imparted to him, on the feast of the Assumption in 1823, that God meant to do great things in and by him. He referred to it in a way which seemed to imply that she actually appeared to him, but that is involved in some obscurity. He, however, clearly attributed to her his call to be the founder of a Congregation of priests specially devoted to her Immaculate Conception; after observing that "it is a sign of predestination to bear the name of Oblate of Mary Immaculate."

Through her hands, observes Father Baffie, heavenly blessings were poured out abundantly and visibly upon the new missionary Congregation. Mgr. de Mazenod attributed to her exclusively the development of his work and the success of the foundations. Gratitude and piety moved him, as one of the means of rekindling devotion to Our Lady, to undertake the restoration of ancient sanctuaries dedicated to her honor. "It is my ardent wish," he wrote to the Archbishop of Avignon, "that our Congregation might have the privilege of restoring all the ruined sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin." This pious desire was fulfilled to a considerable extent; though it cost him and his missionaries much labor and enormous expense, and even subjected them to persecution. The splendid church of Notre Dame de la Garde,* whose beautiful statue is conspicuous above the city and the sea, was planned, begun, and almost finished by Mgr. de Mazenod during his episcopate at Marseilles.

(Conclusion next week.)

* The hill called La Garde was a place of devotion from time immemorial. An old chronicle of 1214 records that "Master Peter" built on the hill a chapel in honor of our Blessed Lady, which belonged to the monastery of St. Victor. When popular devotion increased, it was enlarged, and more honor was paid to her whom the people of Marseilles have always called *La bonne Mère*.

An Irish Postgirl.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.



I DO not know if there are any postgirls, in contradistinction to postmen, in America; but in Ireland we have at least one, and I think the case is comparatively unique,—if one may so qualify “unique.” How Maggie, our County Dublin postgirl, came to fill her present position is a simple story but an interesting one; moreover, its recital should prove one of the strongest possible arguments in favor of the Fresh-air-for-Health crusade.

When I first made Maggie's more intimate acquaintance, nine or ten years ago, she was then a young girl in her very early teens,—a bright, merry youngster, despite the too evident traces of a delicate constitution which showed themselves in her anæmic looks and partially wasted limbs. As time wore on, Maggie's health grew worse instead of better; her cheeks became hollow, her eyes sunken, her lips more pale and bloodless; even her pretty brown hair lost much of its lustre and luxuriance. In fact, when circumstances about that time rendered it necessary that we should leave our country home and go to live nearer the city, I went away with the sorrowful conviction that poor Maggie was irrevocably “booked.” So certain a calamity did it seem that when, now and again, I returned to visit some of my friends and relations in the country, I was often loath to ask of Maggie's mother, always one of the first to greet me on my way, how her delicate daughter was doing, fearing I should hear the very worst.

When I returned, however, after a lapse of four and a half years, to the country of my childhood, I was as much amazed as pleased to find Maggie metamorphosed into an entirely different creature. Instead of her former thin anæmic looks, her face and limbs showed now the

fulness and firmness of youth and strength. Lips, cheeks, eyes, and hair,—all held the warm color and brightness of health. What could it be that had worked so marvellous a change in her?

Maggie, unfortunately, had not been the only one of her family that suffered from ill health. An elder brother, who filled the position of postboy in part of this rural district, had also been more or less ailing from childhood; and about the time I went away to the city poor Larry fell into a wasting illness and died. It was during the final week or two of his long illness, nearly all of it endured while “on his feet,” that Maggie was given the task of carrying the mails in her brother's place; temporarily, of course, as was understood by Larry himself and his mother,—the last of all, naturally, to realize or believe that her boy should so soon be taken from her thus cruelly, just at the threshold of man's estate.

Larry died, and there was sore sorrow and tribulation in the long, low, white-washed, straw-thatched cottage standing like a friendly sign-post at the corner of the road that winds upward ever to the heart of the hills. After he had gone, Maggie still carried the mails up that road in his place. That was eight or nine years ago, and she is carrying them still; and is likely to carry them on for years to come, unless marriage and the cares of a family should interfere to prevent her.

Maggie is a pretty girl, with something in her merry brown eyes and rosy face, her never-failing brightness and cheeriness of manner, that everyone finds winsome and refreshing; and it is all her own fault that she is not married already, seeing that she has plenty of admirers. But, then, of course she has still time enough; and seems very happy to have her joke and bit of fun, as she is sure to do, with all the boys, without quite losing her heart and freedom to any one of them. She is comfortably content in her home life, having the best of mothers, who insures that each and all of her daughters

will become in turn the best of mothers and housewives,—one of those strong, capable “Irish mothers” of whom Canon Sheehan tells us; and whose husbands and families, unlike most modern instances, accord them in full measure respect—nay, veneration—as well as love.

Despite all her dignity and character, however, she is not above entering into her children’s ideas and amusements, even going the length on occasion of joining them in a friendly game of snowballing with the neighbors. Maggie is certainly not the least favored of her mother’s many children. Her father also adores her; and she has good sisters and a big, industrious brother to share the labors of the home and the little farm; and a dainty and fascinating small niece to fill the inevitable gap in every household that does not enshrine a child.

Maggie is entirely happy, and shows it abundantly in her looks. Every morning, however, be it hail, rain or snow—and often in this high-lying, wind-swept district the winter snow is almost impassable,—she is punctually at her post to receive the incoming mail, sort out the letters, and carry her share of them on her rounds. This latter embraces a kind of circular tour of about four miles straight, (is this an Irish bull?), which, of course, means much longer for her by the time she has called at every little house and traversed many a long avenue or “boreen”; with a further incursion, on two days of each week, uphill into a more lovely, more desolate country. Many an older girl or woman would be afraid to venture alone, even in broad daylight, on some of these lonely, isolated roads; but daily communion with Mother Nature has made Maggie brave and fearless; and she no more thinks of being molested than she herself would think of molesting the innocent brown birds or bunny rabbits that fly with a whirl of wings across her path, or race at the first sound of her footfall to the near-at-hand shelter and covert of bracken and briar.

Not unlike some dryad of the woods is she herself, with her robin-like brightness and brownness of eye, and the nearly always brown-tinted, warm, comfortable clothing which she wears (her mother sees to it that it should be entirely comfortable and warm), and which seems to harmonize so completely with her ruddy cheeks and shining nut-brown hair. Often indeed—sometimes, in this too humid climate of ours, for days and even weeks at a stretch—she comes home wet quite through, so that every garment must be changed. But that does not in the least diminish her cheerfulness, or indeed affect her health any more than her spirits. And even should she catch a cold, more often than not she simply “walks it off” on her daily journey,—a contrast to the older and less robust days wherein she used to sit cowering over the fire, shivering with cold even in the warm days of summer.

Hers is a bright and pleasant life, almost an enviable one also, once one has accepted and grown used to the inevitable hardships of wind and weather. For everyone is looking out for her, everyone is glad to see her, and the whole long route of delivery is replete with incident and interest. Here she has to read for an illiterate old mother the welcome letter, enclosing a goodly sum, from her daughter in service in London. Again she may be asked to indite a few lines for some half-blind old body to the soldier-son in India; or she is sure to have a commission or two from the kindly nuns shut up within their convent walls. Here she must fill up a paper or sign a document for a feeble and palsied old-age pensioner; while to the little flower-covered cottage at the end of the long boreen she is the happy bearer of a message to some young girl, whose anxious face and eyes, strained with watching, grow suddenly alight and glad with pleasure at sight of the missive from the absent sweetheart in America,—gone there, poor boy, to earn a living and seek a home for his bride.

Sometimes, alas! the news she brings may be tidings of sorrow, not joy; but more often, happily, it is the other way about. And, then, there comes Christmas, when the heavy weight of her burden of gifts is more than made up for in the joy of the recipients; and the children cluster round her skirts and hamper her footsteps in their eager pleasure and excitement. So it comes that should a day arrive when Maggie is not able to deliver her usual burden of messages, welcome and long-watched for, that day must prove for her dull and uninteresting indeed.

I always think of her as a robin, with her bright brown eyes and russet garb,—a cheerful friendly robin, whose entry is welcome to every home; robin-like, too, in her utter indifference to any sort of weather; light-hearted and gay and optimistic, though cold winds blow, or rain falls heavily and drearily, overflowing the rivers and lakes, and flooding the roads and rendering them occasionally impassable; though frosts nip the cheeks and ears and pinch the burthened fingers, or snow laps the whole country round in a clogging, impeding white shroud.

The Late Col. Higginson.

"IT was a genuine pleasure to me," writes a well-known convert priest, "to read in *THE AVE MARIA* of May 27 the name of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and to find him spoken of in kindly and appreciative words by a Catholic periodical. He had not the Faith, but his heart was large and lovable, and he felt deeply the beauty and grandeur of Catholic truths. From my earliest childhood I knew him and loved him. Often as a boy I sat on his knee and listened, fascinated, to descriptions of his travels, and of sights and ceremonies in Rome. These were given in a style to please my young curiosity more than any other of my gray compeers ever had power to do. Several times in later years he wrote

to me, asking information about Catholic matters, always with the same spirit of interested and respectful inquiry. A poem of his published in 1871, and reproduced in the second series of '*Carmina Mariana*,' by Orby Shipley, is to my mind a very beautiful expression of religious feeling. It is called '*Madonna di San Sisto*'; and, for tender reverence to Our Lady, is quite worthy of a Catholic." The same might be said of numerous other poems addressed to the Blessed Virgin by non-Catholic writers included in Mr. Shipley's collection. As one of them once remarked, "Let no one professing the name of Christian fear to honor too much Her whom the Almighty honored so highly." It is a pleasure to quote Col. Higginson's lines in full:

Look down into my heart,
Thou Holy Mother, with thy Holy Son;
Read all my thoughts, and bid the doubts depart,
And all the fears be done.

I lay my spirit bare,
O blessed Ones! beneath your wondrous eyes;
And not in vain: ye hear my heartfelt prayer,
And your twin-gaze replies.

What says it? All that life
Demands of those who live to be and do;
Calmness in all its bitterest, deepest strife,
Courage till all is through.

Thou Mother, in thy sight,
Can aught of passion or despair remain?
Beneath those eyes' serene and holy light,
The soul is bright again.

Thou Child, whose earnest gaze
Looks ever forward, fearless, steady, strong,
Beneath those eyes no doubt or weakness stays,
No fear can linger long.

Thanks, that to my weak heart
Your mingled powers, fair forms, such counsel give!
Till I have learned the lesson ye impart,
I have not learned to live.

And, oh, till life be done,
Of your deep gaze may ne'er the impressious cease!
Still may the dark eyes whisper, "Courage! On!"
The mild eyes murmur, "Peace!"

"May we not say," adds our correspondent, "that one who could write such sweet words and express such tender feeling must have had a heart pleasing to the Mother and the Child he thus addressed? Surely, with my own recollections of the man, I feel that I can pray that he may have found at last the light he sought from Our Lady,—that now 'the mild eyes murmur, "Peace!"'"

Curiosities of Criticism.

OF "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life," by Franz von Seeburg, translated by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., the London *Athenæum* says: "In the work before us is told in pleasant words the life of Joseph Haydn. . . . The translation on the whole is very good." A Catholic reviewer in New York considers this book utterly worthless, and is at pains to condemn the translator's part in it. "A well-known teacher of music whom I met not long ago," writes Mrs. S. M. O'Malley ("Under the Library Lamp"), "showed me with enthusiasm a book she was reading to her pupils. It was Father Toohey's excellent translation of 'Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life,' by Franz von Seeburg. The music teacher I refer to is not a Catholic; but no matter. In the life of the great Catholic composer she found deep wells of inspiration." Considering its marked religious tone, the appreciation of this volume on the part of non-Catholics has been somewhat of a surprise to us. Not knowing its great popularity with all classes of readers in Germany, and doubtless unaware that it had found favor with Protestant persons in this country, another Catholic critic (in St. Louis) thus relieves his mind:

Readers of this book will widely differ, no doubt, in their opinions concerning it. The reason for it is the plan adopted by the author for the presentation of his subject. Most likely, however, all will agree on the fact that he begins well and ends disastrously. Its closing pages remind those experienced in metropolitan newspaper work of "pulling together" a big story for a first or an extra edition. Another serious objection to the book, in the estimation of the admirers of Haydn, is its confusion of facts and its conversion of biographical incident in the great composer's life. In these particulars it is seriously defective. To those who give attention to such matters, the book will undoubtedly prove very disappointing. In fact, they will feel that the purchase price has been wasted and time lost in its perusal.

The *Inter-Ocean* (the leading newspaper of Chicago), on the contrary, has only

praise for "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life." At the head of a department labelled "New Books in Brief," we find this notice:

To those who care for music and are therefore interested in the lives of great musicians, and to all folk who may find enjoyment in a narrative declaring how gentle simplicity was in the case of Haydn joined to a great, noble genius, this book will appeal right pleasingly. It is written in an earnest, honest, unpretentious way, and the translation seems a faithful one.

"Phileas Fox, Attorney," by Anna T. Sadlier, so highly praised by the London *Academy*, received no notice whatever in a number of Catholic periodicals, which, while publishing extended reviews of books by secular writers—works of inferior worth in many cases,—raise periodic wails over the neglect of "our own literature," and lament the fact that so many Catholic pens are employed on the secular press, especially in writing fiction. Let these pens produce whatever they may for the general public, however, and the Catholic editor, as a rule, is the very last to offer a word of outspoken criticism, even when—fortunately rare instances—religious truth is minimized or misrepresented and things holy are turned into ridicule.

Nothing could induce us to refer again to such a book as "Marie Claire" were it not that several Catholic editors, misled by notices in the secular press, have alluded to it without a word of reprobation,—telling admiringly of how it came to light in Paris, how charmingly it is written, how pleasantly nuns are mentioned in it, etc. We have not read this "sweet and refreshing classic," but a contributor of THE AVE MARIA who has done so writes of it as follows:

One is always doubtful as to French stories; but when one sees a book described as "pure," "fresh," "simple," "unique," etc., etc., one is tempted to examine; especially when it is advertised and lauded as the work of an uneducated seamstress, and purports to be the genuine recital of a part of her life. It was this that led me to purchase the book, expecting to find a treat in its pages.

It has, indeed, the charm of simplicity, and even "innocence," all the way through, — or would have, did not one know that such simplicity and innocence were impossible. Therein lies its insidious danger, its diabolical art. For it is a diabolical book,—written, I believe, for the sinister purpose of striking another blow at religion through the Sisterhoods of the Church. Nothing more vile was ever conceived, nothing more improbable could ever have happened—within the walls of a convent. If such infamy had been perpetrated, it certainly would not have been done under the eyes and ears of innocent children.

I really doubted the existence of Marguerite Audoux until I saw a picture of her in an illustrated paper. But that, too, may have been "faked" by her "discoverers." And the thing most to be deplored of all is that, through the length and breadth of two continents, not a protest has been made against the vile calumnies of "Marie Claire," not a word against its horrible insinuations—with the exception, of course, of a few Catholic reviewers.

From a careful notice of this book in the London *Tablet*, we quote the following extracts:

To us the main significance of the book and of its reception lies in its suggestiveness of evil. . . . This unreal record of life in the convent, both amongst the nuns and the children, betrays a spiritual famine for which no literary grace could atone. Uncharitableness, illicit love, and vengeance prevail; and religion is hardly mentioned except from the sentimental and superstitious standpoint. This, indeed, constitutes a grave defect in even the mere art of the book, since it detracts from its false verisimilitude. . . .

The English translator in his afterword quotes a saying of the author's which critics have pronounced to be wondrously illuminative and indicative of a vast "charity." "Wicked people," she is represented as saying, "are like a thunderstorm, and a lazy woman is like a hot room. Both are unhealthy, but they can not help it." Is it quite so sure that they can not? Must people write books like this? It is so much easier not to write a book; and not to heat the room might even be—oh, these false idols of imagery!—both to secure a cool one and to be therein the lazier.

And this scandalous book, in which nuns are reviled, is favorably noticed by the editor of a magazine published under the auspices of a religious Order! Catholic literary criticism certainly is curious, to say the least of it.

Notes and Remarks.

AMERICAN Catholics have become of late years so accustomed to seeing notable tributes of respect and honor paid to our only American Cardinal that quite possibly they underestimate the significance attaching—in European minds, for instance—to the celebration, the other day in Baltimore, of James Cardinal Gibbons' Golden Jubilee as a priest, and Silver Jubilee as a Prince of the Church. That the President of the United States, the only living ex-President, many members of Congress, etc., the highest officials of the State and city, bishops and the clergy of other denominations—men of every class, profession, trade and creed,—should cordially join in eulogizing a man who, however prominent as an American citizen, is, after all, primarily, in fact as well as in common acceptance, the foremost Catholic prelate in America, is a historical incident which can not but impress both the people and the rulers of other lands wherein Princes of the Church are held in less than the oldtime honor which once was theirs. As an influential Baltimore journal observes:

Such a tribute is as rare as it is impressive, and it could be called forth only by one whose life and energies have been devoted to the cause of humanity. Though he has been ever loyal to his Church and its institutions, and has furthered its interests continually, the Cardinal's influence for good has been exercised in a much wider field. He has been devoted to his home city and the State. He has taken a deep personal interest in the affairs of the nation, has upheld its institutions, has been foremost in movements for civic and social improvement, ever ready to denounce the wrong and uphold the right,—a model citizen and a great American.

With characteristic modesty, the Cardinal deprecated much of the eulogy of which he was the grateful recipient; without, however, minimizing his lifelong efforts for the betterment of his country and its people. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have portrayed your subject not, I fear, as he is, but as he should be. But

your portrait is so attractive that it shall be my endeavor to resemble it more and more every day of the few years that remain to me. One merit only I can truly claim, and that is an ardent love for my native country and her political institutions. Ever since I entered the sacred ministry, my aim has been to make those over whom I exerted any influence not only more upright Christians but also more loyal citizens. For the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen."

It is to be hoped that the surviving remnant of the ignoramuses who once exploited the opposition of the Church to science, and the intellectual barrenness of the Catholic clergy, are keeping abreast of the news from Europe. Advices from Brussels state that the Quinquennial Prize in Social Sciences has been awarded to Father Vermeersch, S. J.; that the Decennial Prize in Philosophic Sciences goes to Cardinal Mercier; that a decennial contest in philosophy has been won by Father Delchaye; and that signal honors have been awarded to the scholarly work of the regretted Mgr. Lamy and of Canon Van Hoonacker. In view of the fact that the Royal Academy of Belgium is anything but a "clerical" body, and of the additional fact that among the juries who unanimously awarded these prizes were professors of the Masonic *Free University*, there can be little doubt that the honors were fully deserved.

As a footnote to the commencement orations to which our Catholic graduates are listening about this season, the following extract from an address of Bishop Gallagher to former students of St. Patrick's College, Sydney, Australia, a few weeks ago, is worth reproduction:

That which we believe, we should act out; that which we aim at, we should make a strenuous effort to attain. No hothouse plant should our Catholic faith and piety be. We need a virile, manly faith, a robust and masculine piety, to withstand the rude shocks to which our relig-

ion is heir in a young, vigorous, non-Catholic, perhaps one might be inclined to say non-Christian, country like Australia. Let us not seek to find in God's Providence an excuse for our own indolence, and want of Catholic spirit and neglect of duty. There is nothing in our religion that requires us to be lazaroni. What we Catholics need in this age and this country is not easy-going men, whose only merit is their inability to do harm; but men of enterprise, of daring enthusiasm, of positive, not negative, virtues; men who, thinking highly, acting nobly, pouring into feeble breasts a portion of their own glowing aspirations, can advance the cause of truth, virtue, religion, civilization. Catholics have, I think, a right to expect that such leaders should be provided for us from the ex-students of our Catholic colleges.

In this respect the needs of America are those of Australia; and the graduates of our Catholic educational institutions are bound in honor to show themselves not only good Catholics, but active, energetic, aggressive upholders and defenders of the religion to which they owe their moral and intellectual equipment for the battle of life.

Lest we forget, in our outspoken censure of the lack of religion in some European countries, publicists on the other side of the Atlantic present to us conclusions drawn from statistics furnished by our own government. Commenting on the story told by our latest census, H. G. Fromme remarks in the *Paris Univers*: "It is sad to note that, of the ninety-two million inhabitants of the United States, hardly one-half belong to any Christian religion." Our only consolation is in the thought that *un-religious* does not mean in America, as it often does elsewhere, *anti-religious*.

Another instance of the commercial dishonesty in France, lately commented on in these columns, is noted by the *Irish Independent*:

Visitors to France usually expect to get pure wine when they call for it in the land of the vine and the vineyard. But the gentle art of "faking" wine is not unknown in Paris. The police there are investigating the case of a wine-dealer who did a big business by advertising

wine at prices considerably below the current price. Orders were to be sent to Beziers, in the wine country; but these apparently were sent back to Paris, and "wine" that had never come from the vineyards was supplied. It was found to consist of a mixture of water and honey, colored with cochineal to make it red, and another chemical added to give it the right flavor. Lest perhaps the advocates of total abstinence should unduly rejoice at this discomfiture of the wine-drinker, another case has arisen showing how even the temperance drinks are "faked." At Longchamps racecourse it has been found that some of the vendors of lemonade manufactured the stuff on the spot, using unfiltered Seine water drawn from the taps on the racecourse, placed there for watering the track, and doctoring this contaminated water with coloring matter and essences. So far as this goes, the total-abstainer ran a greater risk than the drinker of alleged wine.

On the whole, the laicized school does not appear to be building up a citizenship calculated to win the esteem of the judicious. Quite too many of its graduates are premature candidates for the rogues gallery—or the French galleys.

The lynx-eyed reporters present at the celebration in honor of Cardinal Gibbons last week in Baltimore observed, among those assembled in the anteroom of the reception hall when Col. Roosevelt entered, a number of prominent men whose relations with him became somewhat strained while he was in the White House, and were careful to note that for a moment the ex-President appeared at a loss as to how to comport himself. "If I go forward," he said, turning toward President Taft, "they will think that I am forward; and if I remain behind, they will say that I am sulky." So Col. Roosevelt really does care what people think and say about him. For his peace of mind, we sincerely hope that he never sees an issue of certain "great dailies" that come to our table.

The Newark *Monitor* finds reason for gratification in the facts that the corrupt Adams County, Ohio, has not a single Catholic congregation within its boundaries, and that the *Catholic Columbian*

can say, relative to the more recent charges of corruption in the legislature: "It is refreshing and encouraging to note that not one of the Catholic members of the Senate has been mentioned or implicated in any way in the charges filed. As one of them remarked to us: 'Thank God my conscience is clear!' The incident is a reminder that it would be well for Ohio and other States to have in their lawmaking bodies more representatives who can truthfully be called practical Catholics."

And well, too, for electors, Catholic and Protestants, to give a little more weight to the character, and a little less to the hide-bound partisanship, of the candidates who solicit their suffrages.

Some of our readers may remember that the Holy Father, speaking on his feast-day to the Cardinals gathered around him of the consolations of his pontificate, referred to the flourishing condition of the missions under the care of the White Fathers in Africa. A rapid sketch of the wondrous work accomplished by these missionaries since 1878 was given in a recent number of *America*. We learn that in the six Apostolic Vicariates of Central Africa there are no fewer than 143,762 neophytes, 205,875 catechumens, and 47,418 children under instruction in schools conducted by the Fathers and their helpers. They have also established in these regions 232 hospitals, refuges, asylums, and dispensaries. During the single year of 1910 as many as 1,011,140 sick persons were treated or had remedies sent to them. And the vast territory of the Great Lakes is not the only field cultivated by these missionaries, so many of whom fall victims to their zeal. They are to be found also in the Apostolic Vicariate of the Soudan, the Apostolic Prefecture of Sahara, and the missions of Kabylia, laboring among Mussulmans and idolaters.

The spirit of Christian charity is actually transforming Africa. Some of the great

men of the country—the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Uganda, Mougwanya, the Sultan of Oulipa, etc.—openly declare that the religion of Christ is the only source of true happiness and joy. "Africa of the Great Lakes has already recognized in the missionaries its strongest support, and its most solid assurance, even of temporal prosperity. Ask the old man who crosses you on the road; ask the invalid who is flung out of his house by his own people; ask the young widow, who is plunged in wretchedness and misery, who sustain and who assist them. They reply with one voice: 'It is those whom we call our fathers, our mothers, our brothers,—the missionaries.'"

"I have forgotten many sermons, I am glad to say," writes Mr. Arthur Machen in the *Academy*; "but I shall never forget a sentence that I once saw written on the altar of a Roman Catholic church, 'The Unseen is here and calleth to thee.'... That church became at once an enchanted citadel—an island of Paradise set secure in the midst of the dark seas of mortality. The light of its altar tapers was verily the light that never was on land or sea; its gates were as the glorious gates of the heavenly Zion." Mr. Machen is reviewing a book of essays by Hugh B. Chapman, entitled "At the Back of Things," in which the author takes a couple of dozen of the most popular English proverbs and explains them, moralizes over them, methodizes them, showing the ethical meaning that may be found beneath their obvious and material applications. The reviewer's comments will cause many of his readers to hope that he himself may sometime write a similar volume, dealing with those great moving forces coming from the deeps,—from those regions which are really "at the back of things." Let us quote in full his fine reflections on the proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," the interest of which for him lies in this: that under the guise of a popular

axiom it bears witness to the great paradox of asceticism:

There are the two great contrasting figures in human history—the ancient ascetic and the modern millionaire. The former became happy, oddly enough, by getting rid of things; the latter, also oddly enough, makes himself acutely unhappy by getting hold of things. Sometimes the millionaire is highly æsthetic, and ransacks the whole world for beautiful objects—for books and pictures and carven work and embroideries that only millionaires can buy; and yet not for a moment does he truly possess any of these images of loveliness. He holds them materially in cabinets and strong boxes and steel safes, but they are to him fairy gold: they are rubbish and dead leaves to his weary, blinded eyes. A magpie or a raven may steal a gem of exquisite beauty and hide it in the ground; in such sort and in no other way does the rich man possess the treasures that he has bought. And, on the other hand, the true ascetic is inebriated by the contemplation and veritable possession of eternal beauties and treasures. Within his soul he has the real things, of which the material objects of art galleries and museums and collections are but the wretched, dim, and ineffectual copies. He would not walk across the street to see a Turner, any more than the man in the stage beneath him, having a real Turner, would walk across the street to view an indifferent copy of it. The ascetic kept his eyes on the ground in passing through the beautiful scenery,—not, as Ruskin supposed, out of a kind of religious churlishness and puritanical avoidance of anything pleasant, but because the heights that were before him in vision were more tremendous than any earthly peaks, and the immortal groves through which his spirit wandered exceeded far in majesty all the trees of the material wood. He bowed his eyes to the ground, lest the veritable picture should be blurred by the sight of the indifferent copy. It is by the absence of the latter that the heart grows fond of the former.

President Taft's recent pronouncement on the necessity of vindicating the law by the condign punishment of its violators is in harmony with the views of official England, as evidenced in a blue-book issued by the Home Office. Commenting on the unusual increase of crime in the last decade, it says:

Various causes are suggested for this. In the first place, there is noted a marked growth since 1898 of a strong sentiment of compassion for

the criminal. This sentiment has had certain good results in mitigations of prison discipline, the probation of offenders' act, and the Borstal system for young offenders. But public sentiment has run beyond this kind of thing into excess. Articles on crime and punishment, it is declared, are commoner in magazines and newspapers than ever before; while the sentiment expressed toward the criminal is almost universally compassionate, and often sympathetic to an extent that no previous generation has shown. It is suggested that there is, at all events, ground for fearing that reprobation of crime and resentment against the criminal are at present factors of diminishing strength in the primary function of civilization—the safeguarding of persons and property and the enforcement of the law.

Pity for the unfortunate is laudable, but maudlin sentimentality should be suppressed. Punishment should follow crime as the shadow the substance, closely and inevitably.

It is quite safe to assert that if a contingent of those who attack the Church in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and France were to come to the United States, they would soon be recognized for what they are—Anarchists; and the sympathy of the American press toward the revolutionary element in those countries would quite as quickly undergo a complete change. The impious Ferrer was proclaimed a "patriot" and "martyr" by many newspapers in this country; but we notice that a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, in an essay on "Revolution and Religious Liberty," attributes the spread of Anarchy to just such worthies as he. The writer does not hesitate to declare, moreover, that Freemasonry and kindred organizations were far more influential factors in bringing about the French Revolution than most historians have yet admitted.

The Protestant *imprimatur* carries great weight with a certain class of Catholics in this country. Nothing of their own possession seems altogether worth while to them until non-Catholics have shown appreciation of it. They even think it a

great thing when, for instance, some preacher is moved to declare that there is much of good in the Catholic religion,—beauty in its ceremonial, truth in its dogmas, and so on! Why set so much more value on Protestant opinion than do Protestants themselves? They are seeking to know what *we* think; and the more intelligent among them smile at platitudinous praise of the Catholic religion by preachers, wondering at our wonder over it. "Catholics are hard to understand," writes the editor of a well-known secular journal, in putting a series of questions to ourselves. "I find it hard to get at the Catholic mind." The reason is because, on numerous subjects, so many of us merely reflect Protestant opinion, with which such men are familiar, and the soundness of which they have begun to question. More outspoken expression of our convictions, closer adherence to our standards, more thorough appreciation of our capabilities, opportunities and performances, is what we American Catholics need.

Reviewing a recent work on "Mendelism," by R. C. Punnett, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, and Professor of Biology in the University of Cambridge, a writer in one of the secular papers repeatedly refers to "Mr. J. G. Mendel, the founder of the great science called Mendelism, the foundation of all real knowledge yet attained of heredity." It would doubtless be a surprise to this reviewer to learn that "Mr. Mendel" was a Catholic priest, a member of the Order of St. Augustine, who died in 1884. His paper on the heredity of the edible pea was discovered in 1900, and has been a common topic of discussion in scientific circles ever since. Now that the question of heredity is in the air, so to speak, and common folk are trying to learn something about the experiments made with plants and animals by Father Mendel, writers for the press should at least know who he was.



Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

VII.—MARION'S SECRET.



MARGERY had been down in the landlady's kitchen all that stormy afternoon, busy with the mysteries of tart-making. She had burned her little brown hands, her face was scarlet with the heat of the stove, but she had had "the' splendidest fun!" she declared at tea time; and the boys voted unanimously that her tarts were the best they had ever tasted.

"I do love to cook!" she sighed happily, when they gathered round the fire in the dusk to watch the driftwood flaming blue and red and lavender.

"Do you, dear?" Aunt Cicely answered, stroking the brown hair as Margery leaned against her knee. "When we go back to the Towers we must plan a little kitchen for you, where you can experiment to your heart's content."

"O mother *darling!*" Margery hugged her rapturously. "With real pots and pans and kettles and everything?"

"And Miss Montgomery to teach you. Should you like that? And now I wonder if the boys would care to hear a story about another little girl's cooking and the wonderful stuffing she made for a roast chicken?"

Would they, indeed? There was such a scramble for places on the hearth rug that good Mrs. Kenneth, below stairs, wondered what those Heathcote boys could be up to now. When they were settled and quiet at last—that is, as quiet as four such lively boys ever are,—Aunt Cicely cuddled Margery on the one side and Jerry on the other deeper in her big chair and began the story.

"This was during the last few years of the Merry Monarch's reign, when all England was wild with terror lest the Catholic Duke of York should succeed Charles II.," said she. "In 1678 Titus Oates had come forward with a wonderful tale about a Catholic plot to murder King Charles and convert England by force. Immediately there were a dozen others who knew all about it and could tell even more than he. And before the precious rascals were done they had convinced the people that their Catholic neighbors were all criminals, fit only to be hanged or sent out of the kingdom. Incidentally, their own fortune was made, since the party in power was only too glad to please the rabble by oppressing the hated 'Papists.' And the worst of it was, many a Catholic priest and layman was convicted of treason by the false oaths of the informers and paid the penalty upon the scaffold.

"Sir George, who was Earl of Courtland then, held his seat in Parliament till a few months before the trouble began, and his family lived with him in London. There they had met the holy French Jesuit, Father de la Colombière, who was chaplain to the Duchess of York, and from him Martin and Marion, the twins, received their First Communion. Father de la Colombière was the first to preach devotion to the Sacred Heart in England—he was Blessed Margaret Mary's confessor, you remember,—and from him the Guilberts learned to love Our Lord's dear Heart. He was very fond of them all, especially of the children; and Martin and Marion spent many a happy hour at his side. And he comforted the father and mother in the sorrow that came to them now,—a sorrow so heavy it broke Lady Charlotte's health almost completely.

"For Gervase, the eldest, young, hot-

blooded, longing for the place that should have been his by right, had conformed to the English Church. All in vain his mother wept and prayed; all in vain his father argued with him; in vain, too, were Father de la Colombière's gentle pleadings. He professed the creed that was most profitable, so he declared. But I'm sure in his secret heart he did not believe it; for he was only twenty, young enough to be altogether dazzled by the gifts the world offered in exchange for his Faith.

"Martin and Marion were now ten years old, quite old enough to realize what their brother had done. 'Poor Gervase!' they called him to each other; and as often as they said their Beads, their petitions were offered for him. But of the two, Marion was the more devoted to the Sacred Heart, and her confidence in It could not be shaken by all Gervase's stubbornness. 'I know he will come back to us, Martin,' she would say, with the air of one whose argument can not be answered. 'The Sacred Heart *loves* him, and Our Lord can do everything.'

"But Martin only shook his head impatiently. 'Gervase says he doesn't care for churches,' he retorted. 'And you know, Marion, the Luck of the Guilberts has been lost a long time now.'

"'I'm sure Our Lady loves us just as much, even if we haven't the Beads. That's only Mistress Betty's superstition. It would be a sin to believe it,' Marion would reply; 'and the Sacred Heart is so good, Martin!'"

"Mother dear," Gregory broke in, "were those the same Beads you told us about once before,—the ones they call 'Dame Elspeth's Beads'?"

"That Margot and Edwin had when the outlaws stole them?" Margery supplemented. "How did they get lost, mother dear?"

"Those were the very ones," Aunt Cicely answered them. "They had been hidden during the Civil War, to keep the Roundheads from burning them; but the man who did it was killed, so no one could

find them afterward. And of course when the servants heard what their young master had done, they insisted it was because Dame Elspeth's Beads had disappeared. Certainly it is very strange the only Guilbert to turn Protestant should choose just that time to do it; but we all know,—don't we?—that it is our love for the Blessed Mother that counts, and not the keeping of a Rosary, however precious it may be.

"Well, poor Lady Charlotte grieved so over Gervase that at last Sir George obtained the King's permission to take her back to Courtland Towers. You can imagine the children were glad of that; and they found the country, with a hundred fascinating things to do, very different from dingy London. Hardly a day passed that there wasn't a priest there; indeed, sometimes the chaplain's secret room sheltered more than one. Sir George and his countess were utterly fearless when it came to their religion, and those of the old Faith knew well they could always find a priest at the Towers.

"In August a new grief came to Lady Charlotte. The master of the house was thrown from his horse and hurt so badly they all knew his death was sure to result. The echoes of Titus Oates' plot, of trial and execution, scarcely penetrated that darkened room where she watched beside her husband. Martin and Marion were their mother's greatest comfort; and little Marion, under Mistress Betty's direction, was even learning to cook, that she might prepare her father's dainties herself. As for Gervase, he travelled posthaste from London, broken-hearted; but when the Earl begged him to give him one last consolation by returning to the Church, he answered only that he would think it over. 'I can not go back now,' he said to his mother later. 'I am betrothed to my Lord Evelyn's daughter, and she would never wed a penniless Papist.' •

"It was a sad Christmas for the Guilberts that year; for death had just released Sir George from his long suffering.

The night before his father died, Gervase rode over to the Grange, some twenty miles away, and brought back with him Father Ludlow, the white-haired priest who had performed the marriage ceremony for the Earl and Lady Charlotte years before. Father Grove was there, too; but, fortunately for him, as you will see, he left the Towers soon after the funeral, and only the older priest remained to comfort the stricken family.

"On Christmas night all of them, save Father Ludlow, were gathered in the big room that is the picture gallery now, Lady Charlotte reading aloud from a French book of devotion. Below stairs all had been so quiet it was no wonder they were startled when the trampling of horses, the shouts of men, broke the evening stillness; and the next breath the door was flung open by his Majesty's armed commissioners and the sheriff of the county, Sir Henry Rumsey. Marion hid her face in her mother's skirts with a frightened scream; but Martin started to his feet, unafraid.

"Sir Henry advanced into the room reluctantly enough. He had known the Guilberts since childhood, and, in spite of his Protestant faith, had been very good friends with them. But the commissioners were not so sensitive: one of them barred the doors, while the other caught Gervase by the arm.

"Gervase Guilbert, I arrest you as a party to the Jesuit treason!" he said.

"But I am no Jesuit,—no Papist even!" cried Gervase, angrily.

"More shame to you then, my Lord, for plotting with them!" returned the other. "Did you not, five nights ago, bring to this house Vincent Ludlow, a Jesuit, that he might conspire with Barnaby Grove, Jesuit, and with yourself, against his Majesty's life?"

"I brought him here, yes; but my father—"

"But the commissioner cut him short. 'You admit your guilt; that is enough. See, here is the other traitor!'

"And there on the threshold stood Father Ludlow, already in chains, surrounded by the soldiers. He had been roughly handled: there was a cruel bruise on his left cheek and his white hair was stained with blood.

"Lady Charlotte loosed her hold on the terrified Marion and started toward the group indignantly, but Sir Henry interfered.

"Let be," he told her. "I will order off those shackles myself, and you shall bind up his wounds. Trust me, Lady Charlotte, they shall have a fair trial and all the consideration I can give them. I know why Sir Gervase brought the priest here."

"Yet all his kindness could not save them the sufferings of long imprisonment, so hard for Father Ludlow, old as he was, to bear; nor could he prevent their conviction, when the case was brought to trial in April. Englishmen seem to have lost their wits completely in those two years; you had only to hint that a man was a Catholic or friendly to Catholics to prove him guilty of conspiracy. So young Sir Gervase and Father Ludlow were sentenced to die and ordered off to London, where Shaftesbury was to examine them rigorously about their share in the pretended plot.

"The day before they left, Lady Charlotte and the twins were allowed to see them, and carry them a dinner that should be better than prison fare. And of course little Marion had a hand in its preparation. She was very busy that morning, helping to make the various dishes of which her brother was fondest. Yet the tears would fall on the red deer meat in spite of all she could do, and perhaps that was why she burned herself so badly. And when she put her hand on the blackened wall of the fireplace to steady herself an instant, there, underneath an ancient flake of soot, what should she find but the lost Rosary,—the Luck of the Guilberts, safely hidden in a crevice between two stones?

"Lady Charlotte fairly cried as she took the Beads in her hands.

"'Surely—surely,' said she, 'Our Lady has sent them back to us in this dark hour, to bid us not despair nor doubt the goodness of the Sacred Heart!'

"In that Sacred Heart they put their faith through the days that followed; and Marion, especially, was certain their prayers would be heard. If Lady Charlotte herself had no hope, she did not tell her timid little daughter that; she only urged the children to pray for their brother's conversion and leave the rest to God. In her heart she felt that if Gervase might only die a Catholic she would gladly give him up.

"A month later Sir Henry came to tell them the two prisoners had been returned and lodged in the village jail, in the upper story. 'The air is better there,' he explained, 'and Ludlow is very feeble.' As he went on to say how sorry he was for the good priest and 'that brave lad,' something in his eyes caught Martin's attention.

"'Mother,' said he, when Sir Henry had gone, 'I do believe he would be glad if they escaped! Why else did he put them in the upper story of the jail? You know there is only a part of it fit to be used, and the window bars are all rusty and loose in their sockets. Gervase could twist them out easily.'

"'You forget the river-bank, Martin,' Lady Charlotte answered sadly. 'Their windows must overlook it; and the leap would be too much even for Gervase, supposing he could escape through the window. No, my darling! Prayer is all that is left us now.'

"Marion had been listening to all that went on, quiet and shy as a mouse, her face half hidden in her mother's skirt. Now she reached up suddenly to pull that dear head down to her and whisper eagerly in Lady Charlotte's ear. The latter started with excitement; Marion blushed more vividly than ever; and Martin caught the words 'a rope,' and his

sister's pleading 'Oh, may I, mother?' Then Lady Charlotte beckoned him to her side, and the three heads were bent close together in earnest planning.

"Next morning found them in their dear ones' prison, where, through Sir Henry's kindness, Father Ludlow was to say Mass. Truly the months of confinement had told on the venerable priest; he looked scarcely earthly, so worn and pale he was; and more than once he was forced to stop during the Holy Sacrifice and wait for strength to proceed. Yet his eyes shone with the joy of those who have seen the vision of heavenly peace, and he spoke exultingly of the morrow's sacrifice. And to Lady Charlotte and the two children, the bare little cell became a palace of delight when they saw Gervase, strangely calm and happy, kneeling at Father Ludlow's feet to receive Holy Communion. For those bitter hours had wakened his sleeping faith, and he had been reconciled to the Church. The heir of Courtland was once more a Catholic.

"'Oh, I knew the Sacred Heart would bring you back,' sobbed Marion against her brother's shoulder. 'Our Lord loves you so, He would not let you go, dear Gervase!'

"Lady Charlotte remained with the prisoners only a part of the morning: for she and Marion had a busy day before them, preparing such a supper as Father Ludlow and Gervase had surely never eaten before. First of all, the servants must be got rid of, on one pretext or another; then there followed such a hurrying to and fro, such a setting out of salt and spices, and — strangest of all strange stuffings for roast chicken! — two long silken ropes, light and very strong. At five o'clock, when Martin and Marion started for the jail with their basket, Marion's little face was still quite scarlet from turning the spit where the chickens had been cooked.

"Sir Henry seemed embarrassed when he led them in. He took only a glance at their burden; and, after Gervase's first

greetings were over, he left the three alone. Then the young man, with a gesture both glad and sorrowful, pulled aside the curtains hung at one end of the room. Behind them, on a couch, lay Father Ludlow, free at last, his white hair shining like a halo in the May sunbeams. 'He could not wait another day for heaven,' Gervase said, smiling a little sadly.

"The time seemed all too short when Sir Henry came to take them back. And oh, how hard it was to say good-bye, even with hope in their hearts! On the threshold Marion paused.

"'Gervase,' she said tremulously, 'you'll be sure to eat some of the stuffing in those chickens? I made it for you myself. You won't forget?'

"Sir Henry eyed the little maid curiously. To be thinking of such things the last night of her brother's life! Yet wait! Perhaps her words meant more than they said. Perhaps he had best look into that basket. So back he went, to throw open its linen covering and lift out the jellies and cakes it contained, and the two plump birds that held the children's secret.

"In the corridor Marion's lips moved with a desperate prayer to the Sacred Heart. Oh, if he should cut them open! Then suddenly a man's voice rang out from the road:

"'Sir Sheriff,—O Sir Sheriff, I have a prisoner for you!'

"And Sir Henry laid down his knife and turned away, to forget his suspicion in the duty that lay before him.

"Gervase was left alone with his strange supper: and when he opened the chickens, tucked in among the coils of rope he found a goose-quill, a note from his mother sealed within it. 'Martin and Peter Bray will be on the other side of the river,' it read, 'half an hour after the moon sets. They have horses, and money for your journey to France. God bless you, my dear son!'

"So Gervase fled to France, thanks to Marion's wholesome cooking, to enter the

Jesuit novitiate and prepare himself for service in England. Martin came into the titles later; and as for Marion, she taught all her little daughters the best way to roast chickens."

"And, mother dear," begged Margery, as Aunt Cicely ended, "may I roast some, too, when we go home? Oh, I do think cooking is just the best fun! And I'm going to take Marion for my Confirmation name."

(To be continued.)

The Indian Boy.

BY H. E. DELAMARE.

The small scattered town of Bournley, in California, lies close to the desert which stretches at the base of the San Jacinto Mountains. Not far from this town is an Indian reservation; and somewhat nearer are the orphan asylum and industrial school for the Indians, conducted by Sisters.

One day during recess some of the boys of the Bournley school had gathered round a little Indian boy who was doing some garden work for a teacher. They had begun by teasing him; and one of the pupils, the bully of the school, had gone so far as to insult the poor boy, whose eyes flashed with anger, though he managed to answer in a steady voice:

"I'm no coward, though I am an Indian; and I'd soon show you so, too, only the Father has forbidden us to fight, especially with white boys."

"I should think he would! You are an ignorant little coward all the same."

Just then a pretty, fair-haired girl came up and put her hand protectingly on the Indian boy's shoulder.

"It's you who are a coward, Harry, to insult Tomaso just because you think he would not dare pay you back. And as for being ignorant, *you* needn't talk; for you are always at the foot of your class, and Tomaso knows lots of things that you don't."

Harry flushed scarlet with anger; for Irene Hammond was the girl of all others in the school whom he admired, and whom he particularly wanted to be in favor with just then, as he knew she was about to give a birthday party.

"I didn't mean anything. He needn't have answered as he did," he growled, as he retreated shamefaced to the other end of the playground with some of his chums; while Irene, after a smile and a few kind words to Tomaso, went to join the girls who were preparing for a game of basket-ball.

A little while later, Harry had edged up to her and was vainly trying to win back her good graces by exaggerated praises of her playing. Suddenly there was a shriek of terror among the children, and all sprang back in horror, as they saw a large rattlesnake, which had somehow made its way into the playground, and was preparing to strike Irene, who stood as if petrified, gazing at it with blanched face and dilated eyes. Without even attempting to drag her with him, Harry had sprung away with a yell of fear; and all expected to see the poor girl bitten by the venomous reptile, when Tomaso rushed past the children, and, springing between Irene and the snake, struck it with his rake and killed it.

"O Tomaso, how could you do it! It was so dangerous!" exclaimed one of the younger teachers.

"I had to save the little Missie," said the Indian, quite simply.

"Indian or no Indian, you are a hero, my lad," said the head master, who had beheld the scene from the window and hurried to join the group; "and I feel sure you will get your reward. Who was the ignorant coward this time, Master Harry?" he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "Let this be a lesson to you, my boy, not to think yourself better than others because they happen to have been born in less fortunate circumstances. Tomaso has not had as much schooling as you have, it is true; but he is desert-

bred, and knows many useful things of which you are quite ignorant. He is a brave boy, too. You might have made an effort to protect the girl you were standing by, but you thought only of yourself."

When Irene's father heard of Tomaso's bravery, he vowed he would fully repay the boy who had so nobly saved his only child from a horrible death. That very day he went to the Indian's poor cottage and asked Tomaso what he would like best in the world. The boy replied that his great wish was to receive an education at the mission school. Mr. Hammond, who was a wealthy man, was determined to do his very best for the boy; but, as he was a Protestant, he hardly knew how to set about it.

After some hesitation, he called on the priest of the mission to consult him on the subject, and was delighted to find him a most cultured and interesting man. The friendship which sprang up between the two on that day proved a deep and lasting one; and very soon Mr. Hammond became deeply interested, not only in Father Houghton and his little protégé, Tomaso, but in the Catholic religion, as well.

To the good priest's intense thankfulness, he had, before the year was out, the happiness of receiving the entire Hammond family into the Church. Thus the Indian boy, by his brave deed, had brought about the conversion of a whole family.

Thanks to Mr. Hammond's generosity, Tomaso is now in a seminary, studying for the priesthood, and is looking forward with joy to the time when he shall be able to work for his beloved Master among his fellow-Indians.

Only One.

From "only one word" many quarrels begin;
 And "only this once" leads to many a sin;
 "Only a penny" wastes many a pound;
 "Only once more," and the diver was drowned;
 "Only in fun" pleads many a knave;
 "Only resist" many evils will save.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons publish "Talks with Shorthand Students," by James Hynes. The work is well described as a series of chatty explanations of the principles of Pitman's system of shorthand, of which the author shows himself to be a master. The same firm have also issued a new revised edition (the ninth) of Mr. Charles E. Smith's "Practical Course in Touch Writing," of which shorthand teachers speak in highest terms.

—"The Children's Charter," by Mother Mary Loyola (Burns & Oates, Benziger Brothers), is yet another volume consequent upon the Pope's recent decree concerning the early Communion of children. Its sub-title is "Talks with parents and teachers on the preparation of the young for Holy Communion." A cursory examination of this little book shows that the high praise given to it in Father Herbert Thurston's preface is unusually well deserved.

—One of the most timely and valuable publications so far issued by that mighty force for good, the English Catholic Truth Society, is "The Social Value of the Gospel," translated by Miss T. Wilson from the French of the Abbé Garriguet, and edited by Mgr. Parkinson, of Oscott College. It is a cloth-bound volume of some two hundred and forty pages, the purpose of which is to state "the position taken up by Christ on the questions of wealth, poverty, property, community of goods, Socialism, and economic progress." The fact that this is the first Catholic work in English on the precise subject of the social import of the Gospel, and the prestige attaching to the name of the author, make the volume a most welcome addition to the economic literature of our day; and we cordially recommend it to all who think of, read about, or speak on the ever-recurring subjects of social progress and economic reforms.

—Two new publications by F. Pustet & Co. show the great interest taken on all sides in the complete restoration of the Sacred Chant according to the Holy Father's *Motu Proprio*. The first is the "Processionale Romanum" (fifth edition). The matter of this little book is accessible in other publications; but the great convenience of having all these chants collected in a neat volume is more than sufficient reason for its being. Here is plainly and completely set forth the order to be followed in the various processions on the feast of the Purification, Palm Sunday, Rogation Days, Corpus Christi, etc.; together with the procession at the time of the episcopal visit of the parish. "Ecclesi-

astical Chants for the Use of Clerics," as the title implies, deals with chants for the celebrant at the various services on Sundays and during Holy Week. It aims to encourage correct singing, which is always uplifting; assisting the faithful in their devotions, and adding to the decorum and solemnity of ecclesiastical functions.

—From serious-minded Catholics generally, and from teaching Sisters and their pupils more particularly, "Cloister Chords," a volume of essays by Sister M. Fides Shepperson (Ainsworth & Co.), should receive a cordial welcome. The educative purpose is dominant all through the book, and the topics are such as appeal most naturally to the religious teacher; but there are studies in literature, in art, and in "Ye Old Truths: Thomas à Kempis," which make excellent reading for any class of people. The publishers have given the essays a neat setting, and the book should fill more needs than that which is suggested in the preface,—“a suitable teachers' gift book, a cordial token of mutual, helpful good-will among teachers.”

—"The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church" is the title given, by their adaptor and editor, the Rev. Edward Jones, to a collection of the sermons of the Very Rev. Heinrich von Hurter (B. Herder). In an introductory letter Archbishop Ireland pays a high tribute to the original discourses and to the excellence of the translation. The enumeration of several titles will best convey an idea of the timeliness and scope of these discourses: True and False Toleration, Unbelief in Word and Deed, Nominal Catholics the Most Pernicious Enemies of the Church, Modern Fabricators of Religious Creeds, Sensational Journals are the False Prophets of Our Day, and The Famine of Souls. There are twenty-eight sermons in this first volume, and four other volumes are promised. The foreword, by the way, says that, "with all their brevity," the sermons contain "ample matter for one or even two ordinary sermons"; so it may be well to state that the average length of the sermons is twenty-seven or twenty-eight hundred words.

—More than poetic license does Father Russell ask in "A Soggarth's Last Verses"; and, let us hasten to add, we give it him with a full heart. It is more the "soggarth" than the singer that stands out, from opening page to last; and it is always a gracious, sunny—with the sunlight of grace,—tender and strong personality these verses exhibit. They acquaint us, too, with many of Father Russell's friends, a circle of beautiful souls. To read this work,

indeed, is to commune with saints. It is a book that adds to the loving-kindness of the world, if not to the wealth of English song. Father Russell can and often does write good verse, but we don't care whether he does or not. It is the man we want, his playful wit, his pretty fancy, his many friendships, his wide, warm heart. Heaven and earth have their horizon here. "To St. Matthias" reads like a bit of St. Philip Neri's conversation; and of the human pieces, "Daisy's Anniversary" seems to us the best. We quote a few lines:

'Tis a year since Daisy died,—
Since we tried and vainly tried,
Grieving sore, our grief to hide.

Bright and patient in her pain,
She would pray and not complain,—
Never shall she moan again.

For our God with fondest care
Took her to His garden fair,—
Daisies never wither there.

Ah, I can not, though I've tried,
Quite to-day my sadness hide,—
'Tis a year since Daisy died.

A little book, and lovable. Published by Burns & Oates.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Soggarth's Last Verses." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Von Hurter—Jones. \$1.25.

"Cloister Chords." Sister M. Fides Shepperson. 50 cts.

"The Social Value of the Gospel." Abbé Garriguet. \$1.

"The Children's Charter." Mother M. Loyola. 65 cts.

"Processional Romanum." 55 cts.

"Ecclesiastical Charts for the Use of Clerics." 35 cts.

"The Juniors of St. Bede's." Rev. Thomas H. Bryson. 85 cts.

"Hero Haunted." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"The Papacy and the First Councils of the Church." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. 75 cts., net.

"Messages of Truth in Rhyme and Story." Rev. T. O'Reilly, O. P. 25 cts.

"Sermons." Rev. H. B. Altmeyer. \$1.

"Jesus, the Bread of Children." Rev. F. De Zulueta, S. J. 35 cts.

"Early First Communion." The Same. 50 cts.

"Schoolgirls Abroad." Sister M. Rita. 75 cts.

"The Eucharistic Liturgy in the Roman Rite." Rev. E. S. Berry. \$1.50, net.

"Religious Questions of the Day." Vol. III. Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald. \$1.

"Who are the Jesuits?" Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Second Spring." Newman, Donnelly. 50 cts.

"Three Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life." Rev. Moritz Meschler. S. J. \$1.

"A Convert's Reason Why." A. J. Hayes. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry McConville, of the diocese of Newark.

Mother Mary Anne, of the Order of St. Ursula; Mother M. Rose (Whitty), Sisters of St. Dominic; Mother M. Borgia, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Oswald, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Thomas Smith, Mrs. Mary Condron, Mrs. Ann Cummings, Mr. Thomas Austin, Mr. Walter Cooney, Mr. James Enright, Mrs. Margaret Sutphen, Mr. Michael Reddan, Mr. Edward Beiter, Mrs. H. Callan, Mrs. Elizabeth Paulus, Mr. Timothy Manning, Mr. Andrew Gipson, Mr. James Dunn, Mr. John Hearst, Hanorah Walsh, Mr. J. C. Wehner, and Mrs. Josephine Abt.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

Mrs. M. D. Chambers begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following offerings for the nuns in Chicoutimi:

Mr. J. F. Stoughton, \$1; anonymous, \$1; Rev. G. T. T., \$1; J. J. Fitzgerald, \$1.19; John FitzGibbon, \$1; C. E. Bowers, \$1; H. G. Homans, \$1; Wm. J. Onahan, \$5; J. H. Muchlenbeck, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 25

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A Gift.

BY THOMAS H. REILLY.

SINCE Thou hast given all that we possess—
The golden world; dawn, noon, and starry
night;

This present hour; far memories of delight;
The thrill of hope; the joy of love's caress,—
Full just that we remember and confess

The glory of Thy works, Thy wondrous might,
Imperfect though we stand before Thy sight—
A flash within the dark, a nothingness.

And though some build for Thee a kingly shrine,
And others sing to Thee a perfect song,

And all the ages render in their art
A tribute to the glory that is Thine;

Still deign, O God, to whom all things belong,
To take the gift I bring—a contrite heart.

Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



THE visitor to Rome, walking from St. John Lateran to the Basilica of St. Mary Major, passes on his way through the Via Merulana, a graceful little Gothic church,—an unusual feature in Rome. It is that dedicated to St. Alphonsus and served by the Redemptorist Fathers. If you enter the building at certain times, when there is anything like a concourse of people, you are at once attracted by a small painting, richly framed, enshrined high above the chief altar, and surrounded by burning lights whenever its shrouding

curtains are drawn back. That picture is the cause of the institution of the feast of which we are about to treat.

It is scarcely necessary, since copies of the picture are so widely spread, to describe the Madonna of Perpetual Succor. It is enough to refer to its Byzantine style of execution, and the beauty of the somewhat archaic features of the Mother and Child. The accompanying angels, as the Greek inscriptions testify, are St. Michael and St. Gabriel. This little painting has a striking history.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century the Turks were bent on devastating the southern countries of Europe, and the inhabitants of those lands where the advent of the dreaded adversary was anticipated fled in terror to various places of refuge. Thus it came to pass that a pious merchant belonging to the island of Crete set sail for Italy, taking with him a sacred picture of Our Lady, toward which great devotion had existed in the island, and which was reputed to have been the means of bringing about miraculous cures. The very voyage was not without manifest signs of Our Lady's protecting care; for a fierce and dangerous tempest was calmed by the invocation of Mary Star of the Sea.

Arrived in Rome with his precious burden, the good merchant fell grievously ill. Feeling his end approaching, he earnestly exhorted the people of the house in which he was lodging to take care that the picture should be placed in some public church, where it might receive the veneration that was its due.

When he had passed away, those who had charge of the sacred picture clung to it with selfish desire, and forbore to carry out his injunction. Many were the visitations of God upon that family in punishment of their presumption. Yet, although Our Lady herself is said to have more than once appeared to those self-constituted custodians, and expressed her wish that the painting should be placed in a church, they still delayed. At length, led by the fear of what their disobedience might bring upon them, they consented to relinquish their treasure. Our Lady had designated the spot where she wished it to be enshrined: between her own church and that of her beloved John. Thus it came to pass that in 1499 the picture was deposited in the care of the Hermits of St. Augustin, in their church of St. Matthew, situated in the Via Merulana, in the very position described by Our Lady in vision.

During the first century of its sojourn in the church of St. Matthew, the reverence of the Roman people toward it continually increased, until the church became one of the most frequented shrines in the city. Rich offerings poured in; the church was beautified and enriched by the piety and munificence of Popes and Cardinals, and began to be regarded as the place of Mary's predilection. In the first translation of the painting to St. Matthew's, the power of the Mother of God began to appear. A paralytic who touched the picture with faith and devotion was at once made whole. After that many other miracles from time to time witnessed to the efficacy of prayers offered before it. Devotion to the picture continued to be manifested, even though less conspicuously, in the three hundred years it remained in that church.

But evil days came; piety waned; the church fell into decay, and the religious who served it grew fewer in number until the monastery had to be closed. One community after another held the church for

a few years; and finally, between 1809 and 1815, when Bonaparte was in power, it was pulled down, and the Irish Augustinians, who then were in possession, removed to other monasteries. The chief ornaments of the church were taken to St. John Lateran; the sacred picture, carried away by the exiled religious, was lost sight of during those eventful years, and the memory of the once famous shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor died away. But the picture was in God's keeping, and the history of its preservation and subsequent restoration to public honor is as striking as any of the wonders worked by its means.

An old lay-Brother of the dispersed community of Augustinians had found a home in the little monastery of S. Maria in Posterula. During the years he lived there—between 1840 and 1853—a picus boy who frequented the church, Michael Marchi by name, became acquainted with the old man, and grew much attached to him. In one of the conversations in which the venerable Brother was accustomed to relate his varied experiences, he spoke of the old church of St. Matthew; and, taking the boy into a chapel within the monastery, he pointed out a dingy little picture which hung there. "That picture was once venerated in the church I was speaking of," he said. "Many miracles have been wrought through it." Often and often he would return to the same subject, striving to impress the boy with the real value of the treasure. "Do not forget what I tell you," he would say. "Bear in mind all that I have said about Our Lady's wonderful picture."

The old man died; the boy, in course of time, became a Redemptorist. He had forgotten all about the forsaken picture, until one day a member of the same community, looking up the history of the church of St. Matthew, came upon an account of the famous Madonna formerly venerated there. At once Father Marchi recalled the story of the lay-Brother, and recognized the identity of the picture in

the old Augustinian house with that honored in St. Matthew's. Another circumstance brought the subject into prominent notice not long after. In 1863, Father Blosi, a Jesuit, was preaching a course of sermons upon Our Lady's shrines in Rome. Among them he included the church of St. Matthew, where, at Mary's own desire, her picture was enshrined and became greatly honored. "Would that some one here might discover that picture," he exclaimed, "and place it again in a church near its old home—between the Lateran and Liberian Basilicas! It may be that God has hidden the treasure from danger, and will bring it back with the return of peace."

These fervent words excited in the hearts of Father Marchi and his fellow-Redemptorists the desire of obtaining possession of the picture for their own church of St. Alphonsus, which stood upon property belonging to the former church of St. Matthew. At their petition Pius IX. directed that the picture should be given to them. Thus in 1866, nearly sixty years after its removal, the Madonna of Perpetual Succor was carried back in solemn procession to the same locality in which it had been honored for at least three centuries.

No sooner was the picture brought to the light of day than Mary's power again began to show itself. Two striking miracles were wrought on the route of the procession which conducted it back in triumph. A sorrowing woman held up at a window a little boy of four, who was dying of gastric fever. Full of faith the woman cried: "Good Mother, either cure him or take him with thee to Paradise!" Her prayer was heard: the child at once began to recover, and in a few days was well enough to be carried to the church in thanksgiving. The other case was that of a girl of eight, quite paralyzed. Her mother invoked Our Lady as the picture was borne past, and a partial cure immediately took place. After the erection of the picture in the church,

the woman took the child there, and, kneeling before the altar, begged of Mary a complete restoration to health. "Holy Mary," she cried, "finish what you have begun!" And her prayer was heard.

Such marvels as these helped greatly to spread abroad the fame of the miraculous picture; and the cultus of Our Lady, under the title of Perpetual Succor, increased rapidly. Not only before her picture in Rome, but even by means of copies of the painting, Mary deigned to show her maternal love for those who appealed to her as her needy children. Thus the devotion to her under the new title became known and loved in many lands.

Nor was the power of the Mother of Perpetual Succor limited to the cure of bodily ailments. By her intercession diseases of the soul were driven away. Obstinate sinners, through the touch of the little picture, received the grace of contrition; long-standing animosities were healed, bad habits were overcome, virtues were implanted in the souls of many through the same means.

Struck by the devotion of Catholics and the results which followed its practice, Pius IX. granted permission to the Redemptorist Fathers to celebrate a feast in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, with proper Mass and Office, on the Sunday nearest to the festival of St. John the Baptist. That day recalled the solemn coronation of the picture by the Canons of the Vatican Basilica on June 23, 1867.

The liturgy of the feast is well worth examination, and we will briefly sketch it here.

The antiphons for Vespers and Lauds are as follows:

1. "Blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary, by the Lord, the most high God, above all women upon the earth."
2. "He that is mighty hath done great things to thee, O Mary; and His mercy is from generation unto generation, to them that fear Him."

3. "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people."

4. "Through thee, O Immaculate Virgin, life which had been lost was given to us; who didst receive progeny from Heaven, and didst bring forth the Saviour of the world!"

5. "Despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O Holy Mother of God!"

The *capitulum* is taken from the Book of Proverbs. The words there attributed to holy Wisdom are put into the mouth of Our Lady: "Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of my doors. He that shall find me, shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

The hymn for Vespers is the *Ave Maris Stella*, common to most of Our Lady's festivals. For Lauds is used a beautiful proper hymn, which calls upon Mary for help in every necessity,—when the soul is bound by sin, afflicted by troubles and sorrows, or agonizing in the hour of death.

The antiphon for the *Magnificat* at second Vespers runs as follows: "To thee do we fly, O Mary, our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope! Help thou the people who are falling, yet who long to rise: thou who didst give birth, while Nature wondered, to thine own Divine Creator."

In the liturgy of the Mass, the Introit is that so often met with on festivals of Our Lady; it is the joyful *Gaudeamus*: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, while we celebrate a festival in honor of Blessed Mary the Virgin, on whose solemnity the angels are joyful and extol the Son of God." The psalm attached is the forty-fourth,—the mystic nuptial canticle.

The Collect for Mass and Office is the following: "O Almighty and merciful God, who hast given to us the picture of Thy Blessed Mother to be venerated under the special title of Perpetual Succor: grant, in Thy loving-kindness, that amid

all the changes of our earthly course we may be defended by the never-failing protection of the same Immaculate Mary ever Virgin, so that we may deserve to attain to the rewards of Thy eternal redemption."

The Lesson from Ecclesiasticus, in place of an Epistle, celebrates the praises of holy Wisdom. Such praises are particularly appropriate to her who brought forth Him who is Divine Wisdom. How great the confidence in Mary's continual help expressed in such words as the following: "I am the Mother of fair love and of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. . . . He that hearkeneth to me shall not be confounded; and they that work by me shall not sin."

The Gradual praises the beauty of Mary's soul: "Altogether beautiful and sweet art thou, O Daughter of Sion,—fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array." The latter words, expressive of the power with which God has endowed her, seem to have suggested the succeeding phrase, originally addressed to the triumphant Judith, that familiar type of Mary: "The Lord hath blessed thee by His power, because by thee He hath brought our enemies to nought." Then follows the *Ave Maria*, in the form of Alleluia verse.

The Gospel recounts, in the words of St. John, the scene under the cross of Calvary, when Jesus gave His Mother to be the Mother of all mankind,—a never-failing helper and protector to her children.

The Offertory recalls the all-powerful influence of Our Lady with her Divine Son, now that she is ever in His presence amid the glory and delights of the courts of heaven. The words seem to have been suggested by the request of Mardochai to Esther of old, when he desired her to "speak to the king," and thus deliver her people from death. "Be mindful, O Virgin Mother, to speak good things for us, in the presence of God, that He

may turn away His anger from us!"

The Communion earnestly begs the intercession of her who brought into the world the Redeemer, who has just been received by His people as the Food of their souls. "O all-worthy Queen of the world, Mary, ever a Virgin, procure for us by thy intercession peace and salvation,—thou who didst give birth to Christ, the Lord and Saviour of us all!"

Thus does the beautiful liturgy of this festival impress us with the importance of having unwearied confidence in the watchful care and powerful aid of our Mother in heaven. The continual necessities of our bodily life should ever remind us of the like perpetual necessities of our souls. At any moment some enemy may strike us down, some misfortune overwhelm us; our constant need moves us to cry unceasingly for help. And how consoling the thought that we have in Mary a never-failing helper, ever ready to hasten to our assistance!


Our Lady is intimately associated with Christ our Lord in the work of redemption. St. Paul points out Jesus in glory, "always living to make intercession for us." Our faith teaches us that, as He lives in heaven to plead our cause forever, the constant supplication of Mary is joined with His intercession. As we lift up our eyes "to the mountains from whence help shall come," we behold in spirit Mary by the side of Jesus, and to them we look for aid. She, the Virgin Mother, appeals confidently to the love of her Divine Son; and He, through love of her, can not refuse her requests.

The ardent and inspiring words of that loving client of Mary should ever ring in our ears: "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided." For what is it that those words declare? The simple fact that Mary, the Virgin Immaculate, is to us all, sinners as well as saints, the Mother of Perpetual Succor,

The Light of the Vision.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXV.

ADELEINE was sitting in the shadow of the pines on a hillside overlooking the green valley, in which lay the pretty Alpine town where she had found with Nina the quiet and rest her soul craved. They had been here now for several weeks; and with every day as it passed she had seemed to renew health and vigor, to breathe in the healing balm of the encompassing forests, the divine peace of the austere, majestic heights. And this end was gained the more readily because there were absolutely no demands of any kind made upon her. Nina was an ideal companion in that regard. Having herself the artist's love of isolation, of the quiet necessary for any concentration of thought or purpose, she was able to respect the same desire in another. Above all, she understood Madeleine, recognized her need of a great bath, as it were, of solitude, in which to refresh her spirit, and draw the strength for whatever combats life still held for her; and therefore seldom offered her companionship on the long, solitary rambles in which the other delighted.

It was after such a long ramble—for she had risen at sunrise, and climbed to a little chapel high among the hills, where she heard Mass in company with a few peasants at a very early hour—that Madeleine was now returning; and, being somewhat tired, had paused to rest. Peace encompassed her like an atmosphere, as she sat on the border of the pine forest, its shade falling over her, its clean, sweet, resinous odors borne on every waft of air. At her feet, stretched out, lay the Alpine pasture, set with grass and splashed with myriad flowers, swept downward while over the rampart of pink-grey crags which formed the outer rim of the cup-shaped valley, peeped the mighty heads

of snow-clad mountains, among which towered the pinnacles and spires of Mont Blanc.

Almost as if in a trance, Madeleine had been sitting for some time, with her eyes, like deep wells of light, fastened on those glorious forms, when a sound, or perhaps only an instinct—that curious instinct which often warns us of the approach of friend or foe,—made her gaze drop to the path which, a little below the spot where she sat, wound in its zigzag way from the town in the valley to the heights above.

Along this path a man was now mounting with light, quick steps; and as her glance fell on him, Madeleine drew in her breath sharply, while her hand involuntarily went to her heart. For she recognized him at once: she knew at once that John Maitland had again crossed land and sea to seek and to find her.

And even in the moment that her glance dropped downward, by a subtle magnetism, his lifted upward, and he saw the figure under the pines. He stopped short for a barely perceptible instant; then, turning sharply, left the path, and sprang up the hillside to where she stood—for she had now risen to her feet—with the forest stretching in solemn vistas behind her.

If there was a suggestion in these vistas of the aisles of the great Cathedral where he had seen her last, John Maitland did not think of it. Every thought was absorbed in the sight of her,—of her beauty, which smote him with a new sense of surprise, as if it had gained a greater exquisiteness since his eyes last rested on her; and in the sense of delight which her presence inspired. This delight irradiated his whole expression, so that it appeared to envelop her as he reached her side, and, with glowing, ardent eyes, held out his hand.

"You see I have come!" he said. Then after a moment, as she did not speak, he added: "Of course you knew that I would come."

There was interrogation as well as assertion in his tone, and it was the interrogation which she answered.

"Yes," she said, with the directness which always characterized her utterances, "I thought it likely that you would come after a while, but I did not look for you so soon."

"You might have looked for me," he replied. "You might have known that I would let nothing keep me from you an hour longer than was necessary—now that you are free. Oh, what happiness it is to know this at last!" he cried passionately. "What happiness it is to see you again—as if it had been but yesterday we parted!"

"Does it seem like yesterday to you?" she asked, a little wonderingly. "To me it seems nearer a lifetime."

"That is because you have suffered so much," he said quickly. "I, too, have suffered horribly, and found the time long in passing; but now I forget it all, and I desire to make you forget it also. For if it had been indeed a lifetime since we parted, it would make no difference to me. All that I felt then, I feel now. I haven't changed in the least—unless to love you more deeply than ever is to change—and I have hoped that I should find you unchanged also. Madeleine, tell me that I am not mistaken,—that you have not changed!"

"And has it never occurred to you to ask how that could be?" she questioned gently, as her gaze dwelt on him with a look of great kindness, in which compassion clearly mingled. "How could one remain unchanged who had passed through such experiences as I have known? Not a lifetime only, but a whole world of thought and feeling lies between the hour of our parting and this hour in which we meet. Is it possible that you do not feel that?"

Yes, he felt it now. Already in her look, her tone, it was subtly communicated to him that the woman he found was not the woman whom he left on that unfor-

gotten day in Chartres. It was not in vain that she had been brought into contact with the great realities, with the most vital and absorbing things in life; that sacrifice and pain had done their work in her soul; that suffering and death had taught their overwhelming lessons. As she stood before him now, within touch of his hand, he suddenly realized that she had been removed in spirit far beyond his reach, and that there was between them a gulf of difference which Hope itself was powerless to cross.

It was said of John Maitland on an earlier page that, like too many Catholics of his time and country, he was essentially lacking in spiritual perception; but the experience through which he had passed, and which he but slightly indicated in his conversation with his mother, had done much to waken the dormant faculties of his soul; and, being awakened, they now told him that Madeleine had entered a region where he could not follow her, — where even love as intense as his must pause as on the threshold of a sanctuary. Words of explanation are unnecessary when soul is laid bare to soul in such an illumination; and so when he spoke it was only to say:

"I have been a fool — a mad, presumptuous fool — not to foresee this. I might have known that you would go far beyond me."

"No, no!" she told him eagerly. "You have been neither mad nor presumptuous. It was only that you did not understand. For it is not so much that I have gone beyond you as that I have been shown a way which I must follow, different from the way of which we both once dreamed, and of which you are dreaming still. You have perhaps heard a little about my life since we parted—"

"I have heard all that there was to hear."

"Then some knowledge may have reached you of the wonderful miracle which was wrought in a soul that God seemed to give into my hands in answer

to my prayer. Ah, you do not know—I can never tell you" (a light from the inner recesses of the spirit seemed suddenly to flash into her face, filling it with radiance) "what things I have seen and felt, what consolations have been given me! I can do nothing less than spend my life in thanking God for them. I should feel *that*, even if I had not made a promise,— if I had not offered myself wholly and absolutely when I begged the great favor of which I have spoken. I thought of such an offering as a sacrifice then; but now I know that, if accepted, it is the greatest privilege and reward which God can give to a soul while it is still on earth."

There was a pause,—a pause in which John Maitland was dimly conscious of the sunshine falling upon him, of the wide, Alpine scene around, of the song of a bird falling from the blue sky above, as a man who has received a death sentence might be conscious of these things. Then he put out his hand again.

"Good-bye!" he said.

But she caught the hand and held it in the detaining clasp of her own.

"No, no!" she cried again. "You must not go away like this. I can not forgive myself for allowing you to come. I only waited to be sure — not of myself, but of certain other things — before I let you know that to do so would be useless. I see now that I waited too long. I did not reckon sufficiently on your impetuosity."

"You did not reckon sufficiently on my love," he said in a voice sharp with pain.

"There you are mistaken," she replied. "I have never failed for one moment to reckon on your love, and I am reckoning on it now to rise to a great height. Shall I tell you what it is?"

He looked at her, feeling as if under the beauty and tenderness of her gaze his heart would break.

"Yes, tell me," he said; "but don't reckon on too much. There is in me no capacity for rising to great heights."

"Ah, there again you are mistaken!" she said in a thrilling tone. "I am sure

that there is in you the capacity to rise to greater heights than you have yet dreamed of."

"With your help perhaps I might," he said. "You have power to leaven the dulllest mass of earthly clay—and God knows I am dull and earthly enough!—but without you, what can I do?"

"What have you done without me during the last two years?" she asked. "It was not I who helped you to rise, as you must feel that you have risen in that time, to greater effort, to higher spiritual points of view."

"And if not you, who then?" he demanded. "Are you so blind as not to know that you alone have helped me? What should I have been made of if, loving you as I did, I had learned nothing from the lesson you taught when you refused to let my passion drag us both down to things of which I shudder now to think? And surely I must have been a more recreant Catholic, a far worse man than I am, if your heroic sacrifice for one who had so deeply wronged you had not struck me to the soul. Don't you understand yet that you saved *me* as much as you saved that other man who is gone? It is incredible that you should need to be told all this. I have never imagined that you did not know. I have felt so close to you, so keenly aware of your spiritual presence even in my darkest hours, that I can not realize that you have been ignorant of the influence you were exerting."

"I have thought of and prayed for you constantly," she said; "but I did not know, I could never have dreamed, of anything so wonderful, so consoling as what you tell me." She paused for a moment, as if indeed lost in wonder over it; then, turning on him a look he never forgot, she cried: "Oh, don't you see that I can do nothing less than spend my life in thanking God for all He has done for me, and all He has enabled me to do to help and save others?"

"And do you think you have come to the end of your power to help and save?"

he asked. "On the contrary, what you have done for me is but the beginning of what you may yet do, if you will. The man who deserved so little from you and for whom you did so much is safe now; but I—am I to be left to struggle alone with the world, the flesh, and the devil?"

"Alone!" she repeated. "Do you fancy that in such a struggle you will be alone?"

"But I want you—*you!*" he cried, passionately. "As I have already said, with you I might gain the spiritual heights of which you have spoken, but without you they are impossible to me."

"You will not find them impossible," she told him. "I am quite sure of that; and, to prove it, I am going to show you the height to which I now ask you to rise. You have understood my decision with regard to my future life. Well, I beg you not merely to accept that decision, but to join in it."

"What!" He stared at her as if she were mad. "You want me to join in the sacrifice you intend to make of yourself, of your youth, your beauty, your sweetness, your power to bless and brighten existence for others? You ask too much, Madeleine. I am not a saint."

"Neither am I," she replied. "But because we are not saints, you and I, is there not the more need for sacrifice on our part? I do not wish to pain you, but can we forget that we have forfeited all right to the happiness we once came near to grasping in defiance of God's law—"

"I came near it; but not you," he interrupted. "It may be true that I have forfeited all right to the happiness I tried to seize, but you have forfeited nothing; instead, everything that is good is due to you, and I have hoped that for your sake God might permit me to give you the happiness which you once desired—whether you desire it now or not."

His tone lent a poignant sadness to the last words which made Madeleine turn her gaze to the distant, shining pinnacles of Mont Blanc, as if to the eternal

hills, "from whence cometh help." Then she answered gently:

"No, I do not desire it now. You must forgive me that I say this. I still see how sweet such happiness might be; but a glimpse of a higher happiness has been given me, and I could not turn to the other if I would. Yet I am so sure of the need for sacrifice to expiate wrongdoing, that I almost wish it cost me more to follow the way clearly marked out for me. And it is because I feel this need so deeply that I beg you to join with me in offering my life to God in holy religion."

Her voice had taken an accent of intense pleading; but Maitland stood immovable, his face set, his eyes downcast. He did not speak, but only shook his head. Then she drew nearer to him by a step, and laid her hand on his arm.

"John," she said, "you have spoken of your love, and you have indicated what its transforming power in your life has been. It was strong enough to turn you once toward evil, and now you must make amends for that by turning it toward good,—by yielding to God the desire of your heart. For only so will you find peace and happiness; and I can not tell you how much I desire that such peace and happiness may be yours. Don't you understand that it will come near to breaking my heart if you leave me as you did before, in pain and bitterness?"

"In pain it must be," he said; "but not in bitterness,—never again in bitterness. If God calls you, what can I do but stand aside and see you go? But you must not ask me to be willing to do so. That is impossible."

"It is not impossible," she said again; "and it is what I *do* ask. And remember that it is the last thing I shall ever ask of you—except your prayers."

"Madeleine, Madeleine, you are merciless to me!"

"No, dear friend" (and her voice was like sweetest music now), "I am not merciless. It is because I feel in my inmost heart what you can do that I am so insistent

upon your doing it. Think! You came to give me one kind of happiness, and you find *that* out of your power; but, as if in recompense, the chance is offered you to give me another—the greatest, the most exquisite possible; and a happiness which you alone, of all the people on earth, can give me. Is not that a great thing? You will have a part in all that I do in my life in the cloister. You will remember always that you gave me a fragrant memory to carry with me when I went away from the world where for a little while we walked together. And when life goes hardly with you, and the ceaseless struggle with evil tries heart and strength, you will say to yourself, 'I have made an offering to God which He will not forget.' And you may add always, 'Madeleine is praying—'"

"Stop! stop!—for God's sake, stop!"

To her amazement and almost to her dismay, he suddenly fell upon his knees at her feet, and buried his face in his hands. Again there was a moment of intense silence, in which the sunlight shone upon the two motionless figures, the pines breathed their resinous odors over them, and a bird again lifted its voice in thrilling song out of the sky. At length John Maitland lifted his face, and met the anxious gaze bent upon him.

"You can ask me for nothing, in my power to give, which I can refuse," he said. "Take what you desire, then. It is like you to desire it,—like you to allow me a part in such an offering, and as your last gift to lift me to a height I could never have reached without you. So God's will—and your will—be done!"

"They are the same," she breathed softly, while in the flooding rapture of her eyes he saw the light of no earthly vision.

(The End.)

It is the abnegation of self which has brought out all that is noble, all that is good; all that is useful, nearly all that is ornamental in the world.

—*Whyte Melville.*

Tenting.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

An Ideal Bishop.

BY, R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

TO-NIGHT I'm alone in the open, where the
winds of heaven race,
With the noiseless patter of starshine to soften
my upturned face;
And I lie by my tent recumbent, with my tired
arms flung wide,
With God just back of the curtain where His
constellations ride.

O sweet is the low, green valley; and sweet is
the mountain high;
And doubly sweet is the silence which folds me
as I lie!
And sweetest of all the murmur of a softly flowing
stream,
Which hulls my brain to slumber, and gives a
restful dream.

On the Earth's kind breast I've laid me, and I
feel her tender heart
Athrob with the love she bears me (we have
lived so long apart!)
I can feel the dew-kiss holy which Nature gives
her child,—
Forgiving him, though wayward; and blessing
him, defiled.

A breeze comes down the valley from the foot
of the mountain range,
And rustles the grass beside me, in whispering
music strange.
I sense an insect stirring, and I hear a night-
bird's call;
And then through drowsy eyelids I see the
moon's gold ball.

I was worn with barter and traffic; I lived in
a town afar;
So I left it all behind me, and followed the even-
ing star.
As of old the Wise Men found Him in the Manger
at Bethlehem,
So I know the Lord is near me,—I can see His
diadem!

THE man who has begun to live more
seriously within, begins to live more simply
without.—*Phillips Brooks.*

NEXT to the Blessed Virgin, Mgr. de
Mazenod cherished a loving veneration for St. Joseph, to whom he confided the care of his Congregation, and whom he chose not only as his own special patron but as that of his diocese. And here it may be noted that the church of Cabot, near Marseilles, was the first in the world to be consecrated to St. Joseph as Patron of the Universal Church. Among the other saints for whom he had a particular devotion were St. Charles Borromeo, his name-saint, whom the Missioners of Provence first took as their patron and model; St. Vincent de Paul, that personification of Christian charity; St. Alphonsus Liguori, the great missionary Bishop, upon whom he moulded himself, being the first to propagate devotion to him in France; St. Lazarus, traditionally believed to have been the first Bishop of Marseilles,* to whom he dedicated and built the first church erected in his honor in the city where he had first preached the Gospel, procuring from Autun an arm of the saint, which, enclosed in a rich reliquary, was enshrined in his cathedral; and St. Serenus, who was Bishop of Marseilles in the sixth century, a portion of whose body, reverently preserved in a town in the diocese of Vercelli, North Italy, he procured as a precious relic, those who were present at the translation remarking: "A saint carrying the relics of a saint!"

* The relics of the brother of Martha and Mary, whom Christ loved and raised from death to life at Bethany, had, since the ninth century, remained in the Cathedral of Autun, whither they had been taken from Marseilles to save them from Moslem profanation. Although some doubt has been thrown upon the tradition which attests the arrival in Provence of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary, it is ably defended even by non-Catholic writers.

Bishop de Mazenod co-operated with Mgr. Wicart, Bishop of Fréjus, in reviving in Provence its ancient devotion to St. Mary Magdalen, by means of pilgrimages to the basilica in the little town of St. Maximin, erected over the crypt in which her relics are preserved, and the grotto wherein she wept over the many sins that had been forgiven her because of her great love, atoning for them by the most painful austerities. He petitioned Rome for the beatification of his saintly predecessor in the See, Mgr. John Baptist Gault, whose body was discovered in 1856 by workmen demolishing the old cathedral, and whose relics wrought several miracles. To honor the memory of this model of priestly holiness, and to obtain a share of the holy Bishop's zeal and piety, he wore his pectoral cross and episcopal ring, which he called "priceless gifts"; informing the giver, one of the canons of Aix, that at the moment the cross touched his breast he felt a supernatural interior happiness and a sensible devotion which were indescribable, so that he could not restrain his tears.

His spirit of humility and mortification touched the heroic, and closely resembled that of the canonized saints. Disliking all affectation or exaggeration, with him humility meant the knowledge of the truth,—seeing oneself in one's true light, unobscured by the deceptive glamor of self-love. Realizing that the test of genuine humility is the patient endurance of humiliations in a spirit of self-immolation, he generously went in search of humiliations. His humility, simplicity, and amiability won all hearts. Yet there were some who thought him proud because of his stature, his distinguished appearance, and a certain air of authority which always clung to him.

On many occasions during his long episcopate he had opportunities of gaining the special favor of the Government, and of being nominated for the Cardinal's hat; but he had no desire to utilize them.

Honor in the eyes of the world did not attract him; and the older he grew, the more he loved to be unknown or forgotten. Toward the close of his life he used to marvel at his becoming a priest and a bishop. "My place," he wrote, "was not in the sanctuary; still less could I have expected to ascend the altar steps. Outside the church door, in the last rank of the penitents, there would have been my place."

For all that, when it was a question of securing an episcopal defender and protector for his new Society, and when he suggested his uncle, Abbé Fortuné de Mazenod, to the government of Louis XVIII. for the See of Marseilles, there were not wanting accusers who said he was paving the way to be his uncle's successor, and ascribed the suggestion to pride. When both ecclesiastical and civil authority drew him, despite himself, from his obscurity to set him among the princes of the people in Church and State, he submitted to honors rather than accepted them. "To be humble in the lap of honors," comments Father Baffie, "is a rare virtue, but that virtue was his in an eminent degree."

His spirit of mortification was on a par with his spirit of humility. Under the cassock or the episcopal robes he led as austere a life as any cloistered ascetic. Even as a child he showed a love for penitential practices. Often, before retiring, he would slip boards or pieces of firewood under the bedclothes so as to make his rest uncomfortable. On Saturday nights he slept on the ground, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, whom he always loved with filial tenderness. After his return to Aix, as during his exile in Italy, he fasted rigorously, disciplined himself unto blood, and habitually wore a hair-shirt or iron chain. In after life he recommended the discipline as an infallible means of obtaining an increase of fervor. He was a water-drinker nearly all his life, but this he regarded as only a small privation. Armlets, chains, and disci-

plines were his favorite instruments of bodily penance.

At the very outset of his ministry, he modelled his life on that of a religious living in an austere community. One of his servants had been a Trappist lay-Brother before the suppression of monasteries at the Revolution, and he was charged to tell his master his faults in the spirit of fraternal correction. Although his priestly labors were almost superhuman, having, when giving missions, to preach several times a day, and with such energy that he came down from the pulpit, perspiring, exhausted, and hardly able to walk, he never gave up any of his practices of mortification. On taking possession of the apartment assigned to him during the mission, he removed the mattress and pailasse, and slept on the wood. In the last few days of a mission he never went to bed at all.

On one occasion, in the beginning of the Congregation, he ordered the whole community to fast for one day on bread and water. When evening came, he assembled all the missionaries and addressed them in a touching discourse on the persecutions to which the Congregation was subjected. He then had all the lights extinguished, and in a few moments the wondering community began to sob and weep as they heard the strokes of the discipline applied with a vigorous hand. A few minutes later they found him lying on the ground at the refectory door, and they had to pass over his body as they entered.

His attraction for mortification went on increasing with the years. He earnestly asked his director, to whom he made a vow of obedience, for permission to follow the powerful attraction he felt for a life of penance, believing that to resist it would be to act in opposition to the will of God. As bishop, he preserved all the austere and mortified habits of the missionary. His biographer classes him among the most austere fasters who have edified the Church. His old age

found him as intrepid in this respect as his vigorous youth. "Is it not," he asked, "incumbent on a bishop to do penance for himself and for others, especially for those amongst his flock who do none at all?"

At Paris, when he was a Senator, he would not accept an invitation during Lent to an official dinner, given by a dignitary of the Empire, except on the condition that he should have Lenten fare. He acted in the same manner when, during the *Carême*, he dined at the Tuileries, where he was given the place of honor at the left of the Empress, the Emperor being on her right. The Empress Eugenie, noticing that he was not availing of the dispensation from abstinence on that day (Thursday), gave immediate orders for a meagre dinner. Napoleon III. seemed impressed. Mgr. de Mazenod notes that the Empress was very modestly dressed,—“not,” he says, “like so many fashionable ladies in these times.”

Whilst a Senator he had to spend nearly the whole Lent in Paris, and often remained thirty consecutive hours without taking a meal. “He was called to the episcopate at a time when the decay of faith had already brought about a deplorable laxity of discipline on this point,” says Father Baffie; “and he never ceased to raise his voice in preaching to a sensual generation the Christian tradition in regard to the observance of Lent.” The procurator in a seminary directed by his religious asked him one year if the community might avail themselves of the permission granted by the Bishop of the diocese to eat meat on certain days. “No,” was the reply. “Forty days are soon over. It is the cowardice of Christians in these last days which induces them to abandon the sacred traditions of our fathers. We must not allow ourselves to be led after them on such a road.”

It was his custom to receive visitors every day, and none was excluded. He said it was part of his penance. Often

he would spend the whole night with an invalid. He called his flock "his masters," and he was at their service at all hours. He rose at five and did not go to bed until after midnight. His household thought it a miracle that the health of a septuagenarian did not break down under the strain of an eighteen hours' working day, from which he did not allow himself any respite, even when his life was drawing to a close. Exhausted nature would occasionally assert itself, when it found expression in the exclamation: "I am sometimes worn out and weary almost to death, and I have not one to console me."

His practice of poverty resembled that of a Francis of Assisi or a Benedict Labre. The humblest village priest would have been ashamed, even in the privacy of his house, to be seen wearing such clothes as were worn by this ecclesiastical dignitary, a member of one of the most distinguished families of Provence. An old patched soutane and a wretched old hat, quite out of shape, served him during his country walks. If it were not for his pectoral cross, and an air of distinction which he could not conceal, he might have been taken for a poor curate of some obscure rural parish.

Penetrated as he was with a profound feeling of humility, with a sense of his unworthiness to fill so exalted an office, with a longing for retirement, and a desire of self-effacement, there was still no more intrepid champion of the Church's rights, no one who more unflinchingly or uncompromisingly asserted and maintained the dignity and independence of the episcopate. As his biographer expressively puts it, he drew himself up to his full height whenever he met with men who ignored the rights of the hierarchy; and in his time there were such men, whom he boldly confronted. The First Empire, the Restoration under Charles X., the Constitutional Monarchy of Louis Philippe, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire, warred against the Church,

Yet he never quailed before men in power, but fought his battles for the Faith with the zeal of an apostle and the courage of a Crusader.

It was a fixed principle of his that ecclesiastics have enough to do to defend the Faith without mixing in politics; he was neither obsequious nor hostile to any of the régimes which France gave itself. "We must show by our attitude," he said on one occasion, "that we are not subordinates, asking for favors with bated breath; but that we are a power to be reckoned with and respected. We must not allow them to treat us as if we were a department of State, to be ruled and regulated by an arbitrary Minister." At another time he wrote: "I will wait upon the meanest person in my diocese, and kiss his feet if need be, but I can not consent to lower a bishop's dignity to please the great ones of the earth."

If all bishops were of the same mind and acted thus, the European democracies would not have drifted away from the Church. The Church would have the democracies behind it, and no government then would dare infringe upon its rights. When men in office tried a fall with him, they came off second best. There were bishops and archbishops in France who made weak concessions to governmental bureaucrats with whom he did not hesitate to differ. The government of Louis Philippe treated him as a suspect, and even a rebel, and carried to Rome accusations against him which were as venomous as they were unfounded, and there was a time when he expected to be even indicted for conspiracy. But Rome learned to know and appreciate him.

In 1834 the Cardinal Secretary of State of Gregory XVI. wrote to him: "The opinion is that you are endowed with all the qualities needed to make the Church loved in time of peace, and feared in time of war; that you are a bishop who, whether in peace or in war, will always do honor to the Church, even laying

down your life for her, if need should be; but it is thought that you are not sufficiently supple and yielding in these present times, when we have neither peace nor war."

So wrote the Italian prelate, but De Mazenod was a Frenchman cast in a very different mould. He had none of the *souplesse* of the courtier-prelate nor the opportunism of the statesman. He was of the same mind as Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, who said that in our day a bishop is never able to do more service to religion and society than when he is nothing but a bishop,—*tout cela et rien que cela*. To be a bishop, and nothing but a bishop, says Father Baffie, was the constant desire of Bishop de Mazenod.

At length the time came when this sturdy veteran of the Church's Grand Army, who had fought the good fight so long, was to sheathe his sword and lay aside the armor he had worn so worthily, in fulfilment of his final act of obedience, in response to "the one clear call"—the roll-call of Death. Having lived a saint, he died like one. By a happy and auspicious coincidence, the founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate yielded up his pure soul on May 21, 1861, when the Fathers of his Congregation, who were reciting the *Salve Regina* at the close of Compline, reached the third invocation: *O dulcis Virgo Maria!*

MIDDLE-AGE, if rightfully accepted, is the happiest time of life. Youth expects so much of life, and is, as a rule, so absolutely wrapped up in its own pursuit, it is so completely selfish in its ideals of happiness, that its disappointments and disenchantments are correspondingly bitter and sweet. With middle-age some inkling must come to us of how the soul should grow, of the beauty of self-sacrifice, of the healing balm of patience, of deeper, truer pleasures of thought and religion that calm and beautify the spirit, making the path pleasant and easy to a serene old age.—*Dora Owen*.

How a Prayer was Answered.*

ON an autumnal evening, more than four hundred years ago, in a narrow, obscure, but picturesque street of the old town of Antwerp, a blacksmith's forge was throwing out bright sudden flashes of light, which cast at intervals a ruddy glow on the faces of the workmen, whose strong Flemish arms were smiting the anvil with sturdy blows. Attracted by the influence of the light within, some idlers had assembled at the entrance of this swarthy region, under the shelter of its projecting roof, and, as far as the noise would permit, carried on a desultory conversation with the men who were at work.

Amongst the group was a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, accompanied by her maid, her face and sunny hair just visible under the black hood and mantilla, worn Spanish fashion, prevalent at that period in the Low Countries. She stood at the door, hesitating to advance and reluctant to withdraw. As the sparks flew from the anvil like rockets, and a bright flickering light illuminated for an instant the whole interior of the forge, she cast a hasty glance into its inmost recess. Then, putting down her veil, she made a sign to her companion and was moving away.

At that instant an old man, one of the most inveterate gossip-mongers of the town, happened to be entering. She turned back, and asked of him:

"Has Quentin Matsys been here to-day?"

"Quentin Matsys, maiden? Yes, indeed; he was here this morning. I happened to be passing this way as the town clock was striking eleven, and heard that Quentin Matsys had been taken ill and fainted, after hours at work at the anvil."

"Again!" ejaculated the maiden, wringing her hands. "It is but two days ago

* A true incident in the life of the Flemish painter, Quentin Matsys, born in Antwerp in 1450.

that he was taken home in a dead swoon."

"Of course it was, and how should it be otherwise? The stripling is too weak for this sort of work. He will kill himself; there can be no doubt of it. Dr. Armen has said so ever since last Michaelmas, when he sickened with the ague. But the lad is obstinate: it is always the same story. He must needs support his mother. Much good it will do her to have him lying in the churchyard. He is making his way there as fast as he can; for he is like the steward in the Gospel: he can not work, and to beg he is ashamed. But whither are you hurrying, Mistress Genevieve Claes? Let me hold an umbrella over your head and escort you home. Is it true that your father has invited to Antwerp Master von Daxis, of Harlem, and that he is to exhibit in the townhall his great picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus'? Oh, you are not going straight home! You have a call to make on your way? It is a wet evening to be out visiting."

Genevieve had glided out of sight whilst her companion was still speaking. With hurried steps she passed down a narrow little street at the back of the forge. Gretchen, her maid, had great trouble to keep up with her. The rain was beating against their faces, but there were tears as well as rain on the young girl's cheeks. The words of the old man had deeply affected her. The mother of Quentin Matsys, the young blacksmith, had been her nurse; and the little low house behind the forge, the home of her childhood. Her father, Hans Claes, a painter of some reputation, who had risen by means of his talent from an obscure station in life, was noted in his native town of Antwerp as well for his eccentricities as for his passionate devotion to his art. He had lost his wife soon after the birth of his little girl, and had consigned the latter to the care of Madame Matsys, the blacksmith's wife, whilst, through great hardships and poverty, he had pursued his studies at Rome.

Quentin Matsys was the foster-brother of Genevieve Claes. They had been playmates in infancy and companions in childhood. The forge had been a kind of fairy world to the two children; and Genevieve, who since her father's return from Italy had dwelt under his roof, often timidly made her way to the favorite haunt of her earlier days. She still thought the sparks very beautiful as they flew upward in fiery spangles; and the sound of the hammer as it fell on the anvil pleasant music to the ears; and the face of Quentin Matsys, her old playfellow, with his fair hair and ruddy complexion besmoked and begrimed by the labors of the forge, the handsomest she had ever seen.

She had for some time suspected that those she loved so dearly were in poverty. Old Matsys, Quentin's father, had been dead about a year, and since then his son had had to work far harder than ever before. Indeed, he worked hard for the first time in all his life; for he had always been of a delicate constitution, and his strong and loving father was wont to take the hammer out of his hand on hot summer days, and to send him to walk in the green fields on the margin of the Scheldt, where he often met Genevieve and her maid Gretchen.

He had never known what it was to toil with aching limbs, to labor with sinking strength, until that tender, fatherly heart had ceased to beat. But if Quentin was weak, he was not faint-hearted. Patiently and manfully he strove to make up by energy of will for the physical strength which he lacked. Day after day he worked at the anvil in that forge where he had been so happy as a child, till the light seemed to glow lurid in his eyes, and the sound of the hammer's strokes echoed in his brain with a maddening force.

At last his shrunken, wasted arm sought in vain to wield the heavy sledge; the hectic spot on his cheeks assumed a deeper hue, and he fainted away at his work, as the old man had told Genevieve. Now, with his eyes mournfully closed, he

was lying on a low trestle bed in his mother's little room, and a feeling of despair was creeping into his heart. Poverty was staring him in the face. No, not poverty—that he had always known and never dreaded,—but want and starvation in their sternest form.

Genevieve had suspected the truth, and pondered deeply on the means of relieving without wounding those to whom she was so devoutly attached. Her father was a parsimonious man; and, though he furnished her with whatever was necessary for her support and proper appearance amongst those in her own rank of life, she seldom had much money at her disposal. However, she had managed to save a small sum out of her own expenditure, and had been watching for an opportunity of giving it to Quentin for his mother's use. She now resolved to satisfy herself, by a visit at their house, that he and his mother were not actually in want, and if possible to press upon one of them, for the sake of the other, the small purse which she held tightly grasped in her hand.

When she had knocked at the door, and Madame Matsys had opened it and exclaimed, "Here is Genevieve!" her son started up, and held out his hand to her with an attempt at a smile.

"You are ill," she said, placing her cold hand, wet with the rain, in his burning one. "What ails you, Quentin?"

"I believe the work is too hard for me just at present," he answered; "but in a short time I dare say I shall be stronger."

"The truth is—" began Madame Matsys.

"Don't talk nonsense, mother, dear!" interrupted her son.

"The fact is, Genevieve—"

"No, it is not the fact."

"He is breaking his heart, Genevieve, because he has not strength to go on working at the forge, and that he foresees I shall have to go to the almshouse."

"No such thing, mother! You don't know what you are talking about. Just open the window, please, and let in the

fresh air. There now! I breathe better. I thought you meant never to come to see us again, Genevieve. My mother has been fretting sadly at your staying away."

"But, Quentin, you know you said—"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say. The day you told me of your father's writing in his Missal that he would never give you in marriage to any one but a painter, I was so vexed, so angry, that I was fool enough to declare that if it was true we had better not meet again. Well, I have found out since that there is something still more difficult to bear: never to see you at all; not for days to hear the sound of your voice. I am afraid it makes me hate your father when I think of this cruel fancy of his."

"Oh, that is dreadful, Quentin! I shall not love you any more if you hate my father."

"But it was very wrong of him to write such words as those in a book, and a holy book too. People have no business to make such resolutions."

"Well, I don't think they should. It is very hard upon a girl who does not care at all for pictures to be obliged to marry a painter. But still, Quentin, you must not hate my father for all that."

"Genevieve, as long as I thought I might have married you if it had not been for his mania about paintings and painters, I could hardly keep down the bitter, angry thoughts that were ever rising in my mind. But perhaps, just because of those thoughts, Almighty God has humbled me by taking away my strength and making us poor. I used to talk of supporting a wife by my labor, and now I am become a burden on my mother in her old age. Oh, it is a great and bitter trial!"

He covered his face with his hands and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Quentin, suppose it were God's will that we should never marry?" said Genevieve, earnestly, as if her very soul were looking out of her clear, calm blue eyes.

"Well, and if it were so would it mend

the matter?" he answered sorrowfully and half reproachfully.

"Why, you know we could not be angry with Him."

The young man reverently looked up to heaven, and in a low voice said:

"No."

"God is good and He loves us all," continued Genevieve, leaning her head against the back of the chair on which he was sitting.

"I know it," Quentin answered in a subdued manner; "I know He is good. Did He not make you, Genevieve? He must be very good Himself to have made any one so good as you. I have always felt that." After a pause, he added: "Now, Genevieve, I will tell you a thought that has come into my head whilst we have been talking. I think it must have been my Good Angel that inspired it. To-morrow, you know, is the festival of Our Lady of Antwerp. Numbers of sick people come to pray at her altar, and many of them are often cured. I will go with the rest, and get the Archbishop's blessing, and the picture which he gives to all the members of the confraternity. You have always been a great hand at praying: I am sure your prayers will be heard. And then, as the priest told us last Sunday when he was preaching about the confraternity, when two or three are agreed to ask something of God, He gives it to them."

"But, dear Quentin, if God should think it better for you not to get strong again at present, you will be patient, won't you?"

A cloud passed over the young man's face.

"It is not for my own sake," he said somewhat bitterly, "that I want my strength. It is easy to speak of patience."

"O Quentin," exclaimed Genevieve, her eyes filling with tears, "do you think I do not feel for you?"

"I know you do, dear one! Forgive my hasty words. Don't weep so! I think Our Lady will do something for me to-morrow."

Genevieve wiped her eyes, kissed Madame Matsys, forced into her hand the little green purse which she had held concealed in her own during her whole visit, silenced her with another kiss when she tried to remonstrate, and glided out of the house, followed by the son's loving glance and the mother's murmured blessing.

On the following day the sun shone brightly, gilding with its glorious rays the quaint, picturesque buildings of the old Flemish town. Its inhabitants were stirring at an early hour, and crowds from the neighboring villages kept flocking in at the gates.

The church of Our Lady of Antwerp was soon filled to overflowing. There were reserved seats in front of the altar for the members of the confraternity, and for the infirm and sick persons who were joining in the devotion with the hope of obtaining relief. Quentin was amongst them, and looked flushed and excited.

As for Genevieve, bowing down her head, she poured forth silent supplications, pure, ardent and unselfish as those of a guardian angel for his human charge. She had no hope of happiness for herself: sorrow seemed before her whichever way she looked; and her father's decree—to which it never occurred to her that it would be possible to offer any opposition, so strict at that period was considered the duty of filial obedience,—robbed the future of all glad anticipations. One sentence of the sermon she carried away with her and laid it up in her heart. "Every prayer is heard," the preacher had said, "even though it remain apparently unanswered." Once more she bowed her head in intense supplication. When she raised it again, the Archbishop was distributing little pictures to those who knelt in rows before the altar. An instant afterward Quentin rose and left the church. She followed him with her eyes, but soon lost sight of him in the crowd.

The evening came; and the sun, which had shone brilliantly all day, was now

sinking to rest behind a bank of purple clouds. Peace and stillness reigned over the old city, so full of animation a few hours before.

Genevieve Claes sat at her window, looking at Gretchen walking down the street. She had sent her on an errand, which she fain would have performed herself. Since her return from church she had been watching for an opportunity to go to inquire after Quentin's health; but her father had kept her closely occupied in his studio, preparing colors and cleaning his brushes, which was one of her habitual tasks. And now he had ordered her not to go abroad that day; for he expected his friend, Master von Daxis, from Harlem, and Genevieve must be at home to receive him and attend to all the duties of hospitality. Her heart sank within her, for she foresaw what this meant; but it was better not to let Quentin expect to see her that evening, and disappoint him at last; so she dispatched Gretchen to ask for his health, to say she was detained at home, and to give her love to his mother.

The lamp was not yet lighted in the blacksmith's house. Madame Matsys sat at the window as Genevieve had done,—not to look into the street, only to catch the last rays of light wherewith to finish mending one of Quentin's well-worn coats. Now and then she turned toward him and noticed that his face was looking paler and more wan than usual.

As they sat there in silence Gretchen knocked at the door. Quentin sprang to his feet, but fell back disappointed when he saw who it was.

"My mistress," she said, "sends her love to you, Madame Matsys, and these preserves, which she bids me say are of her own making; and begs to know if your son is less ailing than when she called on you last night. She can not leave home this evening, as my master is expecting company."

"Company!" ejaculated Quentin, in a faint voice,

"Yes, company from Harlem,—the worthy Master von Daxis, head of the school of painting in that city. He is to bring to Antwerp his famous picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus,' which is to be exhibited in the townhall, and to carry off the prize, too, it is supposed. What answer shall I make to my mistress?"

"Tell Genevieve to pray hard for us," said Madame Matsys, in a sorrowful voice.

"What is the use of praying?" exclaimed her son, with bitterness; and when the door had closed on Gretchen, he broke forth in passionate lamentations: "I have prayed for days; prayed through long, sleepless nights; prayed to be saved from starvation, beggary, disgrace; prayed that these poor weak arms might be strengthened to work. Look at them, mother! How wasted,—weaker than ever to-night! And yet I had so hoped, so trusted, that, for Genevieve's sake, our prayers would have been heard! If ever there was a good soul on earth—"

"Of course she is," chimed in his mother.

"And so pretty too! It is a sin and a shame that her father should compel her to marry that hideous old Von Daxis just because the man can hold a painting brush between his fingers.—O mother, my head is bursting, and I lie here and think and think till my brain seems on fire."

"Nay, but that will never do, my boy!" said a rough, good-humored voice at his elbow.

"Dr. Armen! Is that you? O sir, you can do nothing for me, and the Blessed Virgin will not help me!"

"And can't you do something to help yourself, my boy? Why are you lying there idling away your time?"

"Doctor, this is cruel! God and my mother know that I would give away half my life for strength to do a day's work."

"Nobody wants half your life, or any part of it either. But there must be an end of this do-nothing system; it is enough to give you brain fever."

"But when one can not so much as lift a hammer?"

"And who wants you to lift a hammer? Has the Almighty made nothing in this world but blacksmiths and hammers? Sit up! What! too weak to stand? Not such a very weak pulse, though; nothing but exhaustion from fretting, I suspect. Come, mother, prop him up with pillows, and bring that candle here. Now, what will you do? Anything but lie there thinking?"

"He has not closed his eyes for several nights," said Madame Matsys.

"I should not wonder at all. More shame for him! What have we got here? A picture?"

"Ah! when that picture was put in my hand this morning, I did hope—"

"Never mind what you hoped this morning! Here is a sheet of paper and a pencil. Copy for me at once those figures and that queer little bit of landscape."

"I have never in my life held a pencil, sir."

"Do as I bid you. Try!"

A faint smile passed over the young man's face.

"It is a new treatment you are adopting for me, sir."

"Ah, there are more medicines in this world, my boy, than are found in chemists' shops, or than wiser heads than yours have ever heard of! I shall call again in two or three hours, and if you have not followed my prescription I shall never come near you again."

So saying the little Doctor departed, and Quentin set about examining the picture he was desired to copy. It was a stiff, angular reproduction of the work of some great master, and represented the figure of Our Lord as He stood at the door of St. Peter's house healing all manner of diseases.

Quentin gazed upon it long and steadily, and then began his task. His fingers felt very stiff and awkward at first, but gradually he grasped the pencil in a firmer manner, and as he proceeded his

whole soul was absorbed in his employment. The burning flush on his cheeks subsided; a calmer expression stole over his face. When he had completed the principal figure, and saw that it was not unlike the original—that there was even something more noble and more easy in the attitude of the one he had drawn than in that of the woodcut engraving,—a look of pleasure beamed in his eyes. He copied it over and over again, and when he sketched the face of a young girl just restored to health and gazing at Our Lord with enraptured gratitude, he made the features like those of Genevieve and gave them her expression. Then a strange kind of joy rose in his heart and quieted his brain.

But he was very weak, and soon grew sleepy; his head fell back on the pillow; and when Dr. Armen returned he was lying fast asleep, with his pencil in his hand and the drawing before him.

As the Doctor gave a glance at the paper, a broad smile spread over his face.

"Hem!" he said. "I think I see my way to a still more efficacious medicine for this complicated case than even my prescription of to-night has furnished. Twenty grains of bodily repose, and as many of intellectual employment, mixed with as many ounces of happiness,—if that recipe does not succeed, let me never again be called a good physician. Let him sleep as many hours as possible, good mother," he said, on taking leave; "and when he wakes tell him the Doctor has stolen his drawing."

Genevieve was presiding next morning at the substantial Flemish breakfast, to which her father and Master von Daxis were doing ample justice. Though she answered very pleasantly when spoken to, she did not appear much inclined to converse. Once only she answered a question with considerable energy. Their guest inquired if she cared for paintings.

"No, sir," Genevieve replied, "I don't like them at all."

"I hope, fair maiden," he went on,

"that this dislike does not extend to painters?"

"My father is a painter, sir," she said, with a deep blush.

"But for that circumstance you would perhaps have answered in the affirmative," returned Von Daxis, laughing. "It is strange how seldom talents and tastes are hereditary."

"That is quite true, sir," she eagerly observed. "I never could draw at all."

"What a blessing for your husband, Mistress Genevieve! His clothes will then have a chance to be properly mended, and his dinner properly cooked."

Genevieve bit her lip, and for the first time wished herself endowed with the genius of an Elizabeth Sirani.

Dr. Armen was at this moment announced. He was a favorite both with Hans Claes and with his daughter. After he had seated himself at the breakfast table, he drew from his pocket a thick roll of paper.

"Look at this, sirs!" he said, addressing the two painters. "You both know what talent is: indeed, there are no better judges of design than Master Claes and Master von Daxis. The sketches which you see before you are the work of a man who, till yesterday, had never held a pencil in his hand or drawn a line on paper. What say you, good sirs, to the promise of genius such a first attempt holds forth? What think you of it, my friends?"

Hans Claes put on his spectacles, and his friend looked over his shoulder. On their grim faces stole a look of surprise, and then they turned to each other and smiled.

"Can you give me your word of honor, Dr. Armen," said Hans Claes, "that the person who made this copy has never before attempted to draw?"

"I can take my oath on it, Master Claes."

"But hold!" exclaimed the Harlem painter. "'Tis not altogether a copy, I suspect. Look at that face, Master

Claes. Who is it like, should you say?"

"Why, it strikes me that it is the likeness, and a good one, of my daughter! Dr. Armen, listen to me!" cried Hans Claes, striking the table with his fist. "If you warrant me that the man who has made those sketches is an honest fellow, though he should be ever so poor—yea, though he should be begging his bread,—I will take him into my school; I will teach him myself; I will provide for his wants; and if in time he arrives at being what he should be with such a master—though I say it that should not,—why, if he cares to have her, I will give him that girl there for a wife. (I beg your pardon, Master von Daxis! There was nothing agreed upon between us, you know.) And this man, whose first attempt I hold in my hand, will prove, please God, an honor, to the town of Antwerp and to his Master, Hans Claes."

Genevieve turned her eyes reproachfully on Dr. Armen. He was looking so provokingly pleased he could hardly contain his joy. It was unkind of him, she thought, not to feel for a poor girl who was made the sport and the victim of her father's fanatical passion for his art.

"Is that really a promise, Master Claes?" the Doctor said. "For, mind you, this incipient limner, who is as worthy a fellow as ever breathed, is, as it happens, a friend of mine; and as sure as my name is Armen I will hold you to your word."

"I give you my hand upon it, Doctor. Master von Daxis, you know I made you no promise."

"And if you had, good Master Claes, I would release you from it. Your daughter hates paintings and painters, and it is a shame to force her inclinations. If I were you—"

"If you were me, Master von Daxis, you would consult your child's best interests by bestowing her hand on one who will share with her an honored name. To be the wife of a great painter is more glorious by far than to wed a monarch. Now, Doctor, tell me the name of your

friend, who will be to-morrow my pupil, and, if he wraps not his talent in a napkin, one day my son-in-law."

Dr. Armen smiled and played with his teaspoon. Without raising his eyes, he said:

"Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith."

Hans Claes made an exclamation of surprise. Genevieve clasped her hands together and looked at her father with an imploring countenance.

"Then the world will one day hear of the Blacksmith of Antwerp!" cried Claes, with enthusiasm. "Fetch the boy here,—his mother, too. She nursed that child of mine for many a long year. We have neglected her too much. Ay, indeed, you may smile, Mistress Genevieve! You may kiss your old father and hang about his neck! But, mind, girl, if Quentin Matsys is ever to be thy husband he must be also an eminent painter. And hark ye! One thing more I have to say. There must be no love-making in the school; no cleaning of brushes or preparing of colors there, to distract the youth from his studies."

Genevieve looked very humble and submissive. And when Quentin Matsys entered the house from which he had been so long excluded, still walking feebly, and leaning on Dr. Armen's arm, but with a look of returning health in his face, she tried very hard not to smile or to cry. But when she kissed his mother, try as hard as she would, she did both. Later in the day, too, when Master von Daxis maliciously reminded her that she hated paintings and painters, she laughed outright.

But when Quentin Matsys whispered to her, "I will never again say, 'What is the use of praying?'" her tears fell fast.

The little confraternity picture was framed and hung up in the room of the Blacksmith of Antwerp when he married; and every year, with his wife Genevieve, he went on the feast of Our Lady to return thanks at her altar, where he once thought he had prayed in vain.

A World's Book.

AN enlarged edition of "The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales," by his friend, Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, forms the latest volume of the Library of St. Francis de Sales. It may be called without exaggeration a world's book—that is, one which will eventually be translated into all languages,—because its appeal is so direct to the human heart. Its history is as curious as its matter is interesting. The publisher who first gave it to the public, at Paris in 1639, tells us how his book came into existence.

St. Francis de Sales died in December of 1622. His friend, disciple, and neighbor was Bishop Camus, of Belley, a well-known and prolific writer of the day. He was besought by many to print his recollections of St. Francis, even then known to be a saint. Although inclined to do so, Bishop Camus never performed the task; but so thorough was the influence of St. Francis over him that his sermons, books, and conversations abounded in stories of the saint's daily life. A friend of Bishop Camus conceived a plan of collecting all these stories from the writings of the prelate. The result was a three-volume book, which appeared in 1639. Very likely its sale was large; for St. Francis de Sales was widely known and deeply loved. The book was much used by the saint's biographers. An abridgment of it appeared in English many years ago, and became very popular. The present volume has been so edited as to bring kindred subjects into one section. In the French edition they are scattered without order.

The result is an intimate and satisfying glimpse into the life of a modern saint, a man of charming character, who had much to do with the world, and knew how to win it from trifling to serious occupations. In fact, the life and the method of sanctity of Francis de Sales marked a new era in the history of saint-

hood. This statement is well illustrated by the present book. It can be understood and appreciated by those Catholics and Protestants whose idea of a saint has been well expressed by Tennyson's stupid lines on St. Simeon Stylites. The sanctity of St. Francis stood revealed in an exterior of courtesy, elegance, and charm, as became a famous bishop of the reign of Louis XIII., when Richelieu and Friar Joseph ruled France. The substance of the book is nearly as winning as St. Francis himself, although it is practically in the language of Bishop Camus. But the good Bishop of Belley wrote fifty novels in his day, and knew how to maintain any reader's interest.

"We owe to a keen and close observer a knowledge of the spirit of St. Francis de Sales, for which we can not be too grateful," says the Archbishop of Westminster, in a preface to the present work. "Let it be granted that Mgr. Camus had a very prolific imagination, that he had an unconscious tendency to embroider facts, that he read a meaning into words which their speaker had no thought of imparting to them. When all such allowances have been made, we must still admit that he has given us a picture of the saint which we should be loath to lose; and that his description of what the saint habitually thought and felt has made St. Francis de Sales a close personal friend to many to whom otherwise he would have remained a mere chance acquaintance. Mgr. Camus, while a devoted admirer, was sufficiently indiscreet to put questions which, probably, no one else would have dared to frame. And thus we know more about St. Francis than about any other saint; and we owe real gratitude to his very candid, talkative, and outspoken episcopal colleague. . . . We beg God's blessing upon this book, that it may be the means of showing to many souls that safe and easy way of sanctification and salvation which it was the special mission of the saintly Bishop of Geneva to make known to the world."

Notes and Remarks.

CONCLUDING an editorial entitled "A Little Sermon to College Graduates," Mr. George Wheeler Hinman, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, offers this sensible advice to the thousands of young men and women who have just left college to make their way in the world:

Most important of all for them to remember is that all real "reforms" must begin with the individual, in the strictest sense of the word. Real and abiding reforms are not effected by "organization," the panacea of the day. They are effected usually by increasing the number of men and women who are resolved personally, and at no matter what cost, to abstain from an evil practice. After a while they so increase that the practice simply disappears, or becomes so infrequent that it is no longer just "sin" and may be effectively repressed as "crime."

Having solved the problem of what life really is, the college graduate will not lose his ideals, but rather live up to them personally and be content with that, knowing that one man in the right with God is always a majority.

The graduates of Catholic educational institutions who have returned home filled with noble enthusiasm for the world's betterment, firmly resolved to live up to their ideals, and leave footprints on the sands of time, can not do better than to begin with their own households and parishes. The pastor and the Sisters are never at a loss to find employment for willing and competent hands. The great world beyond will get on somehow with the helpers it has.

Says a writer in the *Revue du Monde*: "Never before has there been so much talk, as in our day, of the 'immediate testimony of conscience,' and 'realities that science can not attain,' and the 'Beyond of the soul,' and artistic, musical, and even literary 'mysticism.' Never has there been such discussion of morality, of progress, of solidarity, of sweetness, of goodness, of social justice, of evolution, etc., as among people of the present day. But it is to be remarked that all these

big words serve for the most part only to mask the emptiness of things, and notably the absence of the most important of 'things,'—namely, religious feeling. Many persons imagine that because they have rid themselves of the ballast of revealed truths, and have continually on their lips such terms as idealism, conscience, humanity, etc., they are really philosophers. Their 'philosophy' resembles very much the 'poetry' of certain rhymesters: 'tis sound and nothing besides." The description is true of other centres of thought than France, and of other pseudo-philosophers than Frenchmen.

Most persons enjoy striking examples of the "retort courteous"—and crushing; and accordingly our readers will appreciate the gratification of the *London Catholic Times* over the following:

Our contemporary, the *Christian World*, does not, as a rule, entertain any fondness for the Catholic Church; but last week it gave us great satisfaction. The Bishop of London has been talking about Welsh Disestablishment, and saying: "We have a right to ask Nonconformists . . . how they would like to have taken from them money given by their own members for their Christian work at the rate of 18s. 6½d. out of every sovereign, and whether they would be content with 1s. 5½d. left." To which the *Christian World* answers: "The Bishop should study ecclesiastical history as far back as the time of the Reformation. He would then find that when the Roman Catholic Church was disestablished in this century, 20s. in the £1 of its endowments was taken away, and all its buildings, whether devoted to sacred or secular uses."

The Bishop of London's reply is, so far, not forthcoming; and very likely "dignified silence" will continue to mark his attitude. The *World* has pretty effectively spiked one particular gun of his argumentative battery.

As well-merited a rebuke as has fallen under our notice for some time is administered by the *Sacred Heart Review* to a writer who apparently thinks that the foundations of democratic Catholicity in this country have been shaken by—the

publication of the "American Catholic's Who's Who." He professes to see nothing in the book but "pride, vanity, and worldliness,"—a statement which is, of course, utterly puerile. No doubt the dissentient critic of what the overwhelming majority of people whose opinions are worth while declare to be a useful, much-needed work prides himself upon his "common-sense"; and no doubt, too, he identifies "common-sense" with his personal opinion, Says the *Review*:

The *Pittsburg Catholic's* correspondent may be assured that the writers who see their names in this "American Catholic Who's Who" are, many of them, so accustomed to seeing their names in print that this little added notoriety will not make them feel alarmingly aristocratic. Not a bit of it. Perhaps the correspondent will feel a good deal more proud himself at seeing his letter of protest printed over his name, than any Catholic writer will in seeing a few inches of space given to him and his lifelong work in the "American Catholic Who's Who."

That last sentence should be italicized; but the much aggrieved and scandalized correspondent will scarcely be pacified—until another edition of the offending "Who's Who" contains an extended notice of himself.

To the average man in the street the State Insurance Bill of England's Chancellor, Mr. Lloyd George, probably seems an altogether new departure in social polity; but, as Father Day, S. J., points out, it is rather an instance of history's repeating itself. As reported in the *Universe and Catholic Weekly*, the Jesuit economist thoroughly approves of the measure:

He believed that the measure would materially, morally, and spiritually uplift the industrial masses of our country, and strengthen the Empire against physical and mental decline, which was threatening at its door. He was accustomed to be called by one section of his friends a Socialist, and by another a reactionary of the worst description. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill might be favored by the same criticism; for, while it might be claimed as a most advanced piece of legislation, it was decidedly reactionary in its origin, being a return in the

direction of the state of society in the Middle Ages, when the members of all classes were closely united, when no man was without a place in the social organism, and when lords and serfs, masters and servants, were mutually responsible one for another. The Bill was a blow to the atomist theory of society, which had too long prevailed; and it was a great stride forward toward the Christian ideal of human solidarity and social responsibility.

Materialistic Socialists will none the less hail this State Insurance as a long step forward toward the impossible Utopia of their dreams, and will probably congratulate themselves on their further advance beyond the social darkness and economic misery of mediæval times. The trouble with them is crass ignorance of what the Middle Ages really represent in the struggle of mankind for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

From an interesting notice, in the London *Tablet*, of the late lamented Mother Mabel Digby, Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (to whom the summons came while she was kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament at Ixelles, Brussels), we quote the following passage:

The branch of the Digby family to which Mother Digby belonged was Protestant; but in 1851 her mother, a very remarkable woman, was brought into the Church partly through the instrumentality of the Blessed Curé of Ars. This conversion was followed two years later by that of her daughter Mabel, then eighteen, under circumstances which seemed to foreshadow the call to some special mission. A vocation to religion declared itself, and in 1857 Mabel Digby was admitted into the Society of the Sacred Heart by its foundress, Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat, who, it is said, with the intuition of a saint, saw in the young aspirant the promise of the future, and from the first became her guide and friend in a special way. After her vows, taken at Conflans in 1859, Mother Digby was sent to the beautiful Abbey of St. Martin, at Marmoutier, where she worked for thirteen years, the last eight of which were spent in the position of superior. Here it was that, as a young religious, she first showed those qualities which were afterward to make her loved and revered not only in her Society but by all who had the privilege of knowing her.

In 1872 she was sent to Roehampton to fill the important office of vicar, a post which she held for twenty-two years, to the great benefit of the houses confided to her care. Under her wise guidance the Order was strengthened in England and six new houses were opened; she also sent out the first colony to Australia,—a seed which took deep root and has since grown into a very flourishing tree. In 1894, on the death of the Superior-General, Very Rev. Mother Lebon, Mother Digby was elected to the post of Assistant-General, and left Roehampton to take up her work at the mother house in Paris. This proved to be but a passing phase in her life; for the death of the Superior-General, Mother de Sartorius, in 1895, called her to rule the Society first as Vicar-General, and then as Superior-General in August, 1895.

It is gratifying to have confirmation from England of the report that Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas had been received into the Church by Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, and confirmed by the Bishop of Clifton. Lord Alfred is well known in this country as the author of "The City of the Soul," one of the choicest of books; and of numerous exquisite sonnets published in the *Academy*, of which he was formerly the editor. Among other near relatives who preceded him in the Rome-ward journey are his uncle, Canon Lord Archibald Douglas, pastor of Girvan, Scotland; and his elder brother, the 9th Marquis, who became a Catholic two or three years ago.

Apropos of the declaration made at Cardinal Gibbons' Jubilee celebration by Col. Roosevelt, to the effect that "we shall see Presidents who are Catholics as well as Presidents who are Protestants, and we shall see Presidents who are Jews as well as Presidents who are Gentiles," the *Detroit Free Press* opines that, while 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, the energetic ex-President will hardly live to see it:

It is true that we have now two Catholics on the Supreme Bench of the United States,—one of them the Chief Justice, who is probably the most learned man that ever sat on that bench, not merely in the law but in all polite acquire-

ments. But occupants of the Supreme Bench do not have to be elected by the people. If they had to go to the ballot box, neither White nor McKenna would be there. No Catholic, if he could be nominated, could carry a majority of the electoral colleges on either ticket.

This may be deplorable or otherwise according to one's opinion or prejudice, but all who know anything about this country know it to be true. It is disagreeable even to say it; but most truths are disagreeable things, though wholesome. People who avoid them altogether love to live in a Fool's Paradise.

The same is true of Jews. Prate as we may of our liberality, of our toleration of religious differences, many of us are still bigots. At the same time, it is also true that no man could be elected President of the United States against whom the Catholic and the Jewish vote was solidly cast. That is also a disagreeable fact to some people, but it is worth while putting down in black and white occasionally in the interest of the truth of history. Of course Mr. Roosevelt might live to see his prediction fulfilled; but he would have to live a long, long time. We sincerely hope he will.

The ex-President spoke rather as a sayer of courteous, opportunely kind things than as a prophet whose predictions even he himself expects to see verified. Or, let us say, the "we" in the "we shall see" of the foregoing somewhat sensational statement is synonymous with the "American people." So understood, we personally believe that the statement will yet be verified.

Some emphatic remarks of Mr. Thomas T. Tynan, warden of the Colorado State Penitentiary, quoted in a recent issue of the *Success Magazine*, should be of special interest to social students, more particularly to criminologists. "Criminal nature!" exclaimed Mr. Tynan; and his kindly Irish face lost its usual smile as he fairly snarled out the words—

that's the kind of talk that makes me sick. I tell you, there isn't any. Come right down to it, and this thing they call "criminal nature" is only human nature at its worst. Look at those men! Take them one at a time. Honest to goodness, I've been on many a camping trip with fellows that weren't half as fine and likable and square. When theorists talk to me, I tell them that the real "criminal problem" is to get

rid of these criminologists that fill the people with a lot of solemn "dope" about criminal eyes, criminal ears, criminal mouth, and that sort of stuff. It's all "poppycock." Why, shave that shock head of yours, take off the collar and tie, put yourself in a ticking shirt, and the average criminologist would weep with joy at the sight. Not long since a man came in, who, after the barber and tailor got through with him, looked the kind of a fellow one hates to meet on a dark night. Ever hear that story about the lawyer who took his wife to court? After she had looked around a minute, she gave a sudden shudder. "My," she whispered, "what a perfectly awful creature the prisoner is!"—"Sh-h!" answered her husband. "The prisoner hasn't come in yet. That's the judge."

Commenting at length on the familiar, oldtime weather proverb—

Evening red and morning gray
Help the traveller on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head,—

W. J. Humphreys writes, in the *Popular Science Monthly*: "In many ways the most interesting of all those proverbs that have to do with red sunrise and red sunset is the one which, according to Matthew, Christ used in answer to the Pharisees and Sadducees when they asked that He would show them a sign from heaven: 'He answered and said unto them, When it is evening ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering.'"

As Mr. Humphreys points out, whether or not Our Lord accepted these weather signs as being good, we feel certain that those to whom He spoke must have known and believed in them. And it appears that there is ample scientific ground for their belief.

Christians of all denominations will be gratified to learn that on the 13th inst. Gov. Dix, of New York, signed a bill introduced by Assemblyman James A. Foley, prohibiting in that State, on and after September 1 next, the presentation in any theatrical performance whatever "of a living character representing the Divine Person."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE WING OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Pleasant Task.

BY X. Y. Z.

DOWN among the meadow grass,
Searching it all over,
Isn't it a pleasant task
Hunting four-leaved clover?
Overhead, the dancing leaves
In the breeze are swaying;
While beneath, the light and shade
Hide-and-seek are playing.
Sweetly sing the merry birds
In the branches o'er us,
And the group beneath the shade
Swell the happy chorus.
In among the scent and bloom,
Gay with mirth and laughter,
Keen young eyes are sure to find
What they're seeking after.
Down among the meadow grass,
Searching it all over,
What a merry band we are,
Hunting four-leaved clover!

Stories from Pancred's Brown Book.

BY LUCILE KLING.

VIII.—PANCRED'S OWN STORY.

HERE were only three weeks left of the holidays, and the Heathcote children were making the most of them. They were down on the beach at play this morning; but Aunt Cicely, who usually went with them, preferred to sit in the shade of Mrs. Kenneth's hollyhocks while she finished her letter to Uncle Will. She was just beginning the second page when the garden gate flew open, and Gregory, so pale with fright you could count every separate freckle on his tilted nose, rushed in upon her in the wildest excitement.

"O mother dear, do come quick!" he panted. "Pancred and me—we were daring each other, and I said he didn't dare jump off that old wrecked boat—and he said he did, too—and he started to jump—and it broke right through with him—and I do believe he's killed. Oh, do come quick!" and he tugged frantically at her dress.

When they reached the group beside the ancient boat, Pancred was sitting up, rather white but smiling bravely.

"It don't hurt much," he assured them, and Gregory drew his first long breath since the accident.

Yet that night when the London doctor came he shook his head.

"You'll have to keep quiet a while now, young man," he told Pancred. "That's an ugly sprain; there'll be no more romping for you this month."

So Pancred spent his time on a couch in the window, watching the others build sand forts, until he was well enough to be carried down and made comfortable on the beach with shawls and cushions. He was not a bit unhappy; he had not been ill so much of his short life without learning how to bear it. The whole family waited on him as if he were a young prince; Aunt Cicely was never at a loss for some delightful thing to do, and grandpapa was never long away from the little boy's side. Of course the Brown Book was searched from cover to cover for stories, and Aunt Cicely told them all over and over. Indeed, she told them till the children knew most of them by heart; and if she dared to alter a word or a phrase she was greeted with reproachful cries of "You didn't tell it so last time, mother dear!" And the one Pancred liked best of all he asked for so often that the others named it, "Pancred's Own Story."

"He was just such a little boy as you,"

Aunt Cicely always began,—“not more than nine years old, with a mop of yellow curls” (and she looked fondly at the bright head on the pillow) “and the big, gold-brown Guilbert eyes. He had a dear, wistful little face, and the gentlest, bravest heart in the world; and there wasn’t a servant in Courtland Towers who didn’t worship him. He was the youngest of seven; his father the Earl and his three older brothers were with the King’s army at Gloucester, where Charles I. was besieging the Puritan rebels; for this was the summer of 1643, and the second year of the Civil War. You remember, the oldest brother’s picture hangs in the gallery at the Towers; he has long blond curls and lace ruffles and a big plumed hat. All four of the Guilberts were splendid fighters; and Jamie (that was our nine-year-old’s name) was proud as proud could be of them.

“Only deep down in his heart he grieved sometimes because he knew he could never fight for King Charles against the Roundheads. All his life he had been a cripple, and ill a great deal, and there were no great surgeons then who knew how to straighten crooked knees. So poor Jamie hopped about on his crutches when he was well enough to be up, and thought longingly of the things he would like to do if he were not lame.

“It was August now; King Charles’ forces were camped about Gloucester. In the north, his men had just won Gainsborough from the Roundheads under Cromwell. The country was filled with bands of Puritans, stern-faced and somber-clad, on their way to join Essex in the south.

“Jamie hadn’t been well for a day or two, so this hot morning his mother thought best for him to stay in bed and miss Father Reynold’s Mass in the secret chapel. Yet it was so warm he could not rest, so presently he dressed and wandered down into the garden to play with the doves. Such pretty creatures they were, and such pets with Jamie

and his sister Gertrude! One of them—‘the White Lady’ they called her—was devoted to the two children; she hardly seemed to know which of them she preferred. Often they tied messages to each other under her wings; and so clever was the Lady she never failed to deliver them, let Jamie or Gertrude hide never so carefully.

“Jamie was laughing at the dainty way she picked at her currants, when he heard the tramp of horses in the driveway, and looked up to see a detachment of Puritan soldiery, armor and weapons flashing in the morning light. Even while he reached for his crutches and got to his feet he was thinking of the household, gathered, all unsuspecting, around the little altar, and of Father Reynold absorbed in the Holy Sacrifice. But he answered the captain’s question bravely enough, standing as straight as he could and trying hard to keep his voice steady.

“‘No, my lord,’ said he: ‘this is Courtland Towers. You should have taken the other road to reach the inn.’

“‘Can you give us forage for the horses and food for ourselves, boy? We have ridden all night. Roast mutton would go wondrous well.’

“‘We will do what we can,’ promised Jamie; ‘but we are not rich folk. My father is from home. If you will wait till I tell my lady mother you are here—’

“Two of the other men had been carrying on a low-toned conversation; now one of them leaned forward and spoke to Jamie:

“‘Is your name Guilbert, boy? Is your father Gerard Guilbert, Earl of Courtland?’

“‘Yes, my lord,’ the boy answered, and shrank from the black looks that followed, and the blacker words.

“‘Recusants! Papists,—notorious Papists! The Lord’s hand hath sent us here!’ the listeners cried, and the captain bent and swung Jamie up before him in the saddle.

“An instant later the troopers were dismounting before the great door, while

the captain set Jamie down, not ungently, and bade him tell his mother 'We have come to break her idols.' The men swarmed into the house, bent on plunder; for all Puritans considered Catholics fair game in those days, and their rights not worth respecting. They tore down the pictures and drapery, ran their swords through cushions and mattresses, broke windows and looking-glasses, and carried off whatever seemed of value. But the captain and his lieutenant were looking for something more precious.

"The priest of Courtland Towers is almost a proverb in this country,' Jamie heard the latter say. 'He is certain to be hidden here. If we can lay hands on him, two-thirds of the estate is ours to use for the cause.'

"Once more the child's mind turned to the little chapel where his mother and sisters were. Father Reynold could not be more than half through Mass—why, the Blessed Sacrament was there! The Consecration would be just over! He turned white with the thought of what would happen should the furious Roundheads break in upon that scene. And no one—no one to save Our Lord but a frail little crippled lad!

"He was all alone in the library; for they had not thought it worth while to watch him; he looked so small and helpless. But he could not warn the family; before he could reach them, limping along on his crutches, the soldiers would be at his heels. There was so little time—what could he do? But even while his heart sank despairingly, the White Lady fluttered through the open window in search of her morning lump of sugar; and the thought came, swift as an answer to prayer, why not send her to Gertrude with the warning?

"It took but a moment to write it and tie it under her wing, while she gave him loving little pecks and preened herself importantly, as if she knew all that depended on her faithfulness. Then Jamie crept into the hall, doing his best to go

quietly, yet it seemed those crutches of his had never clattered so before.

"Halfway up the great staircase—a sliding panel opened on a hidden flight of steps that led down into the passageway. The little tunnel ran through the piled ruins of the west wing of the house—and perhaps that was why the Guilberts had not been anxious to rebuild it!—straight to the chapel at the farther end. From the outside it was only a heap of stone where the great west tower had once stood; within, the holy place was half cave, half room; and who cared if in winter the snow did sometimes filter through the chinks that served to let in light and air?

"Jamie climbed the stairs with anxious haste, glad to find no Roundheads in the hall. Perhaps they would not discover it, after all, and Father Reynold might escape by another way when the Blessed Sacrament had been consumed. But—alas for his hopes!—just as his little quivering fingers found the spring, there was the sound of brutal blows in the upper gallery, and then the voice of Guthrie, the old majordomo, broken with terror.

"Let me be, my lords!' it begged. 'I will show you where they are. I have never taken part in their mummeries, I swear; I have always served the Lord! The priest is here—oh! oh! I will show you the place! Let me be!'

"For an instant Jamie's eyes flashed. 'The coward, to betray them, after all my mother has done for him!' Then a shadow dimmed the amber depths and the boy's lips quivered. 'I don't know what I'd do if they hurt me,' thought Jamie. 'I'm not very brave myself.'

"He pushed the panel open just far enough to admit the dove, and loosed her breathlessly. She fluttered an instant—from above came the confused tramping of feet: the soldiers were coming down!—and the White Lady was off, like a flash of light in the dimness, toward the opening at the other end. 'O sweet St. Mary, make her be in time!' whispered Jamie.

"He turned to face the rebels and delay them if he could; every minute counted now. There were five of them—the captain and lieutenant, and three more, grim-mouthed and steely-eyed, led by the shaking Guthrie.

"Master Jamie!" gasped the old man, horrified to find the child there,—'Master Jamie dear, go back downstairs. O my lords; let me take him away! He can not harm you. 'Tis the panel behind him. Let me take him away, I beg you!'

"Is it indeed?" said the captain. "Stand aside, boy!"

"But Jamie would not move, though his eyes were big with fright, and his heart came up in his throat and choked him when he tried to speak. He braced himself on his crutches as well as he could, and spread his arms against the wall so they might not reach the spring controlling the panel. Then he waited—one slight boy against so many,—listening for any sound that might tell him Father Reynold was distributing Communion and the Blessed Sacrament was safe.

"Well, will you obey me?" repeated the captain. "Can you not answer even, or must I find your tongue for you?"

"You can not go in here," faltered the child at last. "You can not, because—because—" and once more fear smothered his voice.

"Because," finished the angry man, "we shall find your Popish idols hidden there, and you would check the Lord's work in this house of abomination! Out of our way now, or you and your idols shall perish together!" And he laid heavy hands on the slim little shoulder.

"No! no!" gasped Jamie, struggling desperately in his grasp, clutching the carved panel with frantic fingers. "Oh, no! no! no! O—oh!" The last was a long scream as the soldiers tore him from his place and flung him headlong. An instant his bright head shone in the sunbeams as he fell; the next he lay very quiet, and pitifully crumpled, at the foot of the stairs. Dimly he heard the hidden door

slide open and the shouts of the Puritans as they poured into the passageway.

"Dear God," he whispered weakly, 'never mind about me! The Blessed Sacrament—' and then unconsciousness blotted out all thought and feeling.

"In the chapel Father Reynold was ending the *Pater Noster*. Gertrude's mind was fixed devoutly on her prayers, when out from the tunnel darted the White Lady and came to rest at her feet, swelling with pride that she had found her mistress. At first Gertrude was half angry with her, she was so persistent to be noticed; and the little maid turned scarlet to think her pet should interrupt the Mass in such a fashion. She laid one hand on the dove to keep her quiet, and fastened her eyes on the Beads in her hand once more. But the Lady would not be silenced: she pecked at Gertrude's fingers impatiently and fluttered her wings till the child spied the paper in spite of herself. Her face turned white as she read, and tremblingly she gave the paper to her mother.

"Lady Felicia glanced at it, then rose and went to the priest.

"Father," said she, very softly, 'the Roundheads have come. Would it not be best to give us Holy Communion at once?'

"The priest bowed his head in assent, and the little congregation of some fifteen persons knelt in a circle about the altar. He waited only to say the *Domine, non sum dignus* before he began distributing the Blessed Sacrament; and when the Roundheads burst shouting into the passage, the King of Heaven was already safely hidden in the hearts of His faithful. A moment more sufficed for Father Reynold to make his escape with the sacred vessels, through a cunningly contrived trapdoor beneath the altar; those who came from without followed him, and the Guilbert household gathered about Lady Felicia. There the angry soldiers found them,—a woman and three young girls, and a group of pale-faced servants. There was nothing left but the heavy table for them to wreak vengeance on;

so, while four of them broke it to bits, the lieutenant preached Lady Felicia a scathing sermon on the sin of Popery.

"She listened carelessly enough; she lingered only for a favorable moment to return to the house. Jamie was there alone: what might not happen? He had written the message: was he a prisoner, or in hiding somewhere? He was so frail the fright might make him ill, and she tapped the floor impatiently with her foot. At last she broke in on the preacher's eloquent climax with the words:

"If you gentlemen would breakfast this morning, my maids and I can not stand here and listen to your talk. Will you please to let us pass?" And forthwith she led the way into the passage without pausing for reply.

"Whatever she had feared, she was hardly prepared for the sight that met her eyes as she came out upon the great staircase. Old Guthrie, left behind by the soldiers, had gone down to where Jamie lay. He had lifted the limp little figure and stretched it out on the settle, loosened the deep lace collar and the silken jacket, dashed water into the white, quiet face, and chafed the cold hands. But still the boy was motionless; he hardly appeared to breathe. The old man raised streaming eyes to his mistress as she came down the stairs. She paid no heed to his broken confession of treachery, but her look softened as he told what Jamie had done, and she touched her lips to the child's forehead almost reverently. Then slowly the amber eyes opened, filled with the grief of defeat.

"Mother," he whispered, "I couldn't keep them back! Did they — was the Blessed Sacrament there?"

"Your message came in time, darling! Our Lord was gone before the soldiers found us."

"The child smiled happily, then he raised his hand in the sign of the cross and his mother laid her Rosary quickly against his lips.

"Jesus, Mary!" he sighed weakly, while

a brighter light than August sunbeams broke across his little face. "My Jesus!" and gently as if he fell asleep the amber eyes closed once more, this time forever."

"Aunt Cicely," Pancred asked when the story was over, "was he a real saint like St. Tarcisius, do you suppose?"

"I don't know, dear," Aunt Cicely replied to his question. "At least he died for the Blessed Sacrament, just as Tarcisius did."

But grandpapa, hearing it the night before he took them back to the Towers, slipped his arm around Pancred's shoulder and gave him a tremendous squeeze.

"I'm inclined to be glad there are good doctors now," said he, "so my boy could throw away his crutches and forget that part of it. And I couldn't think of sparing him, even to go off to boarding-school with Hugh."

Pancred flashed him a quick glance.

"I wouldn't go away from you and Aunt Cicely for anything!" he declared.

So that was the end of the stories for that summer, since Hugh was off to the Jesuits for school, and the others went back to lessons with Miss Montgomery. But sometimes, when grandpapa found Pancred poring over the Brown Book, the little boy would look up and smile; and then their hands would meet and grandpapa would smile too, knowing Pancred was learning the true meaning of that word *Foy*, the old French for "Faith," that was written long ago on the shield of the Guilberts.

(The End.)

About Bees.

In some parts of England it is considered unlucky to sell bees. They must be "given" in return for a pig or a bushel of corn or some other equivalent. It is thought, too, that stolen bees will not thrive, and that it is a sign of ill luck to have a neighbor's straying swarm settle upon one's land unless afterward claimed by the rightful owner.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Such readers as have not yet lost interest in the Ferrer controversy and Mr. William Archer's articles thereon in *McClure's Magazine* will find an adequate answer to Mr. Archer in a booklet, "Francisco Ferrer, Criminal Conspirator," written by the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., and published by B. Herder. Dr. Ryan convicts Mr. Archer of bias and bigotry, but charitably acquits him of dishonesty or insincerity.

—"Don Quixote for Young People," by James Baldwin (American Book Co.), is a much less formidable-looking volume than the bulky book of seven or eight hundred closely-printed pages through which, as a boy, we followed the extravagant Knight of la Mancha and his delightful squire, Sancho Panza. The present edition contains only 287 pages, *not* closely printed, so the young folks who are fortunate enough to procure it will be spared the trouble of "skipping" much that would only bore them.

—That we are too much in the habit of forgetting that prayer and penance are indispensable to the conversion of sinners, to the progress of the good, and to the perfection of the saints, is a truth the conviction of which is the *raison d'être* of "The Contemplative Life," by a Carthusian monk. Benziger Brothers publish the translation, by A. M. Buchanan, M. D., of the seventh French edition. The life of contemplation is here considered in its apostolic aspect,—a subject not without its novelty for the ordinary reader; and, although the book is not a large one, it is unusually well filled. The last twelve chapters treat interestingly of some of the chief existing contemplative Orders for men and women. A volume for people in the world as well as for those in religion.

—When Father Slater, S. J., some three years ago published his *Moral Theology* in English, it was natural enough to expect that, later on, we should have a volume or two of *casus conscientie* also done into the vernacular. The expectation has been realized. Benziger Brothers have brought out Vol. I. of "Cases of Conscience, for English-Speaking Countries," by the Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. It is a well printed and durably bound octavo of 351 pages. While the cases are drawn up in Latin, the solutions and answers to questions are in English. Where full answers are not given to the questions proposed reference is often made to the author's above-mentioned "Manual of Moral Theology." Possessors of that work will probably regard this new one as its necessary complement.

—The tragic death of Sir William Gilbert, of "Gilbert and Sullivan" fame, is mourned wherever the English language is spoken. It is many years now since his most famous ballads appeared, but they are still sung and enjoyed. As a writer of operatic lyrics, Gilbert has never been surpassed. Whatever may be said as to the enduring nature of his work, all must admit that it is clever and invariably clean and wholesome.

—The twenty instructions which make up "The Heart of the Gospel," by the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Apostleship of Prayer, New York), give a clear idea of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The language used is simple and effective. The images are all drawn from the daily life of the people, so that the reading of these pages seems like the familiar discourse of a cultured friend. Among the incidents used is one from the life of Curran, the famous Irish orator. He had a great love for a young tree which stood close to his home, and watched its growth until its branches shut off light from one part of the house. "You will have to cut down that tree," said a friend.—"I was thinking of taking down the house," replied Curran. How beautifully such a story illuminates an entire discourse! In this spirit the author has produced his book, which may be heartily recommended to the devout, and to those who need a livelier devotion.

—In quoting the hymn, "Sancta Maria, Ora pro Nobis," by G. R. Woodward, contributed to one of our May numbers, the editor of the *London Tablet's* Literary Notes affords some information about the personality and work of Mr. Woodward, which will doubtless be of interest to our readers. Says W. H. K.:

To Catholic readers at any rate, both in this country and still more in America, the name of the author—G. R. Woodward—is too little known. But those whose reading of hymnological literature embraces some of the good work done by Anglican collectors and translators will readily recognize the name of the accomplished editor of "*Piæ Cantiones*" and of "*Songs of Syon*." And those who are acquainted with these volumes know how well Mr. Woodward has caught the spirit of our old religious poets, and what good service he has done to the true art of hymnody. It is worthy of remark that one part of Mr. Woodward's work in his critical edition of "*Piæ Cantiones*" is quite in keeping with the spirit of the hymn in *THE AVE MARIA*. For, as some of our readers may remember, that old collection of Latin hymns and canticles was first made by a Primitive Protestant—Theodoric Petri,—who had the temerity to change the mediæval hymns to Mary into hymns to her Divine Son. And his tinkering was done so badly that the result was often ludicrous and occasionally heretical, not to say blasphemous. For much that the Catholic world rightly says of the Mother could only be applied to the Son by an Arian. Needless to say, the Anglican editor

exposed this unfortunate blunder, and endeavored to restore the original Catholic text in his edition. . . .

But if Mr. Woodward has done some good service to the literature and history of hymnody by editing this old Latin collection of pious canticles, many may feel that he has done a yet greater service by his own collection. "Songs of Syon," the contents and character whereof are more fully described in the sub-title: "A Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, set, for the most part, to their Ancient Proper Tunes; edited by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M. A., author of the Cowley Carol Book." If this be not the ideal hymnbook, it may be safely said that no other collection can be better calculated to give the reader a just sense of the treasures contained in this branch of religious literature. For though there are many other collections of considerable merit, most of them suffer from limitations in one direction or another. . . .

It is easy to imagine the feelings of a reader who turns from collections thus limited by lack of good materials, or cramped by the Procrustes of prejudice and practical considerations, to a book put together by an editor of literary taste and broad sympathies, who is free to choose the best work wheresoever he may find it. For here we have an abundance of the best ancient or mediæval hymns from Greek and Latin and Syriac, with more modern canticles from German, French and Flemish, and others of English origin. And among the authors and translators we meet with men so far apart as the early Fathers and mediæval saints, and the chief of the German Reformers; while Ben Jonson finds himself in the company of Blessed Grignon de Montfort and Cardinal Manning. Nor is it only as an editor that Mr. Woodward shows this Catholic taste. For many of the best translations in the book are from his own pen. . . .

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales." Bishop Camus. \$1.80, net.
- "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. Vol. I. \$1.75, net.
- "Francisco Ferrer." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 15 cts.
- "The Contemplative Life." A Carthusian Monk. 75 cts., net.
- "The Heart of the Gospel." Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. 56 cts.
- "A Soggarth's Last Verses." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Von Hurter—Jones. \$1.25.

- "Cloister Chords." Sister M. Fides Shepperson. 50 cts.
- "The Social Value of the Gospel." Abbé Garriquet. \$1.
- "Processionale Romanum." 55 cts.
- "The Children's Charter." Mother M. Loyola. 65 cts.
- "Ecclesiastical Charts for the Use of Clerics." 35 cts.
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- "The Papacy and the First Councils of the Church." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. 75 cts., net.
- "Messages of Truth in Rhyme and Story." Rev. T. O'Reilly, O. P. 25 cts.
- "Sermons." Rev. H. B. Altmeyer. \$1.
- "Jesus, the Bread of Children." Rev. F. De Zulueta, S. J. 35 cts.
- "The Eucharistic Liturgy in the Roman Rite." Rev. E. S. Berry. \$1.50, net.
- "The Juniors of St. Bede's." Rev. Thomas H. Bryson. 85 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John T. Schaffeld, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Charles Little, diocese of Providence; and Rev. J. R. Teefy, C. S. B.

Mother M. Baptist (Jackson), of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Aloysius (Caren), Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Bonaventure, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sisters M. Leontine, M. Victoria, and M. Agatha, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Alban Deibel, Mrs. Catherine Ellis, Mr. Michael McCloskey, Mrs. Margaret Durham, Mr. James Drake, Jr., Miss Mary Dolan, Mrs. Anne Campbell, Mr. Thomas A. Quinn, Mr. John Deere, Mr. Miles Finlen, Mr. Herbert Depp, Mr. Thomas Austin, Mr. Denis Callahan, Mr. Richard Callahan, Marion B. Search, Mr. J. J. O'Connor, Katherine Greasly, Mr. Denis Fletcher, Mr. B. Egan, Mr. Francis Costlow, Mrs. Mabel Kelly, Mrs. Catherine Masson, Mr. Edward Neville, Mrs. Maude Prenatt, Mrs. Mary C. Nolan, Mr. Adam Long, Miss Mary Byrne, Mrs. Louis Bonenberger, Mr. James Dugan, Mr. H. Campion, Miss Nora Hines, Miss Zita Hines, Mr. Jacob Bouril, Mr. William Bracken, Mrs. Mary Collier, Mr. Otto Buschhorn, Mrs. Catherine McCaffrey, Mr. R. G. Dreyer, Mrs. Mary Crehan, and Mr. John Kettmann.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

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Ave Maria.

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